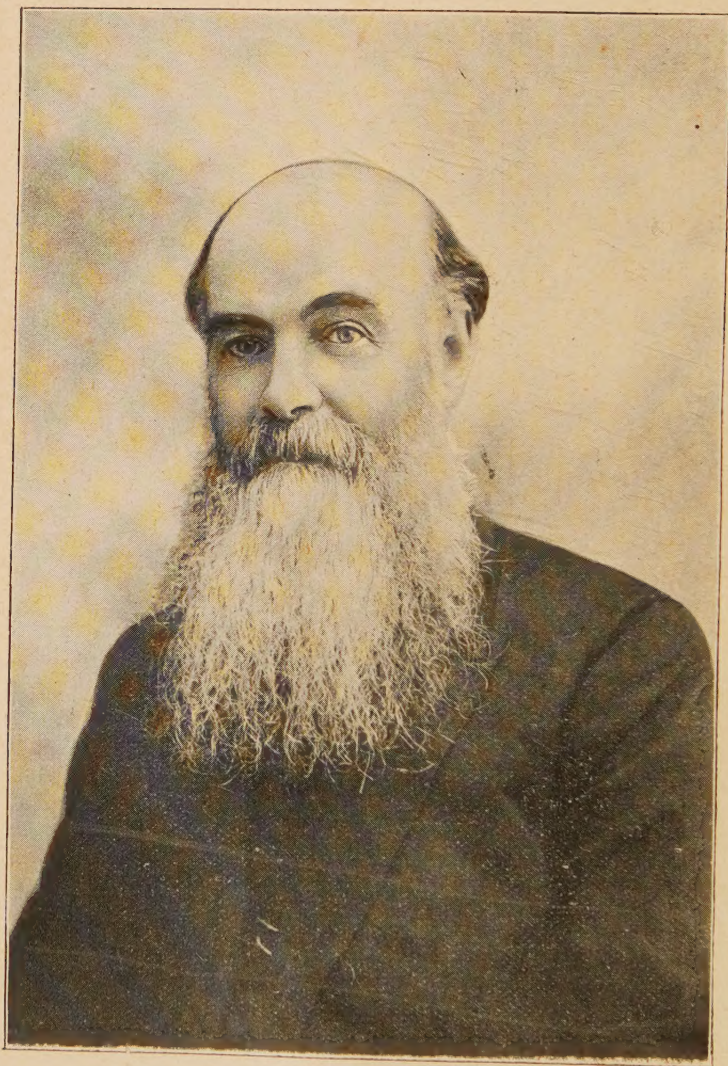




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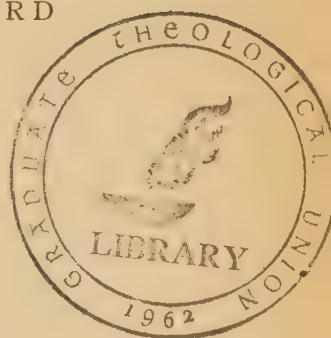


REV. JOHN SMITH,
President of the Conference.

THE
ALDERSGATE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
Magazine,

FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD

1899.



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THE
ALDERSGATE
Primitive Methodist
Magazine,
1899.

Rev. John Smith,
PRESIDENT OF THE CONFERENCE.



THE position of President of the Conference is each year becoming a more representative one—a position of increasing honour, influence, and responsibility. As the Connexion is growing in resources and power, as its prominent laymen are in increasing numbers taking public positions, and as its work as a section of the great Church of Christ is being more distinctly recognised, the occupant of the chair at the Conference is coming to fill in the public

mind a much larger space than formerly. Legally, when the journal of the Conference is closed, the duties of the President are practically over; as a matter of fact they are only just begun. The official act of presiding over the deliberations of the Conference, and signing the record of its proceedings, is but the commencement of a year of public duties, the performance of which will tax the resources and endurance of the strongest amongst us.

As this appointment is made by the free and independent election of the members of the Conference itself—its first official act after it has been duly constituted—the successful candidate is usually a man of Connexional note, who has not only done well and faithfully the ordinary work of the Methodist itinerancy, but has exhibited special gifts and success in some specific department of the Church's work. Sometimes scholarship and literary aptitude

determine the choice; sometimes eloquence, or more than ordinary attainments in theology; occasionally a capable and effective administrator is elected; and not infrequently a circuit preacher, plodding and successful, has his work and character recognised by this signal mark of the church's esteem and approval. This year a distinguished missionary occupies the chair. Whatever else Mr. Smith is, and he is cultured, eloquent, devout, public-spirited, courageous, he is before everything else, a missionary. His thought, reading, sympathy, and not a little of his active ministerial service have all run in the channel of missionary work among the heathen peoples of the earth; and his Presidency will confer no small boon on the Church he serves if it should contribute towards lifting the missionary cause to its right place in the affections, prayers, and support of the Connexion.

Mr. Smith owes little to the social status, temporal wealth, or educational advantages of his early life. His parents were honest, upright, and God-fearing, but in such humble circumstances that he was sent to work on the farm at the tender age of seven. He is thus, in the strictest sense, a self-made man. What he has acquired has been obtained by resolute, determined work. It has been said that the greatest thing that can be said of a man is "that he had no ancestry, that he made himself, that he was born mud and died marble." And "to have risen from very humble circumstances to the highest position in a great Church like our own, and in spite of the serious disadvantages, is an achievement of which any man may be proud."

He was born at Holme, a village in Huntingdon-

shire, in 1840, and hence is now fifty-eight years of age. When fourteen, he removed to a place called the New World, in the Downham Circuit. "It verily introduced the boy into a new world, for here he came into contact with the Primitive Methodists, and was soundly converted to God. He had been baptised and confirmed in the Episcopal Church, and had been taught to recite the catechism and reverence his betters. But when he found real experimental religion, his entire world was revolutionised. He began to think for himself, and to shape his course according to his own convictions."

In the very able and effective address which he delivered to the Conference on being inducted to the Presidency, Mr. Smith referred to some of the struggles of his early religious life. He soon found that "the world is no friend to grace, to help us on to God," and that if he would "reign" he must "fight," nay, if he would avoid defeat, he must heroically endure. He was subjected to the bitterest persecution and hardship because he would pray and attend the Methodist services. For four Sunday nights he was locked out and compelled to sleep on a heap of chaff in the stable. But with characteristic tenacity he held on his way, and he won a most signal triumph. In the end he secured the respect of his persecutors. His master asked him to conduct prayers in the house, and some members of the family became truly religious.

This early struggle for freedom of conscience was prophetic of much. It showed the character of the man that was to be. Mr. Smith is no trimmer. He sees the object he wants to reach and goes straight for it; and if obstacles are in the way they must be removed or surmounted. His dogged tenacity has carried him on to success where less resolute men would have utterly failed. As soon as he was converted he threw all the energy of his strong nature into mental and spiritual culture. He began to buy books, and the love of books—strong, healthy books—remains with him still.

In those days of our Church-life the harvest was plenteous and the labourers few, and men of aptitude to preach had not long to wait for the call and opportunity. Mr. Smith was converted at fifteen, began to preach at sixteen, and was called into the regular ministry at eighteen. His home circuits, with the exception of a term at Luton, have been exclusively in East Anglia, and few men are more widely known, or more greatly esteemed in the Norwich, and Lynn and Cambridge Districts. His first circuit was Aylsham. Then followed Ely, Yarmouth, Colchester, Briston, East Dereham, and again Yarmouth, where he has travelled four times, and Lynn, where he had signal success. In 1874 he definitely turned his steps to Africa, and since then, whether his sphere of labour has been at home or in the Dark Continent, there has been no question as to where his sympathies and his heart

have been. The Yarmouth Circuit contributed £200 to defray the cost of conveying himself and his family to their South African home. In Foreign Missionary work Mr. Smith spent in all ten years, in two periods of five years each. Most excellent work was done by him during these years. Aliwal North, in South Africa, the scene of his services, is to-day one of the largest and most prosperous stations in the Connexion. It has had the benefit of the ministry of some of our most capable ministers; and yet few will question that the remarkable prosperity of recent years is largely to be attributed to the splendid work done there by Mr. Smith in the earlier years of its history.

Four years ago Mr. Smith succeeded to the Secretaryship of the Missionary Society, and hence, is nearing the end of his term. During his period of official life he has had the gratification of seeing a marked increase in the interest shown by our people in African mission work, and a like increase in the support accorded to it; and it was a great gratification to him to know that the last year's income to that fund was the highest it has yet reached. Another extremely interesting incident of his term of office, is the entrance of his son, Rev. E. W. Smith, into our ministry, and his appointment to a station in connection with our Central African Mission. Born in Africa, during one of his father's terms of service there, he has imbibed in a remarkable degree, the intensely missionary spirit of his father, and is giving his life in enthusiastic devotion to the enlightenment of the benighted tribes of Africa.

Mr. Smith is a man of great force of character. He thinks for himself, knows his own mind, and shows no lack of either ability or will to defend any position he has calmly and intelligently taken; and he is one of the most generous of men. He thoroughly respects any man that acts according to his convictions, though they may be directly opposed to his own; and with no niggardly hand he will help struggling causes, and give all possible support to any work for Christ that is earnestly and worthily done.

But undoubtedly it is as a preacher and missionary advocate that he wins his greatest triumphs. In the pulpit or on the platform, he has few equals. "The pulpit is his throne. Nature has endowed him with splendid gifts specially fitting him for this work. To preach is his vocation above everything else. You cannot hear him preach, or hear him speak of the vocation of the preacher without realising that high above everything else he places the work of the preacher. He has a passion for preaching, and all who hear him are glad to confess that he is a true preacher, and an orator of unquestionable power. His speech is silvery. Gifted with a mellifluous voice, which is especially rich in its lower tones, he has the gift of emphasis in a remarkable degree. He has a fine terminology, and ever and anon you are struck with the beauty of his diction.

Warmth, fervour, passion, enter into his preaching, and suffuse the whole with a rich glow of life and reality." As a platform speaker, he has ease, grace, and eloquence; and he has not many superiors as a missionary advocate among the ministers of any church. His wide reading on all African questions, especially those relating to Africa's evangelisation, coupled with his personal knowledge of that land and its needs, give him a supply of missionary information that never fails; whilst his intense sympathy with the subject, and his forcible and beauti-

ful diction, always charm his hearers, and generally win their approval and co-operation.

During his occupancy of the chair of the Conference, his presidency was an unqualified success; and it is certain that his visits to the churches during the course of the year must be productive of much good. May his year of office witness a great increase in the spiritual life of the Church, and, what he himself would most desire, a great development of missionary enthusiasm for the conversion of the heathen world to Christ.

T. MITCHELL.

The Purple Robe.

A STORY FOR THE TIMES.*

By JOSEPH HOCKING,

AUTHOR OF "THE BIRTHRIGHT," "MISTRESS NANCY MOLESWORTH," "ALL MEN ARE LIARS,"
"THE STORY OF ANDREW FAIRFAX," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

WHY ALIZON NEVILLE WENT TO TUDOR CHAPEL.



THE Story of the Garden of Eden is not only said to explain one of the greatest mysteries of the world; it also reveals one of the most striking traits in human nature. No sooner did Eve know that certain fruit was forbidden than she longed for it. All of us long for forbidden fruit, no matter what our nationality or education may be. "Stolen grapes are sweet," says

the old adage, and most of the old adages are true.

This may explain why Alizon Neville, of Neville Priory, desired to enter a Nonconformist Church. Had she been free to do as she liked about the matter, the possibilities are that she would not have had the faintest inclination in this direction; but being trained a Roman Catholic, as her forefathers had been for many generations, she had been led to regard worship within unconsecrated walls as a species of blasphemy. Hence the desire to take part in a Protestant service. Of course, this feeling only sprung from curiosity, for she was in no

way dissatisfied with her own Church; indeed, she regarded it as the only Church, and had a proper feeling of pity for those who did not belong to her communion. Nevertheless, the fact that she had been led to regard the worship of Protestants as utterly wrong, and, for a Catholic, sinful, prompted her to look with curious eyes towards Tudor Chapel, which was situated in the centre of Lynford, a large manufacturing Lancashire town.

In the carriage opposite her sat an elderly man, who, by his attire, was evidently a Roman Catholic priest. He was a mild, kind-looking man, one who evidently took life easily, and troubled little about the problems of the world. He prided himself upon being a good orthodox Catholic, who did the work of a parish priest faithfully, and accepted without question what the councils of the Church had decided upon. In this way he saved himself a great deal of trouble.

"Mother is a long time, Father Sheen," said Alizon presently; "if I had known I should have gone with her."

"Her ladyship is a keen lawyer herself," replied the priest with a slight Irish accent, "thus, when she gets talking with a lawyer, the time passes quickly with her."

Alizon laughed gaily. She was a pleasant-looking girl, with frank, open countenance, and dark, mischievous-looking eyes. She was tall, and well-developed too, and the dress she wore set off her fine figure admirably.

"These Protestants build costly chapels," she said, looking towards a huge building over the

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doors of which, and carved deeply into the stones, were the words—

TUDOR CHAPEL.

Father Sheen nodded his head gravely.

"Have you ever been inside one?" asked the girl.

"Yes. Never to their services, of course."

"What are they like?"

"Oh, very much like an ordinary hall."

"But you know nothing about—about, what they do there."

"No."

"I should like to go," said the girl.

"My child!" said the old man reprovingly.

"Oh, only to see, of course. I have never been inside one of their buildings. What sect does Tudor Chapel belong to?"

"I don't know," replied Father Sheen. "They



"WHAT SECT DOES THAT TUDOR CHAPEL BELONG TO?"

are much the same, all these Protestant sects. They multiply like insects. Some one quarrels with some one else, about some point of doctrine of which they know nothing, a split follows, and then a new Bethel springs up. They are a mere rope of sand—these Protestants."

"Do you know the minister?"

"No. I have heard that a new one is just coming. Look, there is a placard announcing something about it."

The girl looked in the direction towards which the priest pointed, and read a bill, which announced that the Rev. Duncan Rutland, M.A., would commence his ministry at Tudor Chapel on the fol-

lowing Sunday, and that a meeting welcoming him as minister of the church would be held on Monday evening.

When the girl had finished reading, she turned to a lady who was just entering the carriage.

"You have been a long time, mother," she said.

"If you had stayed much longer, Father Sheen and I would have engaged in a theological argument."

The old priest laughed good-humouredly. He was Alison's confessor, and had known her all her life. Moreover, he often acted as chaplain at the Priory, and had been a friend of the Neville family for many years.

A few seconds later the carriage rolled through

the smoky streets of Lynford. The operatives were just leaving the cotton factories, for it was half-past five in the afternoon. The time, however, was early September, and the day being fine, the hood of the carriage was thrown back so that they might enjoy the little sunshine which filtered its way through the clouds of soot and smoke.

Lady Mary Neville and Alizon sat side by side, while Father Sheen sat opposite to them. The Neville family occupied a high position in the neighbourhood, indeed, it was famous long before the town began to be. Like many another Lancashire industrial centre, Lynford was of recent growth, dating, indeed, only from the introduction of machinery in the district; but the Neville family was several hundred years old. At the time of the dissolution of Monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII., the Nevilles had secured the old Priory in which to live. They had secreted priests there in the time of Elizabeth, they fought against the Roundheads in the days of Charles I. Later still, when James II. tried to bring back the Romanist faith, the family defended him against William of Orange, and when the Young Pretender marched from Scotland towards Derby in 1745, a young Colonel Neville joined his ranks, and was afterwards distinguished by being beheaded, the head being placed on a pike and lifted on high at Temple Bar. Indeed, this branch of the Neville family had remained true to the ancient faith for many centuries, and at the time of which I write, Lady Mary Neville was the representative of one of the very few important families in Lancashire which yielded allegiance to Rome. She was, moreover, a widow with only one child, Alizon, who sat by her side. In spite of her wealth and position, however, no homage was paid to her. The Lancashire operatives pay homage to no one. Mostly they regard the politeness which characterises the Southern peasant as servility, and the Lancashire man, in the ordinary sense of the word, is never servile. Still, the men and women who filled the streets as they passed, nudged each other and said:

"Yon's a gradely lass."

"Yi, Alizon's noan so bad," would be the reply.

Neville Priory was a fine old pile standing some distance from the town of Lynford, and Alizon loved her home. Throughout her life she had been surrounded by pure influences, and except in matters of religion, she had been allowed to act and think pretty much as she pleased. She was trustful and loving, quick of temper, and somewhat wilful, but a true, wholesome girl nevertheless. She had read a good deal on certain prescribed lines, was a fair musician, and spoke several modern languages fluently.

"You will stay and dine with us, Father Sheen," said Lady Neville, as the carriage drew up to the Priory door.

The priest murmured his acceptance, and entered the house with a satisfied air.

"I wish it weren't Friday," thought Alizon, "I do hate Fridays' dinners. What's the good of it, I wonder?"

Presently the dinner-bell sounded, and the three sat down to the dinner-table.

"Father Sheen," asked Alizon, "why is it a sin to pray in a Protestant Chapel?"

"Because by so doing you encourage heresy, my child, because, in a way, you deepen the wound made at the so-called Reformation, and you recognise in a fashion the position of a Protestant minister."

The girl nodded her head, and was silent for a few minutes, then she went on:—

"But it would not be a sin to go to one of their meetings if you did not pray, nor in any way join in what they do?"

"No, not sin, but I think it would be unwise."

"Why, Father Sheen?"

"Because, unless you are careful, the seeds of doubt may be sown."

"I see; but if one went loving the Church, and determined to resist Protestant influences, it would not be sin?"

"No, in that case it would not be *sin*," and the priest emphasised the word.

Alizon asked no more questions, but sat quietly throughout the dinner. Presently, when alone in her room, however, she thought over what the priest had said.

"Yes," she said to herself, "I'll go. No one need know anything about it. I'll wear a thick veil, and slip in at the back part of the chapel."

She found it impossible to go on the Sunday, but on the Monday evening she left the Priory alone. It was half-past eight o'clock when she reached Tudor Chapel, and daylight being gone, she was able to get into the vestibule without attracting any attention. Here her heart almost failed her, for, strange as it may seem to Protestant ears, this young Catholic girl felt, in spite of the priest's words, that the step she was taking would be counted to her as sinful. She was about to turn back when a grey-haired old weaver came towards her. Evidently he did not recognise her through her thick veil. "Want a seat, lass?" he asked in a friendly way.

"Yes," she answered.

"Come along, then."

"I shall have to come out soon. I want a seat as near the door as possible."

"Yi," said the old man. "Coom in to Mester Ashton's pew, there's nobody there."

He accordingly opened the door, and showed her into a richly furnished pew, at the extreme back of the building.

"You'll be just in time to hear Mester Rutland," he whispered confidentially. "Th' owd Matthy

Bray is just a windin' up; after he's finished ther'll be th' Alleluia chorus, and then Mester Rutland."

Alizon found herself comfortably seated where she could see the entire building, and yet be unnoticed herself. She saw that the chapel was handsomely decorated, and that several hundred people had gathered together.

"I wonder why all these people stay outside the Church," she asked herself. "From what one can see, the folk who come here are intelligent, thrifty, respectable people. Most of the Catholics of the town are Irish, and they are poor and thriftless."

She did not hear much of what the old man who stood on the rostrum was saying. She had a vague impression that there was a certain free and easy atmosphere in the meeting, and the fact that the people clapped their hands and laughed, confirmed her in her belief that the people were not religious as she understood the word.

Presently the Hallelujah Chorus was sung. It was heartily and correctly rendered, but the singing in her own church was far more to her taste. So far there was little to interest her. When the singing ceased, however, she saw that the congregation settled itself to listen attentively, and that to many the real interest of the meeting had commenced.

The chairman, a strong, tall, typical Lancashire man, in a few words introduced the new minister. "We sampled him pretty well yesterday" he said, "and most on us thought that he preached two rare sermons. Some of the lads and lasses said, 'he wur champion;' well, to-night we are here to welcome him, and now I hope you'll give a hearty cheer for the Rev. Duncan Rutland."

Alizon looked eagerly towards the rostrum, and saw a young man rise. He wore no clerical attire, and might as readily have been taken for a lawyer or a doctor, as a minister. He appeared to be about twenty-six years of age, was rather pale, but otherwise gave evidence of being strong and vigorous.

The moment he rose to his feet Alizon felt that he was no ordinary man; before he had been speaking three minutes he had riveted her attention. Perhaps it was because the address was so entirely different from what she had been accustomed to hear. It was really an appeal to young men and maidens to be true to their great heritage. He came there, he said, as an ambassador of God, to preach a great gospel. Our fathers had struggled to give us freedom, freedom of thought, freedom of conscience, and that now, in the closing years of the nineteenth century, there was a danger of our young men and women losing their hold upon those principles which had made the nation great and mighty.

Doubtless, a critical mind would have discovered much to find fault with in the speech. It was the utterance of a young man, and not weighted by the

experience of years, or the wisdom which is supposed to come with grey hairs. Nevertheless, it was a thoughtful, stirring address, and to Alizon it came with singular force. It enforced as a duty that which she had been taught to regard as sinful. It taught that it was her duty to think for herself, to shape her own creed, to read the Bible for herself, and to find out its teaching. It warned her against accepting what any council or Church might teach, simply because that council or Church had taught it. It exhorted her to test her creed at the bar of reason, of revelation, of history, of experience, and of her soul's deepest needs.

To Protestant ears this was, of course, commonplace; to Alizon it was a plausible kind of infidelity. And yet she was impressed. The surroundings were strange, the atmosphere was new to her, while the man who spoke possessed a kind of magnetism. To her, moreover, he was a dangerous man; his evident sincerity and earnestness were dangerous, while the fact that in every sentence he revealed that he was a student and a scholar fascinated her. She had been brought up with the idea that all Nonconformist Protestants were ignorant, Bible-worshipping fanatics. Of course, this young minister was utterly wrong, and doubtless Father Sheen could prove how lamentably false and dangerous all these, to her, startling statements were; but at that moment she felt carried away by his fervour, and in spite of herself, he made her mental sky higher, and her horizon broader.

As soon as the young minister had concluded his address, she rushed out. "I'll never go into one of those places again," she said, "no wonder Father Sheen says that Protestant Chapels are dangerous."

When she neared her home she slackened her pace. "I'll have to tell him, I suppose," she said, "perhaps I shall be able to persuade him to answer this dangerous address. I am afraid I've done very wrong."

What I have written in this chapter may seem of but little importance; nevertheless, this incident commenced anew the history of two people, a history that became almost tragic.

CHAPTER II.

HOW DUNCAN RUTLAND MET ALIZON NEVILLE.

DUNCAN RUTLAND was sitting alone in his lodgings. He had just finished his breakfast, when his landlady entered, bringing two newspapers. One was the *Manchester Guardian*, one of the most important papers in the North of England, the other was the *Lynford Observer*.

"Th' *Observer*'s bin a givin' it yo' hot," remarked the woman.

"Oh!"

"Yi. Ther's a leadin' article abaath the speech yo made on Monday neet."

"I thought that was done with on Wednesday. The editor had a paragraph about it then, besides giving a full report."

"Well, ther's a leadin' article, and a letter from some Catholic or other."

Duncan did not reply, but taking the paper from his landlady, began to scan its pages. The leading article was supposed to be a judicial summing up of the statements made in his speech, and did not interest him much, but the letter which Mrs. Nutter had mentioned was a vigorous attack on the position he had assumed. Duncan paid but little heed to it, however, and quietly went on with his work.

"Thou mus'n get cross with th' Catholics," remarked Mrs. Nutter as she left the room, "thou'lt mak it warm for theesen if tha dost."

Duncan laughed.

"I've never said a word about them as yet," he said.

"But they tak it thet tha hast," replied Mrs. Nutter. "What they didn't like was baath th' Reformation."

"Were you at the meeting?"

"No, but I read the report in th' *Observer*. It wur fair and strong."

Duncan Rutland was the youngest minister who had ever taken charge of Tudor Chapel. From the Nonconformist standpoint, it was the principal church in the town, and the "leading men" of the place had been very anxious to secure "the right man." For some years the "Cause" had been somewhat languishing. The building was situated in the heart of the town, and as family after family removed further and further into the suburbs, the difficulty of keeping up the congregations became increasingly great. Several ministers had been "heard," but none seemed to suit, until one day a young student from a neighbouring college was invited to preach. He was not regarded as a candidate, for the simple reason that very little was known about him; besides the thought of inviting a lad of twenty-six to take charge of "Tudor," was out of the question. Accordingly he came to Lynford as an ordinary supply, and a very small congregation gathered to hear him. When the day's service was over, however, a unanimous desire was expressed to hear him again. A few weeks later he had accepted a call to the church, to commence his ministry when his College course had ended.

He had taken his degree in Arts before leaving College, and had come to Lynford full of natural pride because of his success, and full of hope concerning his work at Tudor.

His first Sunday's sermons and his address on the Monday night had cost him a great deal of time and study, for he had determined to state in them

the lines of his working and thinking during his ministry. I suppose all young ministers think they can mark out a course of action, and most of them have all sorts of hopes concerning the impression they will make, never dreaming that events may in a few weeks entirely revolutionise their plans. Duncan Rutland's course of reading during the past few months had led him to believe most strongly that priestcraft was an evil thing—that no man should in any way stand between a man's soul and his Maker, and that before anyone could realise the Christianity of Christ he must himself fight out his faith on the solitary battlefield of his own soul. This fact had led him to make the statements which had somewhat startled Alizon Neville, and which had also caused a devoted Catholic to write to the *Lynford Observer*.

"It seems I am unintentionally stirring people up," thought Duncan, after he had been working for half-an-hour. "That Catholic asks me to substantiate my statements which were reported in the paper. Well, I will."

The next day Tudor Chapel was more than ordinarily well filled, and Duncan, with the impetuosity of a young man proclaimed his message. He did not notice any reporters present, and did not anticipate that any special notice would be taken of his words.

"If thou'lt tak warnin' from an owd man," said an old weaver to him at the close of the day's services, "thou'lt have nowt to do wi' newspaper discussions."

"I do not intend to," replied Duncan, "but what is your particular reason for saying this now?"

"For one reason thou'lt be makkin' thesen cheap," was Matthy Bray's, the weaver's, answer, "and for another, no good comes of it. Ya see ther's allus a lot o' chaps as wants to see ther names i' print."

"Why, do you think there will be a discussion in the papers?"

"I do 'n' all."

"Why?"

"Well, for one thing, although no names 'ave been mentioned, you've 'it the Cathlicks 'ard; and now-a-days they're longing to 'ave summat to say. They're ready for ony means to git noaticed."

"Are they strong in the town?"

"Nobbut middlin', and they're mainly Irish. All the same, Lady Neville's a Cathlick. So's her lass."

"Her lass?"

"I mean 'er daughter. They're big foaks here. Mind, I'm noan findin' fault. Thou'st praiched rare sermons to-day. But ther'll be a lot of talk, mind that. Thee keep from mentioning names, and keep from writin' to th' papers; that's my advice."

The Wednesday's edition of the *Lynford Observer* contained several letters concerning Dun-

can's statements, for and against, and the young man, being new to the life of the town, was much interested.

For the next few Sundays he said nothing in his sermons concerning the questions discussed in the newspapers, nevertheless, they were flooded with correspondence. In a country town editors are glad when some question of local interest arises, and there are always a number of people who fancy they can throw light upon it. In a few weeks the young man was tired of it. There was very little instruction in what was written, and there was much personal abuse.

On the whole, he was fairly happy at Lynford. From what he could see, the church would prosper under his ministry, and, although the town was by no means a pleasant place of residence, he took long journeys into the country, sometimes on his bicycle, and sometimes, when the roads were wet, on foot. There were very fine moors near him, and he enjoyed tramping across them. Before the winter had set in he knew the countryside thoroughly, and had learnt to appreciate the wild bleak scenery of the district.

One day,—it was early in November, he started for a long walk across the moors. It so happened that he was free from engagements for the day, and as he had spent much time in visiting and hard reading for a few days past, he determined to go farther afield than had been his wont. The morning opened beautifully. This was an unusual occurrence at this time of the year, for as a rule, between October and May there are but few fine days in that part of Lancashire which is devoted to manufacture. As a rule weavers hate bright, frosty days, the threads are constantly snapping, and as a consequence, there is a great deal of extra work, for less pay. Usually, the less work a weaver has to do in minding looms the better is the stuff manufactured, and the more money can he draw at the end of the week. Thus it is that he enjoys most those days when the air is humid, and when, as a consequence, the sky is dark and dreary.

On this morning, however, the sun shone brightly, the air was keen and frosty, and as he trudged along a well-worn footpath towards the wide moors, Duncan felt his nerves tingle with a delightful sense of enjoyment. He had been walking perhaps half an hour when he came to one of the lodge-gates of Neville Priory, where he saw a young girl on horseback. It was evident that those who lived at the lodge were neglecting their duty, for no one was there to open the gate, and the girl was on the point of dismounting as Duncan came up.

"Excuse me," said the young man, "but will you allow me to assist you?" He opened the gate as he spoke, giving a side glance to the girl, who sat on a restive young horse.

She passed through, and then with a heightened

colour, but with a bright smile, thanked him for his courtesy.

"What a bonnie girl!" thought Duncan, as she galloped away. He had hit upon the right adjective. She was bonnie. There in the bright winter sunshine, with the great leafless trees standing around, she looked a perfect picture of youth and health and beauty. He saw that her hair was dark brown, her eyes were of the same colour, while her clear, dark skin, flushed with health and exercise, were the accompaniments of a face of rare beauty. Her movements on the horse were perfectly graceful too, and the young man had no doubt but that she was some one of distinction in the neighbourhood.

Up to the time of his coming to Lynford, Duncan had had no love affairs. It is true that while he was preparing for college he had fond fancies concerning a girl who lived in his native village; but he had never spoken to her concerning them, and on entering college at twenty years of age his mind had been too full of his studies for these fancies to ripen into love. During the six years of his college life, he had worked hard; indeed when, shortly after his arrival there, his Principal had told him that if he set his mind upon it, he could take his degree in Arts, in addition to passing his theological examinations, he resisted all temptations of social intercourse, and directed the whole of his energies towards study.

Thus, when he came to Lynford he was heart-whole. Not that he was averse to female society. No healthy-minded young man ever is, and although he had seen no one in Tudor Church who attracted him in the slightest degree, he hoped that at some time he should have a home of his own, and that some pure, good girl would become his wife.

The memory of this dark-eyed, brown-haired maid remained with him through the day, and the memory was pleasant. And if the truth must be told, he thought more about her than of the sermon he had intended to prepare for the coming Sunday.

About one o'clock, he had called at a farmhouse where the farmer's wife had given him a cup of tea, and had, moreover, insisted that he should have some of the dinner she had prepared for her own family.

"Yo mus'n say noa, Mester Rutland," she insisted, "we're noan gran foak, but hot leg of mutton is better nor dry bread and a bit of 'am."

"How do you know who I am?" asked Duncan.

"Oh, we've 'eerd on ye. We 'ear as 'aa you're stirrin' up th' Cathlicks. Go at 'em, Mester, they'll never do no good."

"I've nothing against the Catholics," said the young man, "I've never said a word against them either."

"No, but yo've bin 'ard on priestcraft, and it's

th' same thing. But be careful, Mester, they've been sayin' some rare 'ard things about yo."

"Indeed."

"Yi. They see as 'ow you've noan been sa mony years at College for nowt, and I've yerd as 'ow Father Sheen is goin' to answer yo in th' Cathlick Church. I reckon he's welcome?"

"Oh, quite welcome."

"Yi, I thought soa. But I wouldn't go aat after dark over mich, and ye'll 'ave to be lookin' to yer words. Lady Neville 'ave got a rare lot o' books at th' Priory, and Father Sheen can 'ave as mony as he wants."

"That's all right."

"I know ye're noan afeard, and yo need'na be. Father Sheen's noan the gift of gab yo've got. I've yerd yo' boath."

"Oh!"

"Yi. I wur at Tudor on Sunday neet."

"Why, it's several miles from here."

"Yi, but we don't mind a few miles to hear summat good. There, aar James William is comin' in. 'Appen you smoak a bit."

"Sometimes."

"Well, aar James William 'll be glad to 'ave a pipe with yo'."

It was after three o'clock when Duncan left the hospitable farmer and his wife, and by this time the sunshine had gone, and heavy mist had settled upon the moors. Still, the young man knew his way, and, in spite of the gathering darkness, enjoyed his walk homewards.

Presently he came to a stile, at which he stopped. "I think I'll try the footpath," he said, "it's later than I thought, and I shall cut off a mile or two."

He accordingly tramped across some fields until he came to a farm-house. By this time it was dark, and the fact of the mist made the road difficult to find. Just as he came to the farm-gates, he heard women's voices. The one rather harsh and strident, the other sweet and girlish.

"I'm rare 'n sorry, Miss Alizon," he heard one say, "but th' trap's gone to Lynford and it'll noan be back for a long time."

"Oh, never mind, Mrs. Crossfield, I dare say I shall be able to find my way across the fields, and when I get into the main road I shall not mind. I never thought this fog would come on or I should never have ventured so far."

"Good night," said Duncan, as he came up.

"Good neet," said the farmer's wife, and she looked at him keenly.

"It's rather dark," ventured the young man. He had heard what had passed between them, and wondered how he could offer his services to Miss Alizon, whoever she might be, without intruding.

"It's rare and dark," replied the elder woman.

"'Appen yo're goin' to Lynford?"

"Yes, I am," replied Duncan.

"'Appen yo' know the rooad weel."

"Yes, I know it very well," and he passed on. He heard the two speaking in low tones together, and then before he had proceeded far, the woman called him back.

"I say, felly."

"Yes," and he went towards them again.

"'Appen yo'll tell me wot they call yo?"

"Certainly. My name is Duncan Rutland."

"Th' minister at Tudor?"

"Yes."

"Then 'appen yo'll walk wi' this young wooman as far as Boggart's Clough. Oo's a bit afeard i' th' dark."

"If the young lady will allow me, I shall be pleased to accompany her so far," replied Duncan politely.

"Thank you," said the girl, "I shall be very glad if you will. Good night, Mrs. Crossland."

"Good neet, Miss Alizon."

CHAPTER III.

WHY DUNCAN CHALLENGED FATHER SHEEN TO A PUBLIC DEBATE.

"It is very kind of you," said the girl after they had gone a few yards together.

"I am glad I happened to be coming this way," said Duncan. "I hesitated at first about crossing the fields, and almost repented that I did not keep to the road; now I shall regard my decision as exceedingly fortunate."

The girl made no answer, but walked quietly by his side. Presently her foot caught against a huge stone which stood in the path, and she stumbled.

"Pardon me," said Duncan, "but could I render a further service by offering my arm?"

"Thank you," said the girl, and she accepted his offer.

The young man realised a pleasant sensation as she placed her hand upon his arm. The night did not seem at all dreary now, nay, rather he was glad that the darkness made the girl dependent on him.

"You know the neighbourhood well?" she asked presently.

"Yes, I think so," said Duncan. "I have only just come to the district, but I have spent a good deal of time on these moors. They are very fine, and they help me to do my work."

"You are the minister of Tudor Chapel, I think you said?"

"Yes."

"Then can you work so far away from your church?"

"Yes, I work out my sermons on these moors. They inspire me to think, and—and somehow they make my world bigger, and life less sordid."

"But you cannot read on the moors?"

"I could when I first came, we had a fine September, you remember, but I do not care so much about reading for a month or two. I did nothing else for six years, and it is a relief to me now to rest my eyes."

"But you are fond of reading?"

"Oh, yes, naturally."

"Why naturally?"

"Oh, I suppose a minister is bound to be a bookish man. Besides, this is supposed to be a bookish age."

Duncan Rutland was not sure, but he had an idea that the girl who walked by his side was she for whom he had opened the lodge-gates at Neville Priory that morning. He had learnt, too, that she was called Alizon; this he fancied was her Christian name, for he knew that it was of Lancashire origin, and he had never heard of it as a surname.

"I suppose you are fond of reading, too," he said, in order to keep the conversation going. She had not told him who she was, and therefore he felt a difficulty in speaking freely.

"Yes, I suppose so; but you as a minister would doubtless regard my reading as light and frivolous," she said laughingly. "I suppose all your books are very serious?"

"Oh, no. I read anything, everything, from Descartes to Dumas, from Sir William Hamilton to Sir Walter Scott."

"Do you read Dumas in the original?"

"Yes."

The girl felt more at ease with him now. She had found a subject in which they were both interested.

"Do you read Dumas?" asked Duncan.

"Yes, no,—that is, I did, until——"

She stopped suddenly, and did not finish the sentence.

Naturally Duncan did not press his question, but he could not help wondering at her words. "Of course, some do not like French novelists," he went on, trying to make matters easy for her, "and Dumas described phases of life alien to our English ideas. Still he was a great master of Romance. Indeed, for pure romantic writing, he was in some respects superior to our own Sir Walter. It goes without saying that you have read *The Monastery* and *The Abbot*?"

"No."

"No! I pity you, or rather, I envy you. I would give something not to have read either of them. Let me recommend you——"

"No, I shall not read them." She spoke rather curtly.

"No!" said the young man curiously.

"No. The truth is—of course it is of no interest to you; but I am a Catholic."

"Oh, I understand."

"You may have heard my name, at least, my

mother's name, Lady Neville; I am Alizon Neville."

"Oh, certainly. How foolish I am not to have thought of it."

The young man felt in a somewhat awkward position. He remembered that Lady Neville was the representative of Catholicism in the district, and that he had been spoken of as an enemy to the Catholic faith.

"I suppose," he continued, presently, "that we are at the opposite poles in thought."

"I suppose so," she replied somewhat curtly.

For a time there was an awkward silence. Her words had placed a barrier between them, and the young man did not know how to break it down.

"Your's is a splendid old house," he said presently. "I like old houses. In fact, I like old things generally. There is generally some mystery surrounding them, and romance."

"Yes, I like old things too," she replied, "even in the world of religion," she added somewhat awkwardly.

"So do I," said Duncan heartily. "I like old churches, and I like visiting old monasteries and convents."

He wanted to set her at her ease, and he had no desire, nay, he felt it would be unkind to discuss religious matters with her. She, however, was young and enthusiastic; moreover, she was excited. She was thankful for his company across this dreary part of the country on a dark night, but she could not help feeling somewhat strange at the thought of walking with a young man whom she regarded as an enemy to all she had been taught to hold most dear. Without weighing her words therefore, she began to argue with him.

"If you believe in an ancient religion," she said, "is it not strange that you should be the minister of a modern sect?"

"You do not wish me to answer you, Miss Neville, do you?" he asked with a laugh.

"It might be interesting if you did," she replied.

"Well, then," said Duncan, "if I went to live in an old house, I should most likely have the place newly drained, I should lighten the dark rooms, I should remove all possibility of disease. It would be the same house, only purified."

"You mean by that, that you believe in an ancient religion, but that it is freed from——"

"Excuse me," interrupted Duncan, "but had we not better change the subject? Believe me, I hold all religious convictions as sacred. If your religion meets your deepest needs——"

"It does," she replied hastily.

"Then, let us say no more about it."

"But you are an enemy to my faith. You have attacked it in your chapel. I heard you—that is, I have read—the—the papers. Father Sheen told me——" Again she stopped awkwardly, she had said more than she had intended.

"I have heard that Father Sheen is a very good man," said Duncan, again trying to help her.

"He is, indeed; the best man I know. I wish you knew him; I wish he could speak to you about—the things you condemn."

"It would give me great pleasure to meet Father Sheen," replied Duncan.

"You know nothing about the Catholic Church, I expect," she continued presently.

"No; that is, I know little of your ceremonials, and your services generally."

"Then why do you condemn them?"

She felt she was scarcely polite in continuing to press this subject, but the circumstances of their meeting caused her to act with less than her ordinary caution. Besides, she felt that she must defend her faith in the presence of its enemy.

"I don't think I ever have," replied Duncan. "As far as I know, I have never mentioned the Roman Catholic Church since I came to Lynford. I have simply dealt with what seems to me important principles."

"Yes, but they affect our faith."

"I cannot help that, can I?"

"But do you not think you should know something of the beliefs of our church before saying that which condemns them?"

"I really don't wish to speak about this," said Duncan, "but I suppose I must defend myself. I confess that I am ignorant concerning many of your ceremonials, but I know something of your beliefs, and the history of your Church. It may seem like boasting to say so, but I have read scores of books on the growth of Romanism. Indeed, for six years Church History has been a favourite study of mine."

"But your histories have been written by Protestants, I suppose?"

"Oh no. I have read both sides."

"You have read Catholic History by Catholic historians?"

"Oh, yes," and he named several authors.

"And yet you remain a Protestant?"

"It depends on the standpoint from which we look at things, doesn't it? Believe me, I have no wish to foist my beliefs on you."

"Oh, you could not."

"I daresay not; but look, yonder is Boggart's Clough."

"Yes; I shall be able to find my way easily from there."

"You will at least allow me to accompany you as far as your lodge-gates, Miss Neville. I shall have to pass them myself, and it is rather dark, although the mist has lifted somewhat."

She thanked him coldly, and walked by his side silently.

"I suppose your house was built in the fifteenth century," he went on presently.

"Yes, at least the old part of it was."

"It has a history, I suppose. It was the scene of some stormy deeds at the time of Henry VIII."

"Yes, I suppose so, but what is that light?"

"I think it must be the light at your lodge."

"Yes, it is. I am very glad. It is kind of you to walk with me, Mr. Rutland."

"And kinder of you to allow me," replied Duncan. "I am afraid you regard me as an unpleasant companion."

"You must confess that you are an enemy to my faith," she said impulsively.

"None the less, I hope I am capable of being ordinarily courteous," replied Duncan pleasantly. "I claim the liberty of thinking for myself, but then—surely there's some disturbance yonder. There are several lights, and I think I see a carriage."

"I hope mother has not been anxious about me," said the girl.

"I sincerely trust not. Let us hasten on."

"What's the matter?" asked Duncan as he came up to the gates.

He heard a lady's voice, but she did not speak in answer to him.

"I know she went to Mrs. Crossland's. I am afraid she must have been lost in coming across the fields. I'll go by the road in the carriage, and you must take the lantern through the fields."

There was a hubbub of voices, and Duncan had to speak aloud in order to make himself heard.

"Is that Lady Neville?" he said hurriedly.

"Yes," replied that lady.

"May I ask if you are looking for your daughter?"

"Yes, I am quite anxious. Have you seen her?"

"I am here, mother," said Alizon.

A few seconds later the necessary explanations were given, and Alizon sat in the carriage beside her mother.

"I am sure I am exceedingly obliged to you," said Lady Neville to Duncan graciously. "Will you not ride with us as far as the Priory? You will be nearly two miles nearer your home."

Duncan accepted the invitation, but little was said during the journey, and the young man was glad when he found himself alone again.

"At any rate," mused the young man, as he sat in his study chair that night, "I have been introduced to the principal Catholic family in the district."

The next morning, as he opened the *Lynford Observer*, he saw a prominent announcement to the effect that Father Sheen would give a series of Sunday Evening Lectures on the Catholic Religion, and would answer some of the allegations made against his Church.

"Whew!" exclaimed Duncan as he read. "I see an exciting time in the future."

For several Sunday nights the congregations at Tudor Chapel were much thinned, while the Catho-

lic Church was crowded to excess. Duncan read the reports of Father Sheen's addresses with much interest, and noted the letters which challenged him, Duncan, to answer the statements which the priest had made.

Father Sheen's Lectures concluded amidst a flourish of trumpets, while Duncan made no sign whatever. The truth was, he was loath to enter

into a wordy battle. In some ways he longed for the fight. He noted the weak points in the priest's armour, and saw how easily his arguments might be answered, and yet some power held him back.

Presently the towns-people began to laugh freely, and some spoke to him rather jeeringly on the subject.

"We thought yo 'ad more grit in you, Mester,"



"HE WENT TOWARDS HER WITH QUICKENED STEP."

said an old weaver. "If Luther 'ad bin like yo, we'd 'ad Popery wi' us naa. I tell yo, yo're noan Lancashire."

"No, I'm not," said Duncan, "but what would you have me do?"

"Answer him from Tudor. Ef what you said t' first Sunday neet is true, then your duty is plain."

"Do you think it would help Christianity?"

"Yi, I do 'n' all. An' soa do most foak. Besides, it's a bit like a coward's trick, and we at Tudor are noan pleased at aar passon showin' th' white feather."

"I suppose not."

"Weel, what art a baan to do?"

"I don't know yet."

"Weel, it's time tha sud, Th' other passons are

sayin' thet if yo' do'ant they will ; but as yo' started th' job, yo' sud bear 't brunt. Hast a seen th' letter in Wednesday's *Observer* ? ”

“ No, I've read none of them.”

“ Weel, a chap theer suggests thet yo' shud challenge Sheen to a public debate in th' Industrial Hall.”

“ I see. Good morning.”

“ Good morning,” said the old weaver in a surly tone.

The young minister went into the public reading-room, and took up the *Lynford Observer*. He turned to the letter which the weaver had mentioned, and then pondered deeply for some minutes. He longed to prove to these Lancashire people that he was not a coward, longed to defend his beliefs, and yet he hesitated—he could not tell why.

He walked out of the town, and presently reached a footpath across some fields. His mind was very active, and before he realised what he was doing he had sketched a series of addresses which he knew would destroy the arguments of the priest.

“ But I'll not give them,” he said to himself, as he wandered on. “ I'll not give them ; ” but he could not tell why he had come to this decision.

Presently he looked up and saw Alizon Neville coming towards him. He had neither seen nor heard anything concerning her since the night he had accompanied her across the moors. He had often thought of her since then, and had wondered if they would ever meet again.

He went towards her with quickened step, and almost held out his hand. She, in her turn, nodded coldly, and passed on without a word.

He was disappointed, and yet he knew no reason why he should be. He had no right to expect, because he had rendered her a simple service, that she should treat him cordially in the future. Besides, she bore one of the oldest names in Lancashire ; she was a daughter of one of its most important houses ; it was natural, therefore, that she should treat him, the minister of Tudor Chapel, and an enemy to her faith, with coldness, if not disdain.

“ I must get back to my work,” he thought presently, and a little later sat before his desk. He took up his pen to write a sermon ; this, however, was the document which he produced :

To the Editor of the *Lynford Observer*.

SIR,

As I do not think it would best serve the interests of truth if I followed the example of Father

Sheen, and gave a series of addresses in my church, especially as many Roman Catholics would not, or dare not, enter the building, I shall be happy to fall in with the suggestion made by “ Truth-lover ” in Wednesday's issue of your paper. I therefore invite Father Sheen to a public debate of three nights' duration, to be held in the Industrial Hall, on any dates most suitable to him. I would suggest a committee of twelve gentlemen, of which half shall be Protestant and half Roman Catholic, (although the Roman Catholics do not number a tenth of the population) to arrange proceedings. I am perfectly willing, moreover, that Father Sheen shall select three such subjects as he regards to be essentially Roman Catholic, as the topics of debate, and thus we shall be able to publicly discuss on neutral grounds, those great issues which cleave the Church in twain. Although I have never uttered one word against the Roman Church, *per se*, (the correspondence in your paper, and Father Sheen's addresses having arisen out of broad general principles which I enunciated), I would submit the following topics for Father Sheen's consideration.

1. Was the Reformation, and the consequent growth of Protestantism, a Necessity ?

2. Is the doctrine of Papal Infallibility in accordance with the teaching of Scripture, or History, or reason ?

3. Is private judgment in matters of religion right or wrong ?

Yours faithfully,

DUNCAN RUTLAND.

On the following Saturday the editor printed Duncan's letter in large type, heading it with the words, “ A Challenge to Father Sheen.” A leading article was also given, supposed to be impartial, while many suggestions were offered. Before the day was over, the religious element in the town was in a state of great excitement.

“ Ah,” said the young Protestants to the Catholics, who had been calling Duncan a coward, “ we shall see who's th' coward now ; ” while all sorts of surmises were offered as to the probable result of the letter which had been written.

And thus Duncan was led by forces of which he had never dreamed, towards a path which changed the whole trend of his life.

“ Father Sheen 'll noan tak' thee up,” said a man to him as he passed down the street that night.

“ Yi, but he will,” said another.

(To be continued.)





The Divine Leadership:

A NEW YEAR'S MEDITATION.

BY THE PRESIDENT.

"Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene: one step enough for me.
Lead Thou me on!"—*Newman.*

"And He said, My presence shall go with thee, and I
will give thee rest."—Ex. xxxiii, 14.

"Meditation is the eye wherewith we see God."—*Ambrose.*



THE Editor has desired me to send a message to his readers suitable for the New Year. It seems a most fitting thing, and it is a most pleasant one, that I should first of all, in the name of his readers, as well as my own, wish for him personally a glad New Year, and express the fervent hope, and I might even venture to make the urgent request, that his literary work this

year may be rewarded by an increase in the circulation of our magazines equal to the manifold excellences which have won for them a place in the first class of periodical literature.

And now I am going to use the piece of Old Testament history referred to above as suggestive of the most appropriate thought to link on to the ever-recurring New Year. Moses stood on the edge of the wilderness. He was called by God to quit the old familiar ground, the land of his exile, the mountain regions of Horeb, and commit himself and his people to unknown wilds. Thus far their march had been a triumphal exodus from bondage. They stood there a redeemed people, a free nation, capable of free choice. Egypt, the cradle of art and science, with all her wanton beauty and lavish plenty, lay behind them, and wooed them to return. Powerful nations stood in front of them, ready armed to dispute with them every inch of the beautiful and

wealthy inheritance which they were called to win. It was at this critical juncture of their pilgrimage that the command came with all the decisiveness of a military mandate, "Depart, and go up hence." Thus they were summoned to encounter the toils, the perils, and battles of the wilderness journey. To Moses, their liberator and prophet, it must have been a moment of supreme agony. Upon the counsel he gave, the steps he took, hung the destiny of all this people. No wonder that the sense of responsibility overwhelmed him. Out of his sense of utter loneliness and weakness, the question rose instinctively and unbidden to his lips, Who is to go with me as the friend, the companion, the comrade of my spirit. I cannot go alone. Will He go with me? And he pleads with the Lord in terms and tones which sound almost like a remonstrance. "And Moses said unto the Lord, See, Thou sayest, bring up this people, and Thou hast not let me know whom Thou wilt send with me." I cannot go without a leader. Who is to lead me? And the answer came in a voice of infinite tenderness and sweetness, "My presence shall go with thee." Thus, straight across the desert, beset with daring and experienced foes, the Divine Leader pointed their way. An Apostle has revealed to us in one short phrase the secret of Moses' strength and courage and triumphs, "he endured as seeing Him who is invisible."

This chapter of history was written for our counsel and comfort. We, too, stand at this moment on the margin of the unknown future. Life with us all must have, and will have, its dangerous passes, its dense jungles, its devious paths and crooked places. As we enter this New Year we cherish no delusions, we expect no paradise, we see not a step before us. We know not what shall be on the morrow. We have suffered much, done much, seen much, but we have never seen to-morrow. We purpose and plan and prepare for to-morrow, and then find our cleverest and most elaborate calculations overthrown by

the touch of a hair! It is just this sense of uncertainty, insecurity, and obscurity that weighs us down as we enter another reach of time. And, yet, I am not inclined to describe the future as a dreary, dry wilderness, but rather as a glebe out of which we may rear a golden harvest of glorious fruit, or as a broad, free, marching ground where we may make cheerful progress in all that is true and good. The path may be perilous and winding, but it is our glorious calling to march to the music of a Divine promise, "Certainly, I will be with thee." Only let the step be clear, and firm, and straight, and then, though the way be rough and difficult, it will become radiant as we advance under the guidance of our immortal Leader. So with us, as with Moses, the vital, central question of life is, that which pertains to leadership. The question is as old as the world, and yet as new as the dayspring which rises ever. Much of the confusion, the crime, and the curse of the world springs from bad leadership. How divinely beautiful this world would soon become if the pupil always got the right teacher, the servant the right master, the soldier the right general, the subject the right ruler, the church the right pastor. Moses was a man to whom the Divine Leadership was an ever-present and living reality. More present and more real than the earthly things with which he had daily and hourly to do. He lived in the secret place of the Most High, heard His voice, felt the touch of His hand, and was gladdened by His smile.

It is just this vivid sense of the reality of the Divine Presence and action and work in our lives that we are in danger of losing in this keenly critical age. We believe but dimly in the living presence of our risen Lord. He seems to fade away in the distance. We have surrounded ourselves with a thick haze of doubt and unbelief through which the living Christ looks very vague indeed. Yet it is only as we see the living form, hear the living voice, and feel the living touch of the Man of glory that our doubt is dissipated and our life renewed. A clear sense of the perpetual presence of the risen Lord, the Saviour of the world, is the profoundest need of every human heart. The thing most precious to a Christian, the dearest delight of his spirit, is the power and the means of living fellowship with his glorified Lord.

"From Thee is all that soothes the life of man,
His high endeavour and his glad success,
His strength to suffer and his will to serve.
But, oh! Thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art of all Thy gifts Thyself the crown!
Give what Thou canst, without Thee we are poor;
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away."

Every Christian man shares most keenly "the strange, deep longings" of John Forester: "I feel myself so remote from Thee, Thou grand Centre, and so torpid. It is as if those qualities were extinct in my soul which could make it susceptible of

Thy divine attraction. But, oh! Thine energy can reach me even here. Attract me, Thou Great Being, within the sphere of Thy glorious light; attract me within the view of Thy throne; attract me into the full emanation of Thy mercies; attract me within the sphere of Thy sacred Spirit's most potent influences. Oh! do Thou seize my existence at this point, and henceforth guide and model it to Thyself."

We hear a good deal in these days about the "Real Presence," and we shall hear a good deal more yet. We do not relish the term on account of its priestly origin and associations. The presence of Christ cannot be localised. Not in the gloomy chancel amid gorgeous ceremonies, but wherever the contrite spirit points to the heart and home of the eternal Father, *there* is the Real Presence. Yes, *there* in the flames of a furnace which are turned into the evening breeze; *there* in the den where ravenous beasts waited to devour, but whose mouths were sealed; *there* where innocent men are bleeding in a dungeon which is turned into a house of prayer and praise; *there* where the frail sufferer leans on the sure promise; *there* where the casements are darkened, and men tread softly and speak in whispers; *there* by the rough highway where the poor old man breaks stones for a crust, or a worn woman seeks shelter from the storm; *there* with the Pilgrim Fathers in their log-hut chapel; *there* with the Covenanters in their moorland temple; *there* where a soul is entering the valley and the shadow of death, there is the Real Presence as close as air, and as bright as light.

It would be foreign to my purpose to recite even the theories which have been set up in explanation of the Divine Presence, and the hidden and inscrutable operation of spirit upon spirit. The personal experience of a living man is of more value, in this matter, than a whole library of speculations. "I will be with thee," was to Moses like an armoury in a sentence, a river in a spring, a granary in a grain. It ought not to mean less, but immensely more, to us. The New Testament was not in his Bible; we have received a fuller revelation of God than that which he possessed and enjoyed. God has spoken unto us in His Son Jesus Christ, who belongs to our race, speaks our language, and knows us each by name. He is "God with us," and stands at our side day by day, to share our burdens and labours, our pains and griefs. He repeats the old promise made to Moses, with a new meaning and a new sign and a new gift. "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." He promised another Comforter, One who should bring to us a stronger strength, a braver courage, a keener insight, and a gladder hope. One whose indwelling should be a source of brighter assurance, a completer triumph over sin, a soul more purified, an eye more purged, a deeper and sweeter peace. The Comforter was not to take the place of Christ; there can be no substitute for Him. The

Holy Ghost did not come to fill a vacancy. The Spirit must not be confounded with Christ, nor separated from Him. "I will come unto you," and He even went on to tell His disciples that it would be, not His presence, or the presence of the Holy Ghost only, but His Father's also. "*We* will come unto him and make *Our* abode with him." By a knowledge surer and more inward than sight, or touch, or hearing, they knew that He was close beside them, a more "Real Presence" than any of which the senses could bear witness. And thus to the meanest and faintest disciple, there is made absolutely sure the Divine Presence, making the heart quick and tender, so that it may answer to His slightest touch, renewing and training our whole nature, and guiding our life to the vision of His eternal glory.

Let us, then, as we stand upon the narrow causeway of the *now*, with the unknown stretching out so mist-bound before us, lift up our hearts and sing:

"He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought!
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me."

The character of the way need not distress us, it may not be pleasant, nor popular, nor seem expedient, but Leadership is the vital question. "He knoweth the way we take." Tell me who is Leader, and though I may not know a step of the way, I can predict with absolute certainty that the direction will be right, and that the shining gates of the Celestial City will appear in due time. "He that followeth Me shall not abide in the darkness, but shall have the light of life." Then let us follow our Leader, follow Him fully, follow hard after Him. "Delight thyself also in the Lord; and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart." "Commit thy way unto the

Lord; trust also in Him and He shall bring it to pass." "And He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday." "His loving kindness faileth not." All else—flocks, herds, houses, children, friends, health, may perish. The new year may be one of extremities, broken health, broken resources, and broken hopes as to this world. If all is lost on earth, then heaven remains. There the broken pilgrims of the wilderness will greet "those angel faces, which they had lost awhile," and start again, strong as giants and glad as bridegrooms, on a new career. Yes, they will have a new start, a new youth, a new marching ground, but the same Leader. "For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall *lead* them unto living fountains of waters." "These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." I cannot, therefore, cherish or express for my dearest friends, a better wish than this, May He be with you. When life's burdens press sorely upon you, and life's path is mysterious, may you be able to lean with calm confidence on the arm of the Almighty Leader. May He, indeed, be with you, alike in your pilgrimage through this world, and when the journey draws to a close. Then, sustained by the presence and aid of a gracious Saviour, may you pass through "the shadow feared of man" and find all the yearnings of faith and hope more than satisfied by the vision of the Divine King in His Beauty.

John Smith

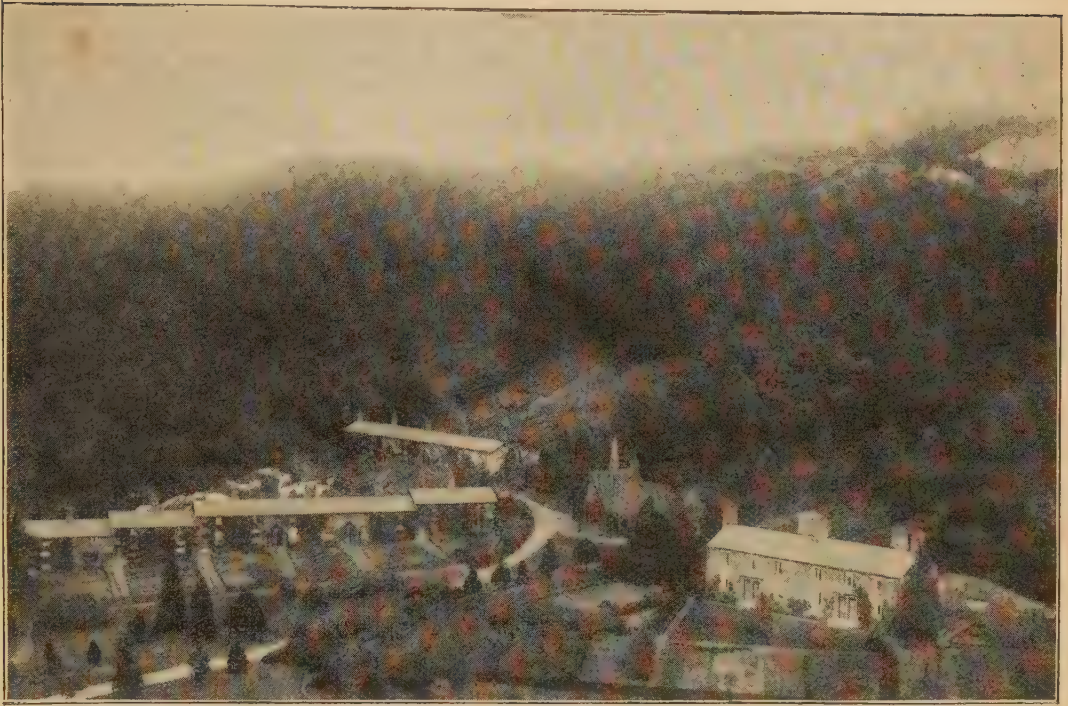
The Garden of Yorkshire.

"We live by admiration, hope and love."—WORDSWORTH.



THE varied and contrasting scenery of Cleveland pleased an old writer so much that he gave it this pretty name—"The Garden of Yorkshire." Of fruit-growing in Cleveland there is nothing worth speaking about, though we think it could be profitably cultivated upon a large scale, especially the hardier

fruits, as the district has teeming populations within and on its borders. So we are not to understand the name in a horticultural, but a poetic, sense. The ironstone mines, with their accompaniments, have, it is true, disfigured it sufficiently to make John Ruskin and his disciples rage with æsthetic wrath. Still, it has a beauty and interest all its own; and are not these modern warts upon its face but the tokens of the secret and inner wealth of its individuality? The loveliness that remains is made more lovely still by reason of its contrast with the ugly eruptions of man; and when the miner and all his works have ceased, busy nature will come gently and softly cover up and make beautiful with tree, fern, flower, and grass, the very scars and blotches he has left upon her face. She wastes no time, for even to-day her kindly hand is busy smoothing out the



HUTTON VILLAGE.

wrinkles of human anxiety, and sowing the seeds of tranquillity and grace.

There is nothing here tame, nothing monotonous, either in hill, vale, town, or hamlet. Nature and man have brought together things which forcibly differ. Fat cornfields and rich pastures touch the feet of the bleakest and ruggedest of hills; and the silent remains of the Parisii, the Brigantes, the Roman, the Saxon, Dane and Norman, lie cheek-by-jowl with the feverish industries of to-day. The iron age hews its metal from these hills, which are still covered with the works of the men of the stone and the bronze age.

"In monuments of antiquity, in abbeys, priories, hermitages, and cells; in castles, fortifications, and encampments; in remains of former grandeur, and relics of great and illustrious families, the vale of Cleveland abounds more than any similar locality in England; and in the magnificence, variety, and extent of its natural scenery; in the healthfulness and salubrity of its climate; in the energy and skill of its agriculturists; in the enterprise and perseverance of its general population, it may compare with any portion of the kingdom."*

This warm and enthusiastic description of the locality and its numerous fragments of the past is

not overdone by one jot or tittle, but we do not possess sufficient personal knowledge to make the same affirmation of its "agriculturists" and "general population." Possibly in Ord's day they were all he says, now they are probably much the same as folk in other places. Human nature under similar conditions is wonderfully uniform. If, however, there be a doubt in the case, none will begrudge them the benefit of it. In these racing days they need all the "energy," "skill," "enterprise," and "perseverance" they can command to keep to the front.

But our thoughts are not to be so much directed to contemporaneous farming, as to other matters. An antiquarian, upwards of three hundred years ago, spoke of the drive from Stockton to Guisbro' as the finest in England. I fancy he would make an exception of part of it now, if he happened to be on the south side of the wind in passing Middlesbro'. If I recollect aright, he drove through Ayton,— "Canny Yatton," as the old Yorkshire folk call it.

Cleveland means, "the cleaved-land," or "cliff-land,"—the land of bold hills and cliffs, and consequently of valleys. We have a grand view of this cloven land here from Highcliffe Nab, and perhaps a better one still from Roseberry Topping. Round the corner yonder of Park Wood is hidden Skelton Castle, whose barons for centuries gave the law to this

* Ord's "History of Cleveland."

wide domain. The territory was given for military service rendered, by the Norman William, to a De Brus, one of whose descendants immortalised himself by building and endowing a magnificent priory at Guisbro', and another, Robert Bruce, by heroically winning a kingdom. Some of the Guisbro' monks founded Finchale Abbey, near Durham. The Reverend Lawrence Sterne was a familiar visitor at Skelton Castle in the last century. He, and its owner, Hall Stevenson, Esq., who possessed some considerable ability in the rhyming line, were hail-fellow-well-met; their orgies were a scandal to the country-side. Poor Sterne! with all his gifts he lacked two very essential to a minister—grace and sense. Opposite the Castle on the other side of Holbeck, stands the little, dumpy, very, very old Upleatham Church. The body of the building was apparently in existence in the stone-coffin period, which in England may mean any time from the seventh to the sixteenth century.

Guisbro', like Shakespeare, can be spelled in almost as many different ways as you like. For the amusement of the reader, and to prove its capability in this respect, we give a few variations that have been actually used:—Ghigesburgh (Domesday),

Guisburne, Giseburn, Giseburne, Gisborne, Gisbourne, Gyseburne, Gisburgh, Guisbrough, Guisborough, Gisborough, and finally, modern impatience has clipped and extracted it until, instead of the rolling and sonorous Guisborough, we have only a poor, little, scrubby Guisbro' left, and sometimes even the "u" is begrudged, and it is then reduced to its lowest term—Gisbro'. In calmer times it may enlarge again, however, for learned men tell us that before talking was thought about, someone hit upon the happy idea of inventing a grunt to tell his wife what was in his mind, and that every existing word known among men is but a variation and expansion of that fecund original grunt. So may Guisbro' hope in juster days to get its due measure of the alphabet again.

Cleveland consists mainly of two considerable plains and a large number of long moorland hills between which are the Yorkshire dales. The Tees and the Esk are its northern and southern boundaries, and perhaps it has an average breadth inland of twelve to fifteen miles. The Vale of Guisbro' stretches out from the Belmont hill to Redcar; Middlesbro', Stokesley, Ayton, Marton, etc., are on the other plain. A natural gateway or pass between



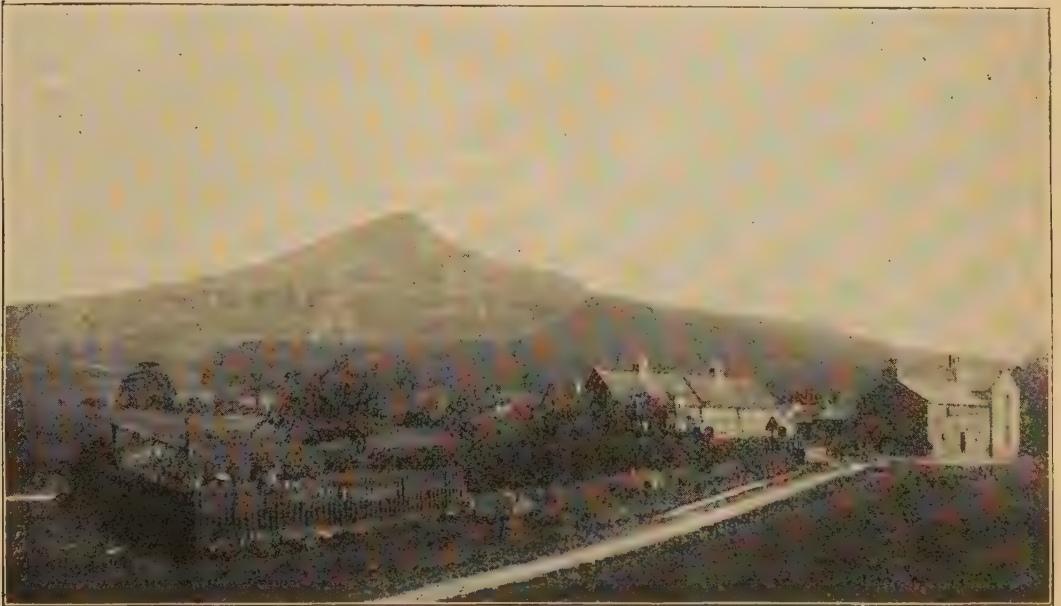
UPLEATHAM CHURCH.

(Photo by kind permission of Miss Taylor, Saltburn.)

the Eton and Hutton Moors connects the two plains. The hills are not even Cumbrian in their size, but quite high and steep enough for a stiff climb. Should you attempt Roseberry from the Newton side you will sigh for a rest ere you reach the top; it is 1,448 feet above the sea. Let us hear what Ord has to say with respect to the view to be had from it:—"It may be doubted whether any scene in Europe presents equal diversity and range of prospect. The views from the Malvern Hills, from Middle Hill in Worcestershire, from Snowdon in Wales, from Skiddaw in Westmoreland, as well as those from Vesuvius, Fort St. Elmo, and the Carthusian Monastery of Naples, have secured the enthusiastic admiration of tourists; but for variety,

extent, and broad outline, we make bold to award the palm to Roseberry, at least over its British competitors." Have you been there? If not, take a holiday at Ayton or Guisbro', and lounge it away on the hills and in the woods, and you will be able to say in after years—

"Though absent long,
These forms of beauty have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration."



ROSEBERRY TOPPING FROM NEWTON VILLAGE.

But the old Topping has other claims upon our appreciation. Before lighthouses, lightships, or buoys, with their tinkling bells, were invented, it was the great land-mark for sailors out at sea yonder. By it the ancient Briton guided his coracle into the Tees and felt at home again, for Roseberry and his lesser neighbours were the fenced cities of these old inhabitants. A jingling couplet attributes the power of a weather-prophet to it:—

"When Roseberrye Toppinge wears a cappe,
Let Cleavelande then beware of a clappe."

In the days of the Napoleonic terror, a huge pile of wood was stacked on the top, and a man was always on the look-out for his coming, when he would at once have fired the mass.

Roseberry has its tragic legend, too. At the birth of a Saxon prince, called Oswy, his mother dreamed that upon the night before a certain birthday he would be drowned. To prevent this, as the dread time drew near, he and his nurse were sent to the top of Roseberry for the night, as it did not appear possible that anyone could be drowned up there. But we know fate is mightier than all our little plans, and it is the fixed belief of not a few people still, that what has to be will be. Of course, it will be if it has to be, that is certain. Well, when the nurse awoke in the morning, she found to her dismay and grief, that a little spring had bubbled up just where Oswy lay; his face was in the water and he was quite dead. It killed his mother, and they were buried together, some few miles away at a place

called, to-day, Osmotherly; the name being derived, as I have been gravely told, from Os(wy)by-mother-lay. Intrinsically, there are many etymologies of words much worse than this. The higher critics in history will probably pooh-pooh the whole story; but the believer's reply is,—there is a place called Osmotherly, and its name, if not eternal, must have been got sometime and somehow, and why not this way as well as another? And, as to Roseberry and

the spring, why, they are still there, conspicuous and curious enough. Surely no more evidence ought to be required to keep the story on its legs; it will still be repeated in spite of the unbelieving, and I am glad of it, as something of the kind seems to be a necessary association of the grand old hill.

THOS. E. CURRAH.

(To be continued.)

The Pentecostal League.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. READER HARRIS, Q.C.

By S. HORTON.



ON Jubilee Day, after hours of crushing in the streets of London, deafened by the continuous roar around me, and weary with sight-seeing, while passing down the Strand, I observed a large placard announcing a meeting in Exeter Hall in connection with the Pentecostal League, the speakers being Mrs. and Mr. Reader Harris, Dr. Pierson, and others. The very boldness of the idea impressed me. There was one man in London, evidently, who believed that a distinctly religious meeting could be held, even on Jubilee Day, in spite of all the attractions of decoration, fireworks, etc., and who was determined that patriotism and loyalty to our Sovereign Lady the Queen should have an opportunity of expressing itself in higher forms than in shouting "Hurrah" in the streets, or the throwing of confetti from shop and office windows. There is a great lack in all the churches of daring and enterprise, a marked scarcity of men who can rise above the mere conventional and commonplace, and who will, in the words of Carey, "attempt great things for God, and expect great things from God." And so I determined to go to the meeting and see what success would attend this bold venture. When I went in the great Hall was nearly full, and the audience was singing a hymn with a full-throated zest and spirit which reminded one of the singing of early Primitive Methodists. The gathering was a magnificent success in every sense. The addresses were short, practical, and interesting, and there was power and unction in all the exercises. Dr. Pierson spoke like—well, like Dr. Pierson at his best; Mr. Reader Harris with a naturalness and eloquence which one could not but envy; the other addresses I have no distinct recollection of, except that I felt

better for listening to them, which is, after all, perhaps the highest kind of compliment.

That was my first introduction to Mr. Harris, although I had frequently met members of the Pentecostal League, of which he is the founder. Recently, Mr. Harris has been conducting a mission in Hull at the request of the Nonconformist Ministers' Union, and I determined to seek him out, and get him to tell me something more about himself and his movement. He received me very cordially, and notwithstanding that he is a very busy man, cheerfully gave the time necessary to answer my questions.

Mr. Harris is a very interesting personality. His face indicates intensity, force of character, readiness of resource, quickness of apprehension, and considerable oratorical power. He reminds me most, strangely enough, of John Burns. There are, of course, striking differences between the leader of the Battersea democracy and the founder of the Pentecostal League. But there are some resemblances. Both commenced life in lowly circumstances, both had to begin work at an early age, and have been compelled to make up for the deficiencies of their early education by downright hard work, both became Engineers and travellers, and passed through many strange and exciting experiences. Both have succeeded by patient, persistent plodding; have risen to positions of importance and great responsibility as leaders of men, and both have settled down in the same district in London, the one to try to regenerate it by a gospel of baths, public parks, and better dwellings, the other by a gospel of faith in Jesus Christ and sanctification by the Holy Spirit. In his own way each is toiling for the bringing about of the kingdom of heaven upon earth. The one says you must improve the environment and then the individual will become better, the other declares you must regenerate the individual, and he will soon improve the environment.

There are other similarities, as for example, both are men of strong—I had almost written iron will—born to dominate and direct, both are brainy men, with unusual powers of initiative, both have had their doubts about God and religion, and both are born orators. I do not hesitate to say that, for simple, direct speech; for power to stir the mobocracy, the member for Battersea stands unrivalled, while for naturalness, ease, and graceful oratory, Reader Harris would be very difficult to beat.

"How came you to commence the Pentecostal League?" was my first question to Mr. Harris.

"Well, first of all, let me say," was his reply, "that I was brought up in the Church of England. At eighteen I came under deep conviction of sin, and went to a clergyman, who advised me to be confirmed. To this I consented. Unfortunately, in preparing me for confirmation, he sowed the seeds of scepticism in my mind, which ultimately resulted in my going on to the Agnostic platform. I found he did not believe himself, in its fulness, the Gospel he preached. Christ's teaching was to be taken as the ideal of the Christian life, but he had no faith that the ideal could be ever reached. I was confirmed, but gradually I drifted farther and farther away from the beliefs of the Church, and at length found myself an enthusiastic disciple of Mr. Bradlaugh. I went abroad a confirmed Agnostic. On one of my journeys home I missed a steamer which was wrecked and the passengers drowned. This greatly impressed me, and shortly after I was again brought under conviction of sin. I found peace at length in a railway carriage while reading a little book by Dr. Moule, of Ridley Hall, Cambridge, entitled, 'Union with Christ.' I came across the verse—'One died for all; therefore all died,' and I saw the great fact that the soul of the sinner was identified with the Saviour in His death and life, and I claimed the blessing purchased for me. Ten minutes afterwards, when giving my testimony, I received the witness of the Spirit that I was born of God. After seeking and receiving the fulness of blessing, which it is the privilege of every believer to receive, I was impressed with the deadness and coldness of the Church. When praying about it I lighted upon Ezekiel xxxvi. 23, and became convinced that God's method of saving the world was through the sanctification of believers. I requested some friends to pray about it, and at the end of a month the Pentecostal League was formed."

"Then the League is an Inter-denominational movement?" I said.

"Yes," replied Mr. Harris. "Perhaps I had better tell you what the League *is not*, for there are many misconceptions abroad concerning it. It is not a Faith Healing movement. It is not a Second Coming movement. It is not another sect, denomination, or church. But it is a Prayer Union of all believers in all denominations for the out-



Reader Harris.

pouring of the Holy Spirit on the churches. We strictly guard against the formation of any separate organisation, but seek to work through existing organisations. Another thing, we refuse to be a party to any splits or divisions, or to receive the malcontents of any of the churches. Our mission is to the spiritual classes. We want to arouse and stimulate the churches to realise to the full the possibilities of the Christian life.

"Our official headquarters," Mr. Harris went on to say, "are at Speke Hall, Battersea. It was an old music hall, and we have transformed what was one of the devil's palaces into a palace for God. *Tongues of Fire* is our official organ, and is sold for a penny."

"Published every week?" I inquired.

"No," said Mr. Harris, "I have no faith in weeklies—people do not read them. They glance over them, skim them, and throw them aside; whereas a monthly is welcomed and read. When I commenced it I knew nothing about journalism; I had never written an article; and so I got the editor of a newspaper to come down and give me some suggestions. I put down all his suggestions

on a piece of paper, thanked him, and then went and did directly contrary to his advice in every particular. The result was that I produced a paper which is bought and read right through."

"And how many members have you now in connection with your League?" I inquired.

"In this country about 17,000; but we have never laid much stress upon mere numbers. The movement has spread to other lands. In America it has been very successful, and has its own headquarters and an organ of its own. In Australia, Japan, and many other countries, League centres are being formed, and it is very interesting to me to receive letters from nearly all over the world from men and women I have never seen, who are either members of the League, or who desire to become members. The churches were waiting some such movement as this."

"Then you have every reason to be satisfied with the growth of the movement?"

"Yes; at first it was necessarily slow. It received its first impetus from a series of articles in the 'Christian,' in which I was bitterly attacked. We have had reason to thank God most for our opponents. Following this attack came the well-known 'Sin Controversy,' with Prebendary Webb Peploe. He had maintained at Keswick that the believer is not delivered from sin until death. I immediately offered the sum of £100 for a single text to support such a contention. That money has never yet been claimed. The controversy lasted nine months, with the result that my position was established, and one of our workers was invited to speak at Keswick the next year. Following that came the terrible Armenian atrocities, and I requested the League to pray, first, that the atrocities might be stopped, and second, for the conviction of the Sultan of his sin. The Christian world generally opposed the idea; many were indifferent, and many were afraid thus to put prayer to the test. The fact is that the Church has ceased to believe in prayer. There is no doubt about it, hard as the saying may seem. How many ever expect their prayers to be answered? Well, thousands of our folks prayed, and what happened? *There have been no atrocities since.* On the 15th November, 1896, we held a special prayer meeting in London for the Sultan, in which we especially asked that we might have some sign from God that our prayers were heard and accepted. On the very next day the *Westminster Gazette*, and other London papers, announced that the Sultan had sent a cheque of £1,500 for the relief of the Armenians. All these incidents have greatly helped our movement. Men in all the churches are feeling the necessity of getting back to Apostolic conditions of success. What is needed is another Pentecost amongst believers. Men filled with the Spirit fear nothing."

"And are the churches themselves taking kindly to the movement?"

"Yes; of course, some are opposed to it, especially those who do not understand the League and its objects. Many are dreadfully afraid that it means a rival church, which can never happen unless the churches all combine to keep our workers and members out. We always emphasise the Inter-denominational aspect. We have, perhaps, more members amongst the Primitive Methodists than any other denomination. Such well-known ministers as Dr. Ferguson, the Revs. Robert Harrison, B. Fell, A. Ward, and many others are identified with us. Strange to say, of late the movement is taking hold most of the Church of England. The Bishop of Liverpool, Canon Fleming, and other leaders in the Established Church sympathise with us. But what will perhaps surprise you most is that it is the High Church party which seem to be drawn in largest numbers to the League. A very high Ritualistic clergyman in London is a member of it. Next week I go to Leeds to conduct services at the invitation of the clergy and Nonconformist ministers of the city. This is a hopeful sign, and shows how the League is tending to forward the union of the churches in a practical manner."

"And about finances," I said. "How do you support the League?"

"Oh, we have no financial difficulty," he replied with a smile. "The money we need always comes. All our workers give their services gratuitously. No one makes a single penny out of the missions we conduct, or the sale of our literature. Our members pay one shilling per year, and this, with the profits accruing from the sale of *Tongues of Fire*, etc., suffices for our expenses. We publish a balance sheet every year, and our accounts are audited and signed by a chartered accountant. If we want money for any particular purpose, we pray about it, and it comes. I have one case in my mind just now. I needed £1,000 sometime ago to complete a sum required for a special purpose. I set our friends praying. One of our poorer workers had a legacy left her, which she at once proceeded to give away, sending me a cheque for £1,000. So the Lord always provides. If the Church would only realise this she need not resort to the very doubtful methods she sometimes employs in order to raise money. But, again we come to the same point, she has lost faith in God and prayer."

"You have spoken several times," I said, "of League Centres; what are they?"

"Where we have members connected with various churches in one town we arrange them into one or more convenient centres, and they hold a united meeting in order to help and cheer one another. This is a League centre, and thus the members of the League get to know one another."

"And have you any Conference, or Committee, to which these centres are amenable?"

"No," replied Mr. Harris, "that would be to

create what we are anxious to avoid, a separate and distinct organisation. I am the founder of the movement, and in cases of difficulty, of course, appeal is made to me. But I get nothing out of it, nor does any one of my helpers. I get my living, as you know, at the Bar."

"Rather a difficult matter to live this higher Christian life and be a lawyer, is it not?" I venture to ask.

"Not so difficult as the milk or the fish trade, I should say," he retorted with a laugh. "It must be most trying to grace to be engaged either in selling milk or fish. But it strikes me that perhaps the most difficult profession of all in which to be truly saintly," he went on with a twinkle in his eye, "is that of a minister. As a matter of fact, lawyers are peculiarly susceptible to religious influences, at least I have found them so, and it is proved by the fact that the Lord Chancellors for the last forty years have been Christian men. But I do not believe there is any honest profession or business in which it is not possible to serve God. My work is entirely at the Parliamentary Bar, pleading for or against private bills. I have been repeatedly warned by friends that my pronounced religious views would stand in the way of my advancement. But it has not been so. On taking silk, when I went to Court, I took some of our Pentecostal literature with me and distributed amongst those who, like myself, were waiting to be presented to the Queen. One clergyman was very angry at this tract distribution in the Royal Palace. All the others received the booklets courteously, though some of them seemed very much surprised. Thus God gave me grace to witness for Him. The clergyman who was so wrathful, afterwards came to one of our meetings and confessed the booklet had been made a means of blessing to him. Some of my professional friends entreated me to take down the big boards in the Strand announcing our meetings in Exeter Hall, as they were quite sure the display of those posters would ruin any hopes I might entertain of ever being made a Q.C. I so far yielded to their entreaties as to take them down, but put others larger and more striking in their places. The devil likes to play on the cowardice of Christians. A man who gives all to God will lose nothing. 'He that will lose his life shall save it.'"

After a further chat about the meetings he had attended and was about to attend, I expressed surprise that he was able to get through so much work and yet retain his freshness and vigour. "Oh," he replied, "it's not the work that kills, it's worry. Our correspondence is a serious thing, and ministers are the worst of correspondents. They write four or five letters over a matter where one would do. There are exceptions, of course, some ministers are very prompt and business-like, others—" and an expressive shrug of the shoulders completed the sentence.

I was very pleased with my chat with Mr. Harris. He impressed me as a man of deep and genuine piety, sincere convictions, with a profound belief in his mission. I heard several of his addresses, and was struck especially with their directness, felicity of diction and naturalness of delivery. Mr. Harris knows his Bible as he would his brief in an important case. His aptness in replying to questions, and his adroitness in quoting Scripture, were again and again brought out during the meetings. "You preachers," he said, while speaking to a gathering of ministers, "labour your points too much. You spend too much time in proving what nobody doubts. When I am addressing a jury I seem to know intuitively who is for me and who against. I then summon up all my resources, and go for the men who are against me. The others I can afford to leave. If I must win my case I must convert to my view those who are doubtful and antagonistic." This exactly illustrates his method of public address. He is always arguing with some doubtful souls, or smashing an opponent.

Mentally, he is very nimble, and never seems at a loss. I heard him cross-questioned by a number of ministers for the space of nearly an hour on all sorts of intricate theological questions, but the question was hardly asked ere the answer was ready. He claims that he has been delivered from nervousness and stammering, which were both natural to him, by prayer and faith. Now, he declares, he never feels nervous, and it must be confessed that he seldom is at fault. He presses into service the events of daily life, and like the greatest of all teachers, seizes on familiar things to expound great spiritual truths. He is dogmatic, and much oftener says, "I know," than "I think." He deals not in theories, but in certainties, backing every argument with an illustration. Altogether he is a very remarkable personality. Along with great versatility of gifts, he possesses considerable charm of manner. His life has been an eventful one. He commenced life in the Great Western Railway shop. At twenty-three he went out as chief Engineer to the Bolivian Government; on returning to this country he began to study for the Bar, and was made a Q.C. in 1894. He said, "I am the only Q.C. who is a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers."

It remains but to be said that his wife is a valuable helpmeet to him in his work. She is an accomplished lady, a good speaker, and can take the pulpit as well as the platform. She is to the Pentecostal League what Catherine Booth was to the Salvation Army. What more need be said?

The movement itself seems fraught with mighty possibilities to the Church of God. The doctrine of the Holy Ghost's presence and power needed reviving. There was a great need for emphasis to be laid on the fact that believers can be filled with the Spirit, and that it is only as they are filled that

they can render effective service. The Pentecostal League unites all who love Christ in one great praying, expecting, and realising brotherhood. As such may it abundantly fulfil its mission.



GRASMERE CHURCH.

Short Sermons from the Sage of Grasmere.

I.—ON THE BLESSEDNESS OF LIMITATION.



HE sanities of Wordsworth have been well sung by Matthew Arnold :

"Time may restore us in its course,
Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force ;
But where will Europe's latter hour
Again find Wordsworth's healing power ?"

And here is the secret of it all :

"He found us when the age had bound
Our souls in its benumbing round.
He spoke and loosed our heart in tears.

Our youth returned ; for there was shed
On spirits that had long been dead,
Spirits dried up and closely furl'd,
The freshness of the early world."

In a few papers we propose to test and illustrate this appreciation, and hope, before we have done, to show that we have in Wordsworth, not only a great high priest of Nature, but a most impressive lay preacher on themes "secular" and common ; on the minor, but no less momentous, moralities of daily life.

By general consent Wordsworth has put a great body of his very best work into his sonnets, and to

the sonnets we will, therefore, first turn. He has achieved the unique distinction of writing a remarkably fine sonnet on "The Sonnet," and it shall furnish us with our opening text. But first let us get a clear idea of what kind of poetic form the sonnet is, for there lies the very point of this paper. In the sonnet, perhaps, the poet consents to accept the maximum of restriction. He is severely self-limited. The sonnet must have fourteen lines of ten syllables each ; these must be divided into two parts, consisting of eight and six lines respectively, an octave or major and a sestet or minor system ; there must be a prescribed arrangement in the rhyme-sounds ; there must be a natural pause at or near the end of the first eight lines, and then, again, an onflow ; the poem must have no slovenliness, vagueness or obscurity ; it must have unity and continuity throughout ; and it must risk no anti-climax, but have an end more impressive than its beginning. Artificial it seems—and yet the art of it, to great and true poets, has become second nature. And now we are ready for our sonnet-sermon.

"Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room,
And hermits are contented with their cells,

And students with their pensive citadels ;
 Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
 Sit blithe and happy ; bees that soar for bloom
 High as the highest peak of Furness-fells,
 Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells :
 In truth the prison, unto which we doom
 Ourselves, no prison is : and hence for me,
 In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
 Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground :
 Pleased if some souls (for such there needs must be)
 Who have felt the weight of too much liberty
 Should find brief solace there, as I have found "

It is one of Wordsworth's favourite preachments—this of the blessedness of limitation. The "Ode to Duty" has this for its dominant key-note—

"I loving freedom and untried,
 And being to myself a guide,
 Too blindly have reposed my trust.
 Me this unchartered freedom tires,
 I feel the weight of chance-desires."

You catch more than the echo of it in the poem on "The Pass of Kirkstone":—

"Aspiring Road ! that lov'st to hide
 Thy daring in a vapoury bourn,
 Not seldom may the hour return
 When thou shalt be my guide ;
 And I (as all men may find cause,
 When life is at a weary pause,
 And they have panted up the hill
 Of duty with reluctant will)
 Be thankful, even though tired and faint,
 For the rich bounties of constraint,
 Whence oft invigorating transports flow
 That choice lacked courage to bestow."

No provincial note that, but one to which all history and all experience are responsive. Here is the drop that mirrors the world. "The sonnet's scanty plot of ground"—was it not that in which Israel was trained for its world-wide mission? God shut in "His people" in the smallest of all lands, that by isolation and circumscription and concentration they might develop an intensity of religious conviction mighty enough to overspread continents. As the fine arts were prepared in tiny Attica, so the universal religion was nurtured for transplantation in the petty seed-plot of Palestine. God's ring-fence, first of geographic locality, and then of the "law," protected the infant sapling till it was ready to shed acorns for boundless diffusion. And so the very narrowness of Judaism had its necessity and its meaning.

Contrast Russia and England in their several developments, and in their relative influence on the history of humanity. Russia has sprawled, so to speak, over too loose and large a space, and her vital energies have shown at once expansiveness and shallowness ; they have lost in intension what they have gained in extension. But Englishmen, in their "tight little island," have had to submit to restriction ; the generations were prepared in isolation—the isolation of the "unplumbed, salt, estranging sea"—and we see the result now in the Briton's

fitness, nay genius, for colonisation, and in his growing cosmopolitanism. He succeeds and spreads in America, in Africa, and in Australia, because he received so stern a training for centuries in the seclusion of his own homeland. The shell-process was a long one, but once he was ready to burst the limiting environment, the good of it was speedily seen.

Socially, as well as nationally, limitation has oft shown itself a boon. A story of Rolf Boldrewood's, almost his latest, furnishes a typical example. What though it be a formal fiction—truth is more, very often, than fact. An Australian squatter has suffered from bad seasons, and ruin is just at the door. He goes to Sydney to see his bankers and arrange accommodations to tide him over the crisis, and, while there, visits a friend whose wealth is practically limitless. He contrasts the free and easy and pleasant life which the son and daughter of that friend lead with the "plain living," and hard, monotonous toil to which his own children are condemned, and is chafed by the comparison. Before he returns, having effected his object, he is startled to receive news from England that he has fallen heir to a fortune. A distant relative, from whom he had no expectations, has died and left him suddenly rich. What shall he do? Shall he change the *régime* at home? Shall he give up his toil and moil at the station, migrate to Sydney, and introduce his family to those civilised delights which his position would now enable him so amply to pay for? But he has had an object-lesson of the moral results of "too much liberty." He decides to hide his change of fortune from his wife and children. He will ameliorate their lot, as opportunity offers (and a splendid rain timely occurs to favour his plans), but they shall still feel that the future depends on "plain living" and continuous attention to the trivial round and the common daily task. He has to practise all kinds of innocent little deceptions to carry through his self-denying ordinance, but he perseveres, and the sequel shows the wisdom of his plan. Unspoiled by an unchartered freedom, his son and his daughter grow up to gladden his loving heart, while the children of his friend bring their parents' grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. A commonplace story, you say. Yes, truly—but in those very sneered-at commonplaces lie the real significances of life. They are humble windows through which may be discerned a wide and rich moral landscape. It is more than "pastime to be bound within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground." It tends to the production of the purest poetry—whether it be only in art, or in the world of real, breathing, tempted, struggling, human life.

Dare we take the Highest Life to witness to the truth of Wordsworth's principle? It seems to me we may. Is not the Incarnation God's self-limitation? He "emptied Himself," says Paul. He took the form of a slave, was found in fashion as a man, and humbled Himself, becoming obedient even unto

death. And the sequel? "The name which is above every name, so that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow." Dare we go further and say that the self-limitation of God was necessary to give even God Himself real knowledge of, and sympathy with, human sins and human sorrows? The stoop to the scanty plot of earth, and to man's finite limitations—was it not necessary in some sort—I speak reverently, to the education of the Divine in saving? I can but touch the mystery, as a swallow's wing the surface of the wave, and then, startled, skim away again. I aspire not to build a new theology on some Hegelian conceit of God's coming to consciousness in human history; but I seem to think that the writer to the "Hebrews" had some such idea dimly in his mind too. "For it became Him, for whom are all things, and through whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory to make the author of their salvation perfect through sufferings. . . . Wherefore it behoved Him in all things to be made like unto His brethren, that He might be a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God. . . . For in that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted. . . . Though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered." *Entbehren sollst du, sollst entbehren*, (Thou shalt renounce, thou shalt renounce)—sings even the self-contained Goethe, and in some dim way, but yet indubitably, God sets His seal on the principle of limitation as blessedness by the very fact of His descent into the cabining and confining of the time-and-space conditions of the life of man. And who shall doubt that to the eighteen silent years of the early life of Jesus much of the fruited wisdom of the great ministry may be traced? In silence, in solitude, in poverty and toil, in the narrow village life, the spirit of the Master trained itself for high ends of teaching and of service. The words of the evangelist are very simple and very touching—they reach profoundest depths at the same time—"And He went down with them and came to Nazareth; and He was subject unto them. . . . And Jesus advanced in wisdom, and in age, and in favour with God and men." And may it not be said that the wonders of the apostolic age were wrought because, as Paul felt, "the time was shortened"? Energy was compressed; concentration on the present age, so quickly to pass, was the condition of moral force; the stream was not spread in ineffectual shallows, but, contracted within the mill-race of the days so soon to cease, gathered a momentum and an impact of which, in sympathetic comprehension at any rate, we feel the shock to-day.

But to return to commoner, and, as my readers may deem, securer ground. Our great artists in fiction and in poetry are strong because, or when, self-limited. Sir Walter Scott is firmest when his foot is on his native heath; Wordsworth is most characteristic, and has the clearest message, when he

is interpreting to us the moral and spiritual beauty of his own region of the Lakes; Jane Austen is a classic because she keeps to the life she knew so well, that of the quiet remote country and of the upper middle class; Hardy has made us his debtors because he has made Wessex so exclusively his own, and (though here is a paradox) *therefore* ours as well; George Eliot is the moral tonic she is because of her faithfulness to the sturdy and racy Midland types she saw to the core of, and could limn so well.

And how oft from the prisons of the world have come forth its most refreshing spiritual rivulets! Witness the letters of Paul. Take the Bible of Luther which issued from the Wartburg, more fertile of good to his country's language, and to the world's religion, than all his theses nailed to the church door at Wittenberg, or his dramatic burning of the Pope's Bull. And it is but commonplace to recall the "Dream" of the divine tinker—a second Bible in simplicity and directness, in vividness of spiritual touch, to thousands on thousands. We owe that to the "constraint" of Bedford Jail. Preachers know in their preparations that they always work best under pressure. Let not a one-eyed Protestantism too hastily conclude that monasteries have always been but homes of idleness and sin. In no small measure the truth lies elsewhere.

What is a sermon without an application and an exhortation? And so, in conclusion, I say to each and all: Chafe not at the narrow lot, it is meant to give thee a chance to be and to do something. It is a call to concentration. "What are my geraniums doing?" asked an impatient amateur. And the florist answered with a smile, "They are doing the best thing they can—making roots." Roots are for anchorage in a given spot, so that thou mayest not be a thriftless peripatetic, but mayest rather patiently and contentedly assimilate all the profit of thine environment. Submission to law is the condition of true freedom. By the discipline of resignation we learn to rule. "A life of self-renouncing love is one of liberty." The secret of making honey is to "murmur by the hour in fox-glove bells." As George Eliot has said somewhere: "The growing good of the world is only partly dependent on historic acts, and that things are no worse with you and me than they are is owing largely to the number of those who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs."

Not, mark you, that you may not, and do not need to, make excursion into the illimitable. Wordsworth's bees do not get all their honey from the fox-glove bells. They visit the peaks of the fells, too. Bee-keepers will tell you that it is the heather of the high moors and not simply the tamer sweets of the home-garden which give to the honey its finest flavour. Sir Walter Scott used to say that he thought he would die if he did not see and smell the heather of his native Caledonia once a year. And

so we need to make our periodical excursions out of the dim and dusty streets of the secular, out of the prosaic place of duty, into the infinite heaven of God. Our "murmuring in the fox-glove bells" will be all the more gainful for our occasional soaring to the upper peaks. But we must descend again, as Jesus from the Mount of Vision, into the valley of service. And let us not, then, despise its narrow-

ness, as may be our temptation after such uplifting. Intense and patient plot-culture is ever more profitable than lazy, or neglectful, or spasmodic farming of the more ambitious area.

"Stick to thy task,
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines
Till God's great curfew thee from work assoil,"

DAG.



WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE.

Primitive Methodism and the Temperance Reformation in England.

I.—THE EVANGELICAL REVIVAL AND THE TEMPERANCE REFORMATION.



TEMPERANCE Reform has become one of the most prominent and one of the most important questions of the age. Its relation to Church work, to domestic purity and happiness, and to national progress is such that all philanthropists, reformers and statesmen are compelled to acknowledge its greatness and to consider its claims. A public opinion has been created which is rapidly dividing the people into two hostile camps, one of which is pledged to defend, and the other to overthrow the liquor traffic as at present conducted. All responsible citizens are obliged, almost inevitably, to take one side or the other. The issues involved are so momentous

that neutrality is cowardice, and indifference is sin.

We have been requested, in a series of brief papers, to point out the connection of Primitive Methodists with the origin and development of this mighty and far-reaching reform, and, in doing so, we shall freely use facts and incidents which we gathered from reliable sources, and published more than twenty years ago. What we have to say will be better understood and more appreciated if we first of all take what we may call a bird's-eye view of the general question. This will be our aim in the present paper.

Temperance Reform not a Novelty.

The sin of intemperance is not peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon race: it affects all races in one form or another. It is not the product of the civilisa-

tion of recent times: it goes back to the dawn of human history. It has cursed both civilised and savage in all ages; and in the earliest records of nations we have evidence that its evils were acknowledged, and that attempts were made to remedy them.

There were Temperance Societies in olden times; for example, the Therapeutæ amongst the Egyptians, the Nabatheans amongst the Arabians, and the Nazarites, the Rechabites, and the Essenes amongst the Jews. The original Romans were mostly abstainers. Many abstainers are mentioned in the sacred Scriptures, such as Samson, Samuel, Daniel and his three companions, John the Baptist, and Timothy. The law of Moses required every man who took a solemn vow of separation unto the Lord, to "separate himself from wine and strong drink" (Num. vii. 1-4). So that total abstinence from intoxicating liquors is a Scriptural and an historic principle which has been in operation from a remote antiquity. "In Oriental countries, where, from the peculiar genius of the people, the laws of religion and of the State have, to a great extent, been incorporated together, we find the principle of Prohibition has been enforced for thousands of years with complete success."

The late Dr. F. R. Lees, in Vol. II. of his works, has given proofs of this statement, but our limited space will not allow quotations. It is evident that temperance reform is not a modern creation, either in its voluntary or legislative teaching, but a revival and embodiment, in somewhat different forms, of principles which have been held and acted upon from far-off periods; and history testifies that whenever and wherever they have been faithfully applied they have never failed to promote sobriety. But while it is true that total abstinence for the individual and prohibition for the State are far too hoary to be the offspring, as some would have us believe, of the fanatical teetotalers of the nineteenth century, it is equally true that temperance reformers are more numerous, spread over a wider area, more perfectly organised, and more definite and persistent than in any previous age. This is a hopeful fact for human progress, especially for the progress of the Anglo-Saxon race.

The Evangelical Revival and Modern Temperance Reform.

We are of opinion that the Evangelical Revival which began with the origin of Methodism is, in an important sense, the parent of modern temperance awakening. There are other factors, but we regard the Evangelical Revival as the most potent.

That Revival was the most important movement in the history of the English-speaking people. It rescued "England in the last century from the peril of atheism, and has profoundly affected the religious life of the English race throughout the

world." Mr. W. E. Gladstone, in the seventh volume of his "Gleanings of Past Years," says: "That preaching of the Gospel a hundred years ago had disappeared, not by denial, but by lapse is, I fear, in a large measure, an historic truth." The Evangelical Revival he describes as "A strong, systematic, outspoken, and determined re-action against the prevailing standards both of life and preaching. It aimed at bringing back, on a large scale, and by an aggressive movement, the Cross, and all that the Cross essentially implies, both into the teaching of the clergy, and into the lives as well of the clergy as the laity." He also traces the improved condition of the Anglican Church in the past generation to the same cause. Dr. R. W. Dale, in his sermon on "The Evangelical Revival," says: "Most of the Independents and the Baptists retained their evangelical creed, but a keen east wind of rationalism was chilling the very life of most ministers and people. Latitudinarianism and religious indifference were spreading through the English Church, and the Evangelical Nonconformists suffered from the infection. . . The fresh vitality of the Evangelical Nonconformists of England, and the fresh vitality of our kindred churches on the other side of the Atlantic, are largely the result of the Evangelical Revival." There were many individuals, both in the Established and in the then existing Nonconformist Churches, who did much to promote the Revival, but it is admitted, almost universally, that Methodism was the chief factor, as well as "the most conspicuous movement and memorial."

But the Evangelical Revival in which the Methodists played such an important part had an incalculable influence, not only upon the teaching, the worship, and general life of the churches, but also upon the social life of the nation. Mr. J. R. Green, in his "Short History of the English People," writes:—"In the nation at large appeared a new moral enthusiasm which, rigid and pedantic as it often seemed, was still healthy in its social tone, and whose power was seen in the disappearance of the profligacy which had distinguished the upper classes, and the foulness which had infested literature since the Restoration. But the noblest result of the religious revival was the steady attempt, which has never ceased from that day to this, to remedy the guilt, the ignorance, the physical suffering, the social degradation of the profligate and the poor. It was not until Methodism had done its work that the philanthropic movement began. *The Sunday Schools established by Mr. Raikes, of Gloucester, were the beginnings of popular education. By her writings and her own personal example, Hannah More drew the sympathy

* Miss Sophia Cooke, a Methodist who became the wife of Samuel Bradburn, first suggested the Sunday School idea to Mr. Raikes, and marched with him at the head of his troop of ragged urchins to church.—*Luke Tyerman*,

of England to the poverty and crime of the agricultural labourer. The passionate impulse of human sympathy with the wronged and afflicted, raised hospitals, endowed charities, built churches, sent missionaries to the heathen, supported Burke in his plea for the Hindoo, and Clarkson and Wilberforce in their crusade against the iniquity of the slave trade; and Howard says that John Wesley preached the sermon which made the first impression on his mind. It would not be difficult to show that the influence of Methodism was in the initiation of these and other movements which have done so much to brighten and purify and elevate social life.

But drink was the curse of Wesley's day as it is the national curse of our day, and Methodists warred against it. To quote Milner's "History of England," "Drunken orgies were far more prevalent than at present, making allowance for the difference of population. The intemperate habits of the people, with the consequent disease, vice, and crime, attracted the attention of the legislature in the early part of the reign (George II.); and the Gin Bill was passed, imposing a heavy tax upon the article, in order to check the enormous consumption. Hogarth's well-known picture, called 'Gin Lane,' may have some elements of exaggeration, but the reality must have been dreadful in the extreme to suggest the appalling scene. Smollett relates that retailers invited the public to degradation by gin-posts with the inscription, 'You may get drunk for a penny, dead drunk for twopence, and have clean straw for nothing.' Lords Carteret and Cholmondeley affirmed in Parliament, that on their way to the House they had seen persons lying insensible in the gutters." After referring to a fruitless attempt on the part of Parliament to deal with the evil, he adds, "Happily efficient instruments were raised up by God's providence, and were soon in energetic action, aiming to rescue the community from slavery to degrading habits, break the bonds of national iniquity, and direct attention to spiritual and eternal concerns. Wesley and Whitefield, the founders of Methodism, were the great moral and religious reformers, through the last half of the reign of George II." All who carefully read the history of the Wesley period must be convinced that the fathers of Methodism were not only evangelists seeking to save men from sin and its consequences, and fit them for heaven, but philanthropists and social reformers in the broadest sense. This is pre-eminently true of John Wesley. He mourned over the widespread degradation and misery produced by the fearful intemperance of his day, when almost every second house was a gin-shop, and in spite of fashion and scorn and persecution, lifted up his voice against the drinking customs which everywhere prevailed. No one, either before or since, has denounced the common use and sale of intoxicating liquors in more with-

ing terms, or, considering the state of the public opinion which surrounded him, taken bolder action against it than he did. His sermon on "The Use of Money" contains this paragraph—"Neither may we gain by hurting our neighbour in his body. Therefore we may not sell anything which tends to impair health. Such is eminently all that liquid fire, commonly called drams, or spirituous liquors. It is true, they may have a place in medicine; they may be of use in some bodily disorder, although there would rarely be occasion for them were it not for the unskilfulness of the practitioners. Therefore, such as prepare and sell them only for this end may keep their conscience clear. But who are they? Who prepare them only for this end? Do you know ten distillers in England? Then excuse these. But all who sell them in the common way to any that will buy are poisoners general. They murder His Majesty's subjects by wholesale, neither do they ever pity or spare. They drive them to hell like sheep; and what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who, then, would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them: the curse of God cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them. The curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their groves; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell. Blood, blood is there; the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof are stained with blood! And canst thou hope, O thou man of blood, though thou art clothed in scarlet and fine linen, and farest sumptuously every day; canst thou hope to deliver down the fields of blood to the third generation? Not so; for there is a God in heaven; therefore thy name shall be rooted out. Like those whom thou hast destroyed body and soul, 'thy memorial shall perish with thee.'"

If we had sermons like this in all the pulpits of the land, people would not say much about the extravagance of Dr. Parker for declaring that if all the Christian Churches would unite to denounce the Liquor Traffic, in twelve months there would be no Liquor Traffic to denounce. Wesley desired all his followers to be free from any complicity in the drink trade. Hence in his "Rules of the Society called Methodists," which were issued May 1st, 1743, we read, "It is expected of all who continue therein that they shall continue to evidence their desire of salvation—first by doing no harm, by avoiding evil of every kind—especially that which is most generally practised, such as drunkenness, buying and selling spirituous liquors, or drinking them, unless in cases of extreme necessity." This was not simply a pious opinion, but a regulation which he expected to be observed. Hence he records in his "Journal," March 12th, 1743, that when he visited the Society at Newcastle-on-Tyne, he "excluded from the Society seventeen persons for drunkenness, and two for retailing spirituous liquors." We cannot conceive of a man with the

conscience, the courage, and consistency of John Wesley denouncing spirituous liquors as "liquid fire," and the retailers of them as "poisoners general," and calling upon his followers to avoid buying and selling, or drinking them, except in cases of extreme necessity, unless he abstained himself. We think it is morally certain that he never drank "spirituous liquors" except as medicine. "Drams," or "spirituous liquors" were the popular and the great demoralising intoxicating beverages of his time, and it was against these that his thunderbolts were hurled. Whether he was a total abstainer from wines and malt liquors is another question which is not so easily answered. These were not so much in use in his day as in ours. If they had been, and had produced the same effect as we witness, there can be very little doubt that he would have condemned them and refrained from their use as he did from spirituous liquors. It is, however, certain that for hygienic reasons he did sometimes abstain from all intoxicants. He wrote to the Bishop of London, "By extraordinary strictnesses and severities, I presume your lordship means the abstaining from wine and animal food, which it is sure, Christianity does not require. . . . I began to do this about twelve years ago, but I resumed the use of them both about two years after, for the sake of some who thought I made it a point of conscience, telling them, 'I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, rather than make my brother to offend.' Dr. Cheyne advised me to leave them off again, and since I have taken his advice I have been free from all bodily disorders." So that for some periods of his life, he not only abstained from ardent spirits, but from all intoxicating liquors. He was the greatest Temperance Reformer of the eighteenth century, and if he were amongst us the convictions he held would bring him into the front rank of total abstainers and prohibitionists.

General religious declension is always followed by social wretchedness and degradation, and a general religious awakening always results in social reform and elevation. This was so in England in the last century. One result of the Evangelical Revival of which Methodism was the dominant factor, according to Green's History, as already quoted, "was the steady attempt, which has never ceased from that day to this, to remedy the guilt, the

ignorance, the physical suffering, the social degradation of the profligate and the poor. It was not until Methodism had done its work that the philanthropic movement began." And the influence of Methodist work was as great in America as in England. It is also a significant fact that all the first attempts to deal with the evils of the Liquor Traffic both here and in America were based on the principle of Wesley's Society rule, viz.:—"Avoiding evil of every kind, especially that which is most generally practised, such as drunkenness, buying and selling spirituous liquors, or drinking them, unless in cases of extreme necessity." Therefore it is no mere assumption to say that Wesley's teaching and practice, and the Evangelical Revival which is largely identical with the work of Methodism, were the seeds from which the modern Temperance movement sprang. It does not invalidate this view to say that the churches, as such, did not immediately fall into line and incorporate this movement, and that even the successors of Wesley allowed his rule on drink to become, to a large extent, a dead letter, and forbade the use of their chapels for temperance meetings, and their ministers to go out of their circuits to advocate total abstinence. This was a sore grief to some of the ministers, and to many of the laity, who were in hearty sympathy with temperance work, and "the steady attempt to remedy" this and other social evils "has never ceased from that day to this." We have entered into the labours of the temperance reformers of early Methodism, and those who thought and acted with them. We advise our readers to study the circumstances of the times and the state of public opinion in the early days of the temperance movement before indulging in unconditional censure of the leaders of the Wesleyan and other churches. Happily, for many years, the Wesleyan Church has been regaining ground, and has now a powerful Temperance Society under the control of the Conference. The following statistics were presented to the Conference of 1898. Bands of Hope, 4,634, with 439,525 enrolled members; Temperance Societies, 1,553, with 87,389 enrolled members. It is a cheering fact that all denominations are now in sympathy with temperance work, and are endeavouring to promote it.

JAMES TRAVIS.





Men Worth Remembering.

I.—REV. W. CARTHY.

BY REV. J. WENN.



HO has raised Howe from the dead?" was the question put by one bookseller to another at the time when Robert Hall was the prince of preachers in England. For Hall was wont, in his vivacious and earnest manner, to ply every theological student or other intelligent and godly young

man that he met with, with the query, "Have you read Howe, especially his 'Living Temple'?" "No." "No! then, if you have to sell the coat off your back in order to do it, go and buy him at once, and give yourself no rest till you have read and mastered him." Spurred on by Hall's eloquence and influence, these youths were seen darting in and out of book-shops in quest of Howe. It was in this way that the then all but forgotten Howe was induced, in a new edition, to "revisit the glimpses of the moon."

Howe is still remembered and read by a few persons; but the record of many as brave, though not as renowned, a spirit has well nigh "perished from the earth." Like the poor fellows who, from wounds and weakness, fall out from the ranks of a beaten and retreating army to die alone by the hedge-side or under a tree, so many a valorous soldier of the cross has fallen on the field or been "invalided home," who, in the onrush of the advancing (not beaten) army of the Living God, has been scarcely missed, and soon forgotten. Such has been the fate of the two brethren, some slight recollection of whom it is the object of this and a succeeding paper to revive.

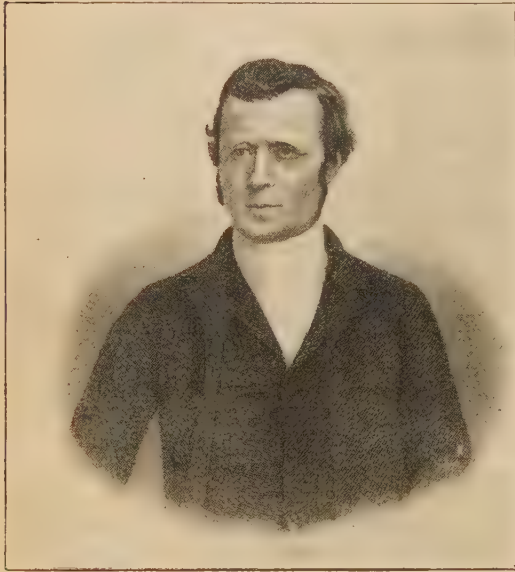
The materials for this task are surprisingly scanty. I cannot discover that either of the brethren kept a regular diary, or any diary at all, that could be of use to me in these attempts. I have had, therefore,

to depend upon scattered notices in minute books, chapel schedules, and communications kindly furnished by the following brethren—contemporaries with the subjects of these articles:—Revs. R. Robinson, W. R. Widdowson, W. Cutts, W. Clayton, and Messrs. G. Tucker, G. Edwards, and S. Keeling. Other and younger brethren, now labouring on stations once under the care of Messrs. Carthy and Jefferson, have been at pains to search in minute books and circuit documents for records of facts and incidents which might have added interest to these sketches. But the gleanings in those fields have not repaid the time and labour spent upon them. The following is a fair sample of the letters received. "I have searched high and low; looked up every old book and document for some *data re* Carthy and Jefferson; but in vain." My thanks are nevertheless due, and are hereby tendered to all the brethren who have aided, or sought to aid, me in this task.

I propose to devote this paper to the late Rev. Wm. Carthy, and the next to the late Rev. Wm. Jefferson.

It is of less import to know when and where a man came into the world than what he was and did after he arrived therein. Hence, I shall make no serious attempt to reconcile the discrepant accounts of Carthy's nationality and birth-place. There is a tradition that he was an Irishman; that his ancestors bore the name McCarthy, which, if true, would indicate a Scoto-Irish descent. In support of this tradition, it is said that the late Joseph Bailey, a great man at that time in our Ilkeston Israel, and a Deed Poll member, having occasion to go to Ireland on business, Carthy went with him, and found whilst there the church in which he was baptised, and that he took a copy of the register of his birth and baptism. If that were so—and the story is circumstantial enough to be true—it seems strange that Joseph Bailey, with whom I was intimate for a couple of years, never

mentioned it to me. And stranger still it must appear, that the said "copy" was never officially used. It was my duty to draw up "a short account of Wm. Carthy, deceased," for the District Meeting and Conference of 1862. This account appears verbatim in the published minutes of that year. From that it appears that Mr. Carthy was born at Alrewas, Staffordshire, in the year 1805, that he was converted through the instrumentality of the late Rev. Sampson Turner, who missioned that part of



*yours
Very Truly
W. Carthy*

the country in or about 1820" (1821, to be exact). This is all of the "short account" that I need to quote. The question is, Where did I get the facts from? They must have been furnished by Mr. Carthy's relatives or friends; and no exception was taken to them, either at the Ilkeston Quarterly or the Nottingham District Meeting. Anyhow, if Carthy was born in Ireland, he must have been brought to this country whilst quite a child. And it needs no brilliant imagination to figure the future "lawyer" and chapel-builder of the Nottingham District, growing up there in the heart of England as an irrepressible and mischievous lad, inhaling in his rambles and gambols the pure air of the glades and uplands of Needwood Forest, and developing and hardening by sports upon the "green,"—the green which afterwards was to be the scene of his con-

version—the muscles of a frame capable of marvellous activity and endurance. Ah! if England only knew how much she owes to village-green preachers!

A good portrait of the outer is often an index, more or less reliable, to the inner man. Of Carthy, I possess only the steel engraving (here given) which appeared in the Magazine many years ago. This, I am told, is a good likeness of the man as he then was. It represents a person of middle height and size, and one who might pass through life without provoking note or comment. But, looking into it more intently, one seems to see in the well-proportioned head, crowned with dark, grow-as-you-please hair; in the spacious brow, puckered a little at the base, the irregular lines being most observable just above the nose; in the shrewd, wide-awake eyes, slightly crow-footed in the corners, indicating a capacity for humour, and perhaps laughter—not "loud, long-continued, uncontrollable, like the neighing of all Tattersall's," but rather a suppressed inward chuckling; in a sufficient nose, faintly suggestive of the Roman type; in the firm mouth and chin—in all these features, I say, one seems to see a striking corroboration of the descriptions and estimates of the man given by those who knew him. For, condensing what they say, I find that, physically, Carthy was of middle size, lithe, active, and capable of almost any amount of continuous toil; that he possessed a pleasing and expressive countenance; was a close observer of men and things; that he was a keen and clever controversialist, and a cheerful colleague and companion; that his native talent was above the average; by means of which he reached a fair position as a preacher, and would have risen higher in this respect had he in early life been instructed in the management of the voice. Some even give it as their opinion that he might have shone in the ranks of scholarship, but for the multifarious and pressing duties of a Primitive Methodist preacher's life. From this judgment, however, I am compelled to dissent. For nearly everything that characterises the scholar—if by this term "learned author" is meant—the sedentary habit, the pale cast of thought, the ignorance of "affairs," and so on, was conspicuous by its absence in him. Indeed, not to pursue the contrast further, Carthy was active and punctilious to a fault. "He would run from end to end of a circuit to prove or disprove a report which should have been utterly beneath his notice." Let us proceed to other and less qualified traits. True as steel to friends, he was terrible to causeless and impenitent enemies. Combined in him were the strength of a man and the pity of a woman. Hence, wrongdoers, whatever their station in life, feared, whilst their victims trusted and loved him. He not only never evaded any claim upon his time or purse, but "the cause which he knew not, he searched out. He delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had no helper." He would, as the phrase

runs, go through fire and water to rescue and right oppressed innocence and worth; would walk miles and devote days and nights to the investigation of the case and the vindication of the character of man or woman whose only claim upon his efforts lay in their common human nature. This may sound like fulsome exaggeration. But, apart from the fact that I have no interest in writing thus except to tell the truth, there are a few persons still living who both could and would, if necessary, testify that what I have written above falls short of, instead of overstepping, the truth. Numerous illustrations might be given, but *ex uno, disce omnes*. A decent, industrious, and struggling tradesman, not a member of our Church, I think, if of any, through affliction and misfortune fell behind in his payments. One of his creditors pursued and threatened to ruin him if a ten pound claim were not met by a given date. Hearing of the case, Carthy inquired into it, and believing the debtor to be honest, went to his creditor, discharged the debt, and his own feeling at the conduct of the creditor at the same time.

Carthy's strength of will and determination of purpose were not to be balked by any amount of opposition. He had his share, more than his share, some think, of this, but whether the overplus might not have been avoided without any sacrifice of principle had the iron-hand been properly gloved, is, perhaps, open to question. Indeed, the sterling qualities of the man, his fearlessness, openness, hatred of meanness and tyranny, and sympathy with the wronged, or whom he supposed to be wronged, unwedded as they were to coolness of judgment and rigid impartiality, were sure to create him plenty of enemies as well as friends. His readiness, too, to espouse the cause of any client, connexional or other, and to fight it through thick and thin to victory, was productive of the same result. But in such contests as were fought out on the floors of church courts, or that arose out of official misunderstandings, Carthy's almost unrivalled knowledge of connexional rule and extensive acquaintance with civil law, gave him an immense advantage over most of his opponents. His legal attainments, which won for him the appellation of "district lawyer," were gained at the feet of one Mr. Enfield, a Nottingham solicitor of mark, who, for years, was the kind and gratuitous Nestor of our ministers of the Nottingham District. Carthy made such a good use of these opportunities that within a few years Mr. Enfield said to him, "Carthy, it is of no further use your coming to me; you know as much about law as I do myself." Thus, armed with an extensive acquaintance with both civil and ecclesiastical law, and with a courage which feared the face of no man, Carthy was a dreaded opponent in debate. "I never knew him foiled in argument," says one who often listened to his contentions. Besides, his legal acumen and stoutness of heart stood to win in cases which would have baffled and beaten men of other

qualities. I knew, for example, a trustee of one of our chapels, who, by his overbearing and sulky temper, had wearied out both co-trustees and ministers, and was in consequence, "monarch of all he surveyed." This man found in Carthy a foeman worthy of his steel. The first time they met they instinctively fought; and the next time Carthy was planned there he found the chapel door locked against him. Learning that this was no accident, or piece of forgetfulness on the part of the chapel-keeper, but a deliberate device of the "monarch" to curb and annoy his "minister," the latter promptly fetched a blacksmith, forced the door, and conducted the service, the said trustee, a late-comer, forming one of the audience. This bearish man was informed by the resolute minister that worse would follow if he did not back down into his proper place. Believing that discretion was the better part of valour, he did so, and never remounted the high horse of autocracy whilst Carthy remained on the station. Another illustration of Carthy's power "to keep the de'il off him" may be given here. He was having some shops erected in connection with the Ilkeston Chapel, and had caused to be put up hoarding to protect the public from falling materials. This hoarding, a parish official, "dressed in a little brief authority," ordered to be pulled down. That done, he sent the bill for the workman's wages to Carthy, by whose orders the encroachment, or fancied encroachment, on the street had been made. Carthy refused to pay and was sued in the Derby County Court for the amount. The intrepid man appeared, conducted his own case and won it. Similar legal victories were gained by him, *e.g.*, at Donington, where he attacked the mismanagement of the Grammar School, and brought the mal-administrators to book; at Thoroton, in the Bottesford Circuit, where he, by legal means, wrested our chapel out of the hands of the "Squire," or prevented it from falling into them, I am not quite clear which. And in a score of other matters, small, perhaps, in themselves, but involving serious consequences, Carthy opposed right to might, and by accurate information and dogged determination, succeeded in most.

As a proof of Carthy's invincible resolution to see a thing through that he once undertook, there is the *Cause célèbre* in the Nottingham District, of fifty years ago. Without mentioning names, a few persons who yet "linger on this side the brook" will remember the case. It was a case of discipline. Carthy was prosecutor, and the defendant a man of position and influence. The yellow records of the case that lie before me as I write, do certainly seem to place Carthy "upon a rock," to quote a favourite phrase of his. But he had, nevertheless, to fight the case through all the courts. And when, at last, the Conference declared against him, the 'cute and irrepressible prosecutor discovered a technical error in the proceedings, and insisted on going the round

again. Then there was the case in which Carthy came into collision with Hugh Bourne. Twice only, I think, was the presence of the founder objected to in the higher courts of the Connexion. Once at an early Tunstall Conference, and again, later, at a Nottingham District Meeting. This meeting was not held at Nottingham, but in another town in the district. I suppress names, although I doubt if any be living now to whom this incident will not be news. A young minister had entangled himself with a couple of persons of the opposite sex. All that is meant by entanglement here is that the lad had made love to one person and married another.

The jilted lady pursued the false one in the Connexion courts, and as the "irregular" brother then happened to be junior colleague to Carthy and crept under Carthy's wing, the superintendent took up his case and fought it out. Before the case came on at the District Meeting, it was known that H. Bourne had "blackballed" it, and that he intended to be there, and to see right done. But, to his surprise and that of others, Carthy objected *in limine* to the presence of the "intruder." "Mr. Bourne," he said, "had no *locus standi* in that court. What circuit did he represent? Who had sent him thither? He protested in the name of all Connexional rule and



BETHEL CHAPEL, SHEFFIELD, AS IT WAS.

From an old Print.

equity against a case being opposed by a voice that was more powerful than any ten men's there, and by a person who, though dearly loved and esteemed by them all, had not a leg to stand on in that meeting." What the *meeting* would have done with Hugh Bourne, I do not know, but the dear and just old man relieved it of embarrassment by offering to be silent on any question or case in which objection might be taken to his speaking. To this Carthy agreed. That episode, notwithstanding Carthy's almost Irish delight in a scrimmage, was doubtless to him, as I know it was to others, a very unpleasant one. But here is another which, in its result, would cause him unmixed satisfaction. For, whether Carthy was Scoto-Irish or not, there was enough of the *thistle* in him to have justified him in engraving upon his crest, if he had one, the Scotch national

motto, "Nemo me impune lacessit." Soon after his arrival at Ilkeston, some fifty years ago, the vicar of that parish gave it out that "he would turn all the chapels into hen-roosts before he had been there a dozen years." To his surprise and chagrin, every Nonconformist Church in the place, with the single exception of the Unitarian, had, within that period, acquired a new and more commodious place of worship. Stung to the quick that the tables had been so completely turned upon him, the vicar rashly seized any weapon that offered with which to check and hinder the "chapel building mania." Calling at Mr. S. Keeling's—an official of ours at Ilkeston, and still living—after Mr. Carthy's death, he saw a portrait of the deceased above the mantel-piece. "What's that?" said he, pointing to the offending photo. "Mr. Carthy's portrait." "Why is it

there?" "Because of the respect I have for his memory. I never knew a man for whom I conceived so much esteem in so short a time, as for him." Picking up his hat, the vicar strode angrily to the door, exclaiming as he did so, "I never knew any good of him." At a loss to understand such evident animosity against a dead man, especially on the part of a professed minister of Christ—for Mr. Keeling was not on the ground when the offence was given—this gentleman made it his business to inquire into the cause of it. And this is the story that was told him by one who was intimately acquainted with the whole affair. When Carthy was preparing for the erection of Bath Street Chapel, Ilkeston, he waited upon the surrounding gentry for subscriptions. He obtained in this way a respectable list of promises, and took it to Squire Mundy, of Shiply Hall, a gentleman who, living near to the town and employing many "hands" who lived in it, he conceived would help him handsomely. Mr. Mundy said to him on the production of the list, "I am told in a letter that this list is a fictitious one." "Can I see that letter?" "Yes." "May I take a copy of it?" "Certainly." The letter was from the Vicar of Ilkeston. Carthy returned home, wrote the vicar demanding instant retraction and apology. The reverend gentleman replied, expressing regret (if he had been misinformed) that he had written the letter. Carthy re-insisted upon a plain and full retraction and apology within a given number of hours, or else—? The vicar complied, with ill-grace enough, it may be imagined, and the wronged minister took the document to Mr. Mundy, who, having read it, gave a donation of £5 to the building fund, and closed the door of his Hall against the vicar for ever. Thus signally did "vaulting" bigotry "o'erleap itself and fall on the other side."

It only remains for me to record some of Carthy's chapel building exploits. He built in what was then the larger Nottingham District no fewer than twenty-two chapels, at a cost of £7,743, leaving a debt upon them of £5,455. As will be surmised, some of these structures were small and unpretentious, but suited to the circumstances of the people who worshipped in them. Several of them, for whose erection truth compels me to admit there never was any crying necessity, have since been sold. In fact, had the great Free Church movement of our time been in progress in his, Carthy would, surely, notwithstanding his ultra denominationalism, have stayed his hand. Of the rest, Portland Row, Ripley Circuit, not for its size or architectural distinction, but for the steps that preceded its erection; "Bethel" chapel, in what was "Coalpit Lane," but now, and since the close of the Crimean War, called after the Duke of Cambridge, "Cambridge Street," Sheffield; and Bath Street, Ilkeston, remain as monuments of Carthy's enterprise and tireless activity.

Bethel Chapel, possessing a disused graveyard in

front of it, in which repose the ashes of Thomas Morgan, and other local and less known heroes, was erected in 1835, and was, without exception, the most imposing and finished structure the Connexion at that time possessed. It cost £3,000, and the debt upon it at completion, was £2,100. This amount of debt on a chapel of that size would, to-day, cause but little anxiety, but such was the hardness of those times compared with these, the low wages of workmen, and the generally poor circumstances of the trustees and people connected with the place, that it was a question for some time whether its head could be kept above water. I well remember "Old William Wright," as he was called, telling me that the trustees were driven to their wits' end to save the chapel from the hammer, and themselves from ruin. Carthy could build, but not fill chapels, and so it came about that the circuit had to petition Conference—the ground of the plea being the perilous state of the Trust—to station a man to it who could do this latter thing. The Conference appointed John Verity, a man who, by his pleasing and popular style of address, succeeded in conserving the results of Carthy's dash and energy. Some unpleasant feeling was created in the minds of one or two of Carthy's immediate successors, on the ground of the heavy debt left upon the property; and they may, whilst this was brewing, have forgotten "that one soweth and another reapeth," but, in the clearer light of eternity, where matters are viewed in juster proportions, and weighed in fairer scales than they can be here, doubtless those brethren—they are all there now—"rejoice together" in the fact that their divergent gifts co-operated to the production of one grand result.

Bath Street Chapel, Ilkeston, was erected in 1852, and considering the size of the town at that time, and the circumstances of our people, was a credit to Carthy's pluck and perseverance. But here again, the mark was over-shot in the matter of cost. It may be recollected by a few persons that on Carthy's lamented death, I was sent from the Edinburgh Mission to fill the vacancy. This was in 1861. I found the trustees in difficulties; indeed, writs were out against them. And one of my first duties was, after fishing out the facts of the Trust, to run down to Grantham and beg the suing parties to stay their hands. Of course, I made the most of the mournful circumstances in which the Trust and the whole station had recently been placed, and of my own late coming to the circuit, and consequent inexperience of its state. The solicitor in the matter kindly listened to me, and on my promising to see his clients righted, arrested the writs. It is needless here and now to detail the struggles we had to meet the engagements into which, on behalf of the trustees, I had entered; but they were met, and the chapel, altered, improved, and with new and commodious schoolrooms added, stands there to-day in



BATH STREET CHAPEL, ILKESTON.

one of the best positions in the borough as an evidence of Carthy's persistent and herculean efforts.

Portland Row is a mining hamlet in the parish of Selston, Ripley Circuit. Here, for years and years, we had a good and flourishing society, but no building, except a house, to put it into. All the land thereabouts was in the hands of one statesman, Lord Melbourne, after whose death it fell to Earl Cowper, a minor, and could not, it was said, on account of his minority be either sold or leased. Lord Palmerston married the widow, Earl Cowper's

mother, and so was drawn into the negotiations that were being carried on about a site. Carthy was our chief agent in them. The minutes drawn up, and letters written on this case, would drive any man compelled to read them to despair. At length, Carthy suggested that as writing had failed, himself and Joseph Bailey should go up to London and see Lord and Lady Palmerston. They went, and discovered that the noble pair were down at Broadlands, at the far end of Hampshire. "Let us follow them," said Carthy; and away they went. Arriv-

ing in the evening, they were received by his lordship with great *bonhomie*, and after refreshments had, were invited to stay the night. This they did, and the following morning found that the house—Lord Palmerston being at that time the head of the Government—was full of English and foreign guests. Carthy, being a minister, and the only one present, was given the place of honour at table, and asked to do duty as chaplain. This he did, but at breakfast was in a quandary as to what he should ask for, as neither he nor his colleague knew the names of some of the dishes on the sideboard. Bailey, a shrewd man, whispered Carthy to this effect, "Let us ask first for something we do know the name of, and listen to what the others ask for, catch the names of the same, and follow suit." By this stratagem they managed to play themselves off as "diners out," and at the same time to gratify their palates with unaccustomed viands. Afterwards, however, when Carthy's openness and honesty re-asserted themselves, he said to his comrade, "What a precious couple of hypocrites we were!" After years of writing, working, and waiting, a site was granted and a chapel built.

Less effort, but no less shrewdness, was needed to secure land for a chapel at Kimberley, Notts, a large village then on the Ilkeston Circuit, but now, and for years past, the head of a station. This story, in which Lord Melbourne figures again, is extremely interesting, but too long for telling here, and I must hasten to a close.

I have said little or nothing about Carthy's inner experience and Christian life, for the simple reason that I have no information on the subject. Had he kept a diary and I had had access to it, doubtless this lack could have been supplied. In its absence, one may almost certainly conclude from the esteem in which he was held by pious persons, inside and outside our churches, and from the general mourning at his death, that he was not only a man, but a saintly man. From all that has come under my notice I judge him to have been good, but not goody. There was nothing flabby or flashy about him; no

"building with untempered mortar, nor crying peace, peace, when and where there was no peace." If he appeared, as at times he did, harsh and partial, this was because his fine moral qualities existed side by side, so to say, and did not blend so as to soften and subdue each other into a true and tuneful harmony. On this account some persons misread him; but they had only to re-read, or rather, read the next page of his life to find out their mistake. Had Carthy been a different man from what he was, he could not have accomplished the work, weathered the storms, or conquered the difficulties which awaited, overtook, and confronted him in his busy life. The material that he had to whip into shape, as one or two persons still living know, was of the most gnarly and intractable kind, demanding that the tools and the workman should be suited thereto.

The modern phrase, "We cannot live on the past," expresses only half a truth. It is equally true that we cannot live apart from, independently of, the past. It is still truer to say that had the past not been what it was, the present would not have been what it is. The present grows out of the past as the branch out of the bole of the tree, or the flower out of the plant. We are, in a large and important sense, what the past has enabled us to become. And, applying this view of things to the present generation of Primitive Methodists, one may reasonably affirm that it would prove itself very ungrateful for, and unworthy of, that glorious heritage into which it has entered, could it forget or undervalue the hard conditions, the self-denying and consuming toils, and the poor earthly rewards which lay back of it and which furthered its development. "Poor Carthy!" writes one, "he did a great amount of work for the Connexion for which he was very poorly paid; but he is at home now." Yes; at home and at rest; and doubtless, if permitted to review his career in this world, would, had he to recommence it, prefer the same lot to that of the richest modern sybarite.





The Widow's Investment.

BY RAMSAY GUTHRIE.



THE chapel stood on a mount, and was the conspicuous architectural object for miles around. "Rosehill" was one of the landmarks of the district. The name was euphonic and æsthetic, partly truth, and partly fiction. That the edifice was on a hillock was a geographical fact, but the floral suggestion was purely imaginary. No roses could grow in the neighbourhood of the Imperial Engineering Company's furnaces and the factories of the Excelsior Iron Works. Even the chapel was not exempt from the blackening process which went on six days a week, when the furnaces were roaring, and the chimneys belching forth their smoky clouds. All was done that could be done to save it from atmospheric contamination. The turrets of the towers were regilded three times a year. It was some satisfaction that the Dales at Woodlea Hall, five miles away, could see the turrets glittering in the sunlight on a clear Sabbath morning.

That the chapel was the property "of the Religious Community known by the title of the Primitive Methodist Connexion" was well understood. The magic clauses of the Connexional Model Deed were incorporated in the legal document in the custody of the trustees. Nevertheless, the denominational appellation was seldom used. Far and near, the chapel was known as "Rosehill." By-and-by, even this designation fell into disuse, and the name of Mr. David Dale became identified with the sanctuary where he and his delighted to worship.

The association of the name of David Dale with the chapel on the hill was the spontaneous recognition of a life-time's service.

The cottages are still to be seen where the early Primitive Methodists were wont to meet. Reminiscences abound of the experiences of those sacred

days. To listen to Barbara Brightside, when the old times were recalled, to hear her descriptions of the preachers, the famous sermons, the memorable hymns, the miraculous conversions, was a recital never to be forgotten.

The recollections centred in the personality of David Dale. In those days he had been in the offices of the Imperial Engineering Company. Beginning in the lowest grade, as the years had sped he had risen in the estimation of the proprietors, and made himself invaluable to their interests. Unbounded as his energies were in the secular pursuits of his life, his interest in the "cause," and his devotion to its weal, never gave sign of diminution. Even when he established the "Excelsior" works, his religious procedure was undisturbed.

"Rosehill" would never have been built if David Dale had not taken the initiative. His was the mind that planned, the eye that surveyed, the heart that inspired, and the purse that lightened the burden. Through all the years of its history his soul was wrapped up in its manifold enterprises.

There were those who thought that a change would be inevitable when the engineer purchased Woodlea Hall and took up his residence there. Certainly there were changes, but the changes were rearrangements.

His Continental business was extensive, but times without number he had crossed the Channel to be at home for the Sabbath Day. To Glasgow he was frequently summoned. It excited no comment, so often it had occurred, when he returned from Scotland to be at the class-meeting on the Tuesday night.

Visitors came to Woodlea Hall from all parts of Europe. French, German, Belgian, and Russian engineers arrived to arrange contracts with the "Excelsior" proprietor. Whoever might be the guests over the Sabbath, they were driven to "Rosehill" with the family for both services of the day.

One year, at the Anniversary celebration, seated in the Dales' pew, was a Russian Count, a member



"NOT A WORD WAS SPOKEN AS HOWARD BRIGHTSIDE INSPECTED THE SPECULATORS' DIREFUL CONFESSION."

of the Greek Church, a German Baron, who adhered to Roman Catholicism, and a French *savant*, who made no secret of his Agnosticism.

The relations of the Dales with the other members of the Rosehill congregation were of the most cordial and affectionate nature. The majority of the men and lads were employés of the engineer; but this secular bond did not explain the attachment. There were secret links between the hearts of David Dale and these numerous families who worshipped with him. Had not he been their human

refuge when storms had strewn their homes with wreckage? Was it not to him, man and woman, youth and maid, instinctively turned when life seemed ominous and unmanageable? When they had watched by the side of their sick ones, had he not stolen gently in and shared their vigil? He had given his heart to them. Their secrets were known to him. Many a strange confession had been breathed in his ear. His name was as "ointment poured forth," for he had been to these whom he knew and loved the best, "as a hiding place from

the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

When Barbara Brightside thanked God for His providence, David Dale was always present in her mind. His face, to her grateful soul, was as the face of God. It was well for the widow that she did not know all. If the truth had been in her possession, she would have been overwhelmed with the beneficence which enriched her solitary years.

James Brightside had gone to his grave, leaving his secret to his friend and employer. For fifteen years the secret had been unbreathed. It was only when Barbara "fell on sleep" that the facts were revealed to him whose right it was to know.

David Dale was seated at the secretaire in his private office despatching replies to the letters which required his personal supervision. There were but fifty minutes till post-time, and a score of the commercial inquiries could brook no delay. So engrossed was he that the tap at the door was unheard, and hence unheeded. The entrance of a clerk interrupted the speed of his quill.

"Well, Harold?" he said interrogatively, as Dodgson waited for the sign to speak.

"Mrs. Brightside has sent a messenger to say that her husband is nearing his end, and that he is praying to see you. He cannot die till he speaks to you again. She begs of you to lose no time, as he is sinking fast."

Sliding the lid of the secretaire, without a word the master took his hat from the peg, and made his way to the home where death was hovering.

The wife and the nurse were at the side of the sick man's bed. One glance at the face on the pillow convinced Mr. Dale that the moments of earth were few for his life-long friend. A look of relief, and yet of fear, sprang into the eyes of the dying man as the master entered the chamber. His excitement was uncontrollable. With wild gesture he bade the women leave the room. He waited till the door was closed upon them, and then, thrusting his hand beneath his pillow, drew out a bundle of papers and forced them into his visitor's grasp. Turning his face to the wall, he wept and moaned during the anguished minutes while the master perused the direful documents.

"James," said Mr. Dale, in serious, yet gentle tones, "this is a sad business. Why didn't you speak to me when you thought of changing the investment? Does Barbara know of this?"

The face which met the questioner's gaze was the face of the shamed and hopeless. The dying man writhed in the agony of remorse.

"The fool I was," he stammered, "to do the thing in secret. The money's gone—every penny! I meant to leave you word and hoped to have given you a big surprise. The packet came this morning. I dare not tell the wife. It would kill Barbara if she

heard the news from me. My poor wife!" he groaned. "The money was more her's than mine, for she saved the most of it; and now it is gone—gone; and she'll be left a pauper!"

The tears rained down his cheeks in the realisation of the tragic calamity which came to end his life, and to make the future of his widow a desolation.

Not a shadow of hope could the master perceive as he scanned the cruel papers he held in his hands. Bravely banishing the thought, he strove to console the stricken husband.

"Never mind, James," he said, putting the papers in his pocket, and taking the hand of the dying man. "I am the executor of your will, and I will see that all is put right. You need have no fear on that score. Barbara and I will make some arrangement so that she will be able to live in comfort. As to your heir, he is young enough to gather his own fortune."

An hour passed away. The presence of David Dale was a consolation to the man to whom death was hastening. They spoke of the solemn realities, of the Friend of the dying, of the Home of the redeemed. Barbara crept in to hear the sacred whispers. The eyes of the dying man would fasten on her face, and his soul was harassed in the thought of the nameless wrong he had done to her; but the vision of the generous face of the master, kneeling by his side, eased the anguish, and awakened hope.

That night the engineer was the last to leave the offices. The clerks had long since departed, but he sat on, in the privacy of his room. Before him were the papers with the disastrous intelligence.

James Brightside had left the Imperial Engineering Company's service to become the foreman of the "Excelsior" Works. Through all the years he had been a faithful servant of David Dale. With a lucrative salary, and with ceaseless economy, he and Barbara had managed to save over a thousand pounds. On his master's advice, the money had been invested in a well-established shipping concern, and for years the interest had been a handsome increment.

His name had become known to the speculators. In an evil hour he had yielded to a tempting bait. The assurances of high percentages had caught his fancy. Without a word to living soul, he had withdrawn his capital, and re-invested it in the company of larger promise. In his heart he revelled in the adroitness of his stealthy transaction. There was no suspicion of evil. He had left all his papers concerning the new investment for the scrutiny of his executor, and meant to die cherishing the thought that an ampler provision than was imagined would be left for his widow's support, and a larger fortune for his heir. On the morning of the death-day, the disaster shattered his dreams. He died penniless, and left his widow to poverty abject.

In the silent room David Dale reviewed the position. Nothing could be done, for the collapse of the speculators was irretrievable. Barbara would

have a home, for the house and furniture were safe, but the sources of visible maintenance were cut off.

What was to be done? Long and anxiously the master brooded. Finally, enclosing the papers in a foolscap envelope, he locked them in his private safe, and sought the coachman for the drive to the Hall.

The will was read on the evening of the interment. Its terms declared that the income of the investment was to provide the widow's sustenance; at her decease £500 was to be paid to the Rosehill Trustees for the reduction of their debt; the remainder to pass to the testator's nephew.

The humane provision of the will was the sole satisfaction which remained to the woman bereaved. Of the momentous contents of the packet which had reached her husband on the morning of his death, she had no knowledge. It was sufficient for her that all the papers were in the possession of Mr. Dale as the administrator of the testament.

"Now, Barbara," he said, as he prepared to leave, "James entrusted all the documents to me. I have all the information that is required. You need have no concern about anything. I will see that everything passes through my hands, and I will let you have your dividend quarterly. It will simplify matters if I give it you, as it comes, in gold. And if ever you want more than the ordinary, a line or a word will be enough."

Barbara began to age when her widowhood commenced. She drooped and whitened in the loneliness of her lot. The years were long and the days were dreary. Her wedded life had been one of unbroken peace. That she was favoured in having such a profitable investment she profoundly felt, and in having a friend like David Dale, whose solicitude never wavered. Her quarterly dividends varied as they used to do in James's days. Sometimes fifteen, oftener twenty, occasionally twenty-five pounds, would be handed to her by Harold Dodgson in the name of Mr. Dale.

A pathetic figure she was on the Sabbath morning as she passed down the aisle to her seat in the centre of the chapel. Her black silk dress rustled as she walked, and her face was full of sadness, set in the bonnet with her weeds. There was pathos in the care with which she took the very place in the pew where she had worshipped by the side of her partner. They had had two sittings in the same pew from the day "Rosehill" was opened. James had sat at the end near the aisle, and she at his right hand. No one had ventured to suggest that as only one seat was occupied, she should only pay for one. She paid the rent for the two sittings, and left James' seat vacant. It grieved her when the empty seat was required for the use of a stranger, and she never failed to remind the one who sat in *his* place, that he

or she was sitting where a good man had been wont to worship.

James Brightside had contributed for years to most of the Connexional Funds. When the circular announcing the Orphanage Anniversary came to Barbara in the first year of her widowhood, she wondered whether the investment would warrant the usual donation. With the circular bearing her late husband's name, she made her way to the offices of the "Excelsior" works.

"Well, Barbara," Mr. Dale exclaimed, as the clerk ushered her into his office, "what can I do for you to-day?"

"The subscription for the Orphan Home is due," she replied. "James always sent two guineas. I could spare one myself, but I was wondering whether the capital invested would admit of the two guineas as usual."

"Oh, certainly, certainly!" her executor rejoined. "The capital is just as it was, but the dividends are all right. And now that you have mentioned these annual donations, James was a donor to the Missionary Society, and the Superannuated Preachers, Widows and Orphans' Fund. I am glad to say you will be able to continue all these gifts, if you find that your regular dividends suffice for your personal needs."

The tears were in her eyes, in her gladness for the opulence which was hers.

"James will be glad to think," she soliloquised, as she returned home, "that I am in a position to continue the gifts. What a blessing we were careful through all the years, and got the money so finely invested! To think that I have a settled income, and more to spare for the interests of the Church! There are few widows enjoying investments, and none with such a one as mine!"

Barbara's visit was a means of grace to David Dale. His gladness was inexpressible that the secret had been kept from her cognisance. The "works" were increasingly busy. He was wealthier by thousands year by year.

The French *savant* was the first of the foreigners to observe old Barbara Brightside. Monsieur Delcasse noticed that in the singing of Bonar's beautiful hymn-prayer, "When the weary, seeking rest," at the fifth line of the fifth verse,

"When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low,"

the little woman in the widow's weeds sank to her seat.

So inquisitive were his investigations at the dinner-table, that his host's prevarication was obvious, and at length Mr. Dale observed: "By-and-by, I will tell you all there is to tell about Barbara and her investment."

"By-and-by?" the Frenchman queried. "When is by-and-by?"

"When Barbara does not need the dividends,

and the heir comes to claim his own," Mr. Dale explained.

It was a curious coincidence that M. Delcasse should be staying at Woodlea Hall when Barbara breathed her last. That death had touched her had been clear for many months. The summons tarried, and the delay was a time of radiant calm. She was overwhelmed with the bounty which had encircled her widowhood, and whenever Mr. Dale called to see her, iterated and reiterated her passionate gratitude for his fidelity to her investment.

The heir had been resident in Australia for twenty years. As a youth, Howard Brightside had emigrated to seek his fortune. Nothing could appease Barbara's anxiety to see her husband's nephew before she died.

A big, broad-chested, handsome man he was, with genial face, and eyes frank and winning.

Barbara's pride was unbounded. The cruellest pang was the knowledge that she could not take him to the chapel.

"Oh!" she would murmur twenty times a day, "How I wish I could lean on your arm and walk to Rosehill! You could have sat in your uncle's seat!"

It was in the evening when she gave him her farewell counsel.

"You won't forget, Howard," she whispered, clinging to his hand, "that half of the investment is to go to the chapel. Send the trustees a nice letter just to show you approve of your uncle's legacy to them. And, if you take my advice, you will consult with Mr. Dale about your share. He will tell you where it is. You had better not touch it. A grander investment you could not have. It has been life and peace to me."

In the early hours of the morning following, Barbara's spirit took its flight. Her body was laid to rest by the side of the man she had loved the best on earth.

The French *savant* was one of the last to leave the side of the grave. He was startled from his reverie by hearing himself addressed by name.

"Come, Monsieur Delcasse!" Mr. Dale called. "Mr. Brightside is going with me to the office.

There are many things he ought to hear. If you care to come, your kindly interest in Barbara may be satisfied."

"You should never have known the truth about the investment," David Dale began, when the three of them were locked in the private room, "if your uncle's will did not compel me to give you the revelation. These papers will explain all," he proceeded, unlocking the safe, and unfolding the hidden documents.

Not a word was spoken as Howard Brightside inspected the speculators' direful confession.

"Why, there is no investment at all!" he cried, wonder written on his face. "My uncle's will is worthless!"

The engineer nodded assent.

Silence ensued.

"Then the dividends to my aunt have been given from your private means?" the heir without possession exclaimed in amazement.

David Dale confusedly replied with an affirmative gesture.

"God bless you for your kindness to the widow!" Howard Brightside exclaimed, with genuine pathos in his tones, and gripping the hand of the man who had financed the void investment. "As for me," he continued, "it matters not. I take my uncle's intention for the deed, and honour him none the less that his money can never be mine. I have as much as is good for a man to hold. My only regret is that the 'Rosehill' trustees can never receive the legacy meant for them."

"Why not?" M. Delcasse suggested.

The two men stared at the interlocutor.

"Count Streletski will be delighted to give one hundred pounds; Baron Barnhelm, though a Romanist, will be proud to similarly subscribe; I shall be grateful for the privilege of giving the third hundred, and—"

"I will provide the balance!" Howard Brightside interjected, "as a thank-offering that my aunt's widowhood was free from sordid care!"

And so it came to pass, and the world was none the wiser.





New Discoveries and Explorations in their Bearing on the Scriptures.

VIII.—LIFE IN A CHRISTIAN CITY OF EGYPT IN GRÆCO-ROMAN TIMES.

By ROBERT HIND.



SINCE the publication of the famous "Sayings of the Lord," which readers of this magazine will remember created such a profound interest among all classes of thoughtful people a little over twelve months ago,

the two fortunate discoverers, Mr. Bernard P. Grenfell and Mr. Arthur S. Hunt, have been engaged in deciphering some of the other documents which they dug out of the ruins of Behneseh, the ancient Oxyrhynchus. The first instalment* has been issued recently by the Græco-Roman Branch of the Egypt Exploration Fund, and is hardly less interesting than the "Logia" themselves. It contains a fragment of what is probably the oldest known manuscript of the New Testament in existence, besides valuable portions of Plato, Thucydides, Xenophon, Homer, Demosthenes, Sophocles, Herodotus, and other classical writers. In addition to these literary documents, there are an enormous number of another kind, private letters, wills, writings dealing with the administration of public affairs and the taxation of the country. For the most part, these papyri are in a good state of preservation, thanks to the care with which they have been stored away in the Government offices. They are so varied in character as to bring up before the people of to-day, in an exceedingly vivid and detailed manner, the life of the people of a Greek city in Egypt in the first centuries of the Christian era, and it is impossible to study them without realising that human nature to-day is much what it was then, having the same virtues and vices, its life brightened with the same amenities and courtesies, and darkened with the

same evils as those existing at the present time. A writer in "Biblia," impressed with this fact, calls into requisition the saying of the old Hebrew, "There is nothing new under the sun."

In the New Testament documents are several verses from the first chapter of St. Matthew's gospel. It is not necessary to refer to these writings at length, as the only difference between them and our own versions are a few changes in the spelling of the proper names.

Not the least interesting of the recovered documents are the private letters. Some of these are of a formal kind, but they are important, inasmuch as they throw considerable light on the fashions and customs of the day. Here is one of several invitations to dinner, "Chæremon requests your company at dinner at the table of the Lord Serapis in the Serapeum to-morrow, the 15th, at 9 o'clock," and yet another, "Hexais requests your company at dinner in celebration of the marriage of her children at her house to-morrow, the 5th, at 9 o'clock." These notes indicate that 9 o'clock was probably the fashionable hour for dinner, and that the invitations to dine on great occasions were sent out on the day previous. The form of the invitation, too, seems singularly modern, and shows how little change has taken place in many of those things in which modern society regards itself as specially adept. Feast days and other holidays were made the occasions of visits between friends, and the hosts did not omit to meet the visitors on their arrival in the town. Whether the boats were as punctual as in modern times does not transpire, though, in the case of rowing boats there was no reason why they should not. At least, equestrians need not have been less able to fix the time of their arrival than those people who to-day travel by train. "Greeting," writes one of these citizens of Behneseh, "my dear Serenia, from Petosiris. Be sure, dear, to come up on the 20th for the birthday festival of the god, and

* The Oxyrhynchus Papyri. Part I. Edited, with Translations and Notes, by Bernard P. Grenfell, M.A., and Arthur S. Hunt, M.A.

let me know whether you are coming by boat or by donkey, in order that we may send for you accordingly. Take care not to forget. I pray for your continued health."

The following letter gives us glimpses of many aspects of the life of this ancient people. It refers to the old story of falling in love and becoming engaged to be married. Then, as now, it is evident, young men became addicted to dissolute habits, and made it necessary for prudent parents, anxious for the welfare of their daughters, to intervene for the purpose of breaking off the betrothal. The phraseology of the document is especially impressive, be-



cause of the dignified and yet frank bearing of the writer. The feelings of the young lady are not even hinted at; we learn nothing as to whether she may have influenced her father to take this step, or endeavoured to hold him back from it. On this point there is a delicacy and reserve that could only be the outcome of refinement and culture, and it is all the more marked because of the honesty with which he deals with the offender, and states the cause of the rupture. Further, whatever sorrow and anger there may be in the heart of the father of the young lady, he does not express any in his letter. He does not rate and scold the young man, or even withhold from him the appellations of respect that are due between gentlemen in their intercourse with each other. The young man's conduct has been infamous and unpardonable, but until the betrothal has been annulled in proper form he addresses him as "my honourable son-in-law." Nevertheless, the decision at which he has arrived is irrevocable. One is glad to note that the reason for this extreme measure is

not one dictated by any worldly feeling, but by the highest moral principle. The young man may be still wealthy, influential, and even a pet in society, but he shall not be the husband of this young lady, because he has given himself "over to lawless deeds, which are pleasing neither to God nor man, and are not fit to be put into writing." United to such a man he cannot see any prospect of his daughter having the peaceful and quiet life he desires for her. Here is the document: "Forasmuch it has come to my ears that you are giving yourself over to lawless deeds, which are pleasing neither to God nor man, and are not fit to be put in writing, I think it well that the engagement between you and her, my daughter Euphemia, should be dissolved, seeing that, as is aforesaid, I have heard that you are giving yourself over to lawless deeds, and that I wish my daughter to live a peaceful and quiet life. I therefore send you the present deed of the dissolution of the engagement between you and her, my daughter Euphemia, by the hand of the most illustrious advocate aforesaid with my own signature, and I have taken a copy of this document, written by the most illustrious advocate aforesaid (Anastasius). Wherefore, for the security of the said Euphemia, my daughter, I send you this deed of separation and dissolution written on the 11th day of the month Epeiph, in the 11th indiction. I, John, aforesaid, father of Euphemia, my daughter, send the present deed of separation and dissolution to you, Phoebammon, my most honourable son-in-law as is above written." The document not only reflects credit upon Euphemia's father, but also upon the member of the legal profession upon whom devolved the duty of drawing it up. Reading it, one feels that the title "illustrious advocate" is not wholly used as a mere matter of courtesy.

Another of these documents shows that the law allowed damages, not from private persons only and business firms, but from the authorities of the city. A girl was injured by the fall of a house, and claimed damages from the governing body. Before it was paid, however, a physician was appointed to report on the case, and his document is contained in this discovery. It reads:—"Your grace sent us, in consequence of a petition received by you from Aurelius Dioscorus, son of Dorotheus, of Oxyrhynchus, to make a report in writing on his daughter, who, as he complained, had been injured by the fall of his house which had occurred. We accordingly went to Dioscorus' house, and saw that the girl had several cuts in her hip, and wounds near the shoulder and on the right knee, we therefore present this report." We do not know that the law in this country holds the town corporations and their surveyors responsible for allowing buildings that are unsafe to be erected, or those that, through decay, have become unfit for human habitation, but not a few will believe that such a law would be righteous and salutary.

There are documents here bearing on the appointments of guardians over orphan children, others on sales and leases of land, and yet others that are a kind of Promissory Note given as a guarantee of honesty by one person in a position of trust. Flavius Apion the younger, is evidently either a landed proprietor of some consideration, or a dealer in agricultural implements. In either case he requires a watchman. Aurelius Menas secures this appointment, but to hold it he has to sign an undertaking to pay twenty-four solidi should he be shown to have been a party to any theft of the agricultural plant that has been placed in his charge. So that in those days, not only was the ordinary thief a well-known character against whom it was necessary to take precautions, but trusted servants were at times accustomed to betray their masters' interests, and make common cause with the burglar. Nor was thieving the only vice to which these ancients were addicted. Then, as now, gambling was a practice only too common, and great ladies at times became victims to it, with the result that some of their most valuable trinkets occasionally found their way to the pawnbroker. What would the law courts of England to-day have to say about a payment of interest at the rate of four per cent. *per month*, equal to forty-eight per cent. *per annum*? That is what one of the ladies of Behneseh paid, who had also pledged several of her personal adornments, the want of which she felt to be very inconvenient. Among the articles pledged were caskets of sandal-wood, one of onyx, a white veil with a *real* purple border, armlets, etc., and the letter from which this information is taken was written to her friend beseeching her to redeem them.

One of the most valuable literary documents in this collection is a part of a poem by Sappho, and addressed to her brother Charaxus. The high literary quality and the sweet humanness of this beautiful production may be left to speak for themselves. It has been translated into English.

"Sweet Nereids, grant to me

That home unscathed my brother may return,
And every end, for which his soul shall yearn,
Accomplished see!

And then, immortal Queen,

Blot out the past, that thus his friends may know
Joy, shame his foes,—nay, rather let no foe
By us be seen!

And may he have the will

To me his sister some regard to show,
To assuage the pain he brought, whose cruel blow
My soul did kill.

Yea, mine, for that ill name

Whose biting edge, to shun the festal throng
Compelling, ceased awhile; yet back ere long
To goad us came."

Mr. James S. Colton, the well-known archæologist, has expressed surprise that there are so few direct references to the Christian religion in the

documents that have been examined up to this time. Perhaps, in the large number remaining to be published there will be some interesting fragments of this kind. There can be no doubt that the Christian religion took a firm hold upon the place, and as the town, although in the provinces, was large and populous, it must have exercised a large influence throughout Egypt. It was the seat of a bishop, and there were in it at one time 10,000 monks. It is at least pleasing to learn that on the whole the city was distinguished for its morality. Order and justice prevailed in public life, and in private life there was a singular absence of crime.

IX.—THE LABOUR QUESTION IN THE TIMES OF THE PHARAOHS.

It may prove rather disappointing to those who are constantly asking when the labour disputes that so seriously affect trade and commerce will come to



an end to be informed that there were trades' unions and even strikes, thousands of years before the dawn of the Christian era. If they have continued so long, the natural inference to draw is that they will continue for some time to come. Wise men will be in no hurry to meet troubles, but making the best they can of the present, await calmly the complications that may arise, feeling confident that some settlement will sooner or later be made, that will bring yet nearer the time when all men's good shall be each man's rule. In the ancient city of Thebes, in the reign of Ramses III., there was a trade dispute attended by several riots. The workmen seem to have had a righteous cause, and sought by fair

and peaceable means to obtain justice. They and their families were starving. They held meetings and appointed deputations to persons of influence—the priests, and “the keeper of the books,” who was probably not a mere clerk, but a manager. The ancient document now lying in the museum at Turin, and recently deciphered, reports the words of the man appointed to speak to these persons on behalf of the deputation: “Behold, we are face to face with famine. We have neither nourishment, nor oil, nor vestments; we have no fish; we have no vegetables. We have already sent a petition to our sovereign lord, the Pharaoh, praying him to give us these things, and now we address the governor, in order that he might give us the wherewithal to live.” This deputation waited on the authorities two months after the men had come out on strike. The dates are given in the document, so that the time can be fixed accurately. They were under police guard, but at times broke away, crying, “Go tell your chief what we tell you. It is famine which speaks by our mouths.” They had become desperate, the pangs of hunger preventing them from being able to reason. The keeper of the books writes: “To argue with them was useless; there was great agitation. I gave them the strongest answer I could imagine, but their words were true, and came from

their hearts.” The distress of the poor men had evidently touched the book-keeper’s heart, and, so the records say, it became absolutely necessary to distribute some scant rations among them. The name of the leader of the men is given. Kohus must have been a good organiser, intelligent, skilful, and possessing the courage of a lion. When he failed to realise his object by more rational methods, he advised an attack on the stores. “Let us fall upon the stores of provisions, and let the governor’s men go and tell him what we have done.” The suggestion was acted upon as soon as it was given. The keeper of the stores, Lamén Nextu, seems to have been a prudent and astute man. When his premises were invaded he handed out provisions, using the opportunity to advise the men to return to work. What was the ultimate issue of the struggle does not transpire. But several days after this, when the commander of Thebes was passing, he observed they were holding a meeting. Whether the appeal they had first sent to Pharaoh had ever reached him is somewhat questionable, seeing he had made no response to it. Pharaoh’s responsible advisers appear to have sympathised with the men. The commander, when he saw their condition, at once ordered fifty measures of wheat to be sent in the king’s name, and promised further supplies.

The Older Chapels of Metropolitan Nonconformity.

I.—NEW COURT CHAPEL: THE MINISTRY OF MANTON, BAXTER, AND THEIR SUCCESSORS.



HERE is a unique interest associated with the history of the older Nonconformist Churches of the City of London. The ancient-looking meeting-houses and chapels in which the dissenting congregations worshipped during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were generally located in the dismal alleys and sequestered side-streets of the main thoroughfares. They date from the Stuart times, and were founded by godly men, who forsook the Church of England, not on account of immorality or incompetency, but because they could not conscientiously conform to the teachings of the Book of Common Prayer. After “Black Bartholomew” of the year 1662, about two thousand five hundred divines forsook their livings, and went forth trusting in the Lord for their daily supplies. They were men of blameless character, pious de-

meanour, and many of them had received the best education the country afforded. Locke has well said: “Bartholomew Day was fatal to our Church and Religion, in throwing out a very great number of worthy, learned, pious and orthodox divines.”

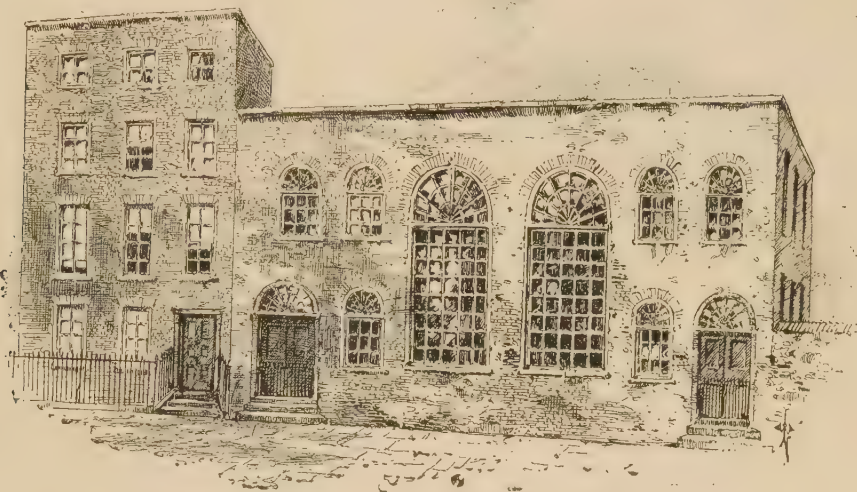
In these days of Free Church movements, and on the other hand, of revived sacerdotalism, it is a profitable study to glance at the bygone Nonconformist times and to recount the doings of the leaders of our Nonconformity. The Book of Common Prayer against which they conscientiously revolted, was revised by Convocation in November, 1661, and contained about six hundred alterations and emendations. The calendar was revised, and the Apocrypha was appointed to be read in the daily lessons. In the Litany the phrase “rebellion and schism” was added to the petition against sedition. The words “bishops, pastors, and ministers of the Church,” were altered to read, “bishops, priests, and deacons.” Extra collects were added, and one of them described Charles I. as being “our most religious king.” Noncon-

formists objected also to the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration; the sign of the Cross in Baptism; the exclusion from the Lord's table of those who would not receive the elements in a kneeling position; that bishops, priests, and deacons are three distinct orders in the Church by divine appointment; that all who die are saved except the unbaptised, the excommunicated, and the self-destroyers; the damnable clause of the Creed of Athanasius, and other important features.

The Act of Uniformity may be outlined as prescribing that every parson who neglected or refused to declare publicly before his congregation, "his assent and consent to the use of all things contained and prescribed" in the Book of Common Prayer before the Feast of St. Bartholomew, 1662, should

be deprived of his living, and be treated by patrons and donors as if he were actually dead. It also declared that if any unordained minister administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper after St. Bartholomew's Day he should forfeit £100; and if he should presume to lecture or preach in any place of worship he should suffer three months' imprisonment in the common gaol. A secondary provision was that the wardens, at the cost of the parish, should provide every parish church with "a true printed copy of the revised Book of Common Prayer;" and that they should be fined £3 per month, after St. Bartholomew's Day, if they neglected to obey the Parliamentary mandate.

The Sabbath previous to the Feast of St. Bartholomew of 1662, was such a day as England had



NEW COURT CHAPEL, CAREY STREET.

never before witnessed. On that day hundreds of faithful ministers preached farewell sermons to heart-broken and weeping congregations. "Churches were crowded; aisles and stairs were crammed to suffocation; and people clung to the open windows like swarms of bees."

Amongst the old-time structures that were destroyed to furnish the building site of the palatial Law Courts was Carey Street Nonconformist Meeting-house, better known as New Court Chapel. The church worshipping within its walls originated in the troublous times which followed the enforcement of the Act of Uniformity, which deprived so many godly men of their livings. The life-stories of the notable founder and the distinguished pastors of the Church during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, make the history of the church peculiarly interesting.

Dr. Thomas Manton, of Puritan fame, was practically the founder of the New Court Nonconformist

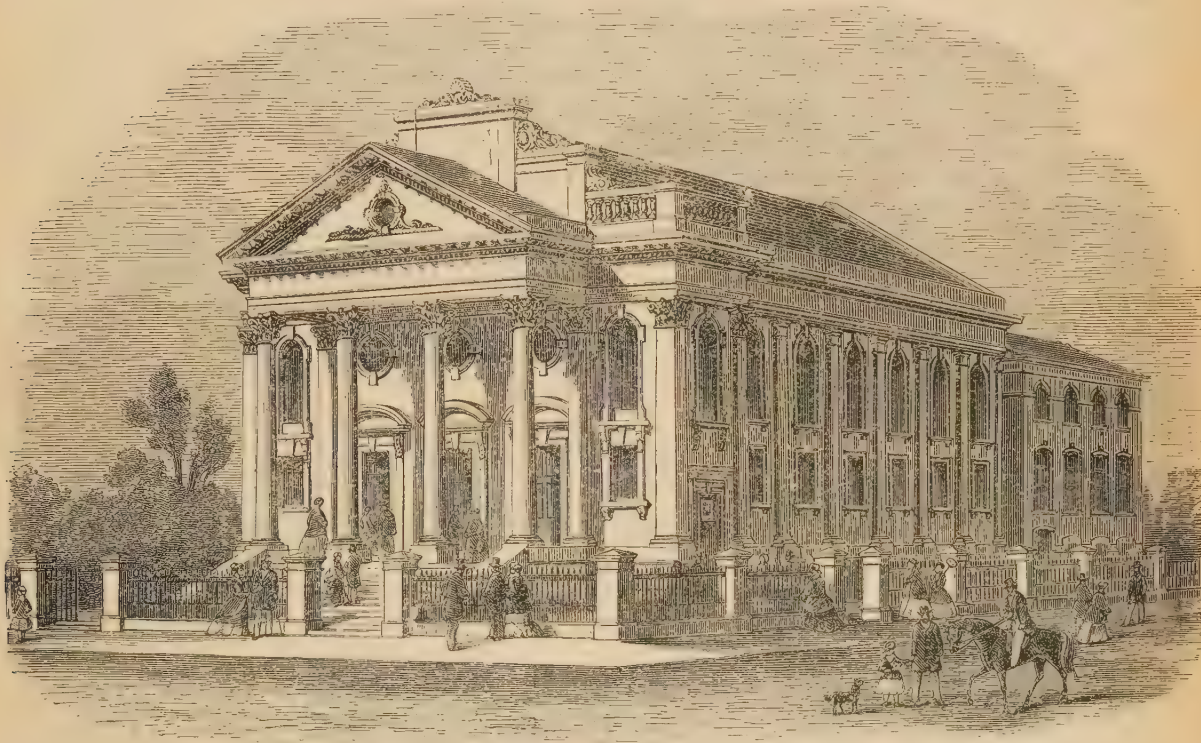
Church. Having been ejected from the living of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, he gathered a congregation, which assembled for worship in an unpretentious and unconsecrated meeting-house in an obscure alley off Bridge Street. As a despised Nonconformist divine he preached "the unsearchable riches of Christ" in the same parish where he had previously held the wealthy rectory, which was valued at £350 per year. Manton was one of the best-known Puritan preachers and most prolific writers of the seventeenth century. By birth he was a Somersetshire man, and he was a clergyman of the third generation. Before he forsook the Establishment, he preached several times before the representatives of the House of Commons. As an evidence of his popularity it may be stated that he was selected to offer prayer at the induction of Oliver Cromwell into the Protectorate; and he was subsequently appointed one of his chaplains.

Dr. Harris in his "Memoirs of Manton" gives the

tion, I may say treason, as an egg is full of meat. Hadst thou been whipt out of thy writing trade forty years ago, it had been happy. I know thou hast a mighty party, and I see a great many of thy brotherhood in corners, and a doctor of the party at your elbow; but by the grace of Almighty God, I'll crush them all.'" Baxter was found guilty and imprisoned. His ministry at New Court Chapel was cut short by his imprisonment under the Five Mile Act, and for five long years the meeting-house was closed.

When the Act of Indulgence was passed, the

chapel was re-opened, and Daniel Burgess, the son of an ejected clergyman, became the pastor. After a successful ministry of nine years, Burgess, along with the congregation, left Bridge Street, and in 1696, began services in a conventicle in Russell Court, Drury Lane, which had the peculiar situation of being located between the noted theatre and a disused burial-ground. During this period the ministry of Burgess became the "talk of the town," and his church was one of the most prosperous in the Metropolis. In 1705 the lease of the conventicle expired, and the landlord turned the Nonconform-



NEW COURT CHAPEL, TOLLINGTON PARK.

ists out, and granted it as a Chapel of Ease to the parish church of St. Martin's. Before the Episcopalians could enter it, certain structural alterations and improvements had to be made. In order to defray the cost, the managers of Drury Lane theatre gave a benefit performance of "Hamlet." This peculiar and questionable method of raising funds for an Episcopalian place of worship was much commented upon at the time. Daniel Defoe, author of "Robinson Crusoe," and Editor of the "Review," published a sermon in which he severely satirised the strange league of church and theatre, and pulpit and stage. He sarcastically suggested that the following inscription should be placed

above the door of the church, viz.:—"This church was re-edified, Anno 1706, at the expense, and by the charitable contributions of the enemies of the reformation of our morals, and to the eternal scandal and most just reproach of the Church of England and the Protestant religion. Witness our hands, Lucifer, Prince of Darkness; Hamlet, Prince of Denmark: Churchwardens."

Ejectment from Russell Court meeting-house did not scatter the members and congregation of the New Court Church. They secured a site in obscure Carey Street, in the neighbourhood of Chancery Lane, and erected a substantial, but bald-looking, chapel. In this newer building, the church was

heavily burdened with debt, and suffered from internal dissensions. Burgess was approaching his threescore years and ten, and his ministry was subject to many discouragements. Three years after entering Carey Street meeting-house, the building was attacked by the rioters who sympathised with Dr. Sacheverell. The days of persecution and destruction had returned. The mob smashed the windows, and broke into the chapel. The furniture and fittings, including pulpit and benches, were ruthlessly torn out and conveyed to Lincoln's Inn Fields, where they were destroyed in a huge bonfire, around which the mob danced in brutal glee, and shouted, "High Church and Sacheverell." They threatened that if they could only find Daniel Burgess, "that they would roast him in his own pulpit in the midst of the pile." The rioters burnt and otherwise destroyed over £300 worth of property belonging to the church, and for a time the chapel was closed. Some friends in the City who sympathised with the suffering congregation, raised the necessary funds, and the chapel was refurnished and re-opened for public worship. After faithfully serving New Court Church for twenty-six years, Daniel Burgess died in the year 1713.

He was succeeded by a minister of the name of Wood, who held the pastorate for fourteen years. During the popular ministry of the eccentric Thomas Bradbury, who had removed from Fetter Lane,

Carey Street reached the highest point of prosperity. It outgrew its Presbyterian tendencies, and became a distinctly Congregational Church.

About the middle of the present century, the inhabitants of the City began to migrate towards the outlying fringe of the vast Metropolis. The appearance of the City was rapidly changing. The wealthier artisans and the middle-classes were seeking the suburbs, while the City was largely left to the poorer classes. Dwellings that once were inhabited became transformed into offices and business houses. The rage for suburbanism began to tell upon the congregation at Carey Street. The older families were gradually forsaking it, and at one time it threatened to be entirely deserted. At its lowest ebb, the old building was purchased by the commissioners, to be incorporated in the site for the erection of the Royal Palace of Justice. Having a clear £7,500, they left the old sanctuary, fragrant with historic memories, and built the handsome New Court Chapel, at Tollington Park, on the breezy heights of North London.

The present New Court Chapel has been served by several well-known Congregational ministers, including the cultured Rev. Ossian Davies, the devoted Rev. William Pierce, and the energetic Rev. Campbell Morgan, who is worthily sustaining the traditions of this historic church.

ALBERT A. BIRCHENOUGH.

Timely Topics for Primitive Methodists.

ARE WE IN DANGER OF MAMMON?



MOST of the topics to be discussed in these papers will be of purely Connexional interest; others will concern our own people just as they concern the whole Church of Christ.

No doubt there is a sense in which what is of concern to us is of concern to the Body of Christ in general, just as what relates to the interests of the individual has a bearing upon the race. But we all know perfectly well that there are

matters which deeply concern the individual and the family which do not deeply interest the community, still less the nation. In like manner we have questions of Connexional interest which have only a remote bearing upon the universal Church. I wish to say a few words in this opening paper on a sub-

ject which, though of vital importance to our own community, is of no less consequence to every section of the Christian Church.

The beginning of the New Year is a time when most Christian people are reminded in some form of the duty of consecration. Watch-night services, Covenant services, Communion services, and the season itself serve to remind us of this duty. It is not too much to say that the success of our Church during the coming year will be according to the measure in which this consecration is real and practical. What a marvellous year it would be were all our people fully consecrated to God. We need often to be reminded of the truth so forcefully set forth in the opening lines of William Law's "Serious Call." "Devotion is neither private nor public prayer; but prayers, whether private or public, are particular parts or instances of devotion. Devotion signifies a life given, or devoted to God. He, therefore, is the devout man, who lives no longer to his own will, or the way and spirit of the world, but to

the sole will of God, who considers God in everything, who serves God in everything, who makes all the parts of his common life, parts of piety, by doing everything in the name of God, and under such rules as are conformable to His glory."

Intimately connected with this question of consecration is a subject to which I wish to devote this paper. When we speak of consecration we think instinctively of our money and our business, and there is no more important question for our Church, and, indeed, all the churches at the present time, than the relation between religion and business. The prosperity of our Church is vitally connected with this question. One of the dangers of the nation, as well as the Church, is that which springs from an undue greed of money. In our national life the danger is whether righteousness or riches shall determine our policy. In the Church the Christian race is being forgotten in the race for riches. It is not to be expected that when the greed of gold becomes a national danger the Church should escape the taint. Indeed, if the Church retained her purity such a danger could never assail the nation as a whole, and since this evil has assumed national proportions it may be assumed that the Christian Church has failed in testimony and in example in this regard. If the Church had been doing her duty the national policy would not be dictated by money-makers, nor depend wholly as it does on money considerations.

If the reader would see this question discussed in its larger issues, let him read the terrible indictment in "The Young Man," for November, by William Clarke, entitled, "The Tragedy of a Millionaire," an article which has received the enthusiastic endorsement of such men as Hugh Price Hughes, Justin McCarthy, and Canon Barnett. But I wish to discuss this question as it concerns our own Connexion.

It were idle and Pharisaical to suppose that we have escaped the evil which is eating out the life of the nation. Absorption in money-making has led to a diminished spirituality and a growing distaste for the work of the Church. Of course, this is not universal, or anything approaching it. The Jubilee Fund and many other Connexional projects are proof that the spirit of true devotion in relation to wealth has not died out among us as a people; but is it not painfully evident in many quarters that the time-spirit in regard to money-making is working sad havoc? Are we not often saddened by the spectacle of good men starving their religious life by an undue devotion to business pursuits. It is not that they find it necessary to do this in order to secure for themselves and those dependent upon them the means of living. Were that the case, they would deserve our warmest sympathy. Nor is it that the terrible competition of the time compels them to choose between their present course and the bankruptcy court. They have simply allowed the money-

making passion to grow till it has become their master.

And what are the consequences to their religious life? Disastrous in the extreme. I am not now thinking of the cases, not by any means uncommon, where Mammon is deliberately chosen, and there is a complete shipwreck of faith, but of instances such as abound in our Church where men retain their membership with us, but fail to take the place for which they were intended, and to develop the usefulness of which they once gave such promise. It is melancholy to see men spending their days and nights in the futile business of scraping money, and utterly neglecting the culture of their higher nature. They do not seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness. If they are honest with themselves they will confess that with them money is first and last, and in the middle. Everything must bend to that. Of mental culture they never think at all. Their intellect is utterly starved. Even the modicum of time and literary interest necessary to the reading of our Connexional Magazine or Quarterly Review cannot be found, and so they tell you that when they took the magazines they did not get read and so were given up. It is not the want of money that makes the circulation of our magazines a problem, but the greed of it. When we were ten times poorer the circulation was vastly larger. And although other influences have been at work to cause the decline, we are persuaded that this has had much to do with it.

In the best interests of our people and of our Church we must do our utmost to check this growing evil. No doubt a deeper spirituality and a revival of religion would cure it. Where these conditions exist business men and workpeople find no difficulty in getting to the week-night services, and the old-time interest in the work of God instantly revives. But our people need to be guarded against the insidious inroads of the Mammon spirit of the time. Mr. Ruskin has somewhere said, that after hearing some two thousand sermons, he had not heard a single one in which the clear issue between God and Mammon had been presented to his hearers by the preacher. Do we ever hear in our Connexional pulpits a heart-searching discourse on the Saviour's declaration that "it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven?" That statement points to a frightful danger, but how much is heard about it in the preaching of the time?

One of the best safeguards against the encroachment of the money-making mania is to give wealth away as it is accumulated. There have been some rare spirits who did this systematically. They made a great deal of money, because they could not help it. God had given them business faculty, and using it, wealth flowed in upon them. But they were so full of religious benevolence, and in such dread of Mammon, that they hastened to get rid of their

money, and died comparatively poor. To them the joy of giving was greater than the joy of getting. They literally carried out John Wesley's maxim, "Get all you can; save all you can; give all you can." Perhaps the best plan and the most Scriptural, is to resolutely practise systematic and proportionate giving. It is a safeguard against the undue growth of the money-making spirit, and a means of culture in the grace of Christian giving. But it is not enough. There must be a constant recognition of the fact that we are not sent here just to make money; that the claims of intellect and of the spiritual nature must be considered, and that if at the last all we have to show for our life is the accumulation of so much money, while both heart and mind have been starved and neglected, the reckoning will be a terrible one.

To return to the point with which we started. The need of the hour for our Church is Consecration, the consecration of the whole man, of the whole life to God. We sing with great fervour—

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!"

and—

"Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose."

But is it not often a solemn mockery? Oh, if ministers and people were consecrating their wealth to God at the beginning of this year, and resolutely and conscientiously carrying out the principle of systematic and proportionate giving; if the world were kept under our feet; if we were devout in the sense of making "all the parts of our common life parts of piety, by doing everything in the name of God, and under such rules as are conformable to His glory," what a year this would be! Not only would chapel difficulties and station difficulties disappear, but the means at the disposal of the Missionary Committee would be enormously increased, the Connexion would assume a healthier tone, the week-night services would be once more thronged, and that glorious consummation for which we have so long prayed, a great Connexional revival, would be at last realised. May God deliver us from the curse of Mammon, and make us a people whose great business it is to spread Scriptural holiness through the land.

JOSEPH RITSON.

The Little Grave.

When eve puts on her russet cloak
Wet with the tears of parting day,
I love to muse and pensive walk
The churchyard's flagg'd and foot-worn way.
I love to hear the wind-tuned grass;
Low whistling o'er the tomb-paved ground;
Sad though it be, it doth surpass
The music found in life's gay round.
I love to read those time-worn stones
Which tell of dear departed worth,
And whose are those brown crumbling bones
That rest in lap of mother earth.
But there's a grave among the rest
More dear to me than all beside,
Where in her little grassy nest
My own sweet birdie doth abide.
Where minstrel birds her requiem sing,
Where tears of gold laburnums shed,
And children early blossoms bring
To deck their little playmate's bed.
She was a sunbeam in my cot,
Whose winsome ways and playful smile
Did light up many a shady spot,
And many a weary hour beguile.
With bright hair as of sunshine made,
And cheeks like roses set in snow,
She seem'd an infant cherub stray'd
From heaven above to earth below.

But death he struck her with his wing,
And suddenly amidst her play,
Like music-box that breaks its spring,
At once she hush'd her merry lay.
We saw her close her dew-bright eye,
And o'er her face Death's shadow creep,
And, cooling down to marble, lie,
Mute as a wearied bird asleep.
And like the spirit of the flower
By sunbeam kiss'd from new-mown sod,
She left our happy household bower
To gild the paradise of God.
And though I have a cottage sweet
That peeps through thickets of wild rose,
Yet, when at eve I point my feet
Towards its porch, I'm sad because
The face that met me at the door
With all its little news, I miss;
The patt'ring feet that tuned the floor,
The tiny mouth with rosy kiss,
Are gone; and yet 'tis best, I know,
My spotless uncaged dove should fly
To where no sin can stain her now,
No tear-drops dim her starry eye.
And when Death sets my spirit free,
And, lark-like, singing home I soar,
She may be first to welcome me
At heaven's jasper-lighted door.

S. J. WALLIS.

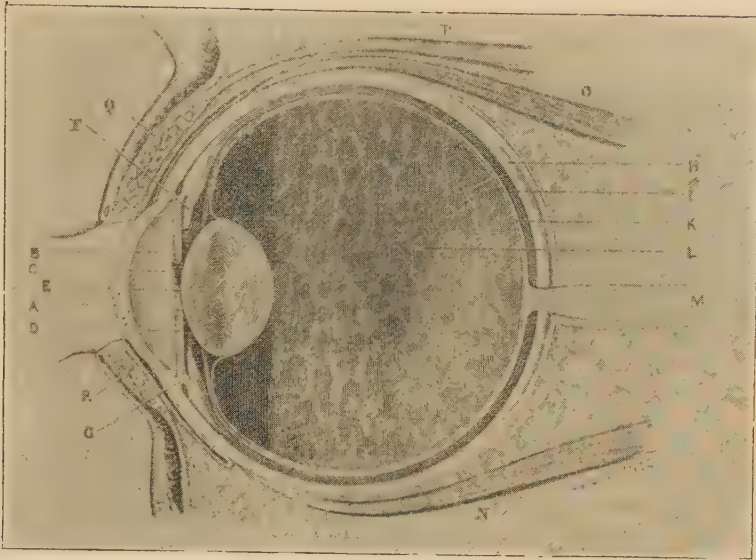


FIG. 1. HUMAN EYE.

The Eye of an Insect.

Illustrated by Original Micro-Photographs, etc.

BY ARTHUR E. GOODMAN.



THE gift of eyesight is without doubt one of the most precious of all the blessings with which a beneficent God has endowed mankind. It is, perhaps, *the* one of our senses by which we receive the greatest amount of pleasure and enjoyment, and therefore, the one we should be most loath willingly to lose, had we any choice in the matter. The creature, whether man or beast, is at best, at an immense disadvantage when deprived of the power of vision.

With the nature of human eyesight most people are now-a-days fairly well acquainted, for the injunction—"Man, know thyself"—is more fully appreciated and heeded in these days of School Boards and University Extension Lectures than heretofore.

In order, however, more clearly to explain the nature and marvellous structure of the so-called compound, or multiple eye of an insect, the particular task before us, a short explanation of the method by which man sees, with the simple eyes he has at his command, is more or less of a necessity.

In Fig. 1 is a diagrammatic drawing of the various parts of the human eye. The bulk of these details do not concern us in the present case, although so important in themselves that a very small defect in any one of them would seriously affect the power of vision. Hence for a full description and explanation of the use of these minor details the reader is referred to works of physiology.

In Fig. 2 the fundamental principle of eyesight is illustrated, and the organs in an eye, which are absolutely essential to the formation of a picture of a real object, are indicated. The object—an arrow, the ends of which are marked "a" and "b"—is placed at a certain distance from an ordinary magnifying glass, or lens, as it is called. The rays of light reflected from the arrow fall over the whole surface of the lens. It is only necessary, however, to consider four of these rays of light, two from either end of the arrow, in order to explain how the image or picture of the arrow is reproduced on the other side of the lens at A. B.

From the point "a," one ray passes directly through the centre of the lens in a perfectly straight path because the front and back surfaces of the lens in the path of such a ray are parallel, and the lens behaves in this case just as an ordinary piece of plate-

glass would do. The other ray of light passing from "a" strikes against a part of the lens "A" where the front and back surfaces are not parallel.

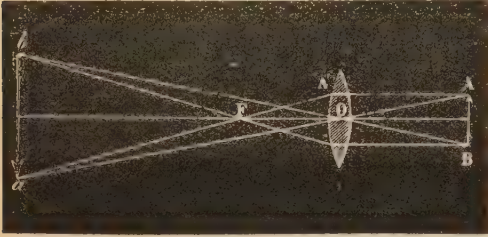


FIG. 2. PRINCIPLE OF LENS.

Whenever this is the case the path of the ray becomes bent toward the centre of the lens according to the well-known laws of refraction of light, so that the ray "a.A'" is bent at "A'" into the direction A'A., and ultimately meets the first ray "a.O.A." at A., reproducing at this point an image of the point "a."

If the lens is properly made all the other rays of light passing from "a," on whatever part of the lens they may fall, will be so bent as to meet at the same point A., and in fact the clearness of the image or picture depends upon all the rays from a point meeting, or being focussed, in this way to one point. As is the case with the point "a" in the arrow, so it is with the point "b" and every intermediate



FIG. 3. EYE OF LARVA OF BLOWFLY (MAGGOT).

point; the result being the formation of an image exactly like the real object, only less in size and inverted.

From this short account of the formation of a picture or an image, it will be evident that to produce such a picture a *lens* is necessary, and if the drawing of the human eye, as shown in Fig. 1, is again examined, it will at once be seen that such a

lens is present in the structure E, which is placed close behind the pupil (C) of the eye.

Moreover, if the image is to be seen or rendered apparent to the nerves of the eye, there must be a screen or prepared surface on which the picture can be reproduced.

It need scarcely be pointed out that this screen must be in exactly the right place, that is, just where the image is reproduced. In the human eye such a screen, called the retina (K), is provided, and lines the back of the eye-ball, where the exact image of everything we look at is reproduced in an inverted position. From this it is plain that the image on the retina of every object viewed by a human eye is upside down. This, however, is of little importance, as the brain, where the ultimate impression is produced, very early in infant days learns to interpret aright the pictures so produced.

This retina is constructed of an infinite number of minute nerve structures known as rods and cones, which are extremely sensitive to the various colours producing light, and the sum-total of the impressions made upon these rods and cones is conveyed along the optic nerve (M) to the brain, and the person becomes conscious of seeing.

The usefulness of the human, or any other single eye, is greatly increased by being moveable, and so made capable of being turned towards different ob-



FIG. 4. COMPOUND EYES ON HEAD OF COMMON HOUSE FLY.



FIG. 5. SECTION OF COMPOUND EYE OF GREAT WATER BEETLE.

jects without necessitating the movement of the whole head.

Animals, with the exception of a few classes, such as insects, amongst those living on land, and crustaceans (crabs, lobsters, etc.), living in water, are generally provided with an internal skeleton which is covered with the soft, fleshy parts of the body, whereas in the case of the classes of animals excepted, the skeleton is external, in the form of a hard and more or less horny skin. It is a remarkable fact that the compound eye is confined almost exclusively to such animals as have an outer skeleton, and it would seem, from this fact, as though the soft fleshy single eye of other animals were an unsuitable mechanism to be fitted into an otherwise horny skin.

The hard, horny cornea of the compound eye is, on the other hand, much more in keeping with the general structure of such animals. This is further accentuated by the fact that many insects in their larval stages, when their bodies are soft throughout, have very much simpler eye structures than in the imaginal or mature forms. For instance, the Common Blow Fly, which

in common with other insects possesses compound eyes, has, when in its larval stage as a maggot, much more rudimentary eye structures which practically consist of a few single fleshy eyes. These simple eyes of the maggot are shown in Fig. 3, taken from Lownes' work on the Blow Fly.

As may be inferred from the name compound, the eye of an insect consists of a greater or less number of structures, which are somewhat similar in action to the single eye of man. As a matter of fact the eyes of almost all insects are made up of very large numbers of individual organs, each one of which is capable of reproducing an image of the objects placed opposite to them. That this is so will be conclusively proved before the end of the article is reached. The very great number of these minute eyes which build up the compound eye may be gathered from the photograph of the head of the Common House Fly (Fig. 4), where each tiny dot in the two large hemispherical eye masses of the insect is practically an eye; and it can readily be under-

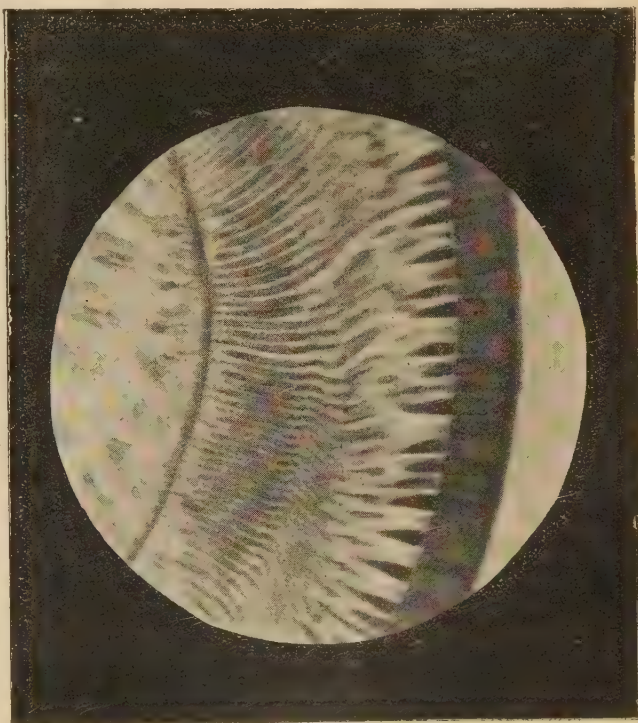


FIG. 6. PORTION OF SECTION SHOWN IN FIG. 5 MUCH MORE HIGHLY MAGNIFIED.



FIG. 7. SECTION OF COMPOUND EYE OF THE BEE.

stood that they are numbered by thousands, and very frequently by tens of thousands. For instance, in the case of the eye of the Great Water Beetle, from which most of the photographs illustrating this article are taken, each contains between four and five thousand, whilst each eye of the Dragon Fly is composed of from 25,000 to 30,000 facets. On the other hand, insects are known which possess only a single, or only a very few, of these very minute eyes in each eye mass. These are, however, the exception and not the rule.

Knowing thus much of the structure of a compound eye, it will not be expected that the internal structure should at all appear to resemble that of the simple eye, and a very cursory comparison of Figs. 5, 6 and 7 with Fig. 1 will confirm this idea. Figs. 5 and 6 are very thin sections of the eye of the Great Water Beetle, so made as to show the internal structure clearly.

On the outside is a comparatively thick and dense layer which is composed of the facets of the eye. It is built up of the Cornea and the lenses, of which there is one to each facet. The facets are so closely attached to one another that, in the case of this particular insect, they may not be separated one from the other. Each facet with its attached lens calls to mind, in the similarity of its structure and action, the small pieces of glass to which series of minute photographs are attached, so often seen in pen and pencil

holders, and the like, offered for sale at seaside and other pleasure resorts.

Each facet and lens produces an image of the objects in front of it, and these images are received, not directly by a retina, as in the case of the simple eye, but by crystalline cones, clearly shown in both Figs. 5 and 6, as darker triangular patches adjoining the outer darker layer of lenses. From the cones the image, or rather, the portion of the image which corresponds to that part of the object which comes directly opposite the particular facet, is carried on through long tube-like structures called Great Rods. And this would appear to be the function of these great rods, in that they only carry forward a particular portion of the image produced by the lenses—each eye thus registering the *exact part* of an object opposite to it, with the result that a real image is formed ultimately on the retina (shown in the photographs as a dark and distinct line lying concentrically to the outer layer of facets and lenses), being built up of the various portions reproduced by the individual eyes.

This is the explanation in general terms of the theory of Dioptric vision as enunciated by Lownes in 1884, and which is very rapidly becoming the accepted one by scientists, inasmuch as it can be much

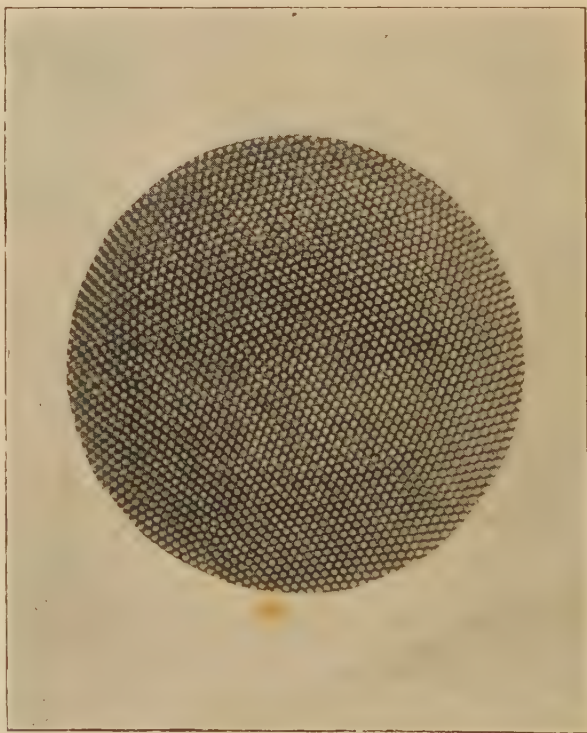


FIG. 8. PORTION OF CORNEA OF COMPOUND EYE OF GREAT WATER BEETLE.

more conclusively demonstrated, both experimentally as well as theoretically, than the older Mosaic theory which was conceived by Johannes Muller in 1826, in which it is presumed that each facet and lens reproduces a *complete* image on the retina of external objects.

Both these theories are fully explained and contrasted in Lownes' most admirable work on the "Blow Fly" (1895), to which, those readers who may be desirous of knowing more than could possibly be put into an article of this kind, are referred.

The cornea, along with the lenses, may, without much difficulty, be removed from a compound eye and separated from the other organs of the eye, and although naturally covering a more or less spherical surface, it may be laid out flat for examination. Figs. 8, 9 and 10 are micro-photographs of a cornea of the same beetle already mentioned, treated in this manner, and variously magnified. Fig. 8 is mag-

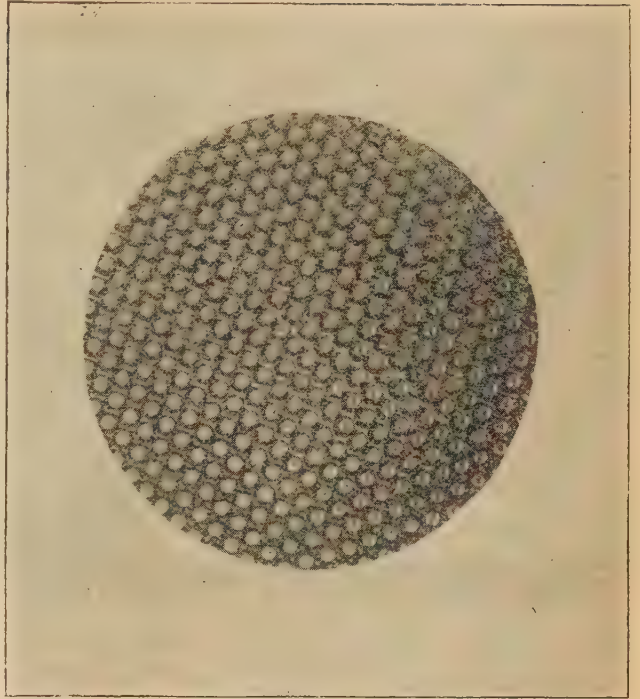


FIG. 9. PORTION OF FIG. 8 MORE HIGHLY MAGNIFIED SHOWING THE INDIVIDUAL LENSES.

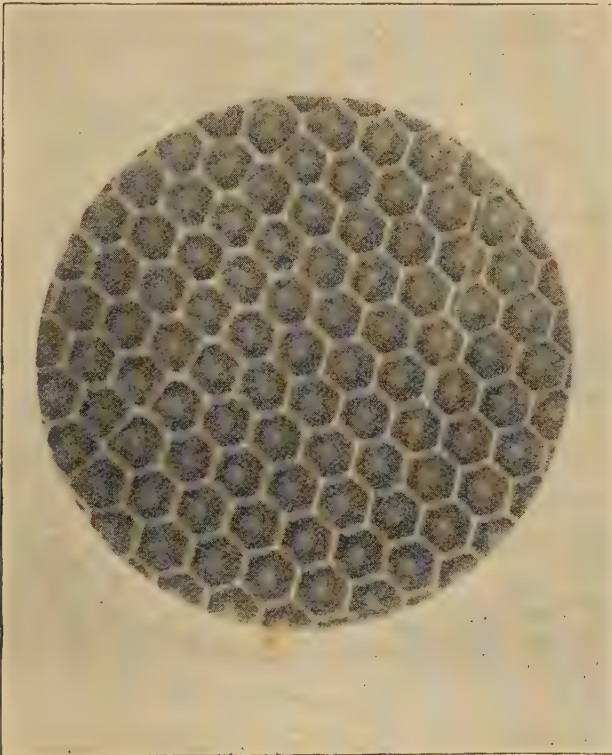


FIG. 10. SMALL PORTION OF CORNEA OF GREAT WATER BEETLE VERY HIGHLY MAGNIFIED.

nified about forty diameters. By this is meant that the diameter of the disc covered by the whole photograph is forty times the diameter of the actual disc being examined, and consequently the diameter of each little dot representing a single facet is shown forty times larger than is actually the case.

In Fig. 9 the magnification is 100 diameters, and in Fig. 10 it is 250 diameters.

As the cornea contains the lenses which produce the first images formed in the compound eye, it can be utilised when spread out flat as already described for showing these images: As an image is produced by each facet, as many images will be formed as there are facets in the cornea. But as the facets are very minute, so are the images which are formed; and before they can be seen by the human eye they must be magnified. In Figs. 12 and 13, which are photographs of these multiple images, the magnification is about 300 diameters.

The objects employed in produc-



FIG. 11. FIGURES (ACTUAL SIZE) USED FOR PRODUCING THE MULTIPLIED IMAGES IN FIG. 12 AND 13.

ing these images are shown in the photograph (Fig. 11), and were holes, of the shape shown, cut in black cardboard. Each of these objects in its turn was placed below the cornea when in position under the microscope with a very strong light behind it, so that a beam of light of the same sectional shape as the hole in the cardboard fell on the cornea, and was reproduced by each facet with the result shown in Figs. 12 and 13. The formation of these multiple images is by no means an easy task, and the photographing of them has been found to be a much more difficult one. The photographs are not nearly so clear and distinct as the images are really, when viewed directly through the microscope, but are, nevertheless, sufficiently so, to be easily recognisable.

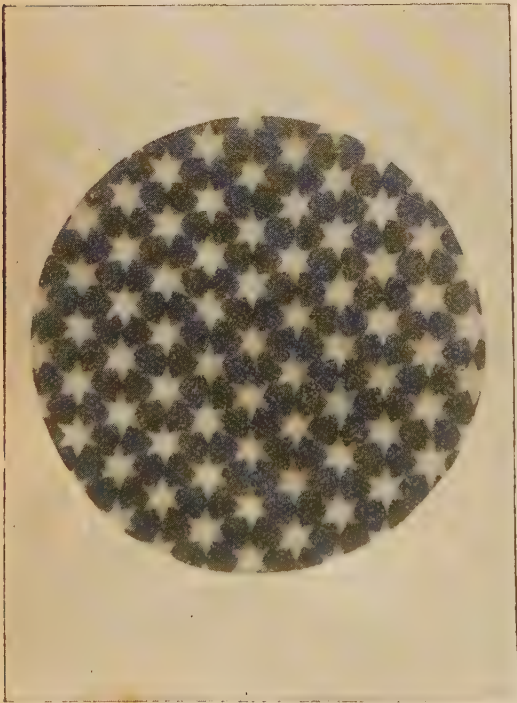


FIG. 12. MULTIPLIED IMAGES OF THE STAR IN FIG. 11 PRODUCED BY THE LENSES OF CORNEA OF GREAT WATER BEETLE.

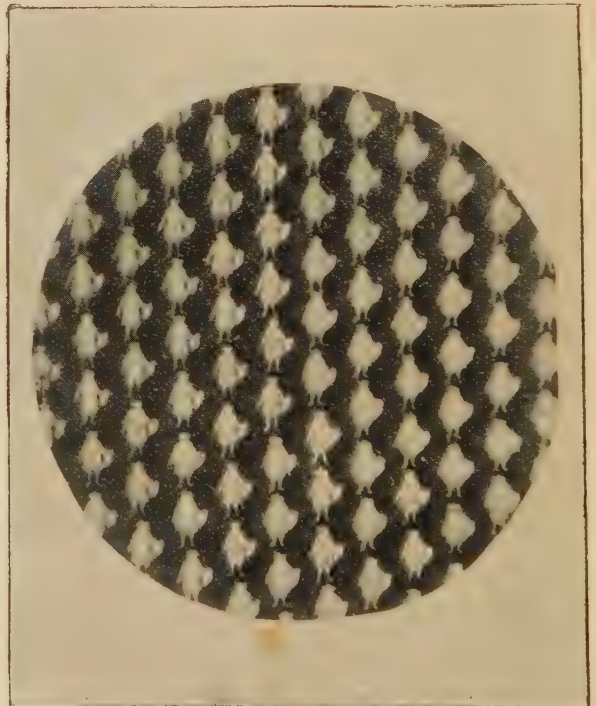


FIG. 13. MULTIPLIED IMAGES OF FIGURE OF MAN (FIG. 11) PRODUCED BY THE CORNEA OF THE GREAT WATER BEETLE.

From what has been said on the formation of images, it will be seen at once that the production of these multiplied images conclusively proves the

existence of a perfect and accurate lens in each facet of the cornea, and at the same time, the compound nature of an insect's eye.

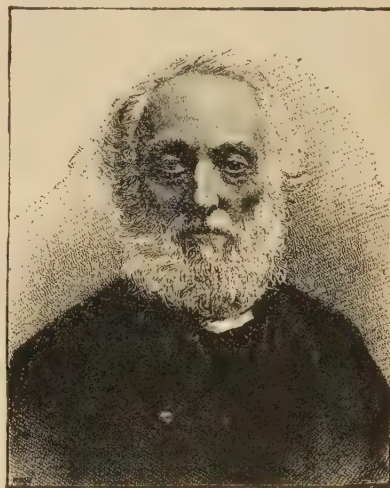
Dr. Gregory's "Sidelights on Methodism."



DR. GREGORY has rendered an important service to Methodism by the publication of this work, in which, for the first time so far as we know, light is clearly and directly shed on the inner action of the Wesleyan Conference during a period the

most strenuous in some respects that the Wesleyan Church has passed through. It was a period during which ecclesiastical imperialism found itself confronted with a liberalism which, though moderate in its character and aims, and conservative of the many excellences which distinguished the Wesleyan polity, nevertheless claimed greater freedom and a wider franchise in the administration of Connexional affairs. The published official records of this period afforded but scant information of what passed in the exclusive court which held supreme rule in Methodism. They gave decisions reached, but shed no light upon the processes by which these decisions were reached. Now and again, it is true, when conflict became keen, and consequences which passed under the name of discipline were experienced, some knowledge of the inner action of the Conference was obtained, but this knowledge, filtering through strife and dissension, was really more bewildering than informing, and formed a very inadequate guide to the merits of Conferential action. Biographies, too, have been written of men eminent in Methodism, and who played a leading part in Conferential business and in Connexional government, but even these, though in many respects valuable, afford only limited material for forming a judgment on the action of the ecclesiastical courts of which they were members, and give but very scant information concerning any debates which preceded the decision of grave and serious questions, nor of the use that, at least upon some occasions, was made of personal influence in determining Conferential action. These biographies, though valuable from the standpoint from which they were written, were not in any strict sense histories of the period they covered, nor were they written to give historical, but biographical, information. History ought to deal with all sides of any movement impartially, but histories of Methodism, like other his-

tories that might be named, can hardly be said to conform to this standard, and possibly the authors are not to blame for this. We do not suppose that



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any official record of the debates in the Conference, during the period covered by Dr. Gregory's volume, exists, and the bald, official record of decisions reached does not say much, in fact, says very little about the process which led to these decisions being adopted by the Assembly. Hitherto, in relation to the Wesleyan Conference, information has been lacking respecting its inner history during the strenuous times which made up for it the second quarter of the nineteenth century.

To some extent this lack is now supplied by the work Dr. Gregory has published, but not to the extent the sources upon which he has drawn rendered possible. His main source of information has been the record of Conference proceedings made by the Rev. Joseph Fowler, one of the most eminent men Methodism has produced, but who, in consequence of the moderate liberalism that ever influenced him as a member of the Conference, did not gain the official recognition to which his gifts and

services entitled him. So much, at any rate, Dr. Gregory makes plain, and in the course of his work he makes it equally plain that other men suffered



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more or less in the same way. The concessions upon questions of ecclesiastical administration which have been made, and are still being made, in parent Methodism, have not been gained without some sacrifice as Dr. Gregory's pages testify. At a considerable price has this freedom, and we may add, this growing freedom, been secured. Mr. Fowler, from 1827 to 1852, made copious notes of the debates in the Wesleyan Conference, and it is from this source that Dr. Gregory mainly draws his material, though, of course, he can speak from personal knowledge respecting much about which he writes. The volumes containing these notes are in the possession of Mr. Fowler's son, and evidently form a rare repository of information concerning the period to which they relate. The impression is difficult to avoid that Dr. Gregory has dealt economically with these notes in more senses than one. Of course, publication *in extenso* was out of the question, and as a wise and prudent editor, he has had to make a selection; but the thought occurs that he has not deemed it prudent to publish too much, and that this economy was practised, not because the unpublished material is trivial, but for more important and substantial reasons. It is not surprising to us that grave apprehension has been felt in relation to these notes of Mr. Fowler's, and fear expressed that publication might not be advantageous to Methodism; that any lessons these discussions furnish are not now needed, and that the publication might prove inopportune and dangerous; and that the susceptibilities of many worthy people might be hurt, hence

they had better remain in the seclusion in which they have hitherto been kept. The custodians of these notes have wisely determined otherwise, and the selection and editing could not have been placed in safer or abler hands.

The central and ruling personality in the Conferences, and, in fact, in Methodist administration generally during these twenty-five years was Dr. Bunting. He exercised during these years an authority as imperial and absolute as it has ever fallen to the lot of any man to exercise in Christendom, if we except the Pope. He never exercised any such authority as the occupant of the See of Rome does, but short of that he evidently ruled with an absolutism and secured a submission in Methodism which may appear surprising, but which when duly considered is perhaps not so surprising after all. Dr. Bunting was a man of rare endowments, possessing great force of character, and would have gained ascendancy in any sphere of life. When he entered the Wesleyan ministry he found conditions



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of Church organisation which favoured the ascendancy and dominance of a personality like his; and given the endowments and qualities of the man and the environment into which he entered, and it would have been singular had he not risen to pre-eminence. The policy of Wesleyan Methodism during the years upon which Dr. Gregory's "Sidelights" are shed, was the policy of Dr. Bunting. Thus much is clear from Mr. Fowler's notes of Conference proceedings, and thus much is conceded in the excellent biography of Dr. Bunting written by his son. Dr. Bunting himself appears to have held much the same opinion, and in the very last message he sent to the Confer-

ence, maintained the rightness of his policy. But these "Sidelights" show this policy to have been anything but conducive to the peace and prosperity of Methodism. Three out of the four great Secessions which have taken place in Methodism occurred from 1827 to 1852, and it is plain that Dr. Bunting's policy rigidly enforced was the main cause in each case. It may, perhaps, be urged that his policy was simply to carry out the principles of Church order instituted by John Wesley. This, to some extent, may be correct, but unless we are much mistaken, he pushed these principles to an extreme that was never contemplated in early Methodism. And it is an obvious fact that, only by departing more or less from his policy, has peace been maintained and prosperity realised in the parent Methodist community. Had questions that have arisen in recent years been met in the same way as questions raised in the third, fourth and fifth decades of the century were met, there can be little doubt but serious secession would have taken place. Fortunately, a wiser policy has prevailed, and concessions have been made departing widely from Dr. Bunting's policy, and to which in life he was strenuously opposed. It is true the fundamental principle of his policy is still maintained, but in application it has been considerably modified. This fundamental principle, as he himself stated, was the supreme authority of the Pastorate. This he maintained was the one essential principle of ecclesiastical polity. All else was secondary and subordinate. Taking up this position, Dr. Bunting regarded the superintendent of a circuit as the chief and ruling authority in it. The chairman of a district was practically the supreme authority in it, and over all was the collective pastorate of the Conference, which was represented all the year through by the President and the executive. One of his main endeavours during his long and laborious life was in all respects to strengthen the executive and give more emphatic expression to the supremacy of the pastorate. Not a debate in Conference which finds record in Dr. Gregory's pages but reveals this more or less, and to such an extreme did he push this principle, that he held that the wish of a superintendent of a circuit as to who should be his colleagues ought to outweigh any wish on the part of the officials or members. In fact, the whole question of appointing ministers he regarded as belonging to the Stationing Committee and the collective pastorate assembled in Conference. The extreme to which he carried this principle of pastoral supremacy led him to oppose the production of any authorised compendium of the regulations and rules that would in any way bind the Conference in its action. His position was that the Minutes on Discipline, the Plan of Pacification of 1795, the Leeds Regulations of 1797, were only binding as explained by the action of the Conference itself, leaving the Conference at liberty to observe or depart from these rules and regulations as



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might under the circumstances be its pleasure. A method of interpretation, as Dr. Gregory observes, bearing "too strong a resemblance to the mode in which the Vatican observes the Scriptures—not as taken in their simple, obvious and straightforward sense, but as explained by its own action." Every request and petition for an authorised explanation or interpretation of the rules and regulations of Methodism met with the determined opposition of Dr. Bunting. This explanation, or interpretation, had to be supplied by the action of the collective pastorate assembled in Conference, and in that collective pastorate Dr. Bunting for many years was supreme. Now the value of these "Sidelights" consists in the revelation they make of this policy in actual operation in the inner councils of Methodism. Some of the effects of it have been apparent enough in the Methodism of the past, but never before has so clear a search-light been shed on the inner procedure of the Wesleyan Conference. These "Sidelights" set in a very different perspective to that in which they have hitherto been regarded, many events in Methodist history, and alter in not a few cases the incidence of blame in relation to some of these occurrences. No more important contribution to the real history of Methodism has yet been made than these notes of Mr. Fowler and these reminiscences of Dr. Gregory supply.

To lay representation in the higher courts of Methodism such as has been conceded in recent years, Dr. Bunting's policy was absolutely opposed. He certainly originated what were known as the mixed committees—a combination of laymen and ministers to deal with various questions of Connexional finance—but even in this step, which was felt to be necessary to allay a growing restlessness on the part of the laity, care was taken to guard the pastoral prerogative. Dr. Bunting resisted any intrusion of the representative principle. The lay

members of these committees were not elected but selected, and selected by the pastorate in one form or another, and as a matter of course, as Dr. Gregory tersely puts it, the selectors were not likely to choose men whom they thought would oppose them in what they wished to have done. It was unquestionably a politic move, and served for a time, but like all politic moves, only for a time.

The agitation of 1827, consequent upon the Organ question in Leeds, is the starting-point Dr. Gregory selects in giving publicity to Mr. Fowler's notes; and it is clear, but for the high doctrine of the pastorate which Dr. Bunting held, this question might have been amicably settled. He, of course, was favourable to the use of organs in places of worship, and had some time before got one introduced into Brunswick Chapel, Liverpool; and with an



DR. ADAM CLARKE.

effort of this kind properly pursued no fault could have been found. Had this agitation been confined to the organ question, and the legitimate method of introducing such instruments into the Methodist chapels, no such results as happened would have followed. In 1820 the Conference had settled the procedure that was to govern cases of this kind, and the parties desiring an organ for Brunswick Chapel, Leeds, had been defeated in their attempts to obtain the consent of the leaders' meeting and the sanction of the District Meeting, and here the case should have rested till by the use of legitimate means the end proposed could have been secured. A majority of the trustees were not favourable to the introduction of the instrument, but four of their number whose names Dr. Gregory does not give, put themselves into communication with certain ministers in London, and had the case raised in Conference without the sanction of the District Meeting, which was a necessary condition of Conferential action in the matter. This action raised at once the question whether the Conference could set aside its

own law so long as it was unrepealed. That the Conference could repeal the law was not disputed, but could it act contrary to the law so long as the law was unrepealed? The trustees wanting the instrument were in a minority. The circuit was opposed to it, and the ministers in charge warned the Conference of the consequences if the rule was disregarded. Notwithstanding this, the Conference gave sanction for the introduction of the organ, setting aside its own law, and assuming an authority superior to the law, an essential element in the doctrine of the pastorate held by him who had already become the ruling mind in Methodism. The consequence was immediate agitation in Leeds. It was, perhaps, unfortunate that just at this juncture the superintendency of the station changed hands. The new superintendent proceeded to acts of discipline, but the agitation continued, and so, as Chairman of the District, he convened a Special District Meeting to deal with the state of affairs that had sprung up. But in taking this action he departed from prescribed procedure and introduced extraneous members into the meeting, and among others, Dr. Bunting, who happened that year to be Secretary of the Conference. Now, Dr. Bunting had no right to be present at the meeting at all, but to give cover to his presence, a new function, utterly unknown in Methodism, was created by some equally unknown authority, and he attended as the "Official adviser of the President." Other unconstitutional measures were adopted, and so the agitation spread and became more aggravated. At the Conference of 1828, when the case came up again, Dr. Bunting was President. In a lengthy speech he defended the action of the Special District Meeting, maintaining that the straining or overpassing of the law was necessary in the emergency, and characterised the agitation as "an insurrection against the pastoral office" that needed to be effectively suppressed. He carried with him a majority of the Conference, though several of the older and wiser men voted against the resolution—"That the Special District Meeting was both indispensably necessary, and in the most extraordinary emergency, constitutional also." He thus secured for one of his interpretations of pastoral supremacy the imprimatur of the Conference. This seems to have been the first instance in which the Conference assumed superiority to the law as it stood. There followed, as a matter of course, widespread dissatisfaction, and as Dr. Gregory pertinently remarks, the first of the connected secessions which ended in the deplorable disruption of 1849. At the root of each of these secessions lay the asserted supremacy of the pastorate. It has been stated that the Secessionists of 1828 separated from the parent body merely because an organ was introduced into the Brunswick Chapel, Leeds. Such evidently was not the case. It is doubtful if the mere question of the organ would have led one person to separate himself from the

Methodist Church. Nothing is clearer from the record Dr. Gregory gives than that it was the unconstitutional action of the Conference itself which led to the disastrous consequences which befell the Church in Leeds and other places; and it is equally unquestionable that Mr. Grindrod, the superintendent of the Leeds Circuit, acted under the direction of a will more inflexible, and a nature more imperious and masterful than his own. Such, at any rate, is Dr. Gregory's opinion, and he says he has never met with any one who, acquainted with the men and the facts of the case, held any other opinion. When occasion suited him, Dr. Bunting could remind the Conference that while it possessed power it must not be used impetuously or arbitrarily; but that if it wished to keep power it must use it sparingly. Had this prudent utterance been at all times observed, Methodism would have been spared many a painful experience.

In the earlier pages of Dr. Gregory's work nothing is more painful than the account given of the treatment of Dr. Adam Clarke. Dr. Clarke was at the time an aged man, and few men in Methodism had served it as he had; and yet his treatment in relation to his Irish Schools and his retirement from the active ministry was such as could hardly be credited unless given upon good authority. Dr. Clarke, actuated by the best of motives, had used his position and influence in providing educational facilities for his native district in the North of Ireland, facilities that were greatly needed, and though he was over seventy years of age, he did not hesitate to make a tour through the North of Ireland and establish and provide for the maintenance of several schools. These schools he placed under the care of the Irish Conference as the body most likely to attend to their welfare through the superintendents of the circuits in which they were located. This, however, did not meet with the approval of the executive in London, who regarded it as anomalous that a member of the British Conference should be supporting establishments that were not authorised by and connected with the body of which he was a member. Dr. Clarke explained the situation, and pointed out that there was more likelihood of the schools being efficiently managed by direct superintendence in Ireland than by making them dependent upon the management of an agent of the Missionary Committee resident in London. His action was branded as irregular, and a resolution regretting the course he had pursued, which was, in fact, a resolution of censure, was adopted, though, as Mr. Fowler in his notes remarks, a few hands only were lifted in favour of it, but the contrary was never put. But Dr. Clarke received even less consideration than this in connection with the close of his ministry. In the Life of Dr. Beaumont, written by his son, there is considerable reference to this treatment of Dr. Clarke, for at the Conference of 1832, Dr. Beaumont felt it necessary to speak out plainly and

forcibly in relation to the case, which action on his part was made a ground of accusation against him, his accuser being Dr. Bunting, who, when the course of business relating to ministerial character came on, rose and called attention to the conduct of Dr. Beaumont, who had deemed it necessary to defend Dr. Clarke. To entertain the idea that any one had acted or wished to act unjustly towards Dr. Clarke, and that any defence was needed, was construed into an offence against the authority of the Conference, and as a consequence, Dr. Beaumont was censured from the chair. He felt this to be a grievous injustice, and wrote a long remonstrance to the Conference, but without any effect. It had evidently become an offence that could not be brooked, for any man to oppose himself to the ruling spirit in the Conference. Dr. Beaumont, as Dr. Gregory testifies, was a strict upholder of Methodist rule, but injustice, and especially to such a man as Dr. Clarke, he could not permit to pass without protest, and so he spoke out plainly and forcibly concerning the unjust treatment that had been meted out to Dr. Clarke in connection with his retirement from the active ministry. A venerable man, Dr. Gregory says, his senior in the ministry, wrote him not long ago, and said, "If every one of us had spoken out in Conference as Dr. Beaumont did, we should have had no rift in the Methodist lute, no *Fly Sheets*, and no disruption in 1849." To the last day of his long and useful life Dr. Beaumont looked back upon the action he took in connection with Dr. Clarke's case with satisfaction and approval. His letter to the Conference, which is fully given in his biography, is a manly and Christian remonstrance against the unjust censure which had been passed upon him for doing what he regarded as his duty, and which he would fain have avoided could he have done so with a good conscience.

Dr. Clarke did not attend the Conference of 1831. He had been stationed the preceding three years as an additional minister to the Hinde Street Station, London, but without any salary from the circuit, receiving only an allowance for travelling expenses as he lived out in the country. As the Conference drew on he communicated with the Chairman of the District, whose name is not given, but who, we gather, presided at the Conference of that year, respecting his future appointment. The chairman gave him no hint respecting superannuation. In fact, there did not appear any reason for retirement. He was taking regular Sunday work in the circuit, and during the week was preaching special sermons in various parts of the country. The Chairman of the District even suggested that the Lambeth Circuit would be a suitable station for him on the same conditions under which he had laboured at Hinde Street. And so the matter rested till Conference came, at which, for some reason or other, he was not present. To his surprise he received from the Chairman of his District a letter to

the effect that a strong opinion had been expressed in the Stationing Committee that he should be placed upon the list of retired ministers, but by whom the opinion was expressed was not stated. To this Dr. Clarke replied, protesting against the suggested superannuation as harsh and unwarrantable treatment, and requesting that he might be allowed to continue another year and so complete his half-century of active ministerial labour. This letter was never presented to the Stationing Committee or to the Conference; in fact, as Dr. Gregory points out, the Stationing Committee does not appear to have presented the case to the Conference at all as a case of superannuation, and though he was placed to the London Sixth Circuit, his name does not occur amongst the ministers who are to become supernumeraries. There was considerable discussion respecting the ministers who were to be placed to the London Circuits, but Dr. Clarke's name is not so much as mentioned in these discussions. Against his own expressed wish, and to his great sorrow and pain, and really without the knowledge of Conference, he was set aside by the action of some one whose name and influence does not appear in the annals Dr. Gregory deems it prudent to publish. At the Conference of 1832, the case, of course, came up, and it was at this Conference that Dr. Beaumont was censured for his manly action in denouncing the treatment Dr. Clarke had received, while the ex-President, who had suppressed Dr. Clarke's letter, received not a word of remonstrance or rebuke, nor did the Assembly in any way resent the action which fastened upon the Conference conduct of which it was ignorant in 1831, and knew nothing till the following Conference brought it to light. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the old man who had won so distinguished a position among scholars, and

the recognition of whose worth was national, and who was withal too liberal in his views, was felt to be an inconvenience, and so this method was adopted with a view to quietly shelve him. A further indignity still was inflicted upon him by severing his connection with Metropolitan Methodism, and relegating him to a country station. He did not, however, long survive this treatment, for in a short time after that Liverpool Conference, he ascended to the higher service of the Master's Kingdom. Before his departure, however, he received back from his Irish brethren the schools he had made over to them, and conveyed them in excellent condition, and well endowed, to the Wesleyan Missionary Society. Dr. Bunting manifested great anxiety that it should be understood that this was Dr. Clarke's own act and not that of his executors, but at the same time, it is evident enough that but for the action of Dr. Bunting and his supporters in Conference, this would not have been done. Before he left Liverpool he had an interview with the Irish representatives, and the result was as stated,—they surrendered the schools back to him, and he, to pacify the British executive, conveyed them to the Missionary Society. Dr. Gregory has done a service to the Church in making it clear that the treatment of Dr. Clarke did not originate with the Conference, nor indeed in the first instance was sanctioned by Conference, but was accomplished by one of the devious methods to which men in power are sometimes tempted to resort; but he cannot altogether exculpate the Conference, for whatever may be said in relation to the Conference of 1831, the Conference of 1832 acted with full knowledge. This chapter in Methodist history yields little credit to any save those who were the sufferers.

A. J.

(To be concluded.)

The Organ-Master.

I STOOD in the ancient minster,
Close beside the white-robed choir;
And the faces of the singers
Seemed to glow with heavenly fire.
Their voices rose in the anthem,
Like birds on ecstatic wing;
And e'en the angels must have paused
To hear them so sweetly sing.

It ceased, and the organ-master,
In rapture began to play
A theme which filled me with wonder,
And charmed care and grief away.
Through resplendent pictured windows
The sun its radiance shed,
O'er the master wove a veil of gold,
Cast a halo round his head.

He appeared as though transfigured,
So majestic were his lays;
Anon like solemn requiem,
Now swelling in hymn of praise;
Now soaring to heights supernal,
Then falling to depths untold;
My soul rode on the organ's notes,
Its cadences manifold.

Ere long came a soothing calmness,
Which shrouded the soul with peace,
And methought the white-haired master
His seraphic airs would cease;
But the hush was but the prelude
To music sublime and grand,
Which stopp'd abrupt, for the throes of death
Had still'd the magician's hand.

THOS. J. B. CASEY.



The Home Circle.

"IF I WERE KING——"

IF I were king," said Ernest, "I would give to every little boy in the land a fine rocking-horse, or else a model train with engine that gets up steam, and goes round a line of rails on the table."

"And if I were queen," said Dora, "I would give to every little girl in the land a doll's house with six large rooms, beautifully furnished, and a papa and mamma doll, with two little boy and two little girl dolls."

"I tink kings and queens is drefful mean," said little Isabel, "for they keep all the lovely things for themselves. I wish Ernie was king and Dora was queen."

Ernest and Dora felt very good just then, their hearts overflowing with kindly intentions towards all the little boys and girls of the land; but I am not so sure that if their wishes had been fulfilled, those little boys and girls would have been quite certain of getting that rocking-horse, or train, or doll's house. You see, there is such a difference between what we think we would do with something that is not ours, and what we actually do with the things that are ours. We think, "If I had thousands and thousands of pounds a year, I would go about finding out all the very poor people, and would give them nice warm clothes to wear, and food to eat, and would try to put them in a better position so that they should not be poor any more." But as a matter of fact, when Uncle Joseph gave Ernest a shilling, he did not share it with anybody, but bought himself a fishing-rod with it, and when Dora got from Aunt Julia that lovely doll that shuts her eyes when you hold her in your arms, and opens them when you hold her upright, and says "Mamma" when you pull a string, she refused unkindly to let Isabel play with it.

"If 'ifs' and 'ands' were pots and pans,
What would the tinkers do?"

we used to say when I was a boy, and there is a moral in the jingle we all need to learn.

It is very nice to imagine what we would do if we lived under conditions in which we could do what we liked, and be Lord Bountiful and Lady Bountiful to everybody, without making any real sacrifices, but the boy or girl who, just as they are now, makes a real sacrifice, however small, to help some one else, or to please some one else, is really showing that he or she is one of nature's uncrowned kings and queens.

But this is not meant to be a sermon, although I should like it to teach, as the poet Tennyson says, that—

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

What a lot of unkind people—cold hearts—there are in the world! It reminds me of the German story of the man who was persuaded by the Little Glass Man—a wicked sprite who lived in a fir-wood—to exchange his heart for a heart of ice, on condition that the Little Glass Man made his fortune for him. The exchange was made, and the fortune came, and the icy heart went on working as if it had been a heart of flesh, but the gold brought no joy to its owner, for he had lost the power to love, and became more and more wretched as he grew richer and richer.

There is no happiness in living only for ourselves. It is in making others happy that we become happy. That is why, of all people, real genuine Christian people are the most happy, the fullest of joy. They "feel like singing all the day," because their religion is a religion of doing good, just as Jesus Himself came into the world, and was just the kindest and the tenderest and the most sympathising Helper

who ever came into the world. Now, if ever you find a miserable grumbling Christian, you may be sure that he or she has not been living to make others happy, but has only been trying to get something for his or her own selfish ends.

What a beautiful thing a truly Christian home is, where father and mother, and brothers and sisters, are all just trying to outdo each other in acts of love and kindness, and to show which can be the most unselfish, and can do most to make the others happy! I saw over the mantelpiece in a minister's house lately, a card with the inscription, "Christ is a perpetual Guest in this house. He is present at every meal, and listens to all our conversation." If it be so, and there is nothing to offend Him, that house is surely a little heaven upon earth. And why shouldn't it be? Jesus joyed to share in happy home-life while He was on earth. I think of Him at that wedding-feast, looking with smiling eyes at the merry guests, and silently blessing the new home that was being founded. I think of Him in Peter's house, with Peter's wife's mother, whom He had healed of the fever, bustling about Him in loving service. And most of all, I think of Him in the home of the sisters of Bethany, where there was always the best bedroom kept for the dear Friend who had given them back their brother from the grave. Ah! Jesus loved the home, though often He "had not where to lay His head."

There is a very pretty book by Mr. William Can-

ton, called "The Invisible Playmate." All children, as you know, are fond of making believe, and sometimes their making believe is so realistic that you are deceived by it. Why, I have heard my boys and girls talking angrily, and behaving, as I have thought, quite badly, and when I have gone to reprove them, they have said, "We are only playing at school, and pretending to be naughty!" I do not much like that sort of making believe.

But about Mr. Canton's book. He tells of a little girl who was always pretending to play with somebody who was not there. She would carry on a conversation of which you heard only her part of it. She would sit at table and gravely take tea with her unseen companion. She would go walks with her, and really, the invisible playmate seemed more real to her than her actual boy and girl friends. And one day this unseen playmate fell ill, and for days was carefully nursed in bed, and it grew worse, and the little girl was very grave and shed silent tears, and then it died; the little girl was broken-hearted. As you read the little story you try hard to laugh at the little girl, and say, "It's only make believe," but you find that you are laughing, after all, through your tears. Yes, children's sorrows are often imaginary, but they are very real to them. But what I wanted to say is, that we should try to realize the actual presence in our homes of Christ, the Invisible Guest, just as vividly as that little girl realised the presence of her invisible playmate.

ZETA.

Connexional Biography.

REV. ISAAC HEDGES.

THE subject of this sketch passed to his rest and reward on September 7th, 1898. For over 20 years he had been a prominent and distinguished figure in the town of Burnley. He was tall and gentlemanly in deportment, with a frank and pleasing countenance, and possessed a voice, both strong and musical, and of marvellous compass. Kind and gentle in disposition, optimistic and genial in conversation, he won the confidence of members in all the churches, and the esteem of hundreds outside.

"Father" Hedges, as he was called, was regarded by old and young, rich and poor, as the Grand Old Man of Primitive Methodism, for he was the friend of all and the enemy of none.

He was born on Christmas Day in 1815—the memorable year of Waterloo—at Shefford, near Reading. The Connexion was then in its infancy, but already waxing strong for its great conflict. The times were stirring; the people in darkness; superstition, sensualism, cruelty, and oppression rampant, and the toilers overworked and underpaid. Scenes of Sabbath desecration, gross licentiousness, and

coarse brutality were disgracefully common and appalling. The struggles for civil and religious freedom were often fierce and stern, and Isaac Hedges was destined to take a part in these struggles, and to help make that history, some chapters of which are full of the splendour of a Christly self-sacrifice, Christian heroism, and a noble, holy audacity. To men of the type of Mr. Hedges, our debt is great. The nation, the empire, the world, the Church, and especially our Connexion, are all under deep obligation to these men. How great our obligation will not be known until the great God shall reveal it from His book of Remembrance before an assembled universe.

Isaac Hedges' father was a farmer, and both his parents were members of the Church of England. In April, 1830, under the labours of the Rev. Thomas Russell, who was then missioning the southern counties with true apostolic zeal and marvellous success, Isaac, with a number of others, was converted from the error of his ways. He at once joined the Primitive Methodist Society, though much against the wishes of his parents, for in those days

we were not only feeble but under great reproach. He was trained in the hardihood of apostolic simplicity, for he received his first class-ticket under a hedge, and the first sacramental service he attended was in God's temple beneath a tree. He soon began to take an active part in the great revival which was stirring the counties of Buckingham and Hertford, and the adjacent districts—a revival which was creating epochs in the history of religious life and progress. Having, in due course, been placed on the plan as a local preacher, he showed such zeal, piety, and aptitude, that in July, 1839, he was called to the work of a travelling preacher.

He commenced his ministry at Marlborough, and for nearly forty years, amid storm and calm, persecution, poverty, and stern opposition, he gave proof of his divine call to the work. Like his noble predecessor, the Apostle of the Gentiles, he was often ill-treated, spurned with contempt, pelted with refuse, driven out of the villages by the baser sort, who were often encouraged and aided by the squire and parson, condemned to prison and the treadmill as a common felon. He endured hunger and weariness, and often after walking many miles, preaching four or five times, conducting prayer meetings, leading classes, and visiting the sick, there was no room for him either in the cottage or the inn, and, having no place where to lay his head, would, in sheer exhaustion, sink upon the hard ground to rest.

It was both delightful and painful to hear him tell of the opening of some of these missions. Delightful to note his noble endurance, but painful to think of the brutal persecution, hardship, privation, and excessive toil through which he passed. In establishing societies he met with determined opposition, and often from those who ought to have given their sympathy, yet nothing daunted, he prosecuted his task against the forces of ignorance, prejudice, superstition, pride, self-interest, and worldliness, demonstrating the power of the glorious gospel to triumph over all the powers of darkness. In the recital of these experiences his face would brighten, his eyes flash with the fire of his soul, whilst his whole frame would quiver with excitement, as he punctuated his stories with exclamations of "Glory!" "Bless the Lord!" "Halleluia!" To hear him at these times was like a recital from the "Acts of the Apostles."

Some idea of his excessive and exhaustive labours may be formed by a quotation from his Journal, bearing date 1854. "Rose at 5 o'clock, read a portion of Scripture and prayed; at 6 a.m. attended a prayer meeting. After breakfast, walked fifteen miles and preached in the open-air, and conducted a prayer-meeting, after walking three miles preached in a room and led a class-meeting, then walked two-and-a-half miles and preached in a cottage, conducted a prayer meeting, and then walked seven miles, arriving home at 2 a.m., besides visiting several families and praying with them. Monday, rose at 6 a.m. After reading a portion of the Scriptures, and devo-

tional exercises, learned some Latin words, translated some Greek exercises, read a portion of Pollok's 'Course of Time,' studied a lesson in Cassell's Popular Educator." After this we find him starting for a week's mission over the mountains and valleys of Wales, forming new societies, strengthening old ones, singing and preaching in the open-air, cottages, hired rooms, visiting the people in their homes, and, where permitted, praying with them, giving consolation to the sick, and directing the dying to the Lamb of God, and receiving such hospitality as the people would or could give him. Often on these journeys, drenched to the skin, and too foot-sore to proceed farther, he would lie down by a haystack, or beneath the shelter of an old barn, and yet amid all these toils and privations, coupled with persecution and the contempt of the people, he was delighted if he saw men and women saved, and the cause which was dear to his heart prospering.

Some idea of the stations of those days may be inferred from the fact that one of them has since been made into nine independent circuits. The toil, privations, and hardships of those days required special gifts and endowments. A sound physical constitution, more than ordinary courage, deep piety, tact, perseverance, and good common-sense, were absolutely essential. Hundreds of ordinary men entered upon this great work but gave up after a brief season, either through inability, despair, or disgust. We have often heard our old friend, Mr. Hedges, refer to some of them, some of whom he said received short calls. Of himself it could truly be said his was a call for life.

There were not many inducements in those days for young men to enter our ministry. The fare was scant, the pay small and uncertain, and even out of this small allowance had often to be deducted an adverse balance when changing stations. The homes were poor, miserably furnished, and in low neighbourhoods, and often amid unpleasant surroundings that must have been repulsive to men and women of sensitive nature. The mode of travelling from one circuit to another in those days was often tedious and expensive. Journeys that now would be accomplished in a few hours would then have taken several days.

Mr. Hedges was married in 1845 to Miss Ganstone, of Hammersmith, London, by whom he had four sons and one daughter, but of these only two sons are living, one of whom is an eminent musician and distinguished organist. His wife died in 1870, and he married again in 1897, and Mrs. Hedges survives him.

He has left a name fragrant in the memories of thousands in our Israel. During his ministry he travelled on the following circuits:—Marlborough, Windsor (twice), Hammersmith (London Mission), Wallingford, Oxford, Brinkworth, Sturminster, Buckingham, Tredegar, Falmouth, Frome, Aberdare, St. Austell, Pontefract, Clayton West, Pateley Bridge,

Sowerby Bridge, Silsden and Burnley First, where he was superannuated by the Manchester Conference in 1878. For several years he was engaged by the Burnley First Circuit to visit amongst the people. This labour he accomplished with much acceptability, and he only relinquished it when compelled by failing health. Up to the last he took deep interest in the progress of the Connexion which was so dear to his heart, and in which he had spent the whole of his life. Nothing, indeed, gave him greater pleasure than to read or hear of the extension of the work. The local press has spoken in the highest praise of his life and service. Though Burnley will miss his familiar figure, and the voice which has so often rung out in the streets and from the pulpits and platforms of our town, is now silent, yet we know he is engaged in higher service for his great Master. Deep and widespread sympathy has been expressed for the widow and the two sons.

GEORGE WINDRAM.

MR. WILLIAM RAWNSLEY.

WILLIAM RAWNSLEY, whose death, in his seventy-eighth year, occurred on January 18, 1897, was born at Eccleshill, near Bradford, his parents being members of the Wesleyan Church. Upon the removal of the family to Esholt, in the Otley Circuit, young William attended the cottage services held by our people there, and became a member of society when about twelve years of age, and a local preacher at about the age of fifteen. While at Esholt he married his first wife, a Miss Forest, a saintly, useful character, with whom he lived over ten years. Their son, Mr. Rawnsley's only child, George Henry, is a useful and respected official in the Newhaven Circuit, where he now resides. Mr. Rawnsley afterwards removed to Armley, where forty-three years ago he married his second wife, who was to him a godly and devoted helpmeet. He did much to inspire the feeble Society there to arise and build their first chapel. The church, however, to reap the benefit of his ripest experience, and probably his best service, was our church at Bramley, in the Leeds Fifth Circuit, to which place he removed in 1860. At that time our Society was but feeble, and worshipped in an old and dilapidated chapel. Mr. Rawnsley's proposal for new premises was at first considered impracticable by the somewhat disheartened Society, but his quiet power did much to increase the spirit of enterprise and endeavour. Ultimately the present buildings, among the handsomest in the Connexion, and in easy circumstances, were erected. Our brother's work in the Society, and indeed, in the circuit generally, was so many-sided that he had occupied almost every office in the church, but he was supremely the counsellor, guide, and father of the church. One of our ministers writes of him:—"As an official of the church, he was one of the wisest men I ever knew. . . He was an able manager of men. . . I thank God for such

men in the church, and that He has thrown my life into fellowship with them." He cherished a most tender regard for our ministers, and esteemed it ever a joy and honour to entertain them. Of Mr. Rawnsley's beautiful and symmetrical character, it may be said that "the beauty of the Lord his God was upon him," and whether at home or in the mill, of which he was manager, or in the church, he was filled with the fruits of righteousness "which are by Jesus Christ unto the glory of God." After the death of his wife, which occurred some four months before, our dear brother seemed more with her than with those left behind, and in the early morning of Jan. 18, after lying in a comatose state for a few days, he slept himself away to eternal rest. His old friend, Rev. H. Cooke, assisted at the interment, and delivered a touching address. An impressive memorial service was held in our Bramley Chapel on Sunday, Feb. 7, conducted by our circuit minister, Rev. W. D. Judson.

W. D. JUDSON.

MRS. COLING.

MARY COLING, whose maiden name was Boraston, was born on Oct. 11th, 1814. Her early years were spent at Henley, Pangbourne, and Goring. In her father's cottage Hugh Bourne once preached. She was converted when very young through the ministry of our early preachers, and for sixty-two years or more remained a faithful and consistent member of the Church of her choice. Soon after her conversion she went to live at Quick's Green, which at that early time had a very vigorous Society, and whilst there she became a local preacher, and her name appeared on the Reading Plan. She soon became an acceptable local preacher, so much so that she was approached with a view to her entering the Itinerant ministry. She preferred, however, to serve her Master in a smaller and humbler sphere. After her marriage she still continued her work. At length, as family responsibilities increased, she was obliged to relinquish the work, taking as her last text, "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound." In 1852 the family removed into Reading, and were at once identified with our Society then worshipping in Minster Street Chapel. Here, as opportunities and health permitted, she was assiduous in attending the various services, and always enjoyed the means of grace. For some years the father, mother, and children always attended the seven o'clock prayer meeting held on Sunday mornings.

On our migration as a church from Minster Street to London Street in 1866, she took an active part in begging money and assisting at the first Bazaar. In later years her health failed considerably, and for the last fifteen winters she has been confined to her home entirely, but with each returning spring, emerging from her seclusion, and reappearing on Sunday mornings in the house of God. She was intensely

interested in all that pertained to the Connexion's life and work. She always welcomed into her home Primitive Methodist literature and the Primitive Methodist newspapers. During her last illness she eagerly inquired of her son, "What news is there in the 'Primitive' this week?" She revelled in Connexional biographies and memoirs. She had outlived all the companions and co-workers of her early days. During the illness that terminated fatally she was perfectly calm and happy—apparently she had not a single doubt and fear, and at length sweetly fell asleep like a tired child upon its mother's breast. She leaves behind her a dear husband to mourn her loss, who is considerably beyond the threescore years and ten, and one son and two daughters. May the Great Head of the Church vouchsafe to them that sympathy and help that they require in their time of sorrow.

J. A. C.

MRS. MARY SIMPSON.

OUR sister, Mary Simpson, who passed to her rest on February 2, 1897, was born on March 7, 1858. Her husband and friends are unable to give the precise date of her conversion, but as she was naturally of a very quiet and retiring disposition, it would not be at all likely in her case that there should be the sudden outward change or startling upheaval that some natures experience. As she attended the Mount Zion, Brompton, Sunday School from very early years, the influence of her teachers, and the Sunday School lessons and hymns gradually and almost imperceptibly influenced her young heart, so that in her teens she joined the Society and received her ticket of membership as a member of the Sunday afternoon class.

For several years she was a great sufferer from chest and lung disease, which frequently rendered her unable to attend the services of the sanctuary, or take a very prominent part in the more active work of the Society and Church; but in her frequent illnesses there was ever manifested the greatest resignation and patience. Just before Christmas her illness manifested more dangerous symptoms, but after consultation with a medical man some slight improvement took place, and it was thought she might recover, but it was not to be. A week before her death she was laid aside completely, and feeling that the time of her departure was getting near, with her own hands, unknown to her husband, proceeded to put matters in the home, with written directions, where needed, into such order that there should be no difficulty to her friends after her decease.

The friends visiting her previous to her decease found her, although exceedingly feeble, peacefully reposing on the promises of the Lord. Longing for rest, yet perfectly willing to wait the Master's time. At last the angel of death touched her, the tie that bound her to the frail tenement of clay was loosed,

and her happy spirit passed into the presence of the King, to be, as her favourite hymn expresses it, "For ever with the Lord."

MRS. ISABELLA DOLPHIN.

OUR deceased sister, Isabella Dolphin, who died January 14, 1897, was originally a member of the Wesleyan Methodists, her mother and father being members of that denomination. She was brought under the influence of Primitive Methodist teaching in consequence of the fact that her father opened his house for them to hold services in at Colver, in the Bradwell Circuit, the preachers frequently staying at her home from the Saturday night until the Monday or Tuesday following. On her removal to Brompton she joined our Society about the time of the erection of the Mount Zion Chapel, and was consequently one of the oldest members connected with the place, having been associated with it for upwards of sixty years.

She was one of the quiet and retiring Christians whose influence would be more felt in the home than in the glare of public life, and the influence of her character and life is seen in the lives of her children, whom she trained in the fear of God and a deep love for Primitive Methodism and its usages.

Her leader, Bro. Henry Gaunt, says, that although she never possessed much of this world's goods, such was her true Christian character that she has been an ornament to the Church. Her experience was always given with cheerfulness.

A month or two before her death she had a slight paralytic stroke which partially affected her speech and one side. During this affliction she revealed much true Christian resignation and a cheerful trust in God, with a full reliance upon the faithfulness and love of the Lord Jesus Christ as her Saviour.

Two days before her death, although too weak for speech, she gave signs to those who visited her that all was well, and she was peacefully trusting in Jesus.

MR. WILLIAM BIRKETT.

OUR beloved brother commenced life in the small village of Bishop Norton, in Lincolnshire. He was blest with parents who prayed for their children, and endeavoured so to train them as those who must give account. This godly training led to his conversion when he was but fifteen years of age. His educational advantages were very small, but his natural gifts and his piety were such as led the authorities of the circuit to give him a call to local preachship, when he was twenty-two years of age, and the results justified their action. Nearly twenty years ago he came to reside in South Yorkshire, and here as local preacher he rendered much aid at camp-meetings and also at the ordinary services. He was also a very useful class leader. Being possessed of good voice, decent knowledge of Scripture, and unquestionable piety, he was indeed very mighty in class meetings. Under special cir-

cumstances, he regularly walked after his day's labour, midst darkness, and all sorts of weather, to a village two and a half miles from his residence, to lead the flock of God in connection with our Church. He succeeded in commencing at least two classes, one of which is amongst the best classes that it has been my privilege to know. In these, and in many other ways, he served our denomination in a very useful manner. Those of us who knew him the best had hope that his valuable life would be spared to the Church on earth for a long season; but He who doeth all things well saw fit to take him to the land of endless rest. The affliction resulting in his death became somewhat serious, and during the month of October it became quite clear that he must shortly go the way of all the earth. We were not in the least troubled concerning his safety. We had such high estimate of his piety that we fully expected that his death would illustrate the beauty and value of religion. In this we were

not disappointed, for his last days on earth were days long to be remembered by his relatives and friends, because of the testimony that he gave concerning his happiness and safety. His funeral took place in Hatfield Cemetery, the writer conducting the service. A large number of people from near and far gathered around his grave, and thus testified that the "memory of the just is blessed." His death was improved by Rev. J. Wilson, in the Hatfield Chapel, on Sunday evening. A large congregation assembled, and in connection with the prayer meeting, a youth came forward and sought the God of our departed brother. He has left an afflicted widow, an aged father, and a large family of sons and daughters. It is a joy to us to know that nearly all the members of his family are serving the God of their father, and that one son and three sons-in-law are useful local preachers in our circuit.

J. WILSON.

Literary Notices.

Jesus Christ and His Surroundings. By the REV. NORMAN L. WALKER, D.D. (3s. 6d.) Hodder & Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

WE would defend Dr. Walker against himself. His appraisal of his own work is far too modest. He disclaims all idea of giving a new Life of Christ, and pretends to have communicated in his book no other knowledge than an ordinary reader of the Gospels may possess. A life of the ordinary kind—dealing with events in their chronological order—we certainly have not in this volume. Its character forbids it. The various relations Christ sustained to nature, the spirit world, the outlying races of men, His own kith and kin, the rich, the poor, the government of His time, etc., are passed in review, and the Scripture passages which throw any light on Christ's relations to these are skilfully grouped, and their combined light concentrated. The resultant impression made on the reader is quite as distinct, and perhaps more powerful, than the impression likely to be made by the reading of an ordinary chronological Life of Christ. And we can also testify that, while Dr. Walker does not claim for his book that it is particularly original, we have found it often very suggestive. Regarded from fresh angles and points of view, many of the old sayings concerning Christ are made to stand out with new significance. This is much for a writer to accomplish.

Words of Strength and Cheer, for those who Work and those who Weep, gathered from the Writings of Phillips Brooks, sometime Bishop of Massa-

chusetts. By MAY COCHRANE. R. Dickinson, 89, Farringdon Street.

THE title of this book is so clear and explicit as to render much further description unnecessary. The passages from the published discourses of Bishop Brooks have been selected in view of "those moments of discouragement, weakness, and depression that come to all alike." The introductory memoir with which this volume is enriched shows what a charming personality Phillips Brooks possessed, and how great was his influence in the United States. Americans seem to have regarded him as quite as great in mind as he was in body—he stood six feet four. Indeed, the writer of the biographical sketch referred to, claims for him that "he was beyond dispute, the greatest preacher America has produced." Some Englishmen—of whom this reviewer is one—would be disposed to demur to this estimate, and give the premier place to Beecher. However, we believe this is not the verdict of the Americans themselves, who almost idolised Phillips Brooks while living, and now deplore his loss and greatly revere his memory. And, truly, his was a great and lovable soul.

Christ Come and Coming. By FOLLAND. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C.

THE writer of this book seems to us to have a distinct message to utter. He holds that the Second Advent is past; that Christ has come and abides, and that He rules the world in righteousness. The outward signs of His advent were the Destruction of

Jerusalem and the passing away of the Jewish polity. He cautions us against identifying this Second Coming of Christ with the promised sending of the Holy Spirit. He regrets that the translators of our Authorised Version, and even the Revisers, have obscured the distinction between Christ's coming and His presence by relegating the latter word to the margin. It is while insisting upon the abiding *presence* of Christ, and explaining the believer's relation thereto, that our author is most suggestive and spiritually helpful. He thinks we postpone the application of many passages of Scripture to the next life which have to do with this. Christ is *now* our Judge and King. We should seek the manifestation of His presence, and beware lest, in honouring the Holy Spirit, we do not do so to the disparagement of the Son. What our author says on this important and yet somewhat obscure point of practical theology is well worth careful study. Some attribute the work of Sanctification almost entirely to the Spirit, but he holds that the work of the Spirit is mainly preparatory, and to be carefully distinguished from what Christ imparts to us by His indwelling. In the realisation of the abiding Presence of Christ there stretches out before the believer a boundless vista of blessed possibilities of which the experiences of God's saints in various ages and Churches furnish some hints. Some of the most remarkable of these experiences are given. The book is devoutly written, and devoutly read cannot fail to result in much spiritual quickening.

The Man who Feared God for Nought, being a Rhythmical Version of the Book of Job. By OTIS CARY. Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

THE critical and moral questions springing out of the book that Carlyle called "one of the grandest things ever written with pen," are of perennial interest. Some of these questions are discussed in the interesting essay prefixed to this volume. Mr. Cary is disposed to believe that Job belongs to the cycle of the Wisdom literature, and that, while Job was a real historic character, the drama which has him for its central figure, turns on the problem of the relation between sin and suffering raised by the leprosy of Uzziah and the sickness of Hezekiah; that it must therefore have been written as late as the reign of the latter king, and possibly by Isaiah. The Rhythmical version here given is not based on a new translation, but mainly on the Revised version with a few verbal transpositions rendered necessary in order to preserve the Rhythm. Occasional irregular lines occur which, as the author observes, may not be a defect, since they relieve the poem from the monotony which the parallelism of the Hebrew verse, together with unvarying pentameter lines, would have produced. The version here given seems to us to possess very considerable merits. We have noticed a few doubtful locutions which we should think are due to the imperfect reading of

proofs. For instance, we have "meter," "Encyclopædia Britannica," "Counselor," while "bran-new" occurs twice over.

The Church of the West in the Middle Ages. By HERBERT B. WORKMAN, M.A. (Books for Bible Students.) (2s. 6d.) C. H. Kelly, 2, Castle St., City Road.

A BOOK like this should encourage some to take up the fascinating but undeservedly neglected study of Ecclesiastical History. The plan of Mr. Workman's volume is good, alike in what it excludes and includes. He has not dissipated his strength and run the risk of wearying his readers by multiplicity of detail, but has confined himself to the great outstanding features of the period under consideration, which is the one comprised between the dates 800 and 1153. The book is divided into three parts, the first dealing with the Rise of the Papal Supremacy, the second with Scholasticism, and the third with Monasticism. Those who may wish to pursue their studies on these still farther will find supplied useful references to accessible authorities. A second volume is contemplated, bringing the History down to the Reformation.

Judgment, Human and Divine. By REV. G. JACKSON, B.A. (1s. 6d. net.) Isbister & Co., Ltd., 15 and 16, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.

THIS new work of Mr. Jackson's may be unreservedly recommended as a fresh and practical contribution to Christian Ethics.

The Restored Innocence. By R. J. CAMPBELL. (Little Books on Religion.) (1s. 6d.) Hodder & Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

THE title, "Restored Innocence," seems a paradox, for is not innocence once lost irrecoverable, like the fractured vase which can never again become flawless? But Mr. Campbell seeks to justify the paradox, and he does it in a very beautiful and forcible way. He holds that the essential element of innocence is not the negation of the knowledge of sin, but the negation of sympathy and compromise with it. In this sense Christ was "innocent," and in this sense innocence may be restored. The second part of the booklet is taken up with a fine discourse on the nature and conditions of true repentance.

Bible Stories Without Names. By REV. HARRY SMITH. (1s. 6d.) Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, 21, Paternoster Row, E.C.

A DELIGHTFUL and original book for children. The volume contains twelve simple and clear narratives taken from the Bible. No names are mentioned, and all references to places or persons are made by pronouns or in some roundabout way. At the end of each chapter questions are appended; while at the end of the volume removable answers are inserted

for the use of parents. The touch of mystery will give zest and interest to the children's reading.

David Brown, D.D., LL.D., Professor and Principal of the Free Church College, Aberdeen. A Memoir. By WILLIAM GARDEN BLAIKIE, D.D. (7s. 6d.) Hodder & Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

THE name of Principal Brown was for many years known and honoured, not only in Scotland, but in England also, and even in America, so that Dr. Blaikie's excellent memoir is both opportune and welcome, in making us see what manner of man the Principal was. Both biographer and subject had been intimate friends for a lifetime, and were brother professors in the same Church, though in different colleges. It was therefore fitting that Dr. Blaikie should give the world this biographic portrait of his friend, and a full and capable portrait it is.

Dr. Brown's life ran on to an almost patriarchal span, and but for an accident which occurred three years before his death, he might have seen the century out. The biographer's first sentence has reference to this:—"Practically, Dr. David Brown's life stretched from end to end of the nineteenth century, for he was born on the 17th August, 1803, a little less than three years after it began, and he died July 3rd, 1897, a little more than three years before its end." What changes and revolutions he saw, from the wars of Napoleon on to the present day! What hosts of notable men in politics, science, theology and literature were his contemporaries! Singular to say that such a long-lived man should have been the most puny and feeble of infants, so that an aunt, Mrs. Dyce, who "assisted" at the birth, and whose daughter was destined to be his beloved wife for forty years, said that he could not live, and that it would be a mercy if God were to take him. His mother was of the finest type of womanhood, so that her children rose up to call her blessed; albeit her extreme Calvinism made her own one of pervading gloom; she was the spiritual child of "Mr. Fear- ing." "Glad should I be," she wrote to her son David in after years, "if I could say anything cheering as to the state of my soul, but I cannot." She had two sons and three sons-in-law, all gifted ministers, yet she never heard them preach, because it was against the conscience of a Secessionist to enter an alien church. In her husband's trade as a paper maker, and in his business as a bookseller she was most helpful and energetic. Never did mother love her children more ardently, or do more for them, and hence the mingled love and reverence in which they held her. David's education was carried on in the High School, and from his pluck and perseverance it was no wonder that he came out "dux" when he was fourteen. Nor are we surprised that he should honourably win his M.A. degree at the University of his native city when he was eighteen; students of "pairs" often did that.

But the vital, formative force in his life was the salvation of Christ. He grew into this; that is, it was not by a single leap or bound, it was a series of steps. When the first was taken he could not tell, but the last he knew. This decision of surrender and consecration to God was taken under the preaching of Dr. Cæsar Malan, a Genevan divine, who was evangelising in this country. Light, liberty, and joy filled his soul; from this time his path shone more and more to the perfect day. Throughout his future life his great theme was the Cross; from this he never deviated; it was in the forefront of all his sermons. He obtained his licence as a preacher of the Gospel in June, 1826.

It was the father's wish that his newly-pledged son should "see London" in the beginning of his career, which he did, and through Mr. James Nisbet, the well-known publisher, was introduced to Edward Irving, then at the height of his fame, and so much pleased was he with the young Aberdonian licentiate, that he became his assistant for over two years. This was the period of the introduction of the "unknown tongues" practice, with the scenes that followed; this and other vagaries of the great preacher led ultimately to his overthrow. For the man himself and his wonderful gifts, Mr. Brown cherished a profound admiration and reverence through life, though he was obliged to dissociate himself from teaching and practices which tended to disorder and irreverence. It was not till 1824 that he got a ministerial charge, and then it was to an out-of-the-way, almost out-of-the-world, parish in Banffshire, known as "The Ord." It was a country chapel in a bare and desolate region, a small manse, and a stipend of £100 per year. The only population was the small farmers and their servants scattered about. But he could wait no longer; he must get his foot on the lowest round of the ladder to climb to better things. Having settled and taken to himself one of the best of wives, he girded himself for his life's work. By his labours, his visitation, his earnest preaching, he soon became a power for good through the whole district, and was known as "Brown o' the Ord." These ten years served to establish his name in the Church. In the great Disruption struggle, no advocate of freedom was more indefatigable, and few more able. He was one of the 474 who signed the Deed of Demission, and went out from manse and church not knowing whither he went. He had not long to wait, for Glasgow wanted the sort of minister he was, and he became the first minister of Free St. James' in the metropolis of the West. As might be expected from a man of his energy, intellectual resource, and preaching power, he built up the excellent church and congregation of St. James'. This period of fourteen years was a very fruitful one in a literary respect. It was here that he wrote his Commentary on the Gospels. In this work his master and model was Bengel's *Gnomon* (and what better model could he have had?); Bengel was his

ideal; he esteemed Calvin as an exegete, but he valued Bengel more. Undeniably valuable as this Commentary was, his work on *The Second Advent* established his fame upon a solid and enduring basis; it gave him a place among theologians of the foremost rank. Irving's rhapsodies first specially directed his mind to this one of the "Last Things." His book dealt a heavy blow at the fanciful theories and exegesis of the pre-millennial writers of that period. This "noble example of careful Biblical research" stands on the firm ground that the teaching of the Bible is that the Second Advent will take place at the end of the world. Never was the title of D.D. better deserved than when the Princeton University (the College of Jonathan Edwards and Charles Hodge) conferred that distinction upon him in 1852. Afterwards, his own *alma mater* gave him the same doctorate, and after that again, the further honour of LL.D. In 1857 he was nominated for a vacant chair in the New College, Edinburgh, but another man was chosen. The Assembly, however, appointed him to a chair at Aberdeen; and thus, after twenty-two years' absence from his native city, Professor Brown returned to spend the rest of his life there. During the thirty years of his occupancy of this chair, how many budding ministers he must have had through his hands, and what an impress for good he must have left upon them. Of his scholastic acquirements, his knowledge of the literature of his subjects, his skill as an exegete, and his gifts as a teacher, there is a general agreement among those qualified to speak. But the outstanding feature of his teaching was its evangelical character; he iterated and reiterated that "the essential feature" of the student's future work was "*seeking* for souls, a *watching* for souls; nor must they be content with getting them into the Church, but looking after them one by one."

In regard to such Scottish Church questions as

the union of the Free and United Presbyterian Churches, the use of hymns and the introduction of organs in public worship, the relaxation of the bonds of the Westminster Confession of Faith, Principal Brown stood boldly on the liberal side; nor was he less bold and energetic in the revivalistic work of Moody and Sankey, and other Revivalists. The singing element had a great attraction for him, being himself no inconsiderable musician, and having a rich clear voice. In politics he was an ardent Liberal to the end. He visited and corresponded with men of such opposite opinions and beliefs as Cardinal Newman and Dr. Martineau, and when in London he stayed with Dean and Lady Augusta Stanley. As a member of the New Testament Company he appears to have played the part of a critic rather than proposing new readings. But the crowning honours of his life came when, in 1876, he was made Principal of his own college, and in 1884, when he was called to the Moderator's Chair of the Free Church Assembly. We pass over the most painful episode of his life—the prominent part he took in the Robertson Smith case. While he had a spirit of large tolerance for differences of opinion, he was convinced that his gifted, brilliant young colleague had overstepped such bounds; though his prominence in the affair arose from his position in the Aberdeen Presbytery.

The setting of the sun after a long day was calm and beautiful. His powers of locomotion failed him, as did his eyesight, but his mind was unclouded till he slept away into everlasting day. He was a man of many friends and few enemies, if any. He was a full man, and was ever ready to impart. His convictions were strongly held, yet held in love. If not to be counted amongst the greatest thinkers and scholars, he was not far in the rear.

OMEGA.

The Connexional Outlook.

BY THE REV. J. ATKINSON.

—A Special District Meeting appointed by the District Meeting held in Morphett Street Church in March last, and invested with full power to act, was held in the same church on September 9th, to consider and deal with the question of Methodist Union in Australia, and to this meeting all resolutions and documents from the British Conference were submitted. It was decided that all information needed by the Sub-Committee appointed by the Conference in Leeds to consider the financial aspects of the question should be supplied, and that negotiations be opened with the Sub-Committee for the settlement of the indebtedness

of the South Australian District to the British Book Room. These resolutions, we suppose, have taken effect, and the Sub-Committee will now be in possession of the desired information, and so will be in a position to resume their deferred consideration of matters when they have obtained the information they are seeking in this country. It has been decided to consummate union in this District in March, 1900, and consequently the authorities urge the speedy settlement of their pending claims, which, as will be seen from the following paragraph, are neither small nor unimportant.

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—The proposed Union of the Methodist Churches in Australia raises several financial questions of some interest to both the Churches in this country, and at the Antipodes. Many of the ministers in the Colonies are, of course, members of the Itinerant Preachers' Friendly Society, and the Union will, as a matter of course, terminate their membership in this Society. Then comes the question as to the value of their interest in it, for it is a registered Society with a considerable reserve capital. This interest of the Colonial ministers will, of course, have to be actuarially valued, and payment made accordingly, subject to such deduction as the state of each case may render necessary. But there is the Superannuated Ministers and Widows' Fund, upon which it is questionable that any claim can be made on actuarial grounds. This Fund is practically a benevolent Fund, to which the ministers certainly subscribe, but which is mainly sustained by the Connexion at large, some £6,700 or more being paid over yearly from the Book Room and the Connexional Fund. This Fund is an exhaustive Fund, the money being paid out each year. The Colonial ministers expect they have some claim upon it, and so they have while they continue Primitive Methodist ministers, and they and their churches subscribe for its support the same as the Home Churches do. But the question is, Can they have any claim beyond what these conditions imply? This is the question which the Committee appointed by last Conference has to consider. It was proposed on behalf of the Colonies, that they should be relieved of all responsibility for Annuitants now residing on Colonial Stations, and that these responsibilities should be provided for by the Churches in this country. But this was seen to be inequitable, as the Colonial Churches when separated from the British Conference would take with them all sources of revenue, and it was not regarded as an equitable arrangement that they should take with them the sources of revenue and leave the obligations behind them. A suggestion that the sources of revenue should continue, and the obligations also, was considered more equitable, though this suggestion was seen to be beset with many difficulties. Another suggestion, that all Colonial ministers should, while in active work, pay £7 7s. into the Fund annually, was negatived, as the proposed payment was no equivalent for the revenue that would be withdrawn when Union was effected. The whole question is under further consideration, but any continued obligation will have to be met by at least a revenue equal to what has during past years been contributed by Colonial ministers and Stations, and the difficulty is to secure this when separation from the British Conference is effected. Possibly some equitable and agreeable basis of settlement may be found, but at present it is not easy to see how and whence it will emerge.

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—The first Quarterly report has been received by

the Missionary Committee from the Mission Stations in the newly-formed Devon and Cornwall District. The report does not show much change from the state of things as reported in June last. A decrease that cannot well be afforded is reported from the Teignmouth and Dawlish Station. This Mission at the best is feeble, and there does not appear to have been much progress made for years past. More convenient places of worship are much needed in these two sea-side resorts, but the churches are too feeble to meet this need, and the Missionary Committee is not in a position to render such help as the case requires. With better premises there might be some chance of developing our Connexional interest on this part of the coast of Devon, but without these our labours must necessarily be crippled. The Plymouth Station makes steady progress, and an effort is to be made to strengthen the outlying Church at Holbeton by securing the services of a superannuated minister, who will reside at the place. The other missions do not show much progress, but report hopeful prospects.

* * *

—The Fund for assisting aged and necessitous Local Preachers continues its beneficent work. Among recent applicants for aid the youngest was seventy-four years of age, and the oldest eighty. One had been forty-four years a local preacher, another forty-eight years, and another fifty years. It is sad to think that men who have lived sober, righteous and godly lives for all these years have been placed in circumstances only admitting of the bare supply of current needs. Plainly labour does not get a fair proportion of the growing wealth of the country. We cannot say from what part of the Kingdom the requests for aid mostly come, but we should suppose from those districts where the wages of labour don't rise above ten or eleven shillings per week. There is some need for reform in the relations between labour and capital. Men ought, at any rate, to have the chance of living comfortably and making some provision for old age, and those acquainted with the agricultural districts know that they have no such chance. Men such as those who are receiving aid from this Fund have most of them had no chance of providing for the needs of gathering years when they were no longer able to toil with the vigour of youth. The Church is but recognising a duty of practical religion by the establishment and working of this Fund.

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—The Sunderland and Newcastle District Missionary Committee is endeavouring to accomplish what we hope every other District Missionary Committee in the Connexion will try to effect, that is, to realise all the promises made to the Jubilee Fund. Many promises in most of the Districts are yet unredeemed, and the time for closing the Fund is drawing on apace; so that immediate action is necessary. Let the matter be taken in hand in every

District where there are outlying promises, and then the original aim of the Fund may be realised.

—The Sunderland and Newcastle District Missionary Committee has engaged to provide the Missionary Breakfast next May; and the same District will also provide the Breakfast at the Annual Meeting of the Orphanage, the same week. We believe, too, that gentlemen from the North will preside at the Orphanage Meetings. The Northern Districts take a deep interest in this Institution, and rank among its most liberal supporters.

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—There has been a growing desire in the Hull District for some time for an increase of spiritual vitality and power. This desire found expression when the District Committee decided to convene conventions to promote its realisation. Owing to the extent of the District it was decided for Conventions to assemble at two centres, and Bridlington and Hull were chosen as the most convenient places. The Conventions were fixed for Friday, November 4th. Some 1,500 Church officials received cards of invitation, and letters urging them to attend, and a large number responded to the invitation. Three sessions were held at each centre, and the same subject was considered in each Convention at the same session. The subjects were eminently practical, and had direct relation to Church life and work. The morning session was devoted to considering whether Primitive Methodism was or was not fulfilling its mission in the area covered by the District. The afternoon session was devoted to considering the duties and responsibilities of Class Leaders, and the evening session to the Relation of Officials to Church Prosperity. The subjects were introduced in a plain, practical and earnest manner, and the conversations which followed gave evidence of much serious thought. The devotional part of the day's proceedings were attended by rich spiritual influence, and great good is anticipated in the District from these gatherings. A repetition of them is desired, and will probably be arranged for at no distant date.

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—The Hull Primitive Methodist Council has for a few years now contributed £30 annually to the Victoria Hospital in that important seaport. This contribution secures the appointment of two life-members, and also the privilege of naming two cots in the hospital, "Primitive Methodist Sunday-school cots." The £30 is regularly raised in the Sunday-schools in Hull and the neighbourhood, and is an excellent method of interesting the young people in works of charity and leading them to sympathetically regard the suffering. In most of our towns something like this might be done, and an important part of Christian education be promoted thereby, as well as much needed help afforded to some of the most useful philanthropic institutions in our land.

—The Kendal Station has for fifty years and more conducted a Mission in a part of the town where the poor most do congregate. For some years past this Mission has been conducted in a rented room, and was under the charge of Mr. Job Pennington, a man of apostolic piety and zeal, and untiring labour. For many years, winter and summer, Mr. Pennington and his helpers conducted two open-air services every Sabbath beside the services in the Mission-room, and had the room open for service of one kind or another nearly every night in the week. Many who were far sunk in sin and wretchedness have by this Mission been reached and rescued, and are now living and walking in the fear of God. Mr. Pennington's work commanded the sympathy of many gentlemen in the town of Kendal and the neighbourhood, and they were not slow in recognising its value and affording support. Some months ago this good man died, but his labour remains, and the Mission still goes on. Circumstances have occurred rendering it necessary for the rented room to be given up, but steps have been taken to secure a site right in the midst of the population the Mission has served on which to erect a "Job Pennington Memorial Mission Hall." The undertaking commands the good wishes and practical sympathy of the town. One gentleman gives £100, and another £50, and others lesser sums. The building will be commenced in the spring, and there is every prospect that it will be opened free from debt. It will be a worthy memorial of an excellent man, who was, under God, the means of doing incalculable good in the town in which he was born, and in which he spent the most of his life. Mr. Pennington was only a working quarryman, but he became a recognised force, working for righteousness in the town. He was a fearless man, whom opposition never daunted, and who was never afraid in any place when duty required to bear testimony for his Master. He was held in general esteem, and whatever men had to say against the Churches, no man could gainsay the evidence of Job Pennington's life. He went down to his grave amid universal regret, and it is a meet and proper thing to perpetuate his memory in the neighbourhood where for many years he devotedly sought to lead his fellows to the freedom and joy of the Christian life.

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—The Rev. T. Jackson has just completed twenty-two years' mission work in East London, and the twenty-second anniversary of his appointment has just been celebrated. Mr. Jackson has not entered into any man's labour. He has taken the ground as a pioneer, and under God's blessing, has raised up the interests comprehended in the area over which he has worked. Three Stations have sprung from his labour and that of his helpers. Walthamstow, with three Connexional chapels, and a rented chapel that will in a short time become Connexional. Clapton, with three Connexional chapels, one of which

was taken from Stoke Newington Station because that Station was not able to work it as it needed to be worked in one of the poorest and worst districts in East London, and Southend, where excellent Connexional premises have been secured. The Missionary Committee have rendered Mr. Jackson much assistance in his work, and the result is an ample compensation for the outlay. Mr. Jackson has also taken charge of the Working Lads' Institute in White-chapel Road, where every form of social and evangelistic work is being carried on with great success, and to this centre of work probably his labour will

be confined after next Conference. He has also established a Home of Rest in Southend, which has proved a blessing to many a convalescent person in poor circumstances, who otherwise could not have obtained the change to the seaside needful for the full restoration of health. We regret that at present Mr. Jackson's state of health gives cause for anxiety, and this is not surprising when we consider the labour he has put into these twenty-two years. We trust, however, he may recover strength and be able to continue his valuable service to the Church for some years yet.

The Wider Outlook.

—Affairs in the Established Church are fast approaching an acute stage. The doings of the Ritualistic section are so pronouncedly Roman that the laity are taking alarm, and the Archbishop of Canterbury has felt compelled to attempt to define what is, and what is not, admissible in the doctrine, ritual and discipline of the State Church. His charge was divided into three sections, the first being delivered in the Cathedral Church of the province; the second at Maidstone; and the third at Croydon. It is open to question whether the pronouncements of the Archbishop will effect anything approaching a satisfactory settlement of the questions by which Episcopacy is distracted and divided, or secure peace within the State fold. Judging from the immediate effect of Dr. Temple's deliverances, his effort is more likely to accentuate the existing divisions than to harmonise them as in all probability was his desire and design. The charge is viewed by the Evangelicals with alarm, and regarded by the Ritualists as affording them some vantage ground, and there is much to be said in favour of both these views. As the *Record* puts it, the Archbishop, instead of peace, has introduced the sword, and instead of quenching the flames of controversy now raging in the Establishment, has added to their intensity. While, on the other hand, the *Guardian* dwells with satisfaction on the advantages given to Ritualists by the Primate's utterances. Emphasised discord rather than harmony promises to be the result of this remarkable charge, the definitions of which are as fine a sample of ecclesiastical trimming as any dignity of the Church ever furnished.

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—First place is given to the doctrine of the Eucharist. The Zwinglian view which regards the Lord's Supper as a commemorative rite, but at the same time a means of grace, is swept aside, and the Primate joins hands with the Greek and Roman and Lutheran Churches in maintaining that with the elements administered there is a real gift bestowed, and that the English Church does not forbid the

doctrine that there is a real presence attached to the elements at the time of consecration; so that the bread and wine are not after consecration exactly in the same condition they were before. He, however, repudiates the Roman transubstantiation, and propounds a kind of consubstantiation similar to the Lutheran theory—that is that after consecration we have the bread and wine plus a real presence of Christ in connection therewith—not a presence realised, as Hooker taught, in the believer, a subjective real presence, but a presence objectively connected with the elements. The Primate does not say bluntly that this is the doctrine of the State Church, he puts it in another way, and says that the Church does not forbid it, so that any clergyman of the Establishment is at liberty to teach this form of Eucharistic doctrine, and regulate his practice accordingly. No wonder this deliverance upon a crucial question delights the ritualist party, for it is distinctly favourable to sacerdotalism. Certain words pronounced by a priest bring into connection with the bread and wine the real presence of Christ. The same words pronounced by any other man won't do it. The whole theory of priestism is contained here, just as fully and just as truly as in the Roman Church. The difference is merely one of form. In one case the Romanist says that by the consecratory act of the priest the bread and wine become the body and blood of Christ; in the other case by the consecratory act of the priest, the body and blood of Christ become connected with the bread and wine. The one is transubstantiation, that is a transformation of the substance of the bread and wine into the real body and blood of Christ; the other is consubstantiation; that is, the connection of the real body and blood of Christ with the bread and wine—and in each case the real presence is due to the consecratory act of the priest. The whole sacerdotal theory is here, and to this the Primate commits the State Church.

* * *

—In respect to worship, the Primate said that the

Church of England sanctioned no worship of the Virgin, nor of any Apostle, nor the invocation of any saint. But he went on to say any person who believes Christ to be present in the Eucharist may adore Him, though he must not do it by any visible expression of adoration except kneeling to receive the elements. A singular limitation this, if the real presence is consubstantiated with the elements. Prayers to the dead—that is, the invocation of saints, the Church does not allow, so the Primate says—but prayers for the dead are not forbidden. They are not authorised in Church ritual, but they are not prohibited; and so the thin end of the Romish practice of masses for the dead finds a foothold in the Primate's charge. In relation to confession, the Primate speaks as he does on some other questions, with two voices, and, of course, the clergy are at liberty to heed which voice they please. Confession, he admits, is morally hurtful, and weakens the authority of conscience by making forgiveness possible on terms stated by the priest; it interferes with the sacred privacy of domestic life, and is otherwise injurious to the individual. But he maintains that it is lawful in the State Church, only it must be free and voluntary, there must be no compulsion, nor ought any clergyman to institute a process of questioning the person who comes to confession, but simply to hear the matter which is the cause of distress or trouble. So the Primate gives license in the Church for a practice that he declares is morally hurtful; and actually commends it as likely to be a spiritual help in some cases—only it must be confession to a priest, as he alone can absolve. While the Primate denounces the practice with one voice, he gives away the whole position with the other, and concedes to the sacerdotal party their theory of priestly absolution.

* * *

—In relation to ceremonial, the Primate goes strongly for uniformity, in fact, he maintains that it is the unity of ceremonial that enables the Church to tolerate a diversity of opinion in teaching. Diverse doctrine may be taught if only unity of ceremonial is maintained. A singular position to take up. According to the rule of strict ceremonial, as stated by the Primate, it is contrary to the law of the Church to elevate the consecrated elements in the Communion office; to receive them after the office is over; to carry them out of the Church for any purpose whatever; to use incense ceremonially, by carrying it in procession, or by censuring persons or things; to mix water with wine ceremonially by doing it visibly during the Communion office; to introduce additional prayers, psalms, hymns, or anthems, at any part of the services except where there is special order permitting it. This is a commendous statement of what is not allowable in the order of the State Church; yet is there any one of the particulars which the Primate so distinctly states to be essential to Church order but what is violated

with impunity in many an English parish? The unity of ceremonial of which the Primate speaks is a fiction. It does not exist. There is in the Established Church a diversity in ceremonial, corresponding to the diversity of doctrine, in fact, the ritualistic ceremonial so common in the parishes of England is the exponent of the doctrinal diversity that prevails; and the Primate does not live in such a fool's paradise as to be ignorant of this.

* * *

—In the latter part of his charge Dr. Temple refers to the authority by which this uniformity of ceremonial has to be maintained. This authority is vested in the Episcopal Bench. The Bishops possess, so the Primate says, two kinds of power—one coercive, to be exercised through the Courts, the other non-coercive, resting wholly on the law of the Church and to be enforced by spiritual means only. But it appears that neither of these kinds of power is of any value for maintaining order in the ceremonial of the Church. If a dispute arises in any parish as to the meaning and application of any rubric, the matter in question may be referred to the bishop of the diocese, who may interpret the rubric, but cannot enforce his interpretation. He may interpret, but the parties to the dispute may please themselves whether they accept the interpretation or not. But there are the Courts. Yes, but what does it cost to put them in operation? and when they are put in operation it is not the bishop's authority that acts, but the authority of the Court. His own direct power under the law of the Church is ineffective; his power to move the Courts is hampered with serious difficulty, and when he uses it he simply shows that the Church is subject to other authority than that vested in her bishops. In fact, Dr. Temple confesses to impotency all round. Ceremonial unity belongs to the order of the Church, but the bishops are powerless to maintain it.

* * *

—This charge of the Primate of the English Church shows as clearly as can be that the only solution of the difficulties entangling the Episcopal Church in this country is Disestablishment. It is a conglomeration of antagonisms held together despite these differences and hostilities, by the bond of State patronage. Let that bond be cut and the divergent parties will at once separate and each assume the authority and control of a free church, and manage its affairs as do the other free churches, subject to the law of the land, in all over which the State has rightful jurisdiction, but in all other respects perfectly at liberty to direct and control its own concerns. Until this comes to pass the real life and power of Episcopacy will never find its full expression, nor its legitimate sphere of action.

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—On the 27th of October, Dr. Fairbairn sailed from Tilbury to deliver the course of the Haskell Lectures in the principal cities of India. Dr. Fair-

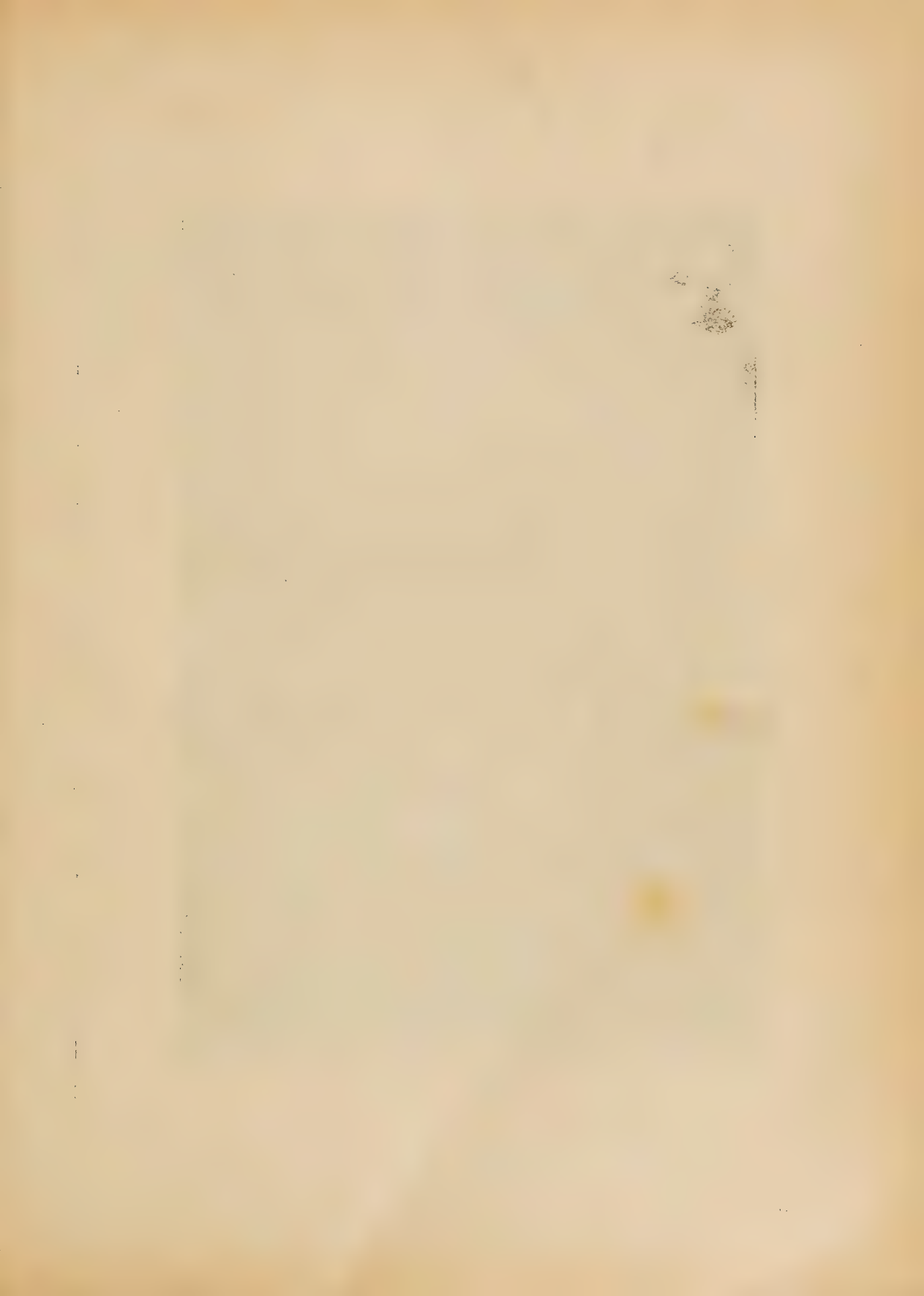
bairn is the second lecturer, the first being Dr. John H. Barrows, who presided at the "Parliament of Religions" which met in Chicago in 1893, and, perhaps, to whom more than to any other man that remarkable gathering was due. As one result of the discussions in that assembly, Mrs. Caroline E. Haskell, a wealthy lady of Chicago, founded a lectureship bearing her name, in connection with the University of that city, on Comparative Religion. But beyond this, influenced by the appeals of some of the Oriental delegates attending the Parliament, she founded a second lectureship on the same subject of Comparative Religion, the lectures to be delivered in the chief centres of Indian life and learning. It is this course that Dr. Fairbairn has gone out to deliver. The intention of the lectures is to present to the scholarly and thoughtful people of India, in a friendly, temperate, conciliatory way, and in the fraternal spirit which pervaded the Parliament of Religions, the great questions of the truths of Christianity, its harmonies with the truths of other religions, its rightful claims, and the best method of setting them forth. The lectureship is to be a work of enlightenment and fraternity. The general title of the course Dr. Fairbairn intends to deliver is, "Religions and the Philosophy of Religion," and will comprehend lectures on the following subjects: (1.) The Interpretation of Nature and the Creative Ideas of Religion; (2.) The Interpretation of Man and the Ideal of Religion; (3.) The Interpretation of Life and the ultimate Ideas of Religion; (4.) The Origin and Historical Development of Religion; (5.) The Historical Personality in Religion; (6.) Comparisons of Religions as regards Conceptions of God and Man. The whole course will be delivered in the three Presidency cities, Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras, and some of the lectures in Lahore, Agra, and Delhi, and perhaps in other cities, for Dr. Fairbairn purposes to visit the principal centres of Hindoo thought and worship. We presume the course will be published, and will be eagerly looked for by all students of theology. It will be the end of February before Dr. Fairbairn returns to this country.

* * *

—The Wesleyan Methodists are vigorously pushing their Twentieth Century Fund Scheme, and are sanguine of success. The million guineas will in all probability be raised. At any rate, so confident

are the chief promoters of the Fund that they arranged for a distribution of it at a recent meeting of the Committee, which the President stated was the largest and most important financial Committee ever convened in Methodism, and this was no exaggeration, for there were present at least a dozen ex-Presidents, and most of the leaders of Methodism, lay and cleric. The attendance was so large that the Mission House could not furnish sufficient accommodation, and the meetings were held in City Road Chapel. All parts of the Connexion were represented. A fairly lengthy agenda had been prepared by the officers of the Fund, in conjunction with representatives of several Connexional Committees. For the purchase of sites and the erection of chapels, schools, and mission halls, a sum of £300,000 is to be appropriated, and the administration of this sum will be entrusted to the Chapel Committee, located in Manchester, which is to be strengthened for this work by representatives from other parts of the Connexion. For educational purposes £200,000 is to be set apart, and out of this sum the cost of a training college for women teachers in the North of England is to be provided. Foreign Mission work will absorb £100,000, and a like sum will be devoted to Home Mission and Temperance Work. One-fourth of the million has to be used in the erection of a Methodist Church House in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross or Regent Street, comprehending a large hall to accommodate 3,000 persons, and smaller hall to accommodate 1,000, a room for the Allan Library, with committee rooms and departmental offices. In all probability the West End Mission will find a permanent home in this building. Dr. Stephenson's work among the children is put down for £50,000. Out of the £200,000 devoted to Education, Scholarships will be provided in connection with the Leys School, and possibly some scholarship connected with some University. The position of Methodism in the villages is to be strengthened in connection with Home Mission work. It is a big scheme, but it is in a fair way of becoming a fact. Superintendents have been requested to furnish a reliable estimate of the number of persons in their circuits who will contribute their guinea to the Fund, and it is expected to show a goodly number at the inaugural meeting of the Fund. The success of the scheme seems already assured.







REV. WALTER GRAHAM.

Rev. Walter Graham.



HE Rev. W. Graham has spent the whole of his life in the Manchester and Liverpool Districts, and few men have been better known or more generally respected than he. His parents were associated with our cause, and, according to their

ability, supported it by their service and their purse. His brother, the Rev. J. Graham, after forty-three years of devoted and efficient service in our ministry, superannuated in 1893. He is now approaching three-score years and ten, but still preaches almost every Sunday. He is a kind of pastor of our Church at West Kirby, in the Birkenhead Circuit. Mr. W. Graham was born at Marple on December 21st, 1841. He attended our Sunday School in the village, and when a youth just entering his teens, he was converted and became a member of our Marple Church, which at that time belonged to New Mills Circuit. The human agent of his conversion was the late Rev. Charles Jackson, brother of the Rev. J. Jackson, ex-president of Conference. Mr. C. Jackson was a cultured preacher and a lovable man. After a membership of two years, the love of Mr. Graham waxed cold, and he was lost to the Church, but he was dissatisfied and miserable, and in a revival which broke out in a neighbouring church, he was restored to salvation and sought re-admission to our Church. His conversion was a clear and distinct experience. It was a conscious breaking with his past, and a conscious entrance into a new life. This fact is one reason for the marked emphasis which in his preaching he lays on the necessity and importance of regeneration.

Our friend now settled down to the cultivation of his spiritual life, the improvement of his mind, and to such Christian work as was open to him. He was diligent in his attendance at the means of grace. He gave himself to reading and study. He took an active part in the Sabbath School, in the prayer-meetings, and mission services. His general deportment won the respect of his neighbours and the esteem of the Church.

He was put on the plan as a local preacher on the recommendation of the late Rev. G. Herod in December, 1859. They were accustomed to lay hands upon men more suddenly in those times than now; but there must have been some special reason both in our brother and in the circumstances of the station, when one so young in years, who had

only been in the Church a few weeks, was appointed to publicly preach the Word of God. This was done by the Quarterly Meeting without consulting our brother. There was nothing strange in this, for the members were expected to regard the call of the Church as the call of God. Our brother took this view. He entered upon his work with fear and trembling, yet with all his mind and heart, and more than justified the appointment. His ministry of the Word as a local preacher was acceptable to the churches, and was confirmed with signs following.

He was recommended as a fit and proper person for a travelling preacher by the September Quarterly Meeting of his station in 1862, and in October of the same year went as a hired local preacher to what is now the Manchester Fourth Circuit, but at that time it was a Branch of the Manchester First Circuit. The following May he attended the District Meeting at Chester as a candidate for the ministry, and after a searching examination was accepted as a minister on probation.

The Conference stationed him at St. Helens, Lancashire, and that circuit became responsible for his pledge. He has since travelled in Douglas, Lymm, Lowton Branch of Lymm Circuit, Preston, Castletown, Bradwell, Stockport Second, Blackburn First, Fleetwood, Liverpool First, Lowton, and Manchester Third. He is at present in Manchester Fifth.

Mr. Graham has what is called a good presence. He has more grey hairs than many of his years. He is somewhat corpulent, but strong and active, and carries sunshine in his countenance. When we meet with him, we often think of him as the tall, thin, pale youth who in 1863 attended the District Meeting for examination. His examiners were three of the most eminent men in the Connexion. All of them were afterwards called to Connexional office, and two of them to the Presidential Chair. At that time it was deemed important for a minister to have good lungs and good legs as well as intellectual vigour and spiritual character. His examiners expressed unqualified satisfaction with his "gifts, graces, and fruits," but they were suspicious that a recent illness had left traces upon his lungs that might prove a detriment to one who would have, not only to preach, but to be exposed to all kinds of weather. They submitted him to a test of which the majority of the meeting had never heard before, viz., holding his breath for a given number of seconds. He came out of the ordeal in triumph. He has remarkably good health, and is still hale and hearty.

He has a vigorous intellect. His studies have been mainly concentrated on subjects which have a direct bearing upon ministerial life and work. Like many more, he had but a limited education in youth, and was pressed into the ministry without the inestimable advantage of a college training, but he has intellectual capacity and resources which command respect. He is a ready speaker, and in impromptu addresses seldom hesitates for a word, and does not often use the wrong one. His preaching is practical rather than speculative, and appeals to the conscience rather than to the emotions. Not that he is deficient in emotion, or that his preaching is cold and harsh. He has a big, tender, sympathetic heart, and sometimes he kindles into an enthusiasm which leads the old folks to exclaim, "Thank God, the old fire still burns." It would be a surprise to us to hear of his preaching without saying something well worth hearing.

He has a good knowledge of Connexional rule and usage, a sound judgment, a strong sense of fairness, and a large fund of tact and common-sense; therefore he excels in administration. He

has rendered excellent service as secretary of various District Committees; in fact, he has held all the offices to which a district can appoint a man. He was District Committee secretary for five years, and his knowledge of procedure, his painstaking carefulness, his mastery of details, and his well-balanced judgment so impressed his brethren that they recommended him for one of the executive offices of the Connexion, and will probably do the same again. At the present time, he has the responsible post of treasurer of the Itinerant Preachers' Friendly Society, and we have no doubt that he will discharge its onerous duties with credit to himself and with satisfaction to all concerned. He is esteemed most of all for his personal character. He is deeply devotional, conscientious in his actions, generous in his gifts, and genial in his intercourse with his people. He makes many friends and few enemies. He is every inch a man, and a creditable minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. We hope he may live and grow in power of service for many years to come.

T. J.

Songs in the Night-Season.

"That Thou shouldest visit him every morning."

"He hath done all things well."

THOU doest all things well,
God only wise and true!
My days and nights alternate tell
Of mercies always new.

With sacred toils o'er-pressed,
I sink in welcome sleep;
I wake in darkness and unrest,
Yet patient vigil keep.

Soon finds each fever'd day,
And each chill night, its bourn;
Nor zeal need droop, nor hope decay,
Ere rest, or light, return.

But be the night-watch long,
And sore the chastening rod,—
Thou art my Health, my Sun—my Song,
My Glory, and my God!

Thy smiling face lights mine;
If, veiled, it makes me sad,
Even tears in darkness, star-like shine,
And morning finds me glad!

For weeping, wakeful eyes
Instinctive look above;
And catch, through openings in the skies,
Thy beams, unslumbering LOVE!

Hours spent with pain and Thee
Lost hours have never seem'd;
No, those are lost, which but *might* be
From earth, for heaven, redeem'd!

Its limit—its relief—
Its hallow'd issues—tell,
That, though Thou cause Thy servant grief,
Thou doest all things well!

W. M. BUNTING, M.A.

Is thy cruse of comfort failing?
Haste its scanty drops to share,
And through all the years of famine
Thou shalt still have drops to spare.

Love Divine will fill thy store-house,
Or thy handful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two!

ELISABETH RUNDLE CHARLES,



The Purple Robe.

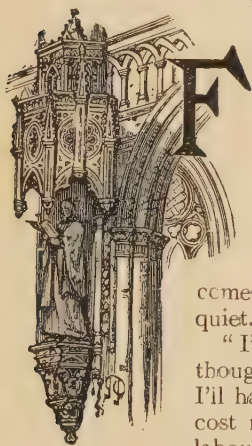
A STORY FOR THE TIMES.

By JOSEPH HOCKING,

AUTHOR OF "THE BIRTHRIGHT," "MISTRESS NANCY MOLESWORTH," "ALL MEN ARE LIARS,"
"THE STORY OF ANDREW FAIRFAX," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW DUNCAN'S LETTER AFFECTED FATHER SHEEN.



FATHER SHEEN sat in his study on the morning on which Duncan's letter appeared in the *Lynford Observer*. He had performed his offices in the Church, had afterwards eaten a good breakfast, and had now come into his study for a little quiet.

"I've had a busy time," thought the priest, "and now I'll have a rest. Those addresses cost me a world of anxiety and labour in spite of all the help I could get. But they are over now, and that young fellow has not shown fight. Well, I'm glad I gave them, I shouldn't be surprised if they result in converts."

He sat down before the fire, and saw a copy of the *Lynford Observer* lying on the table by his side. "More letters, I expect," he thought. "I must say I am surprised that young Rutland has never written a word. Well, all the greater victory for me. I shall now be regarded as a champion of our Cause."

A minute later he sat with his mouth open, and his eyes staring into vacancy. At first he could not believe what he read, but presently he saw that there could be no mistake about it.

"Bother it!" he cried at length. "I never imagined the fellow would do this. At the worst I thought he would only answer me in his own chapel. But a public debate! a public debate!"

He perused Duncan's letter through again very carefully.

"I therefore invite Father Sheen to a public debate of three nights' duration, to be held in the Industrial Hall, on any dates most suitable to him," he read aloud.

"I suppose I must accept," he said piteously, "although heaven knows I am not prepared for such work. I wish I'd never meddled with the business. I shouldn't, either, but for Lady Neville and Alizon. Yes, it was Alizon who was always at me."

There could be no doubt about it, Father Sheen was much worried. He paced his room many times, constantly giving expression to savage ejaculations.

"I'm not the man for the work," he said, "I've done but very little reading on those lines for many years. I've forgotten my Greek, while even my Latin is rusty; as for Church history, I am all at sea. I'm an old man, too, while this young fellow is fresh from six years of training. I'll refuse; I'll say I haven't time; I'll refuse to discuss the doctrines of the Church with a heretic."

All this did not satisfy him, however, because he knew it would not satisfy the public. To say that

Father Sheen had a bad half-hour after reading Duncan's letter, would be to very inadequately describe his feelings.

"It's all Lady Neville's fault; yes, and Alison's," he said at length. "They got me into this scrape, and they ought to get me out of it. I'll go down to the Priory; that's it. I know her ladyship's at home. She will help me out of it."

This decision evidently gave Father Sheen considerable relief. There is always comfort in the thought of being able to shift our burdens to the shoulders of others, and when, as a few minutes later he made his way towards the Priory, he felt quite jubilant at the thought that her ladyship would help him out of his dilemma.

"Well, Father Sheen," said her ladyship, "I am honoured this morning. It is not often you come before lunch, except on special occasions. I hope nothing's the matter."

"Plenty's the matter," said the priest. "I wish to speak to you on a very important matter this morning."

"Come into the library. There's a good fire, and no one is in the room but Alison. You don't mind her being present, I suppose?"

"Oh no, oh no. It has to do with Alison as much as with you."

"That's right," said her ladyship, leading the way, and wondering what caused the woebegone expression on the old man's face.

Alison met Father Sheen with bright eyes as he entered, and bestowed on him a look of genuine affection.

"Father Sheen wants to see us both this morning, Alison," said her ladyship pleasantly. "I hope you've not been a naughty girl," she added with a laugh.

"Oh, no, nothing of the sort," said the old priest hurriedly. "Have you read—that is—have you seen?—but I suppose you haven't?"

"Seen what?" asked her ladyship.

"This morning's *Lynford Observer*."

"No, I haven't."

"Then, here—read this, your ladyship," and he put the paper in her hands.

Lady Neville began to open the paper.

"Excuse me, let me find it for you," said the old priest hurriedly. "Ah, there it is—that letter, signed Duncan Rutland. It's an awful business, isn't it?"

Lady Neville read the letter, and then with a smile passed it on to Alison.

"What shall I do?" asked Father Sheen.

"There's only one thing you can do."

"What?"

"Why, accept, of course."

"But I can't. I—I—that is, I'm very rusty on such questions."

"Then you must furbish your weapons. My library will be at your disposal. The letter is per-

fectly fair, perfectly courteous, you cannot refuse. You would be the laughing-stock of the town if you did."

"Do you think so?"

"I am sure you would. You see, you gave those addresses."

"I did, I did," said the old man ruefully. "You persuaded me, you and Alison, to give them. I wish I hadn't."

"Why, you told me they had been well received."

"Yes, they were, or they seemed so, but a public debate, your ladyship, a public debate!"

"Nothing could be better. You are, of course, sure of your arguments?"

"Perfectly, oh, perfectly." This he said in such a plaintive way that her ladyship could not help laughing aloud.

"Then what is there to fear? You are not a youth of twenty-six, you are an old man, and a skilled debater, all the arguments for our faith must be perfectly familiar to you."

"Your ladyship is very kind."

"Not at all. I am simply wanting to show that this is a most fortunate occurrence. You will be able to speak to a Protestant audience, you will be able to show them the truths of our faith, and make them realise how foolish they are to keep out of the Church. Why, you might begin a New Reformation movement in the town."

"Yes, yes," said Father Sheen tamely.

Lady Neville was partly in earnest, and partly joking in what she said. Belonging as she did to an old Catholic family which had suffered much for faith's sake, she was a good Catholic; she did not believe that any arguments which Rutland might adduce would do harm to her cause; at the same time she doubted the powers of Father Sheen. While believing in the sacredness of the priest's offices, she regarded many of the priests very lightly as men. In the past, many who had come to the Priory to say Mass, were not even invited to partake of food with the family, but had to be content with the company of the butler, or, at best, the housekeeper. Since those days custom had changed, and she now treated Father Sheen with respect, but she had no exaggerated notions as to his powers as a debater and scholar. She was sincere in her belief that he would triumph in argument, but she could not help laughing at the thought of the old man's appearing as an intellectual gladiator.

The gift of humour is very dangerous to a religion built on ceremonial. Lady Neville did not realise this at the time, nevertheless she felt a strong curiosity to know what Duncan Rutland would say.

"Of course, all the Catholics would have to be invited to come," sighed the priest.

"Of course."

"Don't you think it will be very dangerous? That young Rutland is a clever fellow."

"But you will be there to answer him. Think of the triumph of pulverising him."

"Yes, yes, of course," said Father Sheen sadly. "Of course you will come and sit on the platform?"

"If you wish it."

"Oh, I do, I do! But—but don't you think it would be better if I got one of our recognised speakers to accept his challenge?"

"No, certainly not."

"Why?"

"Because the people would assume that you are afraid, and because the words of a stranger could not have the same weight as yours."

"You think not?"

"I am sure of it. Besides, if you invited one of our recognised debaters, Rutland would be justified in doing the same thing. No, no, you are the man. Besides, when you have beaten him, I see promotion for you as a consequence. It may end in a Bishopric."

Poor Father Sheen, he would gladly have



"A MINUTE LATER."

given up the chance of the Bishopric if he could have been spared the awful ordeal that faced him.

Alizon had listened eagerly to all that had been said, and if the truth must be told she was delighted at the course events were taking. Unlike her mother she regarded Father Sheen as a formidable antagonist, and she longed for the fray to begin. She could not help feeling, after Duncan had accompanied her across the moors, that he had refused to argue with her, because he regarded her as unworthy of the trouble. There had been a patronising tone in his remarks which she resented,

and as she listened to the conversation, she pictured the enthusiasm of the Catholic portion of the audience, and the consternation of the Protestants, as the old priest showed the glory of the Church, and the fallacies of the Reformed faith. Nourished as she had been on Catholic tradition, and ignorant of the true issues of the Reformation, she believed that selfishness, greed, and lust had caused the cleavage of the Church, and if Protestants would only open their ears to the truth, the Church of her fathers would be flooded with converts.

"Oh, I am delighted!" she said; "it is glorious, Father Sheen," she cried.

"Of course, of course," said the old man gloomily.

"When will you begin?" she asked. "I am afraid it will be impossible before Christmas."

"Yes, yes," said the old man eagerly, "it will be impossible before Christmas. It must take considerable time. I shall have to spend much time in reading."

"In reading! Why?"

"I must prepare myself."

"But you have been a priest for forty years. Are you not always prepared?"

"Yes, yes, of course," replied the old man gloomily.

"Besides, the longer you delay the matter, the longer time this Mr. Rutland will have to prepare. I do long for you to give him a good thrashing. He is a conceited fellow."

"Is he? How do you know?"

"Oh, I met him once," and Alizon described her journey with him across the moors.

"And what did you think of him, Lady Neville?" asked the old man eagerly.

"Oh, he seems a smart fellow. He looks and speaks more like a lawyer than a dissenting minister. He is the very opposite of the approved type. But for the fact that he is clean-shaven, he has a certain military air. He is young, gentlemanly, and I should say decidedly good-looking. But such fellows are seldom strong as debaters."

Father Sheen shook his head gloomily.

"Well, what would you advise me to do?" he asked.

"Oh, I should write to the paper saying that you accept Mr. Rutland's invitation."

"Yes, what then?" he asked plaintively.

"Really, Lady Neville, I am not the man for this work."

"I should fix, say the 10th, 17th, and 24th of January for the debate. Those are early-closing nights, and the people will be able to come in crowds."

"Of course, of course," said the old man, but in his heart of hearts he prayed that the hall might be empty.

"Then I should name six of our most respected Catholics to act as a part of the Committee, and leave them to arrange details."

"Yes."

"That is all, I think."

"All except the subjects."

"Oh, yes, the subjects. Well, do you accept those which he has suggested? They strike me as important. If you prove your case on the lines he marks out, Protestantism crumbles to the ground."

"Oh, quite. Crumbles to the ground;" and the old man repeated the words in a lugubrious tone of voice.

"Oh, it is fine!" cried Alizon. "Let us write the letter now, Father Sheen, I do long to see it before it appears in print!"

Half an hour later the letter was written, and approved of. Alizon was jubilant, Lady Neville confident, Father Sheen in despair.

"You will stay to lunch?" asked her ladyship.

"No, thank you, I must get back. January the 10th—the 10th. No, I must get back."

"You will select your books now," said Lady Neville, looking around the well-filled shelves.

"Thank you, thank you. Do—do you think it would be well for me to call on Mr. Rutland?" he asked timorously.

"Why?"

"Well, it might be courteous, you know. He is a stranger, and we might—well—"

"What?"

"Arrange some sort of compromise."

"Compromise with an avowed heretic!" cried Alizon.

"Of course, of course I did not mean that," said the timorous old man hurriedly, "I did not mean that. I only thought we might place the matter on a friendly footing."

"I think such an action would be wrongly construed," said her ladyship.

"Doubtless you are right, doubtless you are right. Of course any compromise is impossible. We must give no quarter, we must be bold for the truth," but the old man's eyes were humid, and his lips tremulous as he spoke.

A little later Father Sheen left the Priory in a carriage. Around him was piled a large number of books, while in his pocket was a letter, which he dropped in a post-box on his way back, and in which he accepted Duncan Rutland's challenge.

"Oh, I wish I could get out of this," he said, as he threw himself in his study chair. "It is all Alizon's fault. She went to hear the fellow, and afterwards gave me no rest until I had given those addresses. What he said was quite true; he did not openly attack us."

Father Sheen did not doubt the foundation on which his faith rested, he only doubted himself. He felt sure he was not fit for the duty which faced him. He was getting old, he was timorous, and he was neither a thinker nor a student. He knew men who would have rejoiced in this fray; young, eager men, who had all the arguments at their fingertips. Oh, if it were possible for one of them to take his place!

The following Wednesday Father Sheen's letter appeared, and a few days later arrangements for the debate were made. All the town was in a ferment, and on the night of January 10th the doors of the Industrial Hall were literally besieged more than an hour before the time announced for the debate to begin.

CHAPTER V.

A TOURNAMENT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

WHEN Lady Neville and Alizon took their places on the platform the Industrial Hall was packed from floor to ceiling. A charge had been made for admission, the arrangement being that all money should be given to local charities, but this had evidently made no difference to the attendance. No less than two thousand people were within the building, all eager, excited. The mental and moral atmosphere of the place was electric. All were wondering as to the results of a debate unprecedented in the history of Lynford. Like most Lancashire towns, a great deal of religious sentiment was manifest. With the exception of perhaps Yorkshire and Cornwall, Lancashire has more religious sentiment than any county in England. There is, moreover, no county where the people will give so liberally to religious objects as in Lancashire. Thousands of people who seldom attend a place of worship, regard themselves as being identified with some Church, either Conformist or Nonconformist. They pay for a pew, and may be generally depended upon at School Sermons, or, as they are often called, "Charity Sermons." The religious bodies may be roughly described in their own terms: Chapel, Church, Catholics. First in strength and number come the Nonconformist bodies. They form the great bulk of religious people; then comes the Established Church, and afterwards the Catholics, most of whom are importations from Ireland and elsewhere. Each and all love their churches with great fervour, and many would sacrifice a great deal rather than their own particular spiritual home should suffer.

The great audience gathered at the Industrial Hall was mostly composed of Nonconformists and Catholics. A good sprinkling of Churchmen were present, but as their position was largely that of a compromise between the Church of ancient ceremonial on the one hand, and the unflinching Protestantism of the other, they did not feel inclined to take any prominent part. Besides, some of them naturally felt slightly annoyed that a young Free Churchman should monopolise so much of the attention of the people.

When Father Sheen entered there was a great buzz of excitement. His supporters shouted vociferously, and gave him every encouragement in their power. The old man looked pale and haggard, but resolute. Now that the fight had practically commenced, he felt far less fear than when through the past few weeks he had been preparing to meet his opponent. There could be no doubt that he was very anxious; but dead in earnest. He felt himself to be a champion of the truth, and was bold accordingly. Moreover the books he had

been reading sustained his courage. He felt sure he had a strong case, and that however clever Duncan might be, his facts could not be shaken. He nodded to Lady Neville and Alizon, and smiled sadly but confidently when the young girl looked affectionately towards him.

On the platform were two tables, on each of which was a large pile of books.

"There's a rare lot of dry stuff in yon," said one man to another, who sat close to the platform.

"Yi, us 'eads 'll be jammed full o' learnin' afore they've done to-neet. What time is 't?"

"It wants baat three minutes the aaf aar."

"Well, th' 'oud un's 'ere 't ony rooid."

"Yi," said an enthusiastic Catholic, who sat close by, "oo's noan afeard. It 'll be young 'un as 'll back aat if ony body does."

"Ay, but ther'll be no backin' aat to-neet."

As if in confirmation of his words, several more people took their place on the platform, followed by Duncan. There was a great shout when he came, and a good deal of hissing.

"Ther' shell be feear play 't ony rooid," said men to each other all over the hall as they heard the hissing.

Duncan was pale to the lips as he took his seat. He was a young man, and this was his first great public ordeal. He had enjoyed the debates at College, but on those occasions there was not an excited throng listening to his words, nor reporters present to take down every word he said. He looked over the audience and saw hundreds of kindly faces, and some scowling ones. But he was not afraid. Every nerve was strung to full tension, and his heart beat more quickly than was its wont; the young man had no idea of fear however. His brain was clear, and every sense was alert.

While the hubbub subsided, he looked around the platform and noted the face of Father Sheen. He recognised Lady Neville too, but that lady took no notice of him. When his eyes rested on Alizon, however, she was looking towards him. The moment their eyes met, she turned away from him with a smile that was almost contemptuous. Evidently she felt very bitterly towards the man who would attack her faith.

At length the chairman arose, and in a few words stated the conditions of the debate. He had them written down in order to prevent mistakes. Each speaker was to be allowed half an hour, and the meeting was to last three hours. Thus each man would make three speeches. Having made this plain, the chairman said he had only a word more to say before calling on Father Sheen who was to speak first. It was simply that he expected fair play on the part of the audience. No speaker should be interrupted by his hearers, and the arrangements of the meeting must be carried out decently and in order.

"We are met i' Lancashire," said the chairman, "where men like to spaik their mind. On the one hand is a man who has been in the taan for mony a year; I'm sure you'll give him a fair hearing."

At this there was general applause.

"On the other, is a young man, a stranger to us, many on us know next to nowt abaat him; but he's the minister of Tudor Chapel, and because we believe in fair play, we'll give him a fair hearing too."

Again the applause seemed general.

"That's all," said the chairman. "I now call upon Father Sheen to open the question as to 'Whether the Reformation and the Consequent Growth of Protestantism was a Necessity?'"

There was a great shout as Father Sheen rose to speak, while Duncan noticed that Alison Neville clapped her hands most enthusiastically. There was a look of eager confidence in her eyes.

Father Sheen was an Irishman. He had lived long enough away from his native country to lose some of the brogue for which Ireland is famous, but he had not lost the homely eloquence so common to the Celt. Moreover, after he had uttered a few words, and heard the wild cheering of his supporters, his fear forsook him.

He had no notes, and he spoke with perfect ease and fluency. After awhile, too, he allowed the Irish gift of humour to manifest itself, while occasionally he spoke with fervour and passion. He spoke of what the Church had done; what it was to the people. He described it as a refuge for the weary, a home for the homeless, and "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." He told the audience of its ideals, of its outlook, its unity. Then he described the Reformation, and spoke of the disunion, the enmity, the hatred, the wars that followed; how families were disunited, how faith was wrecked, and how nations were led to engage in ghastly and bloody wars.

"This," he cried, as he saw the hand of the clock pointing to the minute when he was supposed to stop, "this is what the Reformation has meant to Christendom; and I ask you, not as Catholics, or Protestants, not even as English people, but as men and women who love righteousness, truth, and purity, was that so-called Reformation a necessity?"

A great shout rose from the Catholic portion of the audience, a shout of triumph. Even his supporters did not believe that Father Sheen could have spoken so powerfully, so well, while a look almost of doubt rested on the faces of the Protestants. They had never heard the Reformation stated in this light before, and they feared for Duncan's power to answer the old Irishman. The great mass of them knew nothing of history; they were Protestants because they had been trained to believe in its doctrines, and, perhaps, because the sturdy independence of their natures discarded the idea of priestcraft. Thus in the excitement of the

hour, the Church of Rome appeared as the very haven of God, while Protestants were represented as enemies to those tired souls who longed to enter there for rest and peace.

Alison Neville's eyes were full of joyful tears as her old Father Confessor sat down. To her he seemed like one of the old saints who were heroes for the truth. To her his arguments seemed unanswerable, and she rejoiced with great joy as, in the eye of faith and imagination, she saw thousands in this Puritan town coming back to the Church under whose wings she had been sheltered.

Duncan had been jotting down a few notes while the priest was speaking, he had also opened many of the books before him, and marked certain passages.

"Old Sheen hev given 'im a fair 'ard nut to crack," said some of the audience.

"Ay, and e'll noan crack it," replied others.

"Yi, but he will," said old Matthy Bray, "yo'll see. Let 'im geet on his feet and he'll mak' mince-mait on 'im."

When Duncan rose there was a dead silence. The excitement was too great for cheering. Even his most earnest admirers feared for him. Their confidence, however, was somewhat assured when they saw how perfectly composed he was.

He had intended, he said, to have given an address which he had prepared, but he should, perhaps, best serve the interests of truth, by traversing the statements of Father Sheen, whose speech resolved itself into three parts. First, there was his picture of the Church before the Reformation. Then there was the fact of the Reformation, and afterwards, the result of that movement.

Dealing with the first point he asked whether the picture of the Church drawn by Father Sheen was a true picture. If it were, then the Reformers were enemies of the truth, and of God. But was it? He then sketched the true state of the Church. He showed how it had been stripped of faith, of purity, of common decency. He proved from the writings of even Catholic historians that the priests mumbled articles in which they did not believe, that they went from vile debauchery to the churches to say Masses. That from the popes downward, the clergy were pagan and impure. That the pardon of sins had been degraded into a trade; that a tariff for the forgiveness of sin was fixed—so much for murder, so much for lying, so much for stealing, so much for adultery. Money could buy almost anything. He showed how the people were at the mercy of the priests; how they governed almost every office. He read extracts from historians showing that if men dared to oppose the priests they were excommunicated, and when that was done, it was a sin to give them shelter, a sin to give them food, or help in any way, and that if anyone showed kindness to an excommunicated person, he or she was liable to the same penalty.

It was a terrible picture which he drew, and all the more terrible because every statement was substantiated by a recognised historian. Before he had finished it a look of revengeful hatred settled on the faces of one part of the audience, while on the faces of the other part, a look of wonderment was expressed. They had no idea of what had existed at the end of the fifteenth century.

"So much for the pretty fairy tales, the pathetic picture Father Sheen has drawn of the Church prior to the Reformation," said Duncan as he finished this part of his address.

The remark relieved the intense excitement to which the audience had been worked up, and a great laugh rose from the audience. This moment's interval allowed Duncan time to turn round and



"MAYBE SUMMATT 'LL 'APPEN, MISS ALIZON."

open one or two other books. In doing so he saw Alizon Neville. All the joyous triumph had gone from her eyes, her face was pale to the lips, her hands were clenched nervously. He saw, too, that Father Sheen's cheeks were flabby, and that he was sorely uncomfortable.

He then sketched the immediate cause of Luther's actions. He described Tetzel's visit to the quiet German town, gave quotations from his

sermons, quotations which promised that for a sum of money he would forgive not only the sins they had committed, but those which they intended to commit. He read the blasphemous words of Tetzel, where he said that God no longer reigned, but that all power was given to the Pope.

At this juncture the chairman rang the bell. This indicated that he had only three minutes more.

"Very well," said Duncan, "I have not at present time to deal with the supposed evil results of the Reformation, but I shall have an opportunity presently. Up to the present I have shown you the value of Father Sheen's arguments. Arguments?" he repeated with a smile, "arguments—why a boy of seven could play at ninepins with them."

The homely figure appealed to the humour of the audience, and the place echoed with great laughter, and before it subsided it was time for Father Sheen to commence his second address.

The old man did his best, he reiterated what he had before said; but he had lost his power over the audience. It is true the Catholic portion of the audience still cheered him, but there was no hope, no confidence in the cheer. He tried to traverse the young man's statements, but even his own friends saw that he failed. The old priest felt it too, and he began to be confused. He saw the good-humoured ridicule which was expressed on the people's faces, and then he did what a true debater would never have done, he descended to invective. When his half-hour was up he had not helped his cause; thus it was that when Duncan rose the second time, he was met with tumultuous cheering.

He could not help being elated, it was not in human nature to feel otherwise. He looked again at Alison Neville's face, and saw chagrin, discomfiture, anger. Lady Neville looked at him superciliously, scornfully, while a low growl of anger was heard in the hall. All this aroused his defiance, and caused him to speak more strongly than he had intended.

First of all he took the statements contained in Father Sheen's second address, and held them up to ridicule; then he dealt with the indictment which the priest had hurled at Protestantism. "Look at it," the old priest had said, "look at Protestantism. Think of what it has done. It has torn the Church in pieces, it has wrecked the faith of millions, it has sent untold multitudes to eternal perdition. Look at your Protestant countries. Where is your unity? It does not exist. You are a rope of sand; you are torn to pieces by petty conflicting sects. Protestantism is doomed because it rests on a false foundation."

This gave Duncan the chance he had hoped for, and he used the chance to great advantage. He showed how while Protestant countries had prospered, had become strong and mighty, Catholic countries had become weaker and weaker. He described the relative positions of Germany and Spain, and showed that while the Pope had cursed the former and blessed the latter, the former had prospered, while the latter was crumbling into decay, and was day by day becoming more impotent. He showed that Austria and Portugal could not be said to belong to the advancing countries of the

world, but were becoming more and more mere names on a map. He portrayed the condition of France, largely a nation of atheists, governed by the passions of the mob, a nation where justice seemed a far-off dream. He pointed out that Italy, the home of the Vatican, had only become a great nation by throwing off allegiance to the Pope, and that ever since the Papacy had sulked because of the position of the Italian Government. Then he traced the history of England from the time of the Spanish Armada. He described how the Pope had blessed this movement of Spain, and cursed the heresy which had robbed him of England, and how England had, through her independence of, and freedom from priestly tyranny, marched on to greatness. He showed how the one spot in the United Kingdom where abject poverty and ignorance reigned was in Catholic Ireland, while Protestant Ireland was prosperous and contented.

"Now," he said in conclusion, "have I proved my case? Was the Reformation a necessity? And have the results of the Reformation justified the action of those who freed us from Papal chains?"

When Father Sheen rose for the third time the debate was as good as closed. Even Alison Neville and her mother saw that it was an unequal contest. They saw that much more could be said on their side than it had come to Father Sheen's mind to say. Even the most intelligent Protestants saw that the Catholic arguments had not been ably set forth. Whatever might be the merits of the case itself, the old priest was no match for the eager young debater fresh from his studies. It was like an old worn-out soldier, who had never been at his best a good fencer, doing battle with an antiquated, rusty sword, against a skilled fencer, who was young, strong, and active, and whose blade was new and bright and keen.

Had one of the skilled Jesuit debaters taken the place of Father Sheen, Duncan's work would have been far more difficult, as it was he was victorious all along the line. He had estimated the Lancashire character, had appealed to their sturdy independence, and given the bare strong facts which they so much love. Thus it was, when he rose for his last address, he had little to answer. And for half-an-hour, moved to intense passion by the enthusiasm of the crowd, he poured forth a glowing tribute to the men, who, he said, had made us as a nation, strong and great and free. With anecdote, pathos, passion, humour, he carried the audience with him, until, as he sat down, the great mass of men and women rose to their feet and gave him an ovation.

"By Jove," said a young lawyer who had come to the hall, not because he had any great interest in the subject, but because he loved a battle of brains, "Rutland has used poor old Sheen as a brush with

which he has swept the floor. The fellow ought to have been a barrister."

Duncan watched while Lady Neville and Alizon left the platform, followed by the old priest. Neither of them spoke to him, but when they reached the door Alizon gave him a look which he never forgot.

Old Matthy Bray climbed on the platform and shook hands with the young minister.

"I know'd thou wert middlin' well off for brains, mester," he said, "but aw did'n think tha 'ed so mich grit in thee."

A number of people who had gathered around laughed at the old weaver's words.

"And naa tak a bit of advice," continued the old man. "Thee slip aat at th' side dooar, and go whoam in a cab. Ther'll neer be a love of free spaich while th' priests 'ave owt to do."

"I'll take that advice," said Duncan.

"Ay, an' a few on us will go wi' 'im," said another, "for ther's a lot ov Irish aatside."

"Yi, and tak care o' thyssen till this debate is over," continued Matthy.

Duncan Rutland realised the wisdom of this advice before a week had passed away.

CHAPTER VI.

ALIZON NEVILLE'S DILEMMA.

DURING the next few days the chief topic of conversation was the debate between Father Sheen and Duncan Rutland. Never before had the town been so much moved. General election speeches seemed tame compared with addresses on Church history. At the mills, where hundreds of men and women gathered together, Father Sheen's failure was discussed and laughed at. The Catholics longed to invite one of their acknowledged propagandists to meet Duncan, but they dared not do so. For, first of all, the debate was announced to be between Father Sheen and the young minister; and second, it would seem a slight on the old man to suggest it to him. The daily conversation, however, fanned the excitement into a greater flame, and hundreds secretly resolved to be at the Industrial Hall on the following week hours before the time announced for the commencement of the discussion.

"Ther'll be nowt left ov owd Sheen but his gaan by th' end o' th' next fight," said one sturdy Puritan to a devoted Catholic, "th' owd man sud a know'd better nor tackle a lad like Rutland."

"Wait a bit," replied the Catholic, "the gaame 's noan played aat yet. Thoult see that Rutland is nobbut a gassy coward."

The listeners laughed, but some did not like the tone in which the man spoke.

As for Father Sheen he was never seen in the

town. What he did no one knew, except that he locked himself in his study, and that no one was allowed to interrupt him.

The speeches were reported verbatim in the *Lynford Observer*, and Alizon Neville read them through carefully.

"I hate him, mother," she said, when she had finished.

"It's very unfortunate," replied Lady Neville. "I ought to have known better. It is all my fault, I am afraid."

"Why?" asked Alizon.

"Well, it was I, or rather it was you, who persuaded Father Sheen to give those addresses. And it was they which caused young Rutland to challenge him."

"Yes, yes, I know; but I thought that——"

"Yes, I know, Alizon; but Father Sheen is neither a scholar nor a debater. I ought to have realised that at the time. It is true his first speech was good, but I did not imagine that the young minister was so clever."

"Clever! Do you think him clever?"

"I'm afraid we can't help thinking so, darling. No one could fail to see that Father Sheen fared badly."

"I don't think him clever a bit," said Alizon passionately. "He is just a vulgar, conceited——" she hesitated for a word—"coxcomb," she added presently.

"He may be all that," replied Lady Neville, "but he is none the less clever. I cannot help dreading the next meeting. I hear that many Catholics have been sorely unsettled by what was said by Mr. Duncan. No doubt he could be easily answered, and had Father Sheen been a scholar and a thinker he would be answered; but unfortunately he is not."

Alizon was silent. Up to the time when Father Sheen had met Duncan she would have contested her mother's closing statement. To her the old man had always given evidence of wide reading and sound thinking; since then, however, she had seen her mistake.

"I suppose the debate must take its course?" she said presently.

"It cannot be helped. It has been publicly announced. The hall has been engaged and the people will be there. Many Catholics will be there too, and the next subject is more dangerous than the last."

"The Infallibility of the Pope, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"There is no doubt about it, mother, is there?" asked Alizon anxiously.

"Of course not, since the Church has decreed that it shall be an article of faith. As you know, Cardinal Newman opposed the Vatican decrees as long as he could, but when it was once decided he, of course, accepted."

"Yes," replied Alizon dubiously. Even to her it seemed strange that any body of men could decide as to whether a doctrine should be accepted by the whole Catholic world, but no doubt it was right.

"And if that young man succeeds next Tuesday, as he did last Tuesday, it will be a still more dangerous blow for the Church?"

Lady Neville nodded.

"Oh," cried the girl eagerly, "I wish something would happen to prevent him from being there. Why does not God interfere?"

"Perhaps He will, my darling."

Alizon went much among the poor Catholics of the town, and was much beloved by them. During her visits the chief topic was still the debate. Many uncomplimentary remarks were passed about Duncan, and many threats of vengeance uttered. The ignorant and unreasoning part of the people felt that they would be doing God service by preventing the next meeting.

"Tell tha what, Miss Alizon," said one brawny man of Irish origin, but who had been brought up in the town, "yon chap is nobbut the tool of the devil."

"I am afraid he is," was Alizon's unguarded reply.

"And aw believe it would be pleasin' the blessed Virgin if he wur traited as th' tool o' th' devil."

The young girl's eyes flashed. She was terribly angry with Rutland, and she was afraid lest her old Father Confessor should again fare badly at his hands. Moreover, her Church seemed to be in danger. In the past the Popes had passed edicts to destroy those who were enemies to the fold. She had been sometimes ashamed to confess this, but now she saw reason for it.

"Father Sheen's noan a match for yon chap," went on the man, "and there's allus a sight o' waik-kneed chaps as can't stand agin a felly wot's got th' gift o' th' gab like yon. I've 'eerd a' several as 'ave said they're noan goin' to Confession agean."

"It's terrible," said Alizon; "oh, I do wish that he might be away somewhere next Tuesday, and miss his train or something of that sort."

The collier's eyes lit up with an angry light.

"Maybe summatt 'll 'appen, Miss Alizon," he said, "let's 'oap so."

"Yes, let's hope so," replied the girl. She did not realise what she was saying, and had no idea of the effect of her words on the passionate unthinking man.

The days passed away, and nothing of importance happened. The weather was drear and wet and cold. The streets were covered with black slimy mud, the sky was laden with grime and soot, the hundreds of chimneys belched out clouds of black smoke. The weavers, however, did not mind. To a stranger, Lynford was the dreariest

town imaginable, but to the natives it was the best place on earth. Whenever a visitor from a distant part of the country mentioned the drear ugliness of the town, he was met with the invariable reply—

"Yi, but thou'rt noan used to it."

Still, in spite of the surroundings, thousands of brave honest people lived there, and although many were rough and seemingly coarse, they possessed kind loyal hearts, and would stand by a friend through thick and thin.

Since Duncan had invited Father Sheen to a public discussion he had risen wonderfully in the estimation of the crowd. They began to look upon him as a Lynford man, and often as he passed down the streets, the weavers would offer kindly remarks about him, of which the following is an example.

"Ay, but yon's a gradely lad!"

"Yi, and oo's got brains 'n all; an' the gift o' th' gab above the middlin'. Art a baan next Tuesday neet?"

"Ay, I am, I sudden like to miss it. I hear as aa Lady Neville is fair cut up."

"Yi, oo will be. Sheen 'll 'ave to git up middlin' early if oo's to do owt wi' Rutland."

All this was sorely trying to those who held to the old Catholic faith, and many there were who shouted after Duncan as he passed along the streets, and uttered imprecations not at all pleasant.

On the afternoon of the day when the second debate was to take place, Duncan was passing down the main street, when old Matthy Bray met him.

"Weel, and aa are ye likin' Lynford?" asked the old man.

"I like the people very much."

"Aw thowt ye would. We got thee a rare congregation at Tudor on Sunday neet!"

"Yes, it was very large."

"An' yo' praiched a rare sermon 'n all."

"Thank you."

"Oa you deserve a word o' praise naa and then. 'Appen yo' think yo've 'ad a fair lot o' th' tother sooart."

"Yes, I've been abused a bit."

"Weel, words do'ant 'urt much, but be careful, mester. I've warned ye more nor once. Do'ant go aat of a neet over mich, and 'ave comp'ny wi' ye. Aw spoase yo're ready for to-neet."

"I think so."

"That's reight. Ther'll be a rare lot o' fowk."

"I expect so."

"Yi, theer will. Cathlicks would give summatt if tha sudden turn up."

"You think so?"

"Aw'm sure on 't. Thee be careful not to go aat to-neet till jist afore the meetin'. Some on us are goin' up to coom daan with thee."

"Thank you, but surely there's no need."

"Mebbe, but ther's lots o' fellys who wen they're short o' brains mak' it up i' ugliness."

"Have you any grounds for saying this?"

"Noa, noan wot ye might call wuth owt. But aw've 'eard some fellys callin' thee moas things but a gentleman, and aw've seen black looks when thou'st gone by. I'm tellin' thee naa."

When Duncan got back to his lodgings it was past five o'clock. He sat down to the tea which his landlady had prepared, and was about to look over his notes before going to the Industrial Hall, when Mrs. Nutter entered and said a lad wanted to see him.

"Who is he?" asked Duncan.

"Oo ses 'oo goas to Tudor School," replied Mrs. Nutter.

Duncan went to the door and saw a lad about fifteen years of age.

"Fayther's deen', an' oo wants to sitha," said the lad.

"Who is your father?" asked Duncan, "and who are you?"

"Aw'm Bob o' th' Croft Farm's lad. They ca' me Billy Scott. Aw goa to Tudor Sunday Schoo'."

"What's the matter with your father?"

"Tha doctor's geein' 'im up. Aw know nowt no more. Oo wants to see tha reight bad. Oo's bin a bad 'un, too."

"Won't to-morrow morning do?"

"Noa. Doctor ses oo'll dee to-neet."

"Where is Croft Farm?"

"Just aboon Boggart's Clough."

Duncan looked at his watch. There was just time for him to visit the man before the debate. After all the walk might do him good; besides he could not think of neglecting a dying man.

He told his landlady where he was going, and putting his notes in his pocket, started for Croft Farm.

"Some men will call here just after seven, Mrs. Nutter," he said. "Will you give them these books, and tell them where I've gone."

"Yi," said the woman laconically.

That same afternoon Alizon Neville was visiting among the poor Catholics of the town. It was rather depressing to her that so many of her fellow-religionists were so poor and thriftless. She could not help seeing the difference between them and the respectable working class audience she had seen on the only occasion on which she had entered a Protestant Church. As on the previous occasion the chief subject of conversation was about the debate.

"'Appen yo'll be there ageean, Miss Alizon," said one.

"Oh, yes, I shall be there."

"Ther'll be some rare fun to-neet," said the woman mysteriously.

"Fun?" queried Alizon. "To me it is not a matter for fun,"

"But yo' know?"

"Know what?"

"Yo' know as aa Rutland 'll neer turn up."

"Not be there. Why?"

"You've 'eerd?"

"No, I've heard nothing;" all the same her heart beat high with hope. Would her prayers be answered after all?

"Yi, but it wur yo as started it!"

"I! What do you mean, Mrs. Pickup?"

"Bridget Kelly told me all abaat it," said the woman confidentially.

"All about what?"

"What yo said to her Shan."

"I said nothing particular to Shan Kelly."

"But yo' did, Miss Alizon," said the woman, "think agean."

"I said nothing, except that it would be a blessing if something prevented Mr. Rutland from attending the meeting to-night."

"Yi, thet's it. Weel, Shan took the hint."

"What do you mean?"

"He tell'd thee, didn't 'a?"

"No, nothing."

"Well," said the woman, "Rutland 'll noan be theer. Oo'll be sent for to see a man wot's deen' at Croft Farm aboon Boggart's Clough."

"And is there a man dying there?"

"Not as I know on;" and the woman laughed. "Oo'll be on his way there by naa."

"And what then?"

"When oo geets to Boggart's Clough, co'll geet no further to-neet."

"But why?" asked Alizon excitedly.

"Cause Shan Kelly, and aar Ned, and Billy Suttle, wot works at Sutcliffe Mill, and some moor, 'll noan let him."

The plot was plain, even to Alizon's bewildered mind. She realised the effects of her words, she saw to what lengths her foolish statement might lead.

"But they'll not hurt him?" she gasped.

"Noan ovver mich. Oo'll seem to 'ave bin suppin' more nor's gooid for him, that's all," and the woman laughed.

"This is terrible, terrible, Mrs. Pickup," she cried. "It is base, it is cowardly."

"Nay, nay," said the woman, with a touch of anger in her voice, "why, it wur yo' as set Shan Kelly on."

Alizon left the cottage with her head in a whirl. She saw herself a party to a brutal plot, and she walked along the gloomy street like one demented.

At first a feeling of joy possessed her. Duncan Rutland would not be at the Industrial Hall that night. This would mean a great triumph for Father Sheen and his party. Father Sheen would be there, but no opponent to meet him. Consequently the Catholic faith would triumph. But this was only for a moment. She felt ashamed

that any unthinking words of her's should lead to such base actions. Moreover, the truth might presently come out, and then, guiltless as she was, she would become a by-word for every Protestant in the town. But this was not all, nor the worst. The cowardliness of the act haunted her.

What could she do?

Nothing. Things must take their course. Probably the plot would fail. Rutland was a clever man, and he would discover the meaning of it. It would be best, therefore, that she should do nothing.

She heard the clocks of the town chiming the

half-hour. She looked at her watch, it was half-past five. A few seconds later there was a great rattle of clogs on the stony pavements, and the streets were filled with men wearing greasy canvas clothes, and women with their heads covered with shawls.

"We mun mak' 'aaste," she heard them saying. "It's but little tay aw'll sup to-neet. Aw meean to 'ave a front seat."

They were speaking about the meeting at the Industrial Hall.

"What shall I do?" she asked herself.

(To be continued.)

From Servitude to Liberty.

BY A FRENCH PROTESTANT PASTOR.



VERY interesting movement in the direction of Protestantism is just now going on in France in the Romish Church. I am not speaking at present of the movement in many towns and villages which draws entire populations to hear the old, old story plainly told by men belonging to various Evangelistic Societies, such as the *Société Centrale, Société*

Évangélique, or the *McAll Mission*. I speak of a movement going on in the interior of the Romish Church, or more properly speaking, among its clergy, and which shows itself in the resignation of many priests or monks, several of whom boldly join Protestantism and become, after a trial and course of studies, ministers of the Gospel, while the others occupy honourable positions in business, the teaching profession, etc.

There have always been priests who have left Rome; as the education they receive does not fit them for anything but the priesthood, they are obliged to occupy posts which do not require special preparation. Many of them are to be found among the Parisian cabmen. Some misdeemeanor or act of rebellion against the hierarchy is generally the cause of their leaving the priesthood, and it must be said that the popular feeling is against them; the word *défroqué* (lit. "unfrooked") is a term of contempt.

But the movement of which I am speaking now is far more serious. For the last ten years, and more particularly the last three or four years, several priests have left Rome from conscientious motives. This

movement exists principally amongst priests who are between thirty and forty years of age. Younger, they are still—I speak of the more serious ones—under the spell, and later on in life they feel too old to change, and they submit to a state of things which they inwardly deplore. But many middle-aged men, vigorous in body and mind, have made an open stand against Rome. One of these, formerly *Abbé* Bourrier, now *pasteur* Bourrier, edits a monthly paper called the *Chrétien Français*, which he circulates among the French clergy. Many of the priests who have not had the courage to leave Rome have minds preoccupied by the new ideas, so that sooner or later a vast exodus of the most serious-minded and courageous members of the Roman clergy may be hoped for. M. Bourrier has opened a house in Sèvres where he receives those who wish to leave Rome and who do not know where to go or what to do.

The Protestant Churches have not remained indifferent to such a promising movement. Some of the leading ministers and laymen of Paris, under the direction of a very earnest man, Professor Bertrand, have constituted a committee, and under the name of "*Œuvre des Prêtres*," founded a society with a home at Courbevoie for receiving the fugitives and training for the ministry those who seem to have received that call. It is in the *Chrétien Français*, and in the last Reports of the *Œuvre des Prêtres* that I have gleaned a few facts which will doubtless interest my readers.

It is difficult to give the exact number of the priests who have lately left Rome. These figures, taken from the *Rapports*, will enable us to gain some idea of the number. In 1896 the director received forty demands for help from priests, seminarists, and monks, but received only sixteen.

In 1897 *l'Œuvre des Prêtres* helped seventeen and refused twelve. The Report for 1898 is not yet issued, but in a private letter the director says:—

"This year we have as yet refused thirty-one priests and accepted twelve; then we have helped about fifteen of last year. This week (beginning of October, 1897) I have sent seven to the Theological Faculties of Neuchatel (Switzerland), one to the Preparatory School of Batignolles, one to the Faculty of Montauban, another one will go there soon. The rest are in journalism or business. Two have just obtained their degree of B.D., one goes out as missionary to America, and two have just taken their B.A."

It would appear from the preceding figures that in three years about one hundred priests have applied to the Society, and out of this one hundred, forty-nine proved serious, honourable men, most of whom have gone into, or are preparing for, the ministry.

These figures although encouraging do not include all the priests who have left Rome, nor those, much more numerous, who remain *de facto* Roman clergy, but are studying the Bible, corresponding with the priests who have been more courageous than themselves, and who will probably, sooner or later, follow in their steps. In one way we must not exaggerate the importance of the movement, and yet in another sense its importance cannot well be exaggerated, because if it spreads it may be the *point de départ* of a new era for Christianity in France. Still, the forty or fifty earnest priests who have left Rome in three years can do a great deal of good. If the movement continues to go on in the same ratio no one can tell what its ultimate consequences may be.

My readers would doubtless like to know what is the state of mind of the priests who leave Rome, and what reasons they allege in order to justify their conduct. I shall quote some letters of resignation sent by some of these priests.

First of all, here are the criticisms of some priests who have not broken with their Church, or which were pinned before they broke with it. Abbé Charbonnel, speaking of these men, wrote:—"Since so many souls exile themselves so nobly, is there not something rotten in the kingdom of the Church?" Abbé Vindex says: "The Roman Church has been rotten a long time. One must not wonder if priests, having larger or more generous inspirations, rise now and then to demand a radical Reform in the Church. This Reform would consist in cutting from the so-called Catholic Church, all that does not strictly agree with the doctrine and discipline of the Apostles. If my voice alone were needed to help them, I should shout: Courage, friends; courage, brethren. Let us drive out of the temple all these sellers of false miracles who are only intent on money-making. Strike, friends, strike repeatedly, to reduce to atoms



PROFESSOR J. B. BERTRAND.

all that tinsel, that rubbish, and work to raise instead the only true divine religion." Another priest who feels himself too old to change, writes thus: "I know my Church as the murderess of conscience; but at my age one does what one can. I have done away with the sad Romish catechism, and in its stead I use the Gospel. For the last six months I have explained the Gospel of John instead of preaching on the false miracles, false relics, and the infallibility of a fallible man. I give a more spiritual sense to the ceremonies. In a word, I try to make my children and people really evangelical, not Romish; so the number of my hearers has singularly increased; God has blessed my efforts."

Here is the letter of Abbé Philippot to the Bishop of Soissons, who asked him to retract his evangelical convictions, and who answered by an admirable confession of faith beginning thus:

"When the martyrs of the first centuries were questioned concerning their faith before the judges, they answered, 'I am a Christian.' After their example I resume my confession of faith in these words alone: *I am a Christian. I am a Christian* because I belong to Christ by faith; and that in Him and by Him I have the forgiveness of my sins and immediate communion with the Heavenly Father. I am a Christian because the teaching of Jesus Christ is the law of my intelligence, because the ethics of Jesus Christ are the ideal of my life, because I cannot conceive a religion more perfect than that of Jesus Christ. I put the Gospel of

Jesus Christ above every human word, and I judge of everything by the Gospel."

Here, also, is a letter in which another priest, l'Abbé Bourdery, curate at Marolles, near Beauvais, tenders his resignation to his bishop. The letter is dated 7 April, 1898:—

"My Lord,—A sincere vocation had drawn me to the priesthood in the religion of Christ. After a long and serious study of the dogmas and institutions of the Church, I have come to the conclusion that I cannot remain priest any longer. It is for me a duty of loyalty not to keep any longer the direction of the parish which you entrusted to my care. I tender to you to-day my resignation. Before God, I can testify that *my whole sacerdotal life was freely spent in spreading and fostering the Christian convictions of souls. And it is to continue the same work that I withdraw myself from your Church, Catholic but not Christian.*

"Let the Son of God who has revealed Himself to my soul thirsty for truth and life, comfort those whom I leave. Later, they will realise, as I have done, that the principle itself of the social Catholic organisation is but a revival of Judaism and of the Roman spirit of domination opposed to the Christian principle of filial love to God, and the liberty of the children of God, and they will certainly not condemn me for having liberated my faith, and for having asserted against an authoritative and oppressive Church, the rights of a religious conscience. May the Son of God comfort me also, and help me. The separation which I make is not without heart-breaking and painful sacrifices. But the present duty is man's business; the future rests with God. Since I do my duty loyally and simply, I put my trust in God, Lord of the future.

"I beg you, my lord, to forgive me the pain I may risk giving you, and to believe me,

"Yours most respectfully,

"E. BOURDERY."

I have chosen this letter out of many because it is short and pithy; in a concise form it contains almost the same ideas which the others develop more fully. I would draw the attention of my readers to the words in italics. These priests of whom we speak are Christian priests, and it is in order to remain Christians, and to continue their work as servants of the Lord that they leave the Church. Therein lies the originality and the importance of this movement of priests out from Rome. It is not through sheer infidelity or levity that they leave, but moved by the highest motives and the strict injunction of their conscience enlightened by

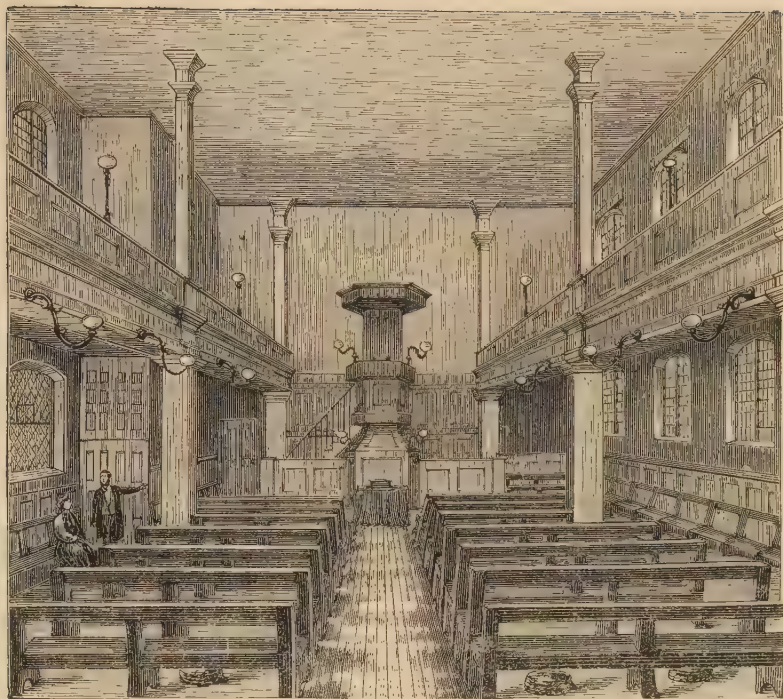
the Gospel of the Lord Jesus. If only this movement spreads, and there is no reason why it should not, who does not see that a new Reformation is quite possible, and that it is perhaps near?

Protestants' warmest sympathy therefore should be with these brethren. Certainly there is need of discrimination, but those who show such sentiments must be encouraged. Already some of these priests are at work. Two of them have returned to their former parishes, and opposite their ancient Church (empty) hold religious services. Others have entered the regular ministry and are pastors of Protestant Churches; others are in the service of Evangelical Societies, especially in the Charentes, where two or three priests have opened religious services in thirty villages. Speaking of these, a peasant said: "If the priests become Protestant pastors we have nothing more to do than to follow them and become Protestants." These men are admirably qualified for the task of addressing themselves to Catholic audiences. They know better than any one else how to reach the persons brought up in the Romish Church. They say the same things the Protestant ministers say, but they say them in a different manner. The best way to show this would be by giving a concrete example, but this the limits of our space forbid us doing at present. Suffice it to say their discourses differ in several respects from the discourses usually delivered by Protestant ministers. But these men just out from Rome know better than we how to deal with their former parishioners. Those of our readers who are familiar with the men and scenes of the Reformation, would soon recognise in the popular addresses of these liberated souls some echoes of the discourses that were uttered in Reformation times.

Another remark: little direct allusion to Protestantism itself is made. What is necessary is that light should be shed into the mass of the Catholic people. Once enlightened, they will decide whether they will join Protestantism or form a church of their own. Other priests, as we have said, have boldly made their stand for Protestantism. Much more might be said on that movement; and we trust we may have the opportunity of saying it. What we have said already will surely draw the sympathy of our readers to these courageous, noble-minded men, who sacrifice family-ties, position, friendship, to follow the dictates of their conscience, the voice of their Master.

They will pray that this movement may be the dawn for France of a new Reformation.





MORAVIAN CHAPEL, FETTER LANE.

The Older Chapels of Metropolitan Nonconformity.

II.—FETTER LANE CHAPEL AND THE MORAVIANS.

BY REV. ALBERT A. BIRCHENOUGH.



IN a narrow alley off Fetter Lane, and within sound of the incessant roaring of the Fleet Street traffic, is the principal entrance to the Moravian Chapel. It has an interesting history peculiarly its own. Originally, it was one of the eight conventicles of the Metropolis where Nonconformist worship was tolerated. It was built pre-

vious to the great fire of 1666, and fortunately escaped its dreadful ravages. While the ruined churches of the City were being rebuilt the Episcopalians conducted service therein. Mr. John Turner was the first minister, and he had charge of the church until the closing years of the reign of Charles II., when he removed to Hatton Garden. He was very active in his care for the suffering during the Great Plague. He had been ejected from

the parish church of Sunbury, in Middlesex. He has been described as being "a man of great sincerity, extraordinary humility, and profitable labours; beloved by all who knew him. He settled in London after he was silenced, and had a considerable meeting." From January 24, 1672, until August 24, 1682, the renowned Richard Baxter regularly conducted worship within its historic precincts. He says: "I began a Tuesday lecture at Mr. Turner's church in New Street, near Fetter Lane, with great convenience and God's encouraging blessing, but I never took a penny for it from any one."

The Rev. Thankful Owen, M.A., who had been ejected from the presidency of St. John's College, Oxford, was another of the distinguished ministers of Fetter Lane Chapel. Dr. Edmund Calamy in his "Nonconformists' Memorial," writes of him "as a man of genteel learning, and an excellent temper; admired for an uncommon fluency and easiness in his composures (compositions), and for the peculiar purity of his Latin style." He was much

respected, and never repented of his Nonconformity. He died suddenly on April 1st, 1681, at his house in Hatton Garden, just after finishing an epistle for a volume of Dr. Goodwin's works. He was preparing for the press, and had almost finished, a book entitled, "Imago Imaginis," designed to show that Rome Papal was an image of "Rome Pagan." At his funeral it was publicly stated "that he had not left his fellow behind him for learning, religion, and good humour." His successor was the Rev. Stephen Lobb, who held the pastorate at the time of the Revolution, and



PETER BÖHLER.

whom Lord Macaulay "pillories" in his "History of England."

During the energetic ministry of the Rev. Thomas Bradbury, who was better known as "Tom Bradbury," Fetter Lane Chapel was attacked by the Sacheverell mob, and entirely dismantled of its furniture, which was burnt. With some difficulty Bradbury himself managed to escape from the vengeance of the infuriated High Church rioters. Bradbury was a contentious Nonconformist divine, who took a prominent part in the ecclesiastical and political events of his time. He championed the cause of civil and religious liberty, and if he had lived to-day he would, doubtless, have been known as a political parson. In his earlier career he was regarded as the strongest man in the Nonconformist community. Queen Anne frequently spoke of him

as "Bold Bradbury." He was well and widely known as a powerful preacher, and as a man of strong speech and forceful character. Bradbury was strongly opposed to the practices of Popery, and the tenets of Unitarianism. An attempt was made by the advocates of papacy, who greatly disliked him, to assassinate him. The cruel plot failed, because the man who was appointed to perform the cowardly deed, providentially went to hear Bradbury preach, and had his heart softened while listening to his powerful appeals. It was believed that few persons had a greater share in promoting the succession of the Georges to the throne of England. His allegiance to the House of Hanover was constant and unwavering. The death of Queen Anne was signalled to Bradbury while conducting a service at Fetter Lane, by the pre-arrangement of a messenger upon his arrival dropping a white handkerchief from the gallery upon the floor of the chapel. In after days he boasted that by praying publicly for the young king, when the news was thus singularly brought of the Queen's death, he had been the first person to proclaim the accession of George I.

At times, Bradbury was extremely eccentric, and he allowed his wit to run riot. He has been styled "the South of Nonconformity." His hatred of the Stuarts was strangely manifested in his pulpit prayer when he heard of the death of Queen Anne, by returning thanks to God for "the deliverance of these kingdoms from the evil designs of the enemies of truth and righteousness." He preached "a funeral sermon" for the departed Queen from the singular words, "Go; see now this woman, and bury her, for she is a king's daughter." Bradbury was one of the deputation of Nonconformist divines who presented the congratulatory address to George I. upon his accession. As they attired themselves in cloaks, in accordance with courtly fashion, a nobleman asked him, "Pray, sir, is this a funeral?" To which Bradbury answered, "Yes, my lord, it is the funeral of the Schism Bill, and the resurrection of liberty."

It was Bradbury who publicly expressed his displeasure at the psalmody of Dr. Watts, by contemptuously saying, "Let us have none of Dr. Watts' *whims*." Another peculiarity of Bradbury's was that he would never allow his congregations to sing a triple time tune, which he denounced as being "a long leg and a short one." In course of time Bradbury became estranged from a portion of his people at Fetter Lane Chapel. He migrated to New Court, taking a large number of his flock with him. This singular yet eminent divine died in September, 1759, and was buried at Bunhill Fields.

In Fetter Lane Chapel, Lady Huntingdon frequently worshipped, and George Whitefield, the eloquent orator, occasionally preached. In the year 1732, the Independents vacated their old

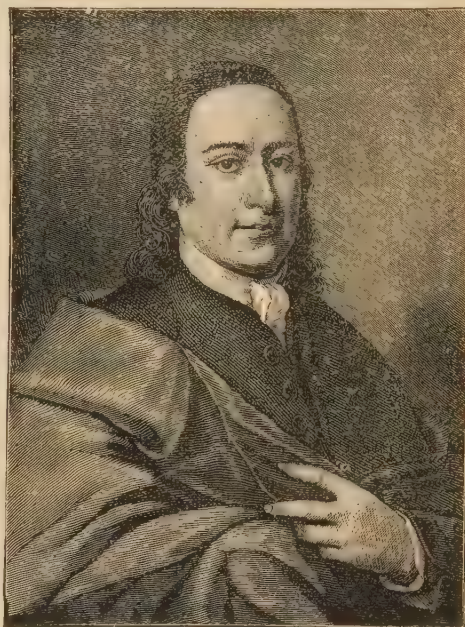
chapel in Fetter Lane, where their fathers had worshipped for generations, and built a larger one on the opposite side of Fetter Lane. The Rev. John Spurgeon, father of the distinguished Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of Metropolitan Tabernacle fame, was one of the more recent pastors of this newer chapel.

At Lady-day, 1740, Mr. James Hutton secured Fetter Lane Chapel by a lease from Mr. Ketterage for the use of "The Little Society." Two years later it developed into the Moravian Chapel, with which is now associated the Moravian Book Depot. The United Brethren, or the Moravians, claim descent from the ancient church of Bohemia, which was born of the evangelical labours of John Huss and Jerome of Prague. In the year 1722, a number of religious refugees who had fled from Moravia to escape the bitter persecution of the Romanists, found a home in Saxony. They were under the leadership of a preaching carpenter, who was known as Christian David. Count Zinzendorf deeply sympathising with them, allotted them a portion of his estate in Upper Lusatia, which they named Herrnhut, or "The Watch of the Lord." In this place of safety they formed a settlement, and being joined by others, they organised the Moravian Church.

Their benefactor and friend joined their fellowship, became a minister of the infant community, and in the year 1737, was consecrated a Moravian Bishop. Count Zinzendorf, who gave the Moravian Church organisation, and who preached occasionally at Fetter Lane Chapel, was an extraordinary man. During his lifetime he proved himself to be an able poet, theologian, preacher, pastor, missionary and statesman. He was born at Dresden in the year 1700. The father of this distinguished man was one of the "pietists" who had been protected by the first King of Prussia, and who taught the all-important doctrine of conversion "by a sudden transformation of the heart and will." Their ancestors came originally from Austria, and had been Crusaders and Counts of Zinzendorf. One of them had been amongst the earliest converts to the reformed faith of Luther, and for his avowal of the Protestant belief had been voluntarily exiled.

The close fellowship which John and Charles Wesley had with the Moravians was formed through their eventful connection with Georgia, where a number of Moravian emigrants had been sent from Germany in the year 1735. The Wesleys and a second party of Moravians sailed together in the same vessel. During the voyage, of four months, Wesley taught David Nitschman, the Moravian Bishop, the rudiments of the English language, while he, in return, helped Wesley in the acquisition of German. After the return of the brothers Wesley from Georgia, they maintained their religious intimacy with the United Brethren. In the month of February, 1737, Bishop Count

Zinzendorf visited England on matters pertaining to the German colonists in Georgia. Charles Wesley attended a service that was held at the lodgings of the Count. Such was the gracious Divine influence that rested upon him, that he thought himself to have been "in a choir of angels." In the following year, Peter Böhler, a youthful Moravian Missionary from Germany, was detained in London three months waiting for a ship to sail to Georgia. He was introduced to the Wesleys, whom he instructed on the nature of justification by faith, the witness of the Spirit to the saint's



COUNT ZINZENDORF.

adoption into the family of God, and other important matters pertaining to personal salvation through Christ.

A fortnight after Böhler had sailed from English shores for Georgia, Charles Wesley, in a house at Little Britain, off Aldersgate Street, "found peace to his soul." The "surprising news" was quickly communicated to his brother John while assisting at the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper at St. Paul's Cathedral. Some four days later John Wesley attended a religious service held in Aldersgate Street. While a person was reading Martin Luther's preface to the Romans for the spiritual benefit of the worshippers, John Wesley felt his heart "strangely warmed," and realised "that he did trust in Christ alone for salvation." In the following June, Wesley sailed for the Continent, and visited his friend Count Zinzendorf at the Moravian settlement at Herrnhut.

On May 1st, 1738, "The Little Society," which was subsequently known as "The Fetter Lane Society," was formed at a bookseller's shop, called "The Bible and Sun," which belonged to Mr. James Hutton. This godly bookseller was the son of an evangelical clergyman at Westminster with whom the Wesleys had frequently found a home. The promoters of this society were John and Charles Wesley; Piers, the Vicar of Bexley, Kent; and Peter Böhler. In the following September they took a room for their meetings in Fetter Lane. The members of this society professed the deepest loyalty to the Church of England. Headed by George Whitefield and Charles Wesley, they proceeded to St. Paul's, where they celebrated the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. In the absence of the Wesleys the society became divided, and got into a state of strange confusion, through two of its members "disowning themselves members of the Church of England." A section led by Mr. James Hutton migrated to the old chapel at Fetter Lane, and there founded the Moravian Church. About seventy-two of the members went with the Wesleys to the Foundry and united with the faithful few who composed the mother church of Methodism.

It is probable that John Wesley never preached at Fetter Lane Moravian Chapel, although tradition declares that he has ministered from its pulpit. In Wesley's Journals, under date July 16, 1740, is the following significant entry: "One asked whether they would suffer Mr. Wesley to preach at Fetter Lane. After a short debate, it was answered, 'No; this place is taken for the Germans.'" In this old chapel at Fetter Lane, Peter Böhler preached for the last time on the morning of the day on which he died.

Although Wesley, strictly speaking, was never a member of the Moravian Church, yet he lived in the closest fellowship with them, and was indebted to them for some of the most soul-stirring hymns sung by "the people called Methodists." The familiar hymns commencing with, "Now I have found the ground wherein," "O Thou, to whose all-searching sight," "I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God," "O God, of good the unfathomed sea," and several others, are translated from the German hymnody as sung by the Moravians at historic Fetter Lane Chapel.

Timely Topics for Primitive Methodists.

II.—THE UNION QUESTION.



NOT much has been heard lately of the question of union between the Bible Christians and ourselves. The two Churches are presumably awaiting the recommendations of the Joint Committee appointed by the last Conference. This committee has to continue the negotiations, to suggest such modifications in the basis of union as may render it acceptable to the

members of both denominations, to prepare and supply the District Committees with such information as will enable them to form a correct judgment of the issues involved, and to present to the next Conference such recommendations as will promote union, with a view of submitting the same to the circuits.

Precisely what is the drift of feeling on this question in the two denominations it is impossible to determine. Widely different statements are made in this regard. The report of the Joint Committee "rejoices to find in both denominations a

great and apparently preponderating body of opinion favourable to the principle of organic union." This in some quarters is contradicted. The Conference, however, accepted the findings of the Joint Committee as authoritative on this point, and decided to continue the negotiations and to advance a stage nearer to the consummation of union. Whether the Joint Committee will be able to formulate a basis of union that will be acceptable to the members of both denominations remains to be seen. We hope success will crown their efforts, and that the process of discussion and criticism which will follow will clear the ground for the crucial stage, viz., the submission of the whole question to the circuits.

That alone can settle the question whether there is to be union and whether there ought to be union. Union can only be brought about if there is a really warm desire for it on the part of the two peoples concerned. Hitherto we have had only the expression of official opinion on the subject. That official opinion was no doubt representative, but only to a certain extent. Not till the whole question has been submitted to the circuit Quarterly Meetings can we know the real feeling on it

amongst the rank and file of the two denominations. Union could only be a blessing if approved by the great mass of the membership of the two Churches.

In the abstract nearly everybody is in favour of union. On the face of it the union of two denominations with so many points of kinship as the Bible Christians and ourselves seems reasonable and most desirable. We have all of course been struck with the similarity between the circumstances in which the two Churches originated. Born about the same time and in similar conditions, it might be expected many points of affinity would be found between us. The advantages of union, too, are obvious. Where the one denomination is strong, the other is weak, and *vice versa*. Many of the difficulties which would stand in the way of the union of many of the other Methodist bodies do not exist here, or are reduced to a minimum.

Of course, difficulties are always to be expected, and objections must arise. But statesmanship ought to be able, if there is anything like a reasonable disposition to compromise and concession, to surmount the difficulties, and the question is not whether something cannot be said against union, but whether there is not a balance of advantages in favour of union. Just now the chief difficulty is the composition of the higher courts. It is undeniable that the feeling in our own Church is strongly against any surrender of the proportion of two laymen to one minister in the District Meetings and Conference. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that the District Committees, or a majority of them, have pronounced against any surrender of that principle. That, however, does not prove that the Connexion as a whole is of that opinion. The District Committees are far from being representative, and the attendance is uncertain and irregular. Moreover, the question has never been submitted to them for final settlement, but merely as a preliminary with a view to a fuller acquaintance with the subject on the part of the officials, and to elicit opinion and promote discussion. By this procedure it must be admitted there has been revealed a considerable body of opinion opposed to any change in this principle of representation so distinctive of our own Church.

But is this a question on which we ought to take a stand and refuse all concession? Are we not in danger of exalting what is called the two-to-one arrangement into a sort of fetish, and to treat it as something sacred. There are principles involved as between the Wesleyans and ourselves, on which we could understand anyone taking a firm stand, and it would certainly be necessary for them to largely revolutionise their position on these questions ere we could entertain the idea of union in any shape or form. We say that frankly because union between the Wesleyans and any of the other Methodist bodies is not at present within the range of practical ecclesiastical politics. But is this

question of the relative numbers of ministers and laymen in the higher courts of the Church one to be regarded as of vital importance? Is it not one essentially for compromise? Is there no *via media* possible on this question? It will be the business of the Joint Committee to devise one, and we shall be disappointed if both denominations do not recognise its reasonableness.

What that proposal may be we do not know. What we plead for just now is a reasonable disposition of compromise. What we most earnestly deprecate is a determination to maintain our present arrangement intact as a sort of sacred ark of the Covenant, to touch which were sacrilege. The existing arrangement was evidently the outcome of reaction. The makers of our constitution had before their minds an ecclesiastical system in which ministerial influence was supreme. They had suffered and the iron had entered their souls. Under these circumstances it was natural that they should go to the opposite extreme, and devise a constitution in which laymen should be in the overwhelming majority. It is undeniable that the arrangement has worked well, and there is no desire on the part of the ministers for any change for its own sake. Such of them as advocate some compromise in the direction of equality do so not because they are dissatisfied with the present arrangement, but with a view to meeting our Bible Christian friends on this matter, and securing an arrangement that will embody so far as is possible the advantages of both systems.

What is our position on this question of ministers and laymen? Is it not that the distinction is one of convenience, and that we stand on an equality. The priestly idea is absolutely non-existent among us. The authority of the layman to preach is the same as that of the minister. We count no man master in the Church. "One is your Master, and all ye are brethren." On what principle, then, are we to insist that a hard and fast line shall be drawn limiting the ministers to one-third and giving to the laymen two-thirds of the representation in the higher courts of the Church? Were the ministers a separate caste, then it might be argued that since they are so small a proportion of the membership of the Church their representation should be proportionately smaller. But this is not the case, and as a matter of principle, either equality, or a free election of ministers or laymen, would be more consistent than our present arrangement. We are not, however, arguing for either, but for a spirit of reasonable compromise, as opposed to one of unyielding adherence to our present system of representation.

Then there is the question of the future to be considered. Methodist union may not be at hand, nor, indeed, in the near future. But there can be little doubt it will come, and that it will add enormously to the power of Methodism in this country,

and contribute materially to the advancement of the Kingdom of God. It is not necessary to assume the role of a prophet to predict the influence of an unbending attitude in regard to the two-to-one principle upon the question of Methodist union. Wherever Methodist union has taken place this arrangement has had to be abandoned. In Canada Methodist union has been an unqualified success, but the new constitution does not provide for two laymen to one minister in the higher courts of the Church. And we are not aware that the rights of the laymen have been in any way endangered, or that the ministry has become a dominant caste. Some will perhaps maintain we are better without Methodist union, and no doubt something can be said in favour of that position; but we had better frankly recognise that so long as we insist on the

two-to-one arrangement, an arrangement which so far as we are aware exists in no other denomination, we effectually bar the way to Methodist union.

Let it be distinctly understood we are not for union at any price. There are some distinctive features of our Church polity and life we are bound to maintain at any cost. It were better to remain isolated for ever than to sacrifice them. Union can only be secured on the principle of concession, and a reasonable give and take; but there must be no sacrifice of vital principles, and it is precisely because the two-to-one arrangement involves no vital principle that we so strongly desiderate a spirit of reasonable concession. If we are not prepared for that, it were better never to have entertained the idea of union at all.

JOSEPH RITSON.

Among the Mountains of Basutoland.



BASUTOLAND has been appropriately named "the Switzerland of South Africa," on account of its mountainous character. What the Alps are to Switzerland the Molutis are to Basutoland, though the latter do not attain so lofty

an altitude as the former. As one approaches Basutoland from the west, having travelled through the Orange Free State, a land as flat as flat can be, he sees before him a wall of rock, stretching away to the horizon, and the guide points this out to him as the country of the Basuto. The western third of the country, which he enters on crossing the border, is called "the plain," in contradistinction to the eastern portion, which is known as "the mountains." Why the western part should be called a plain is by no means evident to the new-comer, especially to one fresh from the fens and marshes of East Anglia. To his mind the country is very rugged, and as he rides from the border into the interior to his destination at Morija, he has an exhilarating sense of being at last among mountains. But after he has visited "the mountains" he understands the meaning of the word "plain." Compared with the towering heights of the Molutis, running in long continuous ranges, separated by narrow valleys, the western portion of Basutoland is a plain, with a few gigantic mountains scattered about, lesser kopjes more abundant, and extensive stretches of very level country. Or, to express the contrast in a way that will be patent to all: in the

plain it is possible to canter for half an hour or more along a fairly level road without drawing rein; among the mountains there are no roads, and one has to walk his horse for hours together, and occasionally himself, too, when the path becomes steeper than usual. In the plain the average pace of a horse is reckoned at seven miles an hour; among the mountains it sinks to four. Standing on the summit of the mountain behind Morija one has a splendid panoramic view of the country. On one hand is the plain stretching away beneath him like a huge mosaic, with its hedgeless fields, some of them newly ploughed, others tinted with various shades of green, as the different crops are springing up after the early rains, while the roads like broad bands pass between the fields, branching in all directions; from our lofty standpoint they appear to be beautifully smooth, whereas in reality they are quite the reverse, as the unlucky post-cart passenger finds to his cost. If one now turns his eyes in the other direction he will see the long rampart of blue mountains rearing its lofty summits aloft far above him. These are "the mountains" which it is the delight of every comer to Basutoland to visit.

This, though you might not think it, is not always an easy thing to do. Basutoland is a rock-bound island in the onward rolling tide of South African civilisation. To drop the figure, it is a black man's territory, where no white person may possess land, the natives while under the protection of Her Majesty, represented by a Resident Commissioner, retaining their own chiefs and form of government. It is one of the few spots in South



THE MALUTSUNYANE FALLS : VIEW FROM ABOVE.

Africa not overrun by prospectors. The chiefs are very jealous of white men entering their country to survey it; they are afraid that gold or diamonds should be discovered, and they be no longer able to abide in isolation. Adventurers are continually endeavouring to penetrate the country, ostensibly to buy cattle, but really to prospect, but the wily chiefs are more than a match for them. Some time ago a German doctor endeavoured to visit the mountains without obtaining the permission of the chief, and it was in vain that a missionary warned him that his attempt would be futile. "Do you think that I, Dr. Vösch, am going to ask leave from a dirty nigger? Not I!"—was the German's contemptuous answer to all expostulations. He set off on his journey closely followed by a messenger from the chief, who bade him return; but the indefatigable doctor repeated his words of scornful defiance and pursued his way. On the third morning he found that his horses had disappeared, and he was compelled to return on foot, no doubt arriving at his starting place in a most angelic humour.

Missionaries, however, are under no such restric-

tion as this; they can wander whither they please without suspicion. And it often happens that large parties are formed on the mission stations with a view of spending a holiday in the mountains. The objective of these excursions is generally the Falls of the Malutsunyane River, one of the most wonderful phenomena to be seen in the country, and, indeed, in South Africa. In October last it was determined that the whole community at Morija should migrate to the mountains for a week, but lamentable events occurred which rendered it impossible for any but the young men of the station to go. We were thus a bachelor party, consisting of M. Davit, a missionary from the Zambesi, M. Germond, a teacher in the Normal School at Morija, Mr. Walker, a trader, Eric Dyke, son of the Rev. R. H. Dyke, director of the school, and the present chronicler. Certain lugubrious predictions were uttered because there were no ladies accompanying the expedition, but, marvellous to relate, we managed very well without them; indeed, one ungallant member of the party was heard to say that he was "jolly glad" there were no ladies to be looked after. The ladies, however, were indis-

pensable in the preparations beforehand; they were zealous in making the pile of bread we needed, weighing out sugar and coffee, and distributing blankets. The provisions we packed on a spare horse, with our blankets and the various odds and ends that we counted upon needing. We took with us one attendant to see to the horses, and act as guide and general factotum—a genial, ever-smiling Mosuto named Petrose. Early one Monday morning we were astir making the final preparations, and before the sun had become too hot we rode out of Morija, each mounted on his Basuto pony.

All that day we rode, and, as the sun was sinking behind the mountains in our rear, we arrived at an out-station of the French mission. Long before reaching the river that intervened between us and the village we could see the neat little church perched high up on the mountain side, surrounded by a cluster of native huts. After a stiff climb we entered the village and were royally welcomed by the native minister in charge, Mr. John Mohapelo. For our reception he had prepared a native hut of very superior construction, built of clay and neatly thatched, as clean as a new pin. Upon the mud

floor he had laid several bags of straw for us to sleep upon. We were duly introduced to his wife and children, and sat down with him to a hearty meal. After prayers we were ready for bed, and were soon stretched on our improvised mattresses. No luxurious featherbed was ever half so comfortable as those bags of straw; we slept the sleep of the weary, and were up with the sun next morning. "Mr. John," as the minister is known by his parishioners, enriched our pack-saddle with a fowl, ready dressed and cooked, and we were soon on the march again. We were now getting beyond the habitations of men; in the morning we passed through one or two native villages, but later on in the day we saw none. The Basuto are great sticklers for etiquette. You are bound when travelling to salute people you meet, and ask and answer many questions that are little short of impudent according to our English ideas. These are some of the questions that were hurled at us when passing through a village: "Where are you going?" "What are you going to do there?" "When you return where are you going?" "What have you got in that bundle?" The natives could not understand the



THE CANON OF THE MALUTSUNYANE FALLS: VIEW FROM BELOW.

why and wherefore of our journey. "How strange, how very strange," they would say, "that you take all this trouble to go to the Falls simply to see them." The idea of travelling for pleasure, or for the purpose of sight-seeing, is incomprehensible to the native mind.

Solitude has her home among these mountains. For hours we travelled and never saw a human being. The only sounds to be heard were the frequent "caw-caw" of the huge Kaffir crows, and the whistling of a stray bird. The farther we went the more rugged grew the country. There are no roads in the mountains, as I have already said. The only pathways are those made by the herds of cattle that graze on the mountain slopes. These tracks are ubiquitous in Basutoland: they run parallel to each other, about six or so together, each from eighteen inches to two feet wide. Generation after generation of cattle have so worn them that in some places they are three feet in depth. Along these narrow paths we wended our way, now cantering along a beautiful valley with the frowning heights of mountains towering above us on either hand, now filing slowly along a narrow pathway high up on the mountain side with sheer precipices beneath us, now leading the horses down a steep incline along which none but hardy, sure-footed, Basuto ponies could make their way without disaster. Occasionally we would come to a romantic mountain stream, with crystal water leaping down over the rocks, and singing and laughing as it pursued its course. These mountains and valleys are covered with succulent grass and afford unsurpassed pasture for cattle, and until a year or two ago, immense herds grazed here and grew fat. Now, however, there are very few herds to be seen, and those not very large, for the rinderpest has swept through these valleys, destroying the greater part of the cattle. There are still large flocks of goats, for they were not touched by the plague, and these roam everywhere. We saw plenty of them under the care of herd boys (*balisana*, or little shepherds), and noticed with surprise the agility of the goats; they climb up cliffs that seem quite inaccessible and find food in places that seem utterly barren. Now and then we came across the huts of the *balisana*; rude hovels built under the shelter of an overhanging rock. These boys stay out in the mountains for weeks and months together, living on roots and small animals which they catch among the rocks.

We reached the Malutsunyane Falls on the Tuesday afternoon about four o'clock, and immediately went to have our first view of them. It is not too much to say that we were struck dumb by the awe-inspiring spectacle, and even now I cannot hope to give you an adequate idea of what I saw. To do that needs the pen of a Dante, or Milton. The first European to visit the Falls, it is said, was a Roman Catholic priest. He was so unnerved by the yawning gulf and the roaring of

the waters that he dared not look over the edge of the precipice. "It is hell," he said; and that is the name by which the natives know the Falls. Certainly, one's first impression is that the place is terrible; that it might well be the portico to the "dungeon horrible." The huge chasm, the torrent of water pouring over the precipice into the pool below with a roar like that of the sea beating on a rock-bound coast and sending up clouds of spray, the magnificent rainbow over the cascade, all combined to impress indelibly upon our minds the unspeakable grandeur of the scene. Turning reluctantly away, for the sun was sinking rapidly,



THE MALUTSUNYANE FALLS: VIEW FROM BELOW.

we sought for a place on which to pitch our camp, and fixed upon a site on the side of a hill immediately facing the fall. All were now busy; some collecting firewood, others cutting grass and preparing a place for sleeping, others unpacking the provisions and getting ready the supper. By the time all was ready it had grown dark, and gathering around the blazing fire we waited impatiently for the kettle to boil. For the evening meal we had the fowl Mr. John had given us, and it was hacked to pieces by means of a jack-knife. Each one secured a bone, and with it in one hand and a chunk of bread in the other, and a mug of steaming coffee between his knees, ate his supper with gusto; if

you think we envied you your five-course dinner you are greatly mistaken. That over, we drew closer in, for the night was chilly, and spun yarns by the furlong. There was quite a Babel of sounds to be heard in our camp: English, Sesuto, French, with an occasional exclamation or oburgation in Dutch. Then we had prayers, and there was something very fitting in the act of worshipping the Maker of mountains in the midst of His great temple. After this we proceeded to make ourselves comfortable for the night. Grass had been spread over a place cleared of the biggest stones, and on this we laid our waterproofs, and then, each wrapping himself in his two or three blankets, and placing a saddle-bag for a pillow, we lay down and slept. Camping out beneath the broad heavens in this way possesses a peculiar charm. Above us the stars shone with all their wonted Southern brilliancy; we breathed the pure mountain air; from where we lay we could discern the dark outline of the cliffs; for a lullaby we had the continuous music of the Falls. Could anyone desire more than that? The night was cold, for we were 7,500 feet above the sea-level. As the sun was rising next morning, we

were up and busy preparing for the day's excursion. We had made up our minds to descend the cliffs and spend the day below. Amidst all our preparations before leaving Morija we forgot one thing: that valuable adjunct of civilisation—soap; fortunately Mr. Walker had brought a small piece with him and we were constrained to share the use of that. But we did not trouble ourselves much about ablutions, for we were told that the best way to avoid being scorched by the sun was to allow the dirt to accumulate on the skin! I believe that is a fact; the only question in my mind is, whether the remedy is not worse than the complaint?

The view of the Fall from our camp was grand: part of it is reproduced in our first illustration. In the foreground is the long line of dark cliffs with the Fall in the centre. Beyond the cliffs rise rounded hills stretching away in undulating continuity and terminating in a range of blue mountains far away in the background. The slopes of the hills are covered with grass which throws the dark cliffs into striking relief.

There are grander falls than these as regards width and the volume of water. The Malut-



LUNCH BY THE POOL.

sunyane Falls cannot compare in these respects with Niagara and the Victoria Falls, but there is only one more lofty fall in the world, I believe, and that is devoid of the terror-striking surroundings that are so characteristic of these. The Malut-sunyane Fall is 630 feet in height, the Victoria Falls are about 400 feet, and those of Niagara 162 and 149 feet on the United States and Canadian sides respectively. The river above the Falls flows along peacefully enough, little dreaming of the terrific leap it is about to take. Suddenly it plunges over the precipice, falling sheer down in a continuous stream into the pool below. The torrent is not always, if ever, exactly vertical; the wind catches it and blows it from side to side. The Falls have undoubtedly been formed by a volcanic disturbance. As an imaginative friend of mine would say: Dame Nature turned over in her sleep and yawned, bursting the rocks asunder. A rift was produced at right angles to the course of the river, and another at right angles to this again. The latter is of great length and width, and bends round to the left, continuing in that direction for miles. The illustration shows the character of this chasm. The cliffs descend in a sheer precipice, but the disintegrating action of air and water has so wrought upon them that towards the bottom they slope in what appears from the top to be a gentle decline covered with grass and shrubs, but in reality this decline is steep and the shrubs are trees. What increases the grandeur of the whole scene is its extreme ruggedness. The precipices are broken up into numerous crags, jutting far out into the canon. Many of these are irregular pyramids; others are broad, and it was from one of these near our camp that M. Germond photographed the view of the Falls from above. We had no means of measuring the depth of the canon, but in places it must be a thousand or even twelve hundred feet deep.

We prepared on the Wednesday morning to descend the canon. This is not easy, and is practically impossible except in one place. We accomplished the descent in safety, and the view of the Fall from below amply compensated us for the trouble we had taken. We clambered along the rocks to the foot of the Fall, and sat down by the edge of the pool until we were well-nigh drenched by the spray. The pool is hidden in the picture by the spur of rock jutting out into the centre. This stygian pool is awful to contemplate; the rocks all around it are black, giving the water the appearance of ink, and it required no stretch of our imaginations to picture some horrible monster crawling out of its depths. Leaving the pool, the water flows between a line of huge rocks, and then goes on leaping over stones in ten thousand cascades, each more beautiful than the other. After flowing for some time the river makes a sudden bend to the left, and then falls over a wall of cliff in a pretty Y-shaped cascade. In all, there are six

falls of some size, besides many smaller ones, this being the last of the series. At the foot of this fall there is a large pool, and on the edge of this we reclined to eat our lunch. The two natives in the picture are shepherds whom we met at the Falls and brought with us to carry cameras and provisions. Emerging from this pool the river continues its course over a rocky bed, at last emptying itself many miles away into the Orange River.

In the afternoon we climbed up to our camp, finding that it was much harder to climb up than to



THE Y-SHAPED FALL.

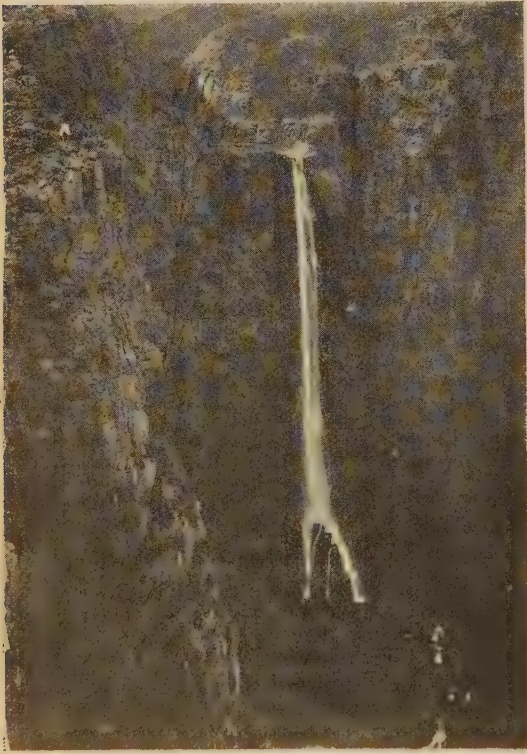
climb down. It took us an hour and a half of continuous climbing to reach the top. Thinking that it would be easier to climb up along a water-course than to force a way through the brushwood with feet sinking into sand, some of the party went that way. They found that in some places they had to scramble on their hands and knees across slippery rocks, and a single slip would have precipitated them down on to the rocks below—which would not have been pleasant for anybody. They arrived, fairly exhausted, to the surface where the others were awaiting their arrival. The sun not yet having disappeared, we amused ourselves with hurling rocks down the precipices. This is glorious fun. By dint of our united strength and perseverance, a

huge boulder is loosened and rolled to the edge and then let go. Over it falls, crashing from point to point, gaining increased velocity as it goes, and carrying numerous satellites in its train, and at last, with a tremendous somersault from a jutting point of rock, smashing into a hundred fragments, each one continuing its course until stopped by some obstacle in its path.

Having seen these Falls, and thus having whetted our appetites, we determined to set out next morning to visit those of the Khetane River, which are but rarely visited by excursionists. So, before the sun was up next morning, we were busily en-

had to content ourselves with simply looking at them. Early in the afternoon on Thursday we came upon the Khetane River, a meandering stream which we crossed and re-crossed several times. At last we arrived at the Falls, and encamped on a lofty plateau above them. We could hear the roar of the water, but could see no sign of the Falls. Khetane is modest and hides herself among the crags. After off-saddling, tired as we were, we set off to search for the Falls. After climbing about a long time we reached a point from which we obtained a splendid view of what we sought. A cry of delight escaped us as we saw the Falls, far prettier than those which we had left, though not so grand and terrible. The rocks close round in an irregular semi-circle, and down into this the river falls, a depth of 400 feet. It does not fall sheer down as is the case with the Malutsunyane Fall, but strikes upon the apex of a pyramid of rocks, breaking up into numerous cascades. Then it continues in a number of smaller falls. M. Germond's photograph, taken as it was late in the day, does not give a clear presentation of the bottom of the Fall. Retracing our steps to the camp, we made ready for the night. We could get no shelter from rocks as we had done on previous nights, and as the night was bitterly cold, we huddled close together in the attempt to keep warm. Our camp was in the open, and at a greater altitude than the one at the Malutsunyane. Next morning we determined to have another view of the Falls, and set off as soon as we had swallowed our coffee. The canon of the Khetane is much deeper than that of the Malutsunyane, and much more difficult to descend. It is thickly covered with trees at the bottom, and in this forest, it is said, there roam tigers and other beasts of prey. We had been told that to climb to the bottom was impossible, but if our time had not been so limited we should certainly have made the attempt. As it was, we climbed down a good way, and MM. Germond and Davit reached the summit of the round-headed cliff that can be seen in the picture of the canon, and from that vantage ground obtained several splendid views of the Falls, while the rest of us stayed above and rolled stones over the precipices. In honour of the first one, so far as we know, to climb the rock I have mentioned, we named it "Mont Davit."

Much against our will we had to return to the camp, and after a hasty lunch, the horses were saddled and we began our homeward march. We were thoroughly tired after climbing about so much, and earnestly wished that we could stay another week at the Falls in order to explore them at our leisure; but, alas, we had provisions for barely another day, and therefore were compelled to return. We took a path over the mountains that would bring us straight to Morija by a much shorter way than the one by which we had come, and that night we camped on the banks of the Makhaleng

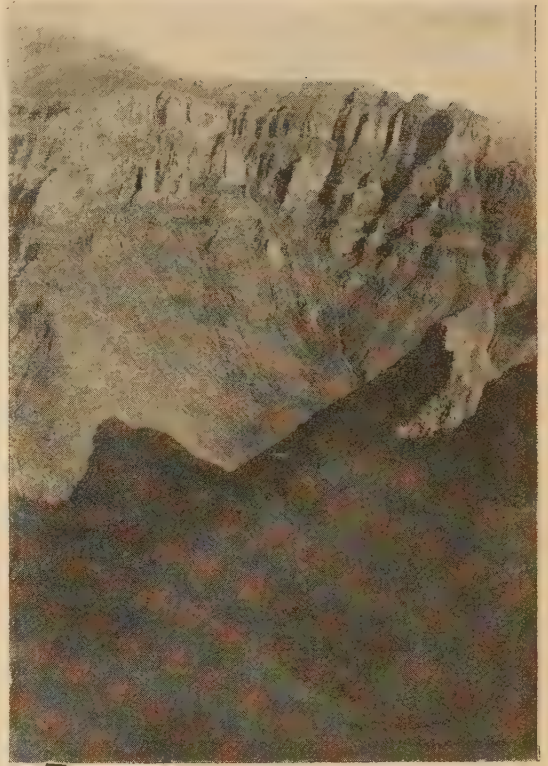


THE KHETANE FALLS.

gaged in packing our things, and when he peered over the mountains, he saw us ready to start. We had brought with us a boy from Mr. John's, who said he knew the way to the Khetane, but when we had started we found to our disgust that he knew no more about it than we ourselves did. Relying, therefore, upon our sense of the general direction in which the Falls lay, we struck a beeline across the mountains. The way was steep, and we were changed from horsemen into pedestrians for a great part of the time. We amused ourselves by watching the herds of antelopes sporting on the mountains; but as none of us carried a gun we

River. Next morning, as the first streaks of dawn appeared in the sky, we resumed our journey. We were now back in the haunts of mankind, and came upon several native villages. There is little to distinguish one village from another, save the position in which it is built. They all consist of a collection of round mud huts, each partially surrounded by a stockade of reeds. Generally built around a tree is a palisade of bushes, enclosing the *Khotla*, or men's court, where the chief of the village dispenses justice, and where the men sit gossiping over their pipes and drinking beer, while the women are in the fields hoeing the soil and caring for the crops. No woman dare approach the *Khotla*; even European women are warned off from it. Our arrival in a village was the sign for a general stampede among the little black children playing in the dust. They would hide behind their mothers, and then cautiously survey the stranger, just as I have seen a child in England hide itself behind its mother and then peep round to examine a black man that was passing. The women, arrayed in their blankets, would emerge from the huts to salute us, and even the men would drop their pipes and saunter out of the *Khotla*, to ask us where we were going. At last we struck upon a waggon road, the first we had seen since leaving Morija. As we rode along we speculated on the kind of reception we should receive could we suddenly ride through Cheapside. We presented a most curious appearance, some without coats, for it was a warm day, as the Basuto say, "the sun wept;" all were more or less sunburnt, and some faces were red and peeling; our broad-brimmed hats and reckless attire gave us a romantic appearance. We could imagine the stir that the appearance of our pack-horse, led by Petrose, would create for a moment in the City. We should have been taken for a troupe of mountebanks, or a circus, or a new edition of Buffalo Bill.

As we drew nigh to Morija our horses broke into a canter, and did not stay till we reached home. Through the gateway we galloped, up the slope leading to the houses, shouting a wild war-whoop,



THE KHETANE CANON.

which was taken up by the boys of the school who had just returned from their holidays. One might have thought that a horde of Dervishes had arrived from Omdurman. Thus ended an excursion which will long be remembered by us all.

For the photographs accompanying this article I am indebted to my friend M. Germond, who has kindly given permission for them to be reproduced here.

EDWIN W. SMITH.

February.

WINTER must yield his sceptre up to Spring;

Sweet as the sound of music far away,
Her voice is heard; now plumes the lark its wing,
And to the barren landscape sings his lay,
Prelude of nature's coming jubilee.

On earth's rough breast, white as the ocean pearl,
The snowdrop hangs, emblem of chastity,
And crocuses their yellow flowers unfurl.

The homely, world-known daisy, to the light,
Turns its bright eye, as at creation's morn
On Eden's plains it bloomed: now glads the sight
The budding violet, and the springing corn;
O'er heath and mead, through wood and forest aisles
Spring's whispers float: even old winter smiles.

JOHN ASKHAM.





The Methodist Minister's Wheel of Fate.

BY REV. S. J. WALLIS.

I.—CHANGING TIME.



WITH the month of July comes that annual turning time of the Primitive Methodist ministers' wheel of fate, causing a tremendous flutter in the ministerial dovecotes, on account of so many parsonic pigeons having to wing their way to new ecclesiastical perches. To such the world is indeed full of change, and many of them wish they could say the same of their pockets, for, as it often happens in this disorderly world, ministers are men with short purses and long families. They are the rolling stones that can gather no moss, except by patrimony, parsimony, or matrimony. We had a dear ministerial friend, who is now no more. He was taken away in the bloom of life, by a very rapid—widow, the owner of many broad acres, and he loved the very ground she trod. It is given to very few of the cloth to marry the hand of a lady that carries a fortune in it. Their treasures are rather cased in leather covers than in iron coffers. Their principal bank is the English language, and tremendously they draw upon it. They began the world with nothing, and have been able to hold their own ever since. The rising sun tips the hills with gold, and when they want to tip with silver some railway porter, the change is so small that they are obliged to hunt it up in their pocket into the corner like a contrary colt before they can lay hold of it all. To some men it is indispensable to be worth money, for without it they would be worth nothing.

Not that the number of poor preachers is as great as the number of preachers that are poor, for,

it is no uncommon thing to find among them fullness of mind with emptiness of pocket. If we ever meet a minister of ours who has made a fortune by preaching, we shall advise him never to go by a museum, lest they should catch him for a curiosity. But if the ministry is a somewhat poverty-stricken profession, it is the grandest in the universe, for those who engage in it are doing more to benefit and bless the world than the whole race of heroes and conquerors who have drenched it with tears and manured it with blood, while, to wake even one soul from the sleep of sin is a more glorious work than to have the office of the archangel to awake the dead on the day of judgment.

Our having to change so often (and the more we change the more we are the same thing), is on account of Adam's leaving paradise. Pity Adam was not adamant when Eve pressed the apple upon him. Perhaps the mother of all living, who listened to the Father of all lies, ate the forbidden fruit that she might dress, for like her gardener-husband, who had not yet lost his situation, she wore nothing but—a smile. Certainly a leopard cannot change his spots, but a Methodist minister must. A Scotsman never quits his place, except his native place, but as a Methodist preacher, when the Conference clock strikes the hour, like poor Joe in the novel, he must "move on." Like the sun, moon, and stars, which are God's Travelling Preachers, we must go our appointed rounds, which are not always fairy rings of bliss. We once saw a squirrel in a revolving cage (a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind), and as we watched him climbing his everlasting staircase, we mentally exclaimed, "Poor beggar, he is going the rounds of his circuit."

Some of our ministers, (especially sons of the manse), are wanderers born; local ties sit very lightly

on them; they have no ivy-like faculty for clinging, or cat-like affection for any particular spot; the travelling bump monopolises the whole head; they take as instinctively to the itinerancy as ducks to water, and look on a fixed pastorate with the same aversion which an old gipsy feels for a stationary abode. Others love a settled home, and the turning of the great iron wheel crushes their very heart-strings. But every system has its drawbacks, and the itinerancy brings in its train things more or less painful to all. We cannot expect a south wall *all* round our garden.

One drawback in our whirligig life is the frequent packing, and unpacking, of our goods and chattels. To the young preacher with all his family and estate hidden under the circumference of his hat, and who is anxious to get away from the omnivorous ravages of his landlady's cat, the packing up of his bag and baggage may be a trifle light as air. But to the minister and his wife, with a number of olive branches, it is often worry and anxiety enough to fray the edges of the brain, and becomes more so as the years go by, and grave-yard blossoms whiten on the brow.

From cock-crow to owl-hoot, the parental pair are as busy as a bride on the market day before her marriage, or that old globe-trotter, Sabbathless Satan, who like a bird can be in two places at once. At such a time, home is no longer home-like. It has all the discomforts of a picnic, without any of its pleasures. They have breakfast of bread and butter in the attic, dine off cold mutton in the bedroom, and finish up with a bald-bread-and-cheese supper in the kitchen.

The caged canary no longer shakes floods of delirious music from his little throat, but is as mute as if he were moulting; the kitten no longer plays with her tail,

"Or, in the glass is pleased to find
Another cat, and peep behind,"

but sneaks off in disgust.

Boxes packed with brain preserved in ink—boxes with little fat volumes full of the bloom and marrow of divinity, and with the scent of dead days clinging to their dog-eared pages—*dried tongue*, in the shape of manuscript sermons, yellow and wrinkled with age, which, perhaps, like the city of London, would fare the better for being burnt, (and what a blaze we should have, if all who cannot put fire into their sermons, would consent to put their sermons into the fire), with other manuscripts, written, perhaps, with an eye to the "Press," but wisely withheld, knowing that it takes many quills to make a goose, but that a man can make himself a goose with one. Books, too, there are in which men have spun out their brain in webs of fun for the amusement of others,—and why not? have we not the blackbird to play his

flute of gold, as well as the duck to swim in her own gravy, and roses and lilies as well as potherbs and fruit-bearing trees?—and books of poetry with a glory of words, as well as deep thought, sweet as summer to the heart and ear, besides trunks containing nick-nacks and feminine attire, and sometimes dearer than all beside, a nursery ball, wrapped round with a leaf of the mother's heart, and a little spade, telling of the tiny flower-garden, and of the child-gardener who tilled it,—all of which are piled one upon another, or scattered about waiting for removal.

At such times as these a man without his "better half" would be like a bird with one wing or the left leg of a scissors. A woman may not be able to throw a stone at a hen, but she can pack more articles into an ordinary box than a man can into a one-horse waggon.

But the worry of moving is nothing compared with having to move from a well-to-do circuit to one where the only chance of drawing even the minimum salary, is to draw it with a lead pencil. A Methodist minister, like Enoch, is translated without dying, but sometimes, like Homer, he suffers by translation. For instance, he has a cosy little circuit in the Goshen District, with homes when away from home, in which he is as magnificently lodged as a round-bellied mite in the midst of a Cheshire cheese, and always as welcome as the sun is at a picnic. As a sample of the rest, take one from the life, well known to the cloth as the "Methodist Hotel," whose host is farmer Furrow, a round, ruddy-faced man in gaiters; whose mind has a country flavour, like a book in which when opened you find a sprig of sweetbriar between the leaves; whose heart is as big as his farm, (and that covers considerable ground), whose grip of the hand is like a vice, which is the only *vice* about him, and who receives the ministers of the Word as did old farmer Abraham, who, when the three angels came to visit him, felt it his first duty to go and hold converse with Sarah as to what there was in the larder.

In our rural circuits we know farmers, members with us, who have a good deal of money and not a good deal of anything else, who take more thrashing than their own corn to get anything out of them, and whose mean, *mustard-seed* souls would not part with the reek of their porridge if they could help it. Perhaps they intend to leave charitable legacies in their "will," but this is a clumsy way of trying to cheat the devil. "Death-givings" are only good when they are a continuation of "life-givings."

We know others like farmer Furrow, whose lives are as full of kindly deeds as their own fields with ears of wheat in autumn; who part with their money as freely as their own cows do with their milk—a little gentle pressure and the rich stream flows. Such men are diamonds set in veins of gold, rich

but sparkling with the glory of God. May their number increase, and may they live till the millennium comes.

In our next we must make our readers better acquainted with Farmer Furrow, and introduce

them within the Methodist Hotel, that they may, in imagination at least, share its hospitalities.

Though Changing Time is not at this present, we shall have to roll round with the year to tell of it and what it brings us to.

Short Sermons from the Sage of Grasmere.

II.—IN PRAISE OF CONSTANCY.



HO that knows his Bunyan does not remember the scene at the house of the Interpreter, in which the pilgrim is shown two children, each in his chair? Passion, the eldest is named: Patience the other. Passion is much discontented, but Patience is very quiet. Passion will

not wait; he must have his good things now, and when a bag of treasure is brought and poured down at his feet he rejoices therein with unbounded joy, and laughs

Patience to scorn. The interpretation, of course, is of the kind current in Bunyan's day—there is a good spice of "other-worldliness" in it. Passion figures the men of this world, and Patience the men of that which is to come: this world is vilified that the next may be exalted: there is nothing of lasting value here below. But allow for Bunyan's over-absorption with the next life, and you still have two vital and persistent human types—the brilliant and the sober; the vehement and the grave; the tumultuous and the tranquil; the quickly-changing and the constant. How typical, when we think of it, they are of the early ebullient Bunyan become sobered—the roystering, bell-ringing, swearing, card-playing village blade chastened and calmed into the tender and lambent preacher of the Word. But let me now introduce you to a kindred little piece of Wordsworth's, just as personal and autobiographic in its character. The Grasmere poet-philosopher has two birds, where Bunyan has two children, but the contrast is as piquant, and has in Wordsworth's favour, perhaps, the advantage of not carrying off our thoughts at a tangent into another world than this. Here are the stanzas:

O Nightingale! thou surely art
A creature of a "fiery heart":—
These notes of thine—they pierce and pierce;
Tumultuous harmony and fierce!
Thou sing'st as if the god of wine

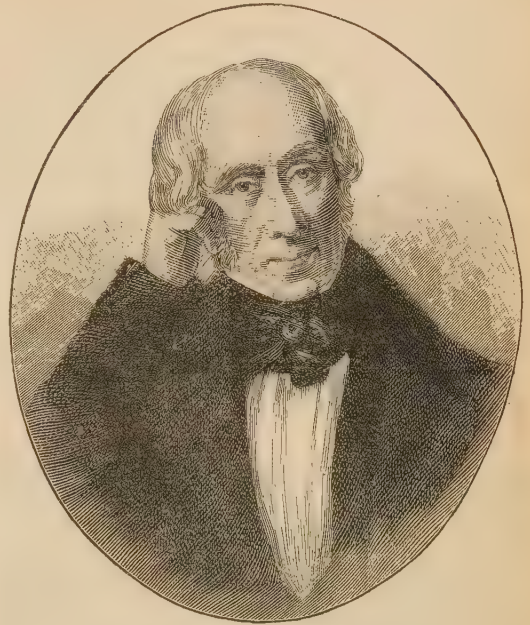
Had helped thee to a Valentine;
A song in mockery and despite
Of shades, and dews, and silent night:
And steady bliss, and all the loves
Now sleeping in these peaceful groves.

I heard a stock-dove sing or say
His homely tale this very day:
His voice was buried among trees,
Yet to be come at by the breeze:
He did not cease; but cooed—and cooed:
And somewhat pensively he wooed:
He sang of love, with quiet blending,
Slow to begin, and never ending:
Of serious faith and inward glee;
That was the song—the song for me!

No one who knows Wordsworth at all can doubt that this came from the very heart of him—is a piece of self-revelation. He did not wear his soul upon his sleeve. He adds a note to the poem which I must transcribe—it is so natural to the man: "*His voice was buried among trees*," says he; "a metaphor expressing the love of seclusion by which this bird is marked; and characterising its note as not partaking of the shrill and the piercing, and therefore more easily deadened by the intervening shade; yet a note so peculiar, and withal, so pleasing, that the breeze, gifted with that love of the sound which the poet feels, penetrates the shade in which it is entombed, and conveys it to the ear of the listener." Yes, bird and bard are alike in this: "You must love them ere you find them worthy to be loved." They do not take you captive by sheer brilliance; they have none of the qualities of overpowering passion, but, more than most of those who boast such qualities, they endure and satisfy. As Mr. Myers says: "While there are few poems of Wordsworth's which could be read to a mixed audience with the certainty of producing an immediate impression; yet on the other hand, all the best ones gain in an unusual degree by repeated study." I have no doubt that, in the poem just quoted, Wordsworth was intending, half-consciously at any rate, a contrast between himself and some other poets—Byron and Shelley, for example—poets of fiery heart and feverish passion; but we will not follow him in this. Let our aim be more directly practical,

Who has not been called on again and again to give high place to the virtue of quiet constancy? To have a friend—be it wife or husband or brother or sister or what else—in whose heart you can hide and confide with unfaltering and unfoiled faith; how sweet and strengthening! What of mere brilliance and distracting charm would you not give for the plain grey staidness, which, as its name implies, both stays with you and stays you up! In the heart's hours of tragedy these are the refuges we seek. Who is there that cannot sympathise with Paul when he wrote that gusty letter of his to the Galatians? They had greeted him when he went to them with the "tumultuous harmony and fierce" of the nightingale: they received him as an angel of God, nay, as the Christ Himself; they would have given him their own clear bright eyes in exchange for his weak, disease-reddened ones; but alas! their rosy promise duped the apostle; their eager running speedily slowed down; they were "quick believers," but they lacked the "broad shoulders" which, as George Herbert says, should go with agile faith. Not "slow to begin and never ending"—quite the reverse. They are precisely the sort of people Thierry described in his "History of the Gauls." "They possessed a personal bravery which nothing could match; they were of a frank, free spirit, impetuous, open to all impressions, eminently sprightly and intelligent; but, at the same time, exhibiting an extreme mobility, with little or no constancy, and having a marked repugnance to the ideas of discipline and order." In a word, the nightingale's nature, not the stock-dove's. For naturalists tell us that no sooner has the brood been hatched out than the liquid music ceases, and the notes which entranced all listeners are exchanged for a mere guttural croak. Disturb his nest at once after the young appear, or remove its contents, and the nightingale recovers his voice, but let a week elapse and "his constitution undergoes a change, and no second attempt to rear a family is made."

But one of the most beautiful Bible illustrations of the contrast between Passion and Constancy is given in the story of Ruth. It is on the way from Moab to Bethlehem. Twice the stricken mother had urged her daughters-in-law to return to their own country. She is too generous and disinterested to wish them to accompany her to a strange land to the injury of their prospects in life. She points out the conditions and entreats them to count the cost. At first both resist, but at the second appeal Orpah gives way. "And they lifted up their voice and wept again: and Orpah kissed her mother-in-law, but Ruth clave unto her." How swift a touch that is—and how graphic! Two words really do it all—Orpah *kissed*: Ruth *clave*. It is Passion and Patience: Nightingale and Stockdove once more. These two words reveal a whole character in each case. One old divine, perhaps a little harshly, calls



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Orpah "a blazing meteor falling down out of the air," while Ruth is "that fixed star fairly shining in heaven." Orpah is full of affectionate impulse, "a creature of a fiery heart," her love glows with the fervour of summer. But in comparison with Ruth's, it lacks depth, persistency, firmness. She renounces her former resolve—"Nay, but we will return with thee unto thy people." She shrinks from the sacrifices which must follow. Like most people of her temperament she has "a sensitive hatred to suffering." She will kiss Naomi, but is not willing to become a martyr for her sake. A common type, you say? Yes; but let its very commonness lead us to place more value on those qualities, which, though not so showy and brilliant, have their own mild and steady radiance, a genial and enduring glow. Showers of meteors (to recur to the old divine's figure) visit the earth at certain seasons and startle everybody into staring into the heavens, while the nightly shining of a thousand steady stars scarcely ever attracts a look. Poor Lear was sadly taken in by the warm protestings of his elder daughters, forgetting that, too often, protestings hold an inverse ratio to performances. Cordelia's reserve angered him, but he came to know its worth by and by. She would not "heave her heart into her mouth;" she was conscious of a love that was "richer than her tongue;" well indeed would it have been for the old man had he early known the difference in this case between nightingale and stockdove. You cannot help liking the Orpahs—nay, loving them—they are so bright; so enthusiastic, so winning. They are full

of good resolutions, and rich in repentances, but alas! both too soon run to seed. They are full of "fizz," to use a vulgarism—the ginger-beer bottles of the church, soon up and soon down, going off with a loud report, but in a very short while, stale, flat, and unprofitable. "Steadfastly-minded," (see Ruth i. 18)—there you have the great, enduring, conquering quality. It overcomes others. Naomi "left speaking"—she yielded to Ruth's superior strength. It conquers time, compels fame. It is the secret of persistence in history. Ruth's name is embalmed for ever. Orpah's we never hear of again. From the moment when she disappears on the line where sky and desert meet she is seen no more. But Ruth rises to honour, becomes the ancestress of kings, and of the greatest of all men

easily moulded, but yet powerfully adhesive, and hardening into a strength and firmness capable of resisting not only the example of Orpah, but the renewed entreaty of Naomi after Orpah had departed.

One more illustration only have I space for, and this time it shall be taken from a little book which Primitive Methodists hardly know enough of, and from which they may be frightened away too readily by the fact that its author was a good deal of a sacerdotalist. I refer to Keble's "Christian Year." The poem I have in mind is called "The Two Rainbows," and there is no trace of sacramentarianism in it, but only pure and deep religious feeling, in which all can share. It is based on the well-known country saying:

A rainbow in the morning,
Is the shepherd's warning;
A rainbow at night,
Is the shepherd's delight.

An image, suggests the poet, of two kinds of souls to be found in all our churches:

E'en so, in hope and trembling
Should watchful shepherd view
His little lambs assembling,
With glance both kind and true:
'Tis not the eye of keenest blaze,
Nor the quick-swelling breast,
That soonest thrills at touch of praise—
These do not please him best.

But voices low and gentle,
And timid glances shy,
That seem for aid parental
To sue all wistfully.
Still pressing, longing to be right,
Yet fearing to be wrong,—
In these the pastor dares delight,
A lamb-like, Christ-like throng.

These in Life's distant even,
Shall shine serenely bright,
As in the autumnal heaven
Mild rainbow tints at night,
When the last shower is stealing down,
And ere they sink to rest,
The sunbeams weave a parting crown
For some sweet woodland nest.



WORDSWORTH'S COTTAGE, RYDAL MOUNT.

—the man Christ Jesus. How the quiet resolved music of her homely words lingers on the ear—it will do you good to hear them again, familiar though they be: "Intreat me not to leave thee, and to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." Death did not kill Ruth. It cannot "part" her from the love and admiration of all the ages. I like that fine old expressive Saxon word, "clave." It means literally to stick or adhere. "Clay" comes from the same root. Compare the Psalmist's word: "I have stuck unto Thy testimonies." If we may be allowed the comparison, Ruth is like clay—soft,

That final word brings us back to our text. It is the nightingale and the stockdove over again: the quiet, the serious, the pensive, rather than the fierce, the fiery, and the tumultuous.

And yet at the risk of weakening all that I have written, my farewell word must be one of compensation and caution. It would be a too prosaic world altogether if there were no nightingales and only stockdoves. We hear of men having the defects of their qualities: have they not also the qualities of their defects? In other words, passion has its place and power, and we could ill do wanting it. Wordsworth may well say: "This is the song, the song for me," but there are other souls whom it never thrills or even touches. Keats, on the contrary, would have uttered the same exclaima-

tion, and actually did utter it, of the nightingale. Wordsworth had his limitations, and they had their blessedness for him, but they were limitations notwithstanding. Arnold is right when he says that "Wordsworth's eyes avert their ken from half of human fate," and Myers also when he writes: "there will be many moods in which we shall not retain him as our companion." A friend of mine once criticised the prayers of Jesus as less moving, because less passionate, than those of Paul. The truth is, though the ideal be high, and the task hard, we want both—the fervid, even vehement zeal, that burns and flames, sometimes,

too, it may be with no slight volume of smoke, but which when it dies down does so only to settle into a solid abiding body of heat, a store of potential energy, a promise and power of work of which the advancing years shall see the sure and serviceable issue. Pending the time when the perfect individual shall preserve all the fire of youth under the frost of age, it is well to be glad that we have them both, though as yet unreconciled, and that nightingale and stockdove have equally their function in the economy of God.

J. D. T.

The Lord's Supper.

BY REV. J. WATSON, D.D.



S Free Churchmen we may well be glad that the movement against sacerdotalism in the Church of England now going on, has brought to the front the significance of the Lord's Supper. It is mainly in this ordinance that it entrenches itself. Were it dislodged from this citadel its other positions would easily be taken. Besides, this movement, in consequence of the interest it is exciting, affords an opportunity

for, and is indeed a call to us to endeavour to arrive at, a more distinct and complete conception of the nature and obligations of this ordinance. Nothing more can be desired of us, perhaps, in respect to deep-rooted dislike of the doctrine of the Real Presence, as set forth by Romanists and Ritualists. But have we an adequate positive doctrine, full and clear, as to our Lord's relation to the ordinance to put in its place? Here lies, in my view, the weakness of Nonconformity in general, and of Primitive Methodists in particular. In some of our churches lamentable irregularity and slovenliness in its observance prevail. And as to sacramental doctrine, we have in Nonconformity every variety of teaching, from the negative doctrine of the Society of Friends, through Socinian and Zwinglian views, up to those held by what may be called High Church Nonconformists. When I read in my early days Dr. Halley's book on "The Sacraments," I was very much influenced by his teachings, and for a long time was accustomed to speak of the Sacraments as merely symbolic ordinances and badges of profession, laying special stress on their didactic character, as teaching certain truths through the eye which in the preaching of the Word we teach

through the ear. I do not lay less stress now on their representative and didactic aspects, but, in my view, the New Testament connects them more closely than Dr. Halley did with the spiritual life of the individual Christian and the communal life of the Church of Christ. Am I right in supposing that the opinion is gaining ground among Nonconformists that we have undervalued the ordinance of the Lord's Supper as much as most Anglicans have overvalued it? While discarding as completely as ever the Sacerdotal doctrine of the Real Presence, should we not insist more upon a real spiritual presence of Christ at His Supper Table, as Master of the spiritual household, of which the former view is the perversion? Error is usually the understatement or overstatement of some true doctrine. One can hardly understand how the sacramentarian view has gained such vogue and influence, unless there is at the heart of it some precious truth. What is needed at the present time is that we should define and determine more clearly our own position. A distinct and positive enunciation, on our part, of New Testament teaching on this subject would do more for the cause of truth, than all our negative protests against what we believe to be false doctrine.

To deal with this subject as a question of Historical Theology, in order to ascertain how New Testament teaching has been perverted, is an interesting and instructive method. Dr. Fairbairn has shown how this perversion came about, through the carrying over of Judaistic and Pagan elements into Christianity. And, indeed, it is almost impossible, except in this way, to understand how the simple New Testament doctrine could have been transformed into the monstrous dogma of Transubstantiation. Through those influences the *sacerdos*, or priest, was first developed. This process, through which the simple presbyter of apos-

tolie times became a full-grown priest, is described in Bishop Lightfoot's essay on "The Christian Ministry," and by Dr. Hatch in his interesting book on "The Organisation of the Early Church." But a priest must have something to offer—a priest must have a sacrifice. "But, of course," says Dr. Fairbairn, "the creation of a priesthood involves the institution of a priestly service. . . There was only one rite that could be made to serve that purpose; and so the simple and beautiful institution of the Supper shares the transformation of the ministry. . . . The priests who stand in the place of Christ offer a true and full sacrifice in the Church of God to the Father." The impulse to sacerdotalism came from Paganism, the authority or warrant, from the Hebrew Scriptures. Tertullian represents the heathen tendency; Cyprian the Hebrew. But for our purpose the history of church dogma on this subject is not of importance. As to sacramental doctrine we defer solely to the teaching of the New Testament, and as to the spiritual benefits of the Lord's Supper we attach more value to the testimony of the ordinary Christian consciousness than to the speculations of schoolmen and the dogmatic utterances of the Church.

The New Testament does not give a very large place to this ordinance. Of the first importance are the records of its institution given in the three synoptic gospels, and the account added by St. Paul which he had received by special revelation. In substance these are identical, while differing in details. The term "covenant" is used in all four accounts. The "shedding" or "pouring out" of the Saviour's "blood" is referred to in all the three gospels. "All drink," "blood of the covenant," and "for many" are peculiar to Matthew and Mark; "new covenant" to Luke and Paul. There is also an important didactic passage in 1 Cor. x. 16-21. Besides these, we have mention made, without comment, several times of "the breaking of bread," and a reference to the rite in 1 Cor. xii. 13: "We were all made to drink into one Spirit."

"Such," says Principal Moule, "is the special New Testament material for sacramental doctrine. It will be seen that its bulk is not great. It is ample enough to secure the believing reader's deep and reverent attention. But it is not enough to justify the inference that the holy rites stand in the front, so to speak, of Christianity. If they do stand there, it is a strange paradox that large tracts of the New Testament are as a fact silent about them, just where emphatic mention might be looked for; *e.g.*, the Epistles to the Ephesians and to the Hebrews."

Turning, then, to those passages with "deep and reverent attention," we note that the circumstances of the institution of the Lord's Supper, and many of the terms which our Lord uses, prove that it is the Jewish Passover in a new form. The ordinance of the Lord's Supper is, like the Passover, a

Commemorative rite. The one was in commemoration of the deliverance of Israel from Egypt; the other keeps the Church in remembrance of the redemption accomplished for men by the death of Christ. In its nature and extent this is an infinitely greater deliverance than the temporal redemption of Israel, although the Passover might be for the pious Jews the symbol of inward, spiritual salvation. The redemption of Israel was by sacrifice. The lamb was slain and its blood sprinkled on the lintel and door-posts of each family of Israel, so that the Lord in passing through to smite the Egyptians, seeing the blood on the lintel, might pass over the door. Exod. xii. 21-23. Whether the expiatory idea entered into the Passover sacrifices it is difficult to say, but it is clearly implied in the Christian ordinance. It is a commemoration of our redemption by the sacrifice of Christ. "This is My blood of the covenant, which is shed for many unto remission of sins." The bread is the Body under the special and only aspect, as "given," "being given," "offered up in sacrifice for us," just as the blood is to be regarded as shed for us. "His institution of the Supper," says Beyschlag, "the most certain fact we have of Him, attests that He knew all men, even the best and most pious in Israel, to be in need of an atonement and a Mediator, but Himself to be the spotless Lamb who makes atonement for them with His blood." As commemorative of signal benefits, both the Passover and the Lord's Supper were to be seasons of thanksgiving and joy. Hence the eucharistic character of the Christian feast. As meals partaken in common and in memory of common blessings, each feast was a communion. Hence the idea of the Lord's Supper as a "communion of the body," and "the blood of Jesus Christ." In both ordinances bread was to be eaten; in the Christian ordinance the cup also as a symbol of Christ's blood was to be drunk. Hence it represents and offers Jesus Christ as the Sustainer of our spiritual life, on whom we feed with thanksgiving.

There is another reference in the words of institution to the Old Testament, of profoundest significance. The blood of the covenant suggests an analogy between it and the Sinaitic covenant with Israel ratified by sacrifice. The *new* covenant bears reference to the prophecy of Jeremiah (xxxi. 31-34): "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel and with the house of Judah." The new covenant, at the time of the institution of the Supper, was about to be ratified and sealed by the Redeemer's blood. "The covenant," exclaims Dr. Bruce, "of course is new. It is Jeremiah's new covenant come at last." In the apostle Paul's two great passages in 1st Corinthians certain points of doctrine, suggested by, or expressed in, the words of institution, are brought out—that of the union in one Body, through their common participation

of Christ, of all true believers, and that the ordinance is altogether, in origin, authority and purpose, the Lord's. It was not instituted by the Church in honour of Christ, as an evidence of its love and devotion, having its origin in the will of the Church, just as a grateful nation might by some institution strive to keep in memory, and show its gratitude to, one of its heroes. The ordinance is the Lord's Supper; the Cup and the Table are the Lord's. Desiring to be remembered by His Church, and to keep Himself in direct contact with the life of the Church, He established it. Its members observe it in remembrance of Him. Those who partake of it show, announce, and proclaim the Lord's death, till He come, and this, not of their own initiative, but because He arranged and willed that they should so do. Because of the Lord's proprietorship in all that pertains to this feast it can only be worthily partaken of by men that are spiritual and holy. "Ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord, and the cup of devils. Ye cannot partake of the table of the Lord, and of the table of devils." "Wherefore whosoever shall eat the bread or drink the cup of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord." He commits a sin which calls down judgment, if in partaking he does not discern the Lord's body. Faith, which discerns the underlying reality, and separation from the sinful, idolatrous practices of the world, are essential to worthy participation in this ordinance.

The sacramental doctrine which evangelical Protestants have deduced from these passages, exhibits many shades of difference. They agree in their views as to the commemorative and symbolic character of the Lord's Supper. The bread and the wine are emblems, or symbols, of the Lord's body, as broken for us, and of His blood, as shed, or poured out, for us. The sacramental actions have also a symbolic meaning, representing, on our Lord's part, the giving of Himself to us for the nourishment of our spiritual life, and, on our part, participation in Him as our life and salvation—as spiritually eating His body and drinking His blood. He says of the bread, when we sit at His table with a humble, believing spirit, as truly as He did at the first supper: "Take, eat; this is My body;" and of the cup: "Drink ye all of it." So do we as really, though spiritually, receive the bread and cup from His hands. But the reality is not what is seen, what appears. We partake of Christ Himself. He is the Living Bread. "My flesh is meat indeed, and My blood is drink indeed." His literal flesh and blood are not in any sense present. We have no altar, no sacrifice for sins offered by priestly hands. We come in contact with Christ in no material sense. The flesh profiteth nothing. But we have something better. Christ is spiritually in our midst through the power of the Holy Spirit, and apprehensible by faith. And how

solemn and inspiring the thought that we eat and drink with Jesus Christ Himself! He condescends to sup with us. And more than this; we feast on Christ Himself, on blessings which He alone can impart. He provides the royal dainties; His own hands spread the table. Oh, marvel of love that He permits us to feast with Him!

"Here would I feed upon the Bread of God,
Here drink with *Thee* the royal wine of heaven."

This sacrament is not, however, the exclusive, or even the chief medium through which saving grace comes to the soul of the believer. There is nothing, indeed, in the New Testament to warrant the idea that it conveys more blessing to the individual recipient, or that it promotes in any higher degree the corporate life of the Church than the other means of grace, say, the preaching service, or the prayer-meeting. The spiritual good received depends very much upon the private meditation and prayer of the individual, upon the oral teaching of the presiding minister, and the united prayers of those who communicate. As a means of spiritual blessing in and of itself it is not in some respects of equal value to the other means of grace. Men are saved and blessed by the hearing of the Word, for faith cometh by hearing; and by the prayer of faith, for "whosoever calleth on the name of the Lord shall be saved," apart from this sacrament. But it is inoperative without prayer and faith. Wherein, then, lies its special value? In this. While it has elements in common with other Christian ordinances—being based on the mediation of Christ and effective through the power of the Spirit and the faith of the receiver, as they are—it has elements which differ from them. As a *sign* the Lord's Supper concentrates our thoughts on Christ as God's sacrifice for sin. "The new covenant in His blood." "Ye do show the Lord's death till He come." His sacrifice is, indeed, our daily trust; we are always feeding on Christ. Our experiences at the Lord's table do not lie apart from our daily life of union with Christ. But this ordinance tends to bring our ideas and feelings in relation to Him as God's sacrifice for sin and our Redeemer into distinct consciousness, to vivify our memories of Him and His redeeming work. It recalls the scenes of Gethsemane, the judgment seat, and the cross. Here, for the help of memory and imagination, are the emblems of His broken body and shed blood. Him we have not seen as His disciples saw Him. But we have read of Him in the Gospels—of His cross and passion—until our hearts have been filled with a great love to Him. We do not see Him now, risen and glorified, yet bearing still in His body the marks of His mortal agony. But we have personal memories of Him, notwithstanding all this. Spiritually we have more than once beheld Him. Did we not see Him on the cross, as Christian did, when the burden of our

guilt rolled away? Have we not often gazed upon Him since then when the Spirit has taken us up into the mount of vision? Had we never seen Christ in the Word; if it had not pleased God to reveal His Son in us, of what value would this sacrament be? A magical rite, and nothing more. But furnished as our minds are with memories or ideas of Him, this ordinance, received in faith, revives them with intensified power. They may have become dim and inoperative through the influence of the world, but at the table of the Lord they are revived and re-strengthened. Our Lord knew what was in man—the laws of mental association, the power of mental suggestion, and He made use of them. We all know how a pictorial representation or sign or a symbol, tends to bring up associated ideas—how by a picture or photograph, we keep before us the image of an absent or a departed friend. Now that He might be remembered, that we might keep in mind how He yielded up His life for us, in the double form of His body and His blood, our Lord instituted this ordinance. "Do this, in remembrance of Me."

"This cup is the new covenant in My blood." Do not these words indicate that this ordinance is more than symbolic, that it is a federal transaction—not only a sign but a seal? At this point some may refuse to go along with me. In a recent number of "The Christian World Pulpit" there is a sermon by Dr. Horton on the Sacraments, which opens with a quotation from the late Dr. Reynolds, in which these words occur. "But apart from their intellectual and emotional effect, apart from their appeal and response to our spiritual nature, it seems to me unchristian and unpauline and unspiritual and ungodly to treat them as means or seals of grace. What we have to do is to feel the real presence of the Master always and everywhere, and then we are above the unspeakable meanness of impaling Him in bread and water and wine." Dr. Horton endorses this view. For he says of the Lord's Supper that our Lord "gave no indication that He meant anything more than a beautiful memorial of His life and death." In the same number of "The Christian World Pulpit," Dr. Guinness Rogers says: "My beloved friend Dr. Dale attached a value to the Lord's Supper, and found in it a meaning which for myself I could never discover." . . . "For myself, I am in sympathy with the plain principle of Zwingli's interpretation." In passing, however, I may be permitted to say that Dr. Pope finds in Zwingli's doctrine more than the mere commemorative sense. While tending towards that view, "his doctrine," Dr. Pope says, "went beyond it; Christ, to the contemplation of faith, is not only subjectively, but objectively present; and that spiritual eating of His heavenly body, which is the appropriation of His atoning grace, is a sacramental eating or receiving of the signs and seals of a present Saviour." Were I to

have regard to any human authority on this matter I should rather attach myself to Dr. Dale than to Dr. Horton or Dr. Rogers. Dr. Rogers says, "that he (Dr. Dale) found a world of deeper meaning in the Sacraments than most of his associates." And he did this, in my view, because there was in him such a remarkable combination of genuine spiritual mysticism with the highest intellectual power. I do not wish to dogmatise on this matter, when so many able men hold a contrary view to mine. But I regard the Sacraments as not only *signs*, but *seals and vouchers of the covenant promises*. Some regard this as the most significant view of the Sacraments. Professor Banks says: "The covenant character of the ordinances must be kept in the foreground." "From the beginning onward," says Principal Moule, "the Covenantal Idea appears, and everywhere, at its side, the Sacramental Institution." Paul speaks of the rite of circumcision as a sign and seal. "And he (Abraham) received the sign (*semeion*) of circumcision, a seal (*sphagida*) of the righteousness of faith." (Rom. iv. 11.) A deed signed and sealed confirms an engagement. Circumcision was a token and seal of the covenant between God and Abraham. The same idea appears in the words of Institution of the Lord's Supper. "This cup is the new covenant in My blood." The new covenant is that which was first proclaimed by Jeremiah, with its promises of forgiveness, of inward purity and love. The Old Covenant was limited in range, and largely temporal in blessing. The New Covenant is individual, spiritual and universal. By this ordinance our Lord seals for us the promises of this new and better covenant. The elements are the tokens and pledges of His love. Our Lord is not "impaled" in the sacrament; the sacrament does not by any power inherent in itself confer and apply the blessings of the covenant. But it is intended to show that the covenant is ordered in all things and sure—that Christ does really and truly give us, in a spiritual manner, His flesh to eat and His blood to drink; and we, engaging ourselves to be His people, seal our side of the covenant by partaking of the emblems of His body and blood. And as we sit at the Lord's Table our Lord often reassures us of His forgiving love. His Spirit writes afresh His law of love in our hearts in firmer, deeper lines; He puts it in the centre of our being, that it may become increasingly the authoritative law of our life and its inspiring motive.

The Lord's Supper is of deep significance for the Church as a whole. Paul makes a great deal of the idea of it as a communion of the faithful. "The Cup of blessing which we bless, is it not a communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not a communion of the body of Christ? seeing that we, who are many, are one bread, one body: for we all partake of the one bread." (1 Cor. x. 16, 17.) It is the symbol of

our brotherly fellowship and of our common union with Jesus Christ. As an institution for the whole community, and to be observed, when they meet in one place, it seals God's promises to His Church: it is an assurance that God's kindness will not depart from her, and that the covenant of His peace will not be removed. Notwithstanding the outward divisions which the Church presents, its continued and universal observance of this ordinance is the symbol, and the only symbol, of its catholicity and historic unity. Sitting together at the Lord's Table we think of men who have witnessed for Christ since the first meeting in the Upper Room. We are in a line with the apostles, and with the martyrs and saints of all ages and of every church. Some of us remember those with whom we have sat down in Africa and Australia, in India and China,

with black men and yellow men, as well as with men of our own race. More tenderly we think of those who have passed before us into the heavenly world, and are drinking of the fruit of the vine fresh with their Redeemer in His Father's kingdom. As we meditate, the distinctions of time and space, of race and colour, disappear, even the dark separating line we call death passes out of sight. As there is but one Spiritual Table, one Bread, and one Cup, so is the true Church but one household, under the headship of Him who is Lord both of the dead and the living.

"One family we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream
The narrow stream of death."

Browsings in My Library.



I call it the book-room, but that is because we are modest. Our friends call it the library. As a matter of strict fact, it is not a very large room, but it has shelves round two sides of it, and the books in these

tightly packed, and they overflow on to the mantelpiece and tables and chairs, and into cupboards, and, indeed, on to the tops of cupboards. Delia, who is the personification of neatness, is in daily despair, and declares "it is really impossible to keep the room tidy. It is simply heartbreaking. It is no use trying." I gently suggest that she should leave off trying, as it is immaterial to me whether the room is tidy or not; in fact, if I must confess it, a library "all in a litter" is a delight to my bookwormish eye. It shows that the books are the companions of the owner, and not merely articles of wall furniture.

"And that is just like a man," replies my domestic tyrant. "Have I no feelings to be considered? How am I to bring anybody in here while the room is in such a disgraceful state?"

And so the dear creature sets to work, and puts the loose books back on to the shelves, not without drily satirical comment as to their external appearance and their internal contents. And it must be admitted that there is some superficial justification for some of her remarks. South's "Sermons," with

half the title torn off the back, and Whately "On Some of the Peculiarities of the Christian Religion" with one cover missing, and that Greek "Herodotus" with no cover at all, and that ragged row of "Works of the Puritan Divines," and the dog-eared volumes of "The Spectator" and "The Rambler," and the unbound paper-covered volumes of French and German classics looking the worse for wear—well, between you and me, they do present a rather disreputable appearance.

"Where did you pick up this treasure?" Delia asks, holding up the dingiest of little volumes. "I suppose it was an immense bargain!" and she gives a scornful little sniff. Well, it happens to be Defoe's "Religious Courtship," and it cost me twopence outside a bookshop in Hull. I had never met with it before. It is not a great treasure, perhaps, for it is not a very early edition, but it was a good investment any way. Delia had not seen the title, but when I called her attention to it, she was interested, and said, "Well, I've no doubt it reads better than it looks. Some day I'll try to struggle through it."

"Struggle through" a book of Daniel Defoe! But there—

I insist grimly on Delia sitting down in the easy-chair, while I give her an outline of "Religious Courtship." The full title is "Religious Courtship: being Historical Discourses on the Necessity of Marrying Religious Husbands and Wives Only; as also, of Husbands and Wives being of the same opinions in Religion with One Another. With an Appendix showing the Necessity of Taking None but Religious Servants; and a Proposal for the Better Managing of Servants."



A LIBRARY TO BROWSE IN.

"And does he really do all that?" asks incredulous Delia.

It is not for me to say how far we have agreed on matters of religion, but she has had some servants who have not been excessively religious, or readily manageable.

The book gives us a gloomy picture of the religious state of the upper classes in the beginning of the last century. It tells a story, or rather two or three slightly connected stories, in a series of dialogues. A well-to-do retired London merchant, a widower, has three marriageable daughters, and "a gentleman of a very good estate courted the youngest of these daughters." The girls had promised their dying mother that they would not marry any man who did not, at least, profess to be a religious man. They take different views, however, of the binding force of this promise. The youngest, a truly pious girl, is determined to abide by it. The two elders laugh at the idea of refusing a good match for such a scruple. The young man is handsome, and in every way agreeable, but he never indicates in conversation or otherwise whether he believes in or practises religion. The youngest girl likes him, and the liking grows into love, and she is deeply pained when he fences with every indirect attempt to ascertain whether he is a believer or a fashionable unbeliever. At last

she refuses him, on his being forced to admit that he had never troubled about religion. The gentleman goes away crestfallen, but with an assurance that if he finds religion he may return. He is partly angry at his dismissal, but partly impressed with the deep religious earnestness of the young lady, which sets him thinking.

"It often ran in his mind that she had said she could expect no blessing with him; and that if she married him she should think she had renounced God, and declared war against heaven; so that, to be sure, 'I am a dreadful fellow,' says he, 'that she dares not take me, lest she should appear to be a confederate with one of God's enemies.'"

Not long afterwards, while walking over his large estate, the gentleman lost his way in the darkness, and came to the door of a poor labouring man. He heard a noise "and stepping up close to the door, he perceived that the poor, good old man was praying to God with his family. As he said afterwards, his heart sprung in his breast for joy at the occasion, and he listened eagerly to hear what he said. The poor man was, it seems, giving God thanks for his condition, and that of his family, which he did with great affection: repeating how comfortably they lived; how plentifully they were provided for; how God had distinguished them in His goodness; that they were alive, when others

were snatched away by diseases and disasters; in health, when others languished with pain and sickness; had food, when others were in want; at liberty, when others were in prison; were clothed and covered, when others were naked and without habitation: concluding with admiring and adoring the wonders of God's Providence and mercy to them who had deserved nothing."

"Why, he might have been one of our Primitive village locals," said Delia.

"Yes, and as a matter of fact, the gentleman was so struck with the joyful thankfulness the labourer got out of his religion, that after he had walked away a little distance, 'I'll go back,' says he, 'and poor William (for he knew his name), he shall teach me to be a Christian, for I am sure I know nothing of it yet.'"

And so William does teach him, his master bidding him, "William, be plain, and speak freely. Do not 'Worship' me and 'sir' me now; talk to me as if I were your neighbour or comrade. These are not things to talk of with cringes and bows. I am a wretched, contemptible, poor, rich man; thou art a poor, rich, happy Christian."

The squire has to confess that there is not a Bible in the manor house. So William lends him one, and is commissioned to buy him one from the market town. Of course, the gentleman returns to his lady, who marries him, and they live happy ever after; William being promoted to an honourable position on the estate. And this story is by the author of "Robinson Crusoe." The eldest sister, I should say, because she will make no inquiry as to the religion of her lover, marries a Roman Catholic unawares, and is very unhappy, for the children are brought up in the father's religion.

"And about the servants?" Delia inquires.

"The married sisters have conversations with a religious aunt on the subject, comparing notes as to their servants. The aunt sums up the result in the opinion that 'a girl may be a good servant, who is not a good Christian; but I must acknowledge it is very seldom that it proves so; but when a good servant is a good Christian too, such a one is ten times the more valuable for a servant, as well as for her religion.' It is agreed that where the mistress and master are not themselves religious, they can scarcely expect the servant to be so. A good mistress helps to make a good servant. The aunt is strong on mistresses being honest with each other, and giving 'fair, bold, and just characters of them, and if it once came to be the custom or general usage among mistresses, servants would quickly carry it after another manner; at least, they would take care to part upon as good terms as they could with their mistresses.'"

Delia clapped her hands, and said, "Well done, Daniel Defoe! I shall certainly read your book. But why didn't you tell me before you had such useful books among this lot of dry-looking things?"

"My dear, you should judge books from the inside rather than from the outside. Now here is another book with a long title—"

But Delia was gone, intent on preparations for dinner. However, there's no reason why I should not dip into George Wither's "Hallelujah," picked up for sixpence one day on a stall in Farringdon Road. It is an 1857 reprint, in a "Library of Old Authors," of a book that appeared in 1641. Here is the original title, printed in facsimile: "Hallelujah, or Britan's Second Remembrancer; bringing to Remembrance (in praisefull and penitential *Hymns*, *Spirituell Songs*, and *Morall-Odes*), Meditations, advancing the Glory of God, in the Practise of Pietie and Vertue; and applied to easie Tunes, to be sung in Families, etc. Composed in a Three-fold Volume by George Wither. The first contains *Hymns Occasionall*. The second, *Hymns Temporary*. The third, *Hymns Personall*. That all *Persons*, according to their Degrees and Qualities, may at all times, and upon all eminent *Occasions*, be remembered to praise GOD; and to be mindfull of their Duties.

One woe is past, the second, passing on;
Beware the third, if this, in vain be gone."

A frontispiece of the author in his 21st year, shows us a jolly-looking Cavalier, with a beautiful broad lace ruffle that will enchant Delia when I show it her, and a handsome doublet apparently of velvet and ermine. A sash crosses the doublet from the shoulder, and the left hand rests on the heavy hilt of a sword. Around the portrait runs the punning motto: "I grow and Wither both together." When the Civil War broke out the gallant George, who had fought in the war against the Scots, sold his estate and raised a troop of horse for the Parliament. The "Remembrancer" shows that he had little in common with the ribald Cavaliers, whose company and whose cause he deserted. He combined the Cavalier love of poetry with the piety of the Puritan. In the "Hallelujah," his lyrical devotion pours itself out on every incident and occasion of life, often with results that provoke smiles. Each "hymn" has prefixed to it a quaint explanation. Here, for instance, is a hymn to be sung "When we put off our apparel," and one on "Sheep-shearing," in order to improve the occasions.

I really must read to Delia the verses from—

A ROCKING HYMN.

Nurses usually sing their children asleep, and, through want of pertinent matter, they oft make use of unprofitable, if not worse, songs. This was, therefore, prepared that it might help acquaint them and their nurse children with the loving care and kindness of their Heavenly Father.

Sweet baby, sleep, what ails my dear;
What ails my darling thus to cry?
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,
To hear me sing thy lullaby.
My pretty lamb, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

When God with us was dwelling here,
 In little babes He took delight ;
 Such innocents as thou, my dear,
 Are ever precious in His sight.
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
 Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Within a manger lodged thy Lord !
 Where oxen lay and asses fed ;
 Warm rooms we do to thee afford,
 An easy cradle or a bed.
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
 Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Is not that really charming? But here is a verse of a hymn from the "Hymns Personall" that falls in well with the closing part of "Religious Courtship":—

FOR A MASTER OR MISTRESS.

It is a great happiness to have good servants to ease our labours ; we are hereby, therefore, put in remembrance to be thankful for that blessing when we have it, and how to behave ourselves toward our servants. If a woman sing it, let her change the word master into mistress.

Sing this as the 100th Psalm.
 In that a master I was made,
 God's favour doth to me appear,
 And sure this grace I never had,
 Injuringly to domineer ;
 But rather that with better ease
 I might my calling undergo,
 And thankfully Him seek to please
 By whom I am befriended so.

A couple of hymns illustrate Wither's anxiety to leave no possible occasion unprovided for. I quote a specimen from each:—

FOR A WIDOWER OR A WIDOW DEPRIVED OF A LOVING YOKE-FELLOW.

That such as be deprived of their most dear companions may not be swallowed up in excessive grief, and so forget their Christian hopes and duties, this Hymn teacheth a moderate expressing of their natural passions, and remembers them of things not to be forgotten in their sorrow.

Sing this as "I loved thee once."

The voice which I did more esteem
 Than music in her sweetest key,
 Those eyes which unto me did seem
 More comfortable than the day ;
 Those now by me, as they have been,
 Shall never more be heard or seen ;
 But what I once enjoy'd in them
 Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

The next is—

FOR A WIDOWER OR A WIDOW DELIVERED FROM A TROUBLESOME YOKE-FELLOW.

Because deliverance from a troublesome yoke-fellow is a benefit neither to be despised or indiscreetly rejoiced in, this Hymn teacheth with what moderation, with what tenderness of heart, and with what desire we should be affected in such cases.

Sing this as the Lamentation.
 Unto the soul departed, Lord !
 Although it often hath transgress'd,
 I hope Thy mercy doth afford
 Well-being in a place of rest.
 And for each wrong sustained by me,
 Whilst in the flesh it did remain,
 As also for my wrongs to Thee,
 I beg Thy pardon to obtain.
 And that I may conclude my race
 With less offence and more content,
 Vouchsafe me Thy assisting grace,
 Ensuing errors to prevent.
 And if Thy providence allows
 Another helper unto me,
 Lord ! keep us faithful in our vows
 Both to each other and to Thee.

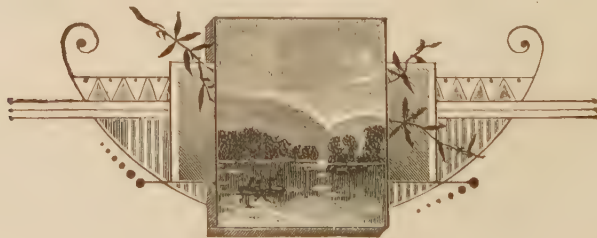
Delia enters as I am reading this aloud, to tell me to come down to dinner.

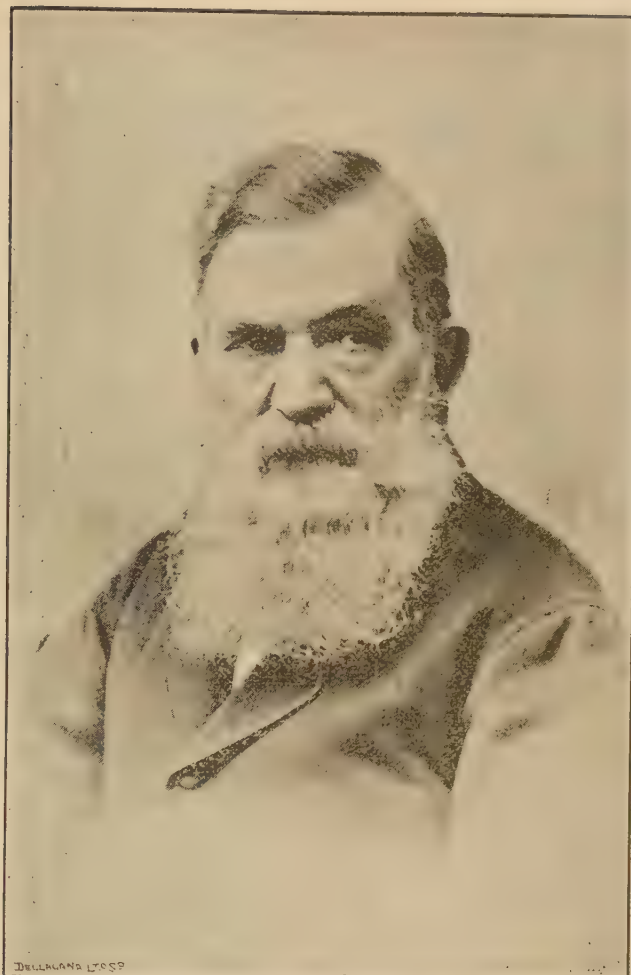
"What a horrid man!" she says. But when, after dinner, I read to her the Rocking Hymn, she says enthusiastically, "It is the sweetest poetry I have heard for a long time. Who is it by?"

"By the author of the Widower's Prayer."

"O-o-oh!" is her sole comment.

LIBRARIUS.





THE LATE GEORGE TOULMIN, J.P.

Primitive Methodism and the Temperance Reformation in England.

II.—EARLY MODERATION SOCIETIES.



IT is difficult, if not impossible, to say with certainty when the first aggressive Temperance Society was formed in modern times. There appears to have been considerable thought and feeling in regard to the necessity of dealing with intemperance in some way wherever the influence of the Methodist revival was felt. It seems that the

Americans were somewhat before the English in concerted action. The Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Churches of the state of Virginia in 1797 passed the following resolution—"Resolved that we, the ministers of this Conference, do pledge our honour, as well as our word, as Christians, not only to abandon entirely the use of ardent spirits ourselves, except as medicines, but also to use our influence to induce others to do the same." That was a vow of loyalty to Wesley's Society Rule issued more than half a century before.

The Massachusetts Society for the Suppression of Intemperance was formed on the 5th of Febru-

ary, 1813. The aim of the promoters was to discountenance and suppress the too frequent use of ardent spirits, and its kindred vices of profaneness and gambling, and to promote temperance and general morality. But not much progress was made until after the establishment of the American Temperance Society towards the close of 1825. A general interest in the work became manifest during 1826, and so rapid was the progress that in three years over 1,000 societies had been created, 100,000 pledges taken, 1,200 drunkards reclaimed, 50 distilleries stopped, and 400 merchants had given up the traffic. The first Temperance Society in the United Kingdom was formed at New Ross, County of Wexford, Ireland, on August 20th, 1829, chiefly through the efforts of the Rev. G. W. Carr, whose thoughts had been turned to the subject by a letter which Professor Edgar had printed in the *News-Letter*, on August 14th. (The editor of the *Belfast Guardian* refused to print the letter, assigning as his reason that he thought the writer demented.) Dr. John Edgar, of the Irish Presbyterian Church, and Professor of Theology, threw himself into the work in Belfast. He began his crusade by opening his parlour window and pouring into the court below the remaining portion of a gallon of whisky which had been purchased some time before for home consumption. The movement spread, and adherents multiplied beyond the most sanguine expectations. One of the earliest friends of the cause in Ireland when it developed into a total abstinence movement was the late Mr. Alexander Riddell, an energetic and much-loved member and official of our Melbourne Street Church, Belfast. The *Alliance News* of August 16th, 1866, referring to his death, said: "Truly we may say that a great man has fallen asleep, and we can scarcely realise what a loss our cause has sustained. He was one of the oldest and most consistent members of the Temperance Society, a thorough abstainer, and a warm and devoted advocate of legislative prohibition. Upwards of thirty years ago he joined with others in forming the Belfast Total Abstinence Society, and continued to the last its most prominent supporter. He aided in establishing the Irish Temperance League, and was always considered one of its best members, and last year he was elected High Chief Ruler of the Rechabites. Thus he occupied a most important position in our movement. He had also been for years the leading member in Belfast of the Primitive Methodist Church, a church that more than any other stands by our principles, and which by his death has sustained an almost irreparable loss. He was a public benefactor with a heart large enough to embrace the world. He yearned and prayed while he wrought for the good of mankind."

While the friends of sobriety were on the move in Ireland, Mr. John Dunlop, of Greenock, was

calling public attention to the extent and danger of intemperance north of the Tweed, and Scotland took up the question with some vigour. A society was originated at Maryhill, near Glasgow, on October 1st, 1829, by two benevolent ladies, Miss Graham and Miss Allan, who had been moved to take up the work by Mr. Dunlop. Glasgow, Greenock, and numerous other places hoisted the temperance standard, and many gathered round it.

The first society in England was established at Bradford, Yorkshire, on February 2nd, 1830, by Mr. Henry Forbes, a manufacturer in the town, who had been converted to temperance at a meeting in Glasgow some months before. Nine persons took the moderation pledge and became members of the society. The same year societies sprang up at Warrington, Manchester, Salford, Leeds, London, Liverpool, and many other places, and before the year closed, 300,000 tracts had been distributed, and 10,000 members enrolled. These societies were not based on total abstinence, but on abstinence from spirituous liquors, except as medicines. There was no total abstinence society up to this date.

We have reason to believe that the late Hugh Bourne, one of the founders of the Primitive Methodist Connexion, introduced the question to the Conference of 1831, and spoke of its bearing on the economic, social, and moral life of the people; but with what result we have not been able to ascertain. It was a bold thing, and probably a unique thing, to do at that time, and indicates that the young denomination was awake to the evils of intemperance.

Preston and Moderation.

Preston, Lancashire, has been called the birth-place of the modern temperance movement. That is true in an important sense; for while there were several societies before the Preston Society was formed, it is generally admitted by those who have carefully examined the subject that the honour of placing the temperance movement on a sound and permanent basis belongs to "Proud Preston." We shall see that the Preston Society at the beginning was not at all in advance of societies already in existence in other parts of England, in Ireland, in Scotland, and in America. The first attempt at a temperance organisation in Preston was made on New Year's day, 1832, in connection with Mr. Joseph Livesey's Adult Sunday School, but it was absorbed by the Preston Temperance Society which was formed on March 22nd, 1832. The pledge which the members signed was—"We do voluntarily agree that we will totally abstain from all ardent spirits ourselves, and will not give or offer them to others, except as medicines; and if we use other liquors it shall be with great moderation, and will endeavour to discountenance the causes and practices of intemperance." A committee was ap-

pointed and held its first meeting on April 13th. We have copied the following from the old minute book which we have been permitted to examine—"That a public meeting of the society be held in the large schoolroom, Lord Street, on Friday evening next, to commence at half-past seven o'clock, and that the Rev. Mr. Bastow be requested to conduct the meeting."

"That a second meeting be held on Thursday, the 3rd of May, at the Primitive Methodist Chapel, and that notice of the same be given at the conclusion of the meeting by Rev. Mr. Bastow."

The Rev. Mr. Bastow who was appointed to conduct the first public meeting of the Society was the Rev. James Austin Bastow, Primitive Methodist minister. Mr. Bastow was a scholarly man, and wrote one of the best Biblical Dictionaries ever published. While stationed at Preston he went to Wigan and preached in the open-air, and was put into jail. He had for a cell-companion an Irishman, who asked him why he had been locked up. Mr. Bastow answered, "For preaching the Gospel, sir. And pray, why have they brought you here?" The Irishman replied, "For not practising the Gospel." He died at Southport, April 7th, 1894, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, and the sixty-second of his ministry.

The second public meeting was held as per minute quoted in the Primitive Methodist Chapel, Lawson Street, Preston, and is memorable in the annals of temperance. Mr. James Teare, who was present, thus speaks of it:—"It was crowded to overflowing in every part, and many went away that could not find admittance. Moses Holden, Esq., was voted to the chair, who opened the meeting by a very powerful address on the evils of intemperance and the benefits of sobriety. . . Afterwards, the chairman called upon James Teare to address the meeting, which he did for about half an hour. In the course of his address he attacked the beer-shops and beer-house system, and the wickedness of opening such vile and wretched establishments in a Christian country."

The late George Toulmin, Esq., J.P., the proprietor of the *Preston Guardian*, was at the meeting, and afterwards wrote—"At that meeting both Mr. Livesey and Mr. Swindlehurst spoke, Mr. Livesey at considerable length; *and that speech, in my opinion, was the real commencement of the total abstinence movement.* Mr. Livesey said that in canvassing for signatures they were frequently met with the remark, that as they were calling upon people to give up the use of ardent spirits, they ought to supply them with a substitute, and the best thing they could do to wean the working-men off their use and keep them from the public-houses and beer-shops, would be to supply them with a recipe for making good home-brewed beer. Mr. Livesey went on to say that was not possible for them consistently to do; that their pledge required



MR. J. KING, ONE OF THE "SEVEN MEN OF PRESTON."

them to discountenance the causes and practices of intemperance; that beer drinking was the greatest cause of drunkenness in Lancashire; for working-men in these districts got drunk, not with gin, or rum, or brandy, but with ale; that *the article which intoxicated was the same in each*, and the form in which it was usually drunk depended chiefly upon the liking of individuals, or their ability to purchase the cheaper or the dearer liquors; and he instanced his own abstinence from all intoxicating liquors of every kind, etc. We cannot find any record of beer-shops and beer-drinking being publicly condemned, and total abstinence being publicly commended prior to this meeting; therefore we endorse the opinion of Mr. Toulmin, that this meeting, especially the speech of Mr. Livesey, "was the real commencement of the total abstinence movement." This infant cause, which was probably first commended to the public in one of our chapels, was to a considerable extent cradled and nursed in our chapels and schoolrooms. Mr. Thomas Whittaker, J.P., of Scarborough, who signed the pledge in March, 1835, and was set apart as agent in September of the same year, (probably the first man wholly set apart for temperance work), told our Conference in 1877 that in his early career, when friends were few, and places in which to hold meetings were difficult to obtain, the Primitives generally placed their chapels and schools at his disposal, and that while some Christian people sneered, and many more looked coldly on, they manifested a sympathy and gave co-operation to a wonderful extent, considering the public prejudice against the movement."

Mr. Dearden, in his "History of Teetotalism," says:—"To prevent young people of both sexes from going to public-houses and beer-shops, tea-

parties were encouraged. The first tea party on a large scale held at Preston, was on Wednesday, July 11, 1832." The late Rev. Samuel Smith, Primitive Methodist minister, was one of the speakers at the public meeting which followed the tea, and thus refers to it in his private journal:—"I attended the first tea party of the Temperance Society—beautiful sight: 574 sat down to tea in the Corn Exchange; pleasure beamed on every face; all sects united, and seemed determined to put down drunkenness. Mr. Livesey, myself, and several working men of Preston, spoke boldly and to the point." The next day the first open-air meeting was held on the Moor, and continued for hours. We quote Mr. Smith's journal again. "Field meeting of the Temperance Society held on the Moor; the object was to catch some race-going drunkard, and, if possible, to reclaim him from drink and the

immorality of the racecourse. These objects were clearly kept in view by every speaker. Myself, Mr. Livesey, Mr. Teare, etc., etc., spoke freely on the two objects of the meeting." The Rev. S. Smith was a member of the first committee, and one of the first, if not the first minister of the Gospel in England, who signed the total abstinence pledge, and publicly advocated its principles, and to the end of his life was an earnest and consistent temperance reformer. He died at Stockport, January 11th, 1877, full of years and full of honour. It is evident from the forementioned facts, that the Primitives were to the fore in the very earliest stages of the Preston Temperance movement, and in this respect they were true to the traditions of John Wesley in his antagonism to the use of spirituous liquors as beverages.

JAMES TRAVIS.

Men Worth Remembering.

II.—REV. WILLIAM JEFFERSON.

BY REV. J. WENN.



N seeking to recall to the recollection of those who knew him, and to present to those who did not some faint picture of this remarkable man, is the object of this paper. The material to hand for this purpose comes partly from the sources named in the article on Rev. W. Carthy; but chiefly from the son (Rev. N. Jefferson), Revs. W. R. Widowson and T. H. Richards. My friend Mr. Richards, will expect me to say, however, that the

only aid I have received from him has come through Mr. N. Jefferson, and consists of a cutting from the "Primitive Methodist." This contains an "In Memoriam" article so appreciative and so just, that it has been of considerable service to me in this task.

In the month of March, 1862, five months after we entered the Nottingham District, I first saw William Jefferson. The Nottingham District Ministers' Association held its half-yearly sessions in that month in Hockley Chapel, Nottingham Second Station. I went and met on the Nottingham railway platform the late Dr. S. Antliff. With him I walked to Hockley Chapel. The first person we saw after entering the schoolroom was the late Rev. W. Watts, (Dr. Watts, as he was familiarly called). Mr. Antliff—for he was not

Dr. then—shook hands with the slim, mercurial-looking old man, who never seemed to stand still upon his feet but kept swaying or rocking from side to side as if he stood upon "a restless rolling stone." "Well, Mr. Watts; how did you come?" "Oh, I just ran over." (Voice, deep baritone, which surprised me). "But you don't mean to say that you have walked the distance?" "Yes; the train is late, and it is a long way round by Syston, so I got an early breakfast, and came on." The "run over" from Melton Mowbray, where Mr. Watts was then stationed, was about twenty miles! But Primitive Methodist ministers were *travelling* preachers in those days!

Next to Mr. Watts sat Jefferson. He smiled as he caught sight of us. I remember that smile well because it contrasted so strikingly with another which, at the public meeting the following evening, I was doomed to see occasionally for a couple of hours. *This* smiling brother sat on the platform and smiled at every person that came into the meeting, and at the back-parts of every one who went out. Occasionally he raised his head and smiled at the front of the gallery, then higher, and smiled at the people who sat on the gallery; highest, and smiled at the ceiling of the chapel. The smile appeared to be fixed, permanent. Nothing kindled or extinguished it. Like the sun, which shines impartially on barren sand and fruitful field, this smile beamed steadily on through grave and gay. Wotton says that; "No man marks the narrow space

'twixt a prison and a smile;" but he had not seen this minister, or he would have altered his opinion. As I sat in the body of the chapel and sunned myself now and again in that smile, I remembered that Shakespeare had made somebody tell us that a man "*may smile and smile, and be a villain.*" But I hoped then, and know now that behind that beaming face there lay a heart as good and as honest as Christian hearts ordinarily are. In the case of Jefferson, on the other hand, I saw the smile kindle, expand, gleam, and die down into an expression of serious cheerfulness. Total stranger as I was to him—and perhaps all the more readily on that account—he rose, grasped my hand, and threw out another, so heart-warming and heart-winning a smile as placed me *en rapport* with him in a moment.

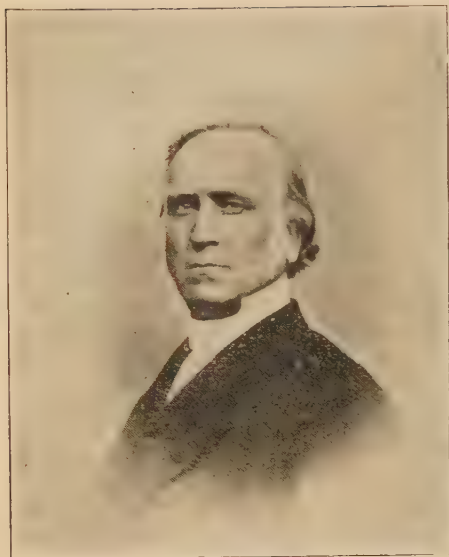
That was,—ah, me!—thirty-seven years ago nearly. In that space of time one's memory gets sadly out of repair. Hence, I should not have been able to recall with any degree of vividness the features of my beloved friend, but for a "photo" kindly sent me by his son. Aided by this, I will first endeavour to depict in some faint way the kind of man he outwardly was. In stature, about the middle height and in the later years of his life inclining to corpulency. In dress, unclerical and rather careless. On the day I first saw him he wore a rusty black frock-coat, an open vest, and grey pantaloons. The neck-tie was a compromise between the present fashionable dog-collar and the unstarched wisp of linen which used then to encircle the elderly ministerial throat. Face, not handsome in form, but beautiful in expression. It was a speaking, mobile face, capable of reflecting the finest shades of feeling. Two deep lines, one on either side the nose, ran from a point a little below the inner corners of the eyes down to the jaws, diverging as they descended like a pair of half-opened joiner's compasses. Head, massive, with perceptive and reflective organs pretty evenly balanced. Hair, silken in texture, scanty in front, and rather long behind—the hair of an artist. The eyes generally beamed forth a mild light, but occasionally shot out *lightnings*. For when those grey orbs dilated to their utmost, slander slunk abashed, and hypocrisy ashamed, from their convicting and confounding stare!

I thought it best to begin in the middle of my subject and so introduce Mr. Jefferson to my readers *as he was* when introduced to me. We must now retrace our steps to the point where our subject commenced his life's journey.

The infant, named William Jefferson, was born in Cowper Square, Blyth, on April 17th, 1806. This event occurred at a time when, owing to Continental wars and other (home-bred) causes, the *conditions of labour* were at their worst. In that very year my own father, then a boy of seven years of age, was eating black rye bread

as wheaten was too dear for poor people to buy. One writer observes of this period: "You have to admit that the working body of this rich English nation has sunk, or is fast sinking into a state to which, all sides of it considered, there was literally never any parallel." And of the next decade or two the same writer remarks: "Out of twenty millions of persons—the number in England and Wales at that date—no fewer than two millions sit idly in workhouses, or have outdoor relief flung to them over the wall." Labour, clearly, had reached its nadir. Hence, the early years of this miner's child could not but be hard. "He completed (!) his education when he reached his ninth birthday," we are told; and was then taken down into the coalpit. Remaining there for sixteen hours at a stretch, he saw daylight in the winter season only on Sundays. His feet, immersed in cold water most of the day—for modern mines are models of comfort compared with those of that day—were chilblained to such a degree that his mother had to dress them every night on his return home. This operation was so painful that, though overdone with weariness, the poor child often cried himself to sleep under it. In speaking to me of this period of his life, Mr. Jefferson said that he was occasionally so overpowered with sleep that, though ravenously hungry, he would roll off his stool at supper into a slumber so profound as to be scarcely distinguishable from its twin-brother, death. For to wake him was an impossibility, and he had to be laid on his bed unwashed and undressed to sleep on for three or four short hours.

But labour's darkest hour was that which immediately preceded the dawn. For just then, when poor little Willie Jefferson was crying himself to sleep with pain, or falling off his stool at supper with his mouth full of unmasticated food, the long, dreary night of serfdom, suppression, and oppression was ending, and the day of freedom and of equal opportunity for all was about to burst upon the world. There were many signs of its approach. Forces,—angelic and demonic, a combination sure to operate in all revolutions—were taking the field. The "dreadful note of preparation" none could mistake. For, on the one hand the awful echoes of the French Revolution had not died away before those of "Lyons Revolutions," "Warsaw Insurrections," "Paris Barricades," "Peterloo Massacres," and Luddite outbreaks, reverberated through the land and shook society to its base. Then, on the other hand, there was Methodism—a great social as well as moral force—percolating, more or less, through every stratum of society; there was sacred and secular education lighting its lamp and holding it up in order both to reveal and banish the almost brutal ignorance of the poorer classes. There was the Reform Movement, "Factory and Agricultural inquiries;" "Revenue returns;" and "Labour Committees." All these con-



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flicting and clashing movements showed that Labour was struggling in the throes of a new birth to a brighter lot and a richer reward.

But our little Willie was not to share that ameliorated condition of things; at all events not as a miner. Mining, like every other honest calling honestly pursued, is a worthy one. But "there are diversities of gifts," and those with which this youth was endowed, marked him out for a different, if not a higher sphere. Besides, if all were miners, where were the ministers? For the Primitive Methodist ministry, at all events, numbers in its ranks not a few bright and effective preachers who were "brought up from the horrible pit" in more senses than one.

There was, it appears, a strain of *natural nobleness* in the Jefferson family. Two of William's brothers lost their lives in attempting to save those of others. And if William escaped that fate, yet, like a lever, he raised others without (socially) exalting himself. He might both have raised and enriched himself. For there is a moral certainty that had he not forsaken the mine for the ministry, he would have done it for music. For William was a born musician. He early learned to play on the violin and became so efficient an executant thereon, that his services were in great request at all surrounding convivial gatherings. At this period of his life, I picture William to myself as a youth so full of fun and frolic that even the heavy and protracted labours of the mine could not make a "dull boy" of him. As a musician, possibly also as a singer, for he excelled both vocally and instrumentally, he attracted the notice of a professor of music, a gentleman who generously offered

to defray the expense of a thorough musical education for him. But, providentially, William was, just then, brought under religious impressions, and these inclined him in another direction. Had he chosen the musical profession, that might have brought him pounds where the ministry only afforded him pence; but he was too high-souled and unworldly to allow *gain* even a feather's weight among the considerations which finally decided him. Still, music had a wonderful charm for him to the last: but it had to be good music. Defects in "time," "expression," and other technicalities of the art by choirs caused his tuneful nature to suffer a slow martyrdom. Jefferson had the same difficulty with his choirs that Juan experienced with Senora Hilda—he could not make them understand that the music must be *in them* before it could be put into their instruments. Jefferson was so enamoured of good music that if anything could have induced him to neglect his work, it would have been the "concord of sweet sounds." Clutching my arm one evening as we were passing through a marketplace, where a band was playing, on our way to a missionary meeting, he exclaimed: "Stay; listen to that!" We did stay till I began to be apprehensive that we should be late for the meeting. I expressed my fear to him. "Oh," he replied, "wait till this charming piece is finished; for we are like the man that was going to be hung; they can't begin till we get there."

Mr. Jefferson was, what *may* without offence be termed, a *sacred ballad maker*. Several of his effusions appeared on the "plans" of his stations, and were sung by the people with effect. But the most popular and effective of these was that styled the "Lion of Judah," which is numbered thirty-eight in the new Mission Hymnal. As the history of this piece is peculiar, I may, perhaps, be permitted—though it appeared in print a few years ago—to reproduce it here in my friend, Rev. W. R. Widdowson's words. "At the time he wrote it, Jefferson was travelling at Nottingham, with Thomas Morgan for superintendent. The circuit was experiencing a great revival of religion. But just then the Chartist movement was captivating the attention of the Nottingham people. Crowds of them walked in procession through the streets singing a spirited ballad in praise of Feargus O'Connor. Morgan and Jefferson were concerned for their young converts; fearing lest they should be swept by the Chartist current into that political vortex and so be (religiously) lost. Filled with this apprehension, Jefferson cast about in his mind how he might seize and turn the weapon of the enemy against that enemy's self. This was accomplished by composing the hymn above mentioned, and setting it to the Chartist tune. The hymn was printed on the circuit plan, caught up by our people, who, as they swept through the streets in procession singing it, were taken for Chartists. On this account,

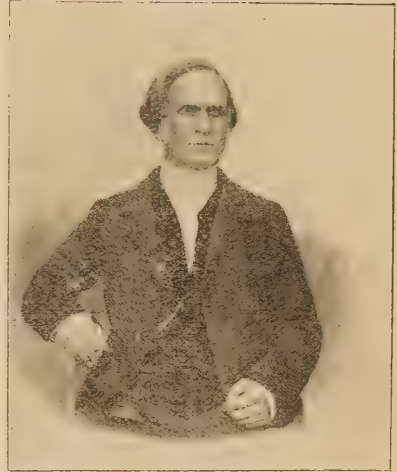
crowds, who otherwise would not have budged a yard, turned into the streets, followed the procession, and heard words uttered which led to the conversion of some of them."

Young Jefferson joined our Blyth choir, and was thus brought under the influence of the Gospel. But his conversion "came not with observation." It was neither sudden nor startling. This will surprise no one who knows that the emotional in him was overlorded by reason and conscience. His mind gradually opened to the Light, and his heart to the Love of his Saviour, as the flower slowly unfolds its petals to the warm wooing of the sun. But if his friends did not perceive when and whence the change in him came, they soon "heard the sound thereof." For the young disciple began to pray in public; became a diligent student of the Bible and other good books; and a zealous worker. He filled successively the office of Sunday School teacher, Sunday School superintendent, and class-leader. "Purchasing to himself a good degree" in these posts, he was proposed and accepted for the plan. In the pulpit, as at the desk and in the class-room, his "profiting appeared to all;" so that the fame of him reached the ears of the late Rev. Geo. Herod, then stationed at North Shields. Now Geo. Herod was a man of keen perceptions, and once put upon the trail of anything good or bad, never lost the scent. So, on his removal to Leicester, and finding that this circuit needed an additional minister, Mr. Herod proposed to "call out" young Jefferson. The circuit agreed to the proposal; the call was given, and after some prayerful thought—for Jefferson did then and all through his life hold his own great abilities at a discount—accepted. Hence, it was at Leicester, and (apparently) in the year 1834, that Mr. Jefferson commenced his regular ministry.

And now having seen Mr. Jefferson introduced to the sphere in which his after life and labours were to be spent, it will be in place to canvas his *qualifications* for it.

As to his *piety*—his moral and spiritual fitness—there never was the slightest doubt. Here are one or two testimonies from competent persons on this head. "His moral character was never tarnished; never suspected. He walked circumspectly without seeming to do so. He was simple, truthful, and unpretending. He never affected superior sanctity; but was never otherwise than sincerely and honestly religious." "As a Christian man and minister, he exhibited an utter absence of anything mean, sordid, or selfish; he had a large heart as well as a capacious mind,—a heart full of kindness and sympathy. He was the soul of honour." No marvel that he was esteemed, loved, and trusted by his brethren.

Physically, the gifts of an orator were either denied to Mr. Jefferson, or, except in brief seasons of exceptional health, were so fettered by constitu-



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From a steel engraving.

tional drawbacks as to render their free exercise an impossibility. Had he possessed the fine physique and splendid health of, say, Dr. Robert Newton, he might have equalled Newton in oratory, and surpassed him in depth of thought and wealth of illustration. But Jefferson was a man of moods. He often occupied either the garret or the cellar, and but rarely the middle rooms of feeling. He experienced, we are informed, "long seasons of depression;" apparently created, or at least aggravated, by a sluggish liver. Considering this fact, it seems marvellous how he could assume a cheerfulness he did not feel. But as poets "learn in suffering what they teach in song," so preachers would fail in sympathy with the afflictions and temptations of others, were they not afflicted and tempted themselves. Had Jefferson, *e.g.*, been entirely free from physical infirmity and other humiliations, it is doubtful if he could or would have become the "son of consolation" to the sick and sorrowful that we know he was. Whether our subject in his earlier preaching days attempted the rôle of the orator, I do not know. But if he did, he had abandoned it ere I knew him, and had sunk or risen, which the reader pleases, into that of teacher. And as a teacher, in depth of thought, lucidity of expression, and beauty of illustration, he may have had equals, but few, if any, superiors.

In *intellect*, our subject was a giant. "His mind was of kingly cast." Behind "that lofty and capacious brow" there lay endowments large and rare. As I once heard him put it, his "upper rooms were spacious enough if only they had been more suitably furnished." This lack of "furniture;" in other words, an early education, he constantly deplored. But we had no colleges in those days, and what was perhaps more unfortunate even than that,

young preachers had, as a rule, no private preceptors. They had to "*make their own way*," as the phrase ran then, both educationally and ministerially—or retire. They did moderately well, perhaps; but who shall deny that with some training for their work, they might not have conserved their health, prolonged their lives, and done more credit to themselves and the Connexion had *they* possessed the scholastic advantages which modern candidates for the ministry enjoy. I suppose that the prejudice against "college-bred men" is dying out. Prejudice, however, is scarcely the fit word by which to express the conclusion arrived at by some thoughtful men after fair comparison between those who had and those who had not the advantage of a collegiate course. In some minds the feeling is that as tall men can reach higher than short ones, so a trained should be a more effective than an untrained, or self-trained minister. No one can reasonably complain of that. But it is well to bear in mind that if, in some cases, reasonable expectations have been disappointed, that is to be attributed, perhaps, not to the college, but to the collegian. Let us put the saddle on the right horse. Real polish is *brought out of the wood*, and not brought to and laid on it. And just as some kinds of wood, (willow, *e.g.*) are incapable of real polish, so the mental and moral fibres of some students are too soft and coarse for any tutor to do justice to. It is by drawing comparisons between such ministers as Jefferson, who had *no* education except what he picked up, and those whose sound elementary schooling has been supplemented by a college course, that unfair deductions have been made. Comparisons, to be just, should be instituted between average men. Jefferson was not an average man, but one far above the average; and hence should not be regarded as a standard below which none should fall. But if, notwithstanding all that can be said in favour of college training, the ghosts of dead languages do still "squeak and gibber" in dark corners of the land, I commend to the *alarmed* the following anecdote: Robert Hall was once discussing a point in theology with a ministerial brother, and in support of his view quoted a New Testament text in Greek. "I thank God," exclaimed the other, "that I never learned Greek." "What," rejoined Hall, "thank God for your ignorance?" "Yes, I do." "Well, then, I must say that you have a great deal to be thankful for!"

It has been said that Jefferson was far above the average man in intellect. This, in the judgment of all who knew him well, is true. And yet his best friends felt that he did not make the most of his great powers. "I suppose he did study and write, though I never saw him at it. He used to sit and think, and think as he walked to his appointments." Again; "with all his mental alertness there seemed, (I scarcely know how to express it), a con-

stitutional sluggishness." So writes one who, perhaps more than any living man, was conversant with the habits of our subject. Certain it is that his great gifts had to be summoned forth to exercise—spurred, so to say, into action. But when the spur was applied, there was generally an instant response. It needed only that some one should say, "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson," and the strong man would arise, and do exploits!

Mr. Jefferson once underwent a phrenological examination. The result was shortly this. "Capable, intellectually, of excelling in any branch of study, especially that of theology; analytical powers so abnormally developed that he can not only split hairs, but split the splits." It was, doubtless, owing to this latter faculty that he would never quit a subject till he believed every one in his congregations understood it. Labouring a point once at Emley, where he was greatly beloved, and turning all its facets to the light of illustration after illustration, a woman in the congregation at length exclaimed, "Why, why, man; we understand it." "Very well, then," rejoined the preacher, "we will proceed."

Paradoxical as it may seem, Mr. Jefferson, as a preacher, was both popular and unpopular; popular with the good and thoughtful, unpopular with the other sort. Indeed, how could he be popular with the masses who studied matter more than manner, and conception rather than expression. Some one, the author of "*Ecce Homo*," perhaps, or it may be Goethe, has said: "The thing is to believe; what is believed is of quite secondary importance." Similarly, one has been often tempted to say, "The thing is to speak; to rattle along; to say something and keep on saying it as rapidly as possible; *what* is said is of but quite secondary concern." But Jefferson could not have done that if he would, nor would have done it if he could. For, as Mr. Richards justly observes, "he never strove after rhetorical embellishment, but trusted more to the truth itself than to the style of its dress; yet there was a grace and a beauty in many of his sermons that few could equal, and perhaps none surpass. The general tendency of his preaching was not so much to rouse the passions as to awaken and stimulate thought. He would frequently say: 'I care not to make people weep; my purpose is to make them think.' Good; but one can, nevertheless, conceive it possible that had the rich and beautiful thoughts which he threw out occasionally in such profusion *naked*, been suitably arrayed, they might not have been less acceptable to the more thoughtful of his hearers, and would certainly have been more appreciated by the rest. A nugget may intrinsically be worth much more than a sovereign, but not so much to a person who has neither time nor skill to mint it. Jefferson had some hearers, to be sure, who could do their own minting, and would walk miles to get the requisite gold. But these were

comparatively few. Still, remembering that the "praise of some is dispraise," he had his reward in the veneration and love of "Babes," in the Saviour's sense of the word. When I was at Sheffield the first time, Mr. Jefferson came to preach some special sermons. He preached at Princes Street Chapel (given place now to Peter Street), in the morning of Sunday. A local preacher took his little boy to the service, and on leaving, the father asked, "How did you like Mr. Jefferson's sermon?" The child replied, "Sermon, father; Mr. Jefferson does not preach sermons, he only *tells us things*." On this coming to the ear of the preacher, he remarked, "that it was the finest compliment ever paid to him as a preacher."

Mr. Jefferson was a born preacher, I repeat. His alacrity in sermonising was surprising. Nor could he understand how it should be otherwise with any fairly well-read minister. To one who was revealing to him his difficulties (except in moments of inspiration) in this respect, and what a slave he was to the pen, the facile preacher remarked: "Nonsense; with the share of analytical faculty you possess, and your extensive reading; a pen, half a sheet of note paper, and half an hour of time, should be sufficient to draw up an outline which you could easily fill up in the pulpit as you proceeded." But Jefferson was there measuring the other's corn by his own bushel. As illustrative of the facility with which he prepared for even *special* services, a correspondent tells how he met with him one day in a train. He was going somewhere to open a chapel. "What's your subject?" "'Be opened;' and I am making the sermon as the train rattles along."

Only once was it my privilege to hear Mr. Jefferson preach a sermon. This was in the evening of the day on which I first saw him at Nottingham, as recorded above. His subject on that occasion was, "Reconciliation." The sermon was masterly in conception, and would have been better in enunciation than it was, had the preacher not been suffering from what was then called "pulpit fever." This fever was of the recurrent sort, and usually came on, so the preacher told us the following morning when replying to the discussion on his sermon, when he had to preach to a large or a select congregation. The only point in the sermon that I remember now was involved in a question which the preacher raised. "Does reconciliation mean the reconciling of man to God only; or of man to God, and of God to man?" Both, replied the preacher, and the proof of his affirmation on which he chiefly relied lay in the Intercessory office of Jesus Christ. If God, argued the preacher, be already reconciled to all men in Christ Jesus, whatever their attitude to Him, the necessity for that office totally disappears. The Fatherhood of God, pushed to that extreme, would, he thought, render much of the New Testament perplexing, if not misleading.

From Mr. Jefferson's cast of mind and style of preaching, it will doubtless be inferred that he was reverent in spirit, a lover of order, and that he shrank from anything savouring of the bizarre. This judgment would be just. He never lightly quoted Scripture, nor allowed it to be so quoted in his hearing without a corrective remark. Nor had he much opinion of *thunder* in a service which was not the evident result of lightning. Preaching once at B——, in the C—— Circuit, the people demonstrated their feelings rather noisily. The preacher cried, "Order, order," but his audience heard not; or, if they heard, did not heed. The noise continued and increased, and then the preacher stood and looked on, presently remarking, "It is the power of God!" Whether *that* was the power of God or not, *this* that I am about to speak of undoubtedly was. And it also reveals Jefferson's repugnance to oddities. He was stationed at L—— with two colleagues. These two had been holding a week's special services at R—— L——. But, as both had other and prior engagements for the Friday evening, they asked their superintendent to take that service. This he consented to do; so on the Thursday evening, in announcing Jefferson's service for the morrow, the preacher said: "I don't know what sort of a service you'll have; we'll call it a 'come and see' service." When they informed the superintendent of this, he glared at them in his mild, rebuking way, and said to the transgressor: "You are a nice fellow; you know I can't do anything of that sort." But he took the service, and his text was: "They said unto Him: Rabbi, where dwellest Thou? He saith unto them, Come and see." After descanting upon Christ having dwelt from all Eternity in the bosom of the Father, of His coming to dwell in flesh; of His death, resurrection, and ascension to the Father's right hand as our Mediator, he proceeded to speak of Him as dwelling in the heart of every true believer. Up to this point a gracious influence had pervaded the service, but the people were restrained and calm. But now a woman was heard to say in a quiet and subdued tone, "Bless the Lord; all pride and shame and fear are gone." The fire thus kindled in that woman's heart did not for some moments spread, but when those persons sitting near her realised that just *there* and *then* that woman had been emptied of self and sin and filled with the Spirit of Jesus, the flame caught on, and such an overwhelming sense of the Divine Presence was felt, that the whole place was in a blaze of glory. The preacher could not be heard; so he stopped speaking and began to sing, and in this way gradually reduced the congregation to a condition of quiet.

As a superintendent our subject shone less brilliantly than as a preacher. "The business part of circuit management had no attractions for him. What he did of it was simply what his sense of duty

compelled him to. . . I have known others far inferior to him in most respects to surpass him in this." So writes one who knew him well, and in that judgment I fully concur. He was not an equal match for astute officials who had less of the harmlessness of the dove and more of the wisdom of the serpent than he possessed. Hence, he was sometimes imposed upon, and allowed a resolution to slip by without detecting its true character and tendency. In this connection, I picture him to myself in a certain Quarterly Meeting. An official there has a resolution to propose which seems on the face of it to embrace the whole circuit in its benevolent intention, but whose incidence in reality bears upon the fortunes of one church only. The resolution is proposed in terms of studied moderation and with an expression of countenance which could not be surpassed in disinterestedness. The mover, personally, is neutral in the matter, but as there is a *feeling* in the circuit generally for it, he shall vote in its favour. The resolution is put and carried, and the discovery soon afterwards made that the said "feeling" began and ended in a certain shop in B—— Street. Such things would grieve his sensitive spirit as not being according to "the simplicity of Christ." Whatever approached him, and was recognised as something that threatened to dim his eye, to soil his hand, or to twist his aim, was warned off by a look and gesture which spoke vastly louder than words.

On the whole, my feeling for, and judgment of my departed friend, may be appropriately and honestly summed up in the following beautiful lines, of which I regret that I have no metrical translation:—

"Te mihi junxerunt nivei sine crimine mores,
Simplicitasque sagax, ingenuusque pudor,
Et bene nota fides et candor frontis honestæ,
Et studia a studiis non aliena meis."

With a couple of *obiter dicta* this paper shall end.

Being appointed to a "round" of Missionary Services in the upper part of the county of D—— at a time when there were no railway facilities in that part of the country, and having to walk a good

number of miles to the place, Mr. Jefferson arrived at his host's on the Saturday for dinner. The hostess had cooked a joint of mutton. The remains of this were brought on to the table cold for five successive days. On the seventh day it duly appeared again, and the preacher was requested, as usual, to ask a blessing. "No," said he, "I decline; I have blessed that mutton six times already, and that surely should be enough." The reply was, on the face of it, rude; but it was given with all that charm of manner for which our subject was remarkable, and so excited the risibilities of the lady that she burst into a hearty laugh, in which her visitor joined.

Mr. Jefferson joined to his more solid gifts a light and playful fancy. This often unexpectedly showed itself, and scintillated amid the prosy affairs of life.

He was a born *raconteur*. One story he used to tell of how the Tory Government of the day introduced an act making tobacco a government monopoly, and the consuming of it in some form or other obligatory upon all His Majesty's subjects. This story, set off by that inimitable action, and that expression of eye which accompanied its recital, was so irresistibly comic that one brother who was listening to it rolled off his chair in a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

Well do I remember the day (I was at Chesterfield at some special services) when the news of my friend's sudden and lamented death arrived there. He had, we learned, been resting on the couch after dinner, and appeared to his son, who was in the room, to be in communion with the unseen, when he rose, went into the yard, fell down and died. Accompanied by some attached Chesterfield friends of the deceased, I went to the funeral, which took place at Ripley, where he died. About twenty of his ministerial brethren came to pay their respects to departed worth at the grave-side; besides whom, there was a large number of officials and friends from every part of the "district." As I looked at the tear-dimmed eyes and quivering chins of scores of these, I said to myself, "Behold how they loved him!"





HIGH STREET, MARSKE.

Photo by Miss Taylor, Saltburn.

The Garden of Yorkshire.

II.



UNDER the shadow of Roseberry, sleepy little Newton reposes, unchanged and unchanging. It has apparently struck the happy balance in life of an all-round self-contentment. Its possessions and desires accord. It, too, had its famous spring, but, unlike its neighbour up the hill,

its powers were used to prolong life and not destroy it. Agues, ophthalmias, and a variety of other diseases were cured by the use of its waters. England was once blessed with many such places, but they are now either dried up or have lost their virtue. They seem to have fled to Ireland and the Continent. If we could only bring back the days of ignorance, knavery, and monkery, we should doubtless see a return of the healing waters to the springs. Perhaps such things, also, have been jostled out of life by the multitude of clever doctors and patent medicines that are everywhere obtainable nowadays.

A short distance beyond Newton is Nunthorpe,

(Nun-thorpe, the homestead or hamlet of the nuns). A small Cistercian nunnery once existed here, hence the name. *Spite Hall*, near Pinchingthorpe (the home of the Pincins, who long ago owned the estate) was built and so named as the result of a family feud. The name, let us hope, has now lost its sting, but it is still a warning to our poor, fretful nature. The satisfaction derived from retaliation is but another name for the deepening of the bitterness and misery of our hearts. How often, too, others, quite innocent, are sucked into the vortex created by hate and the desire to injure another! Two little Indian children quarrelled about a grasshopper; their mothers fought about it; then the fathers, and finally the two tribes to which they belonged. One of them was exterminated, and the other nearly so. Ah me! how many *Spite Halls* have we erected in life! If such a one still stands let us have sufficient grace of humility and nobleness of mind to remove and for ever bury the hideous thing out of sight.

What a glorious view it is to-day looking over the Stokesley plain! None of your pretty little mile-and-a-half bits of prospect, but one that is capacious, bountiful with its largess of miles of dark hills, quiet cornfields and meadows, sea, river, and busy towns. The eye travels over the great level land until the fields fade into little patches'

and the black lines of the hedgerows almost touch each other. Out there, broken off from the main body of hills, and between them and the deep, Eston Hill and Marske Hill stand with a grim watchfulness as if on sentry duty, eternally gazing out over the wild North Sea for the foe that never comes. Exposed and storm-beaten, these northern outposts of the Cleveland Hills truly are, yet on their lower slopes they are not by any means lacking in homely spots of idyllic tenderness and grace. It is a bit of typical English scenery, peaceful homesteads and fertile lands sheltered and protected by the massive might of these immutable

hills. What a beautiful analogue of human life! When our righteousness is as the great mountains for steadfastness, then shall our life be filled with peace and plenty. No evil can really injure us. Blessed, for ever, be the Word, and our heavenly Father who hath given it, which in clear unhesitating tones speaks this divine truth to all men.

"He that worketh righteousness shall never be moved."

"Righteousness tendeth to life."

"He that walketh righteously and speaketh up-rightly; he that despiseth the gain of oppressions, that shaketh his hands from holding of bribes, that



MARSKE HALL.

Photo by Miss Taylor, Saltburn.

stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from looking upon evil; he shall dwell on high: his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks; his bread shall be given him; his water shall be sure. Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty; they shall behold a far-stretching land." Surely Isaiah had a similar landscape to this before him when he wrote these words. The rocks and hills shield the land; righteousness saves the man.

On that fine, "far-stretching" plain the Britons hunted, feasted, fought, and worshipped. What frightful scenes of battle and human sacrifices in the name of religion it must have witnessed. Old Time has, however, kindly and mercifully buried them, and allows us only a faint whisper now and then of those far away years. They lived on these hills in great numbers. The locality resembles a huge palimpsest—a twice written book—wherein the words of the first writing are dimly and con-

fusedly traced under the more conspicuous and legible inscriptions of later times. Thinking of these things up in this silent spot with the noble expanse of sea and land before me has brought a wonderful feeling of repose. It scarcely seems possible that such a sense of tranquillity can be known in the eager, bustling life of towns. Those who are not able to retire for a time into the great solitudes and mountains of God are to be pitied and prayed for.

"I stand upon the mount of God,
With sunlight in my soul;
I hear the storms in vales beneath,
I hear the thunders roll.

But I am calm with Thee, my God,
Beneath these glorious skies;
And to the height on which I stand,
Nor storms, nor clouds can rise.

O this is life! O this is joy!
My God, to find Thee so!

Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear,
And all Thy love to know."

Dickens relates that the first and most abiding state of his mind upon seeing Niagara from below the Falls was one of absolute peace. It appeared strange to us at first that such an awful, tumultuous rush of water should awaken a feeling of this kind; but he explains it by reminding us that this stupendous manifestation of power at once made him conscious of the mightier power of God who directed it all. So amid the contrasting sights and sounds of nature, if right with God, we shall have tokens of peace. Mrs. Ormiston Chant tells how when she and others thought she was at the point of death, there came to her a glimpse of the other world, and she affirms that whatever else heaven may reveal to us she knows it to be a place of unspeakable peace. These moods must have some kinship with a better world, they are its faint reflection. And yet how many cry as Goethe cried,

"Peace, sweet peace,
Come thou in my heart to reign,"

and vainly think to find it out of God.

Prayer is sometimes a very, very difficult matter, but up here it seems to come spontaneously. This is the altar of a great temple, and without uttering a word the soul is calmly conscious of the nearness of God,—not the nearness of pantheism, which

really destroys both the soul and God, nor of a vague mysticism which is often little better than a weak and unscriptural sentimentalising about the divine—but as clear a conviction of the Holy Presence as had Moses when "The Lord passed by before him and proclaimed, The Lord, the Lord, a God full of compassion and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy and truth."

At this distance life in those plains seems to be a slow, easy, uneventful thing; but is it? The farmer is eternally on the rack about his stock and crops; now the weather is wrong; anon a swift and fatal disease breaks out among his sheep or cows; and finally the markets get ruinously low; indeed, it is a mystery how we manage to worry along and live decently. In all directions are to be seen the silent signs—no sound of their toil is heard up here—of man's struggle with nature. The, to us, confused drama of life is being played out under our eyes by the field labourer, road-mender, quarryman, miner, shepherd, navvy, sailor, ironworker, and a thousand and one other callings and crafts which a hungry humanity has invented to earn its bread and cheese. Life is emphatically not an easy, uneventful matter to these toiling myriads. Heavy work and poor pay, sickness, poverty, miserable homes, and the wretched follies of the working man in drinking and gambling beyond his strength and means—these inevitably end in discontent, re-



MARSKE MILL.

Photo by Miss Taylor, Saltburn.



STOKESLEY.

From photo by S. Watson.

morse and despair. But what of the homes where plenty reigns? If the love of Christ is not there in some form or other, less said of them the better; they, too, have their skeleton in the cupboard. Truly God's creation is fair and beautiful to look upon here, but there is a dark and forbidding moral background. The trail of the serpent is everywhere.

"A worm is found in every rose,
Each drop of honey hides a sting."

The sight of Stokesley reminds me of a story an old Yorkshireite preacher once told. It had many embellishments, asides, and applications as he told it to a delighted audience. Here is the bare tale. Let us suppose the incident took place say one hundred years ago in order to avoid indignant repudiations. The devil, he said, opened out a special mission in Cleveland to recruit his wasted ranks, and having achieved a reasonable amount of success in various places, he came at last to Roseberry Topping, whereupon he wiped the perspiration from his grimy face, saying with an air of satisfaction, as he sat down and lit his pipe, "Ah sall nut trubble to gan te Stowsley, ez it's maan alriddy." This, kindly reader, is not told out of malice pre-
 pense, but simply, as Swedenborg used to say of what he saw and heard, "a true relation" of what the writer heard. We cannot boast at the present time, I'm afraid, of such a particular knowledge of Satan's goings forth as some of the old preachers displayed. It, no doubt, was all spoken and received in good faith. Perhaps he is driven further

afield nowadays, or is more wily and secret in his movements, or it is just as probable we, like the Stokesley folk of bygone days, are so easily his that he gives us no trouble with grim wrestlings for our soul. Those realistic stories of the old preachers, begotten of their earnestness and faith, in spite of what appear to us as crudities, are parables containing precious kernels of truth did we but seek them out.

"We can gather honey from a nettle,
An' make a moral of the devil himself."

I cannot think, however, the Stokesley folk were so hopeless as our old friend described, for just about that time they produced a man of whom every Englishman ought to be proud, and no doubt will be when he hears the tale of his prowess. Boys especially, I think, will like to hear of him. He was a genuine old sea-dog, with the hot, salt blood of the Vikings racing through his veins, who must have loved fighting a Frenchman for its own dear sake as well as for the honour of the old country. Here is Ord's description of the fight:—

"Richard Hornby, of Stokesley, then master of the merchant-ship *Isabella*, of Sunderland, sailing for the Hague, with three smaller vessels in tow, was suddenly attacked when near his destination, by a large French privateer, which had lain among some Dutch fishing boats. The *Isabella* mounted four guns, two swivels, with five men and three boys; the *De Brancas* (Capt. André) had ten carriage guns, eight swivels, 300 small arms, and

seventy-five men. Hornby, nothing daunted, hoisted the British flag—

'The flag that braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze.'

and with his two swivel guns returned an answer of defiance. At two o'clock, when the action had lasted an hour, Captain André shouted in a menacing tone, 'You English dog, strike!' but the undaunted Hornby merely answered him by a challenge to come on board. The Frenchman took him at his word, and poured in twenty men, who made a fierce attack on the close quarters with hatchets and poleaxes, with which they had nearly cut their way in three places, but at length were repulsed, with heavy loss. Captain Hornby then seeing a number of Frenchmen crowding behind their mainmast, aimed a blunderbuss at them, which, containing twenty-four balls, burst in his hands and greatly bruised him; while the enemy, among whom he had made dreadful havoc, disengaged themselves from the *Isabella*, to which they had been lashed an hour and a quarter, and sheered off with precipitation. On this, the gallant Hornby fired his two starboard guns into the enemy's stern, which so enraged the French captain that he resumed the combat with great fury. By this time both vessels had driven so near the shore that immense crowds had assembled to witness the action. After a hot engagement of nearly two hours more, Captain André, who was not deficient in bravery, having disabled the *Isabella* by five terrible broad-

sides, once more summoned Hornby, with dreadful menaces, to strike. Hornby, whose brave 'heart of oak' was sound and vigorous as the timbers of his own ship, was not so easily daunted: 'Behold,' said he, addressing his comrades; 'behold the witnesses of your valour this day!' Thus encouraged, the English fought more desperately than ever, and at length forced the Frenchman to give way. Hornby now resolved on giving a parting salute; and this shot, fired into the stern of the *De Brancas*, reached the magazine, which blew up with a tremendous explosion, and the ship immediately foundered. Out of seventy-five men, thirty-six were killed or wounded in the action (which lasted seven hours), and all the rest, except three, perished in the deep."

The only criticism we have to pass upon this desperate battle is that the French must have been very poor shots, and the English very good ones; perhaps our countrymen, knowing their value, did not so recklessly expose themselves as did the enemy to them. It certainly behoved lion-hearted Hornby to preserve his men, for to every one of his, lads included, there were at least nine of the enemy. Who knows but what he might have been Nelson's equal in naval warfare if occasion had presented itself? Let not his name, however, at least, be forgotten by his native district.

T. E. CURRAH.

Dr. Gregory's "Sidelights on Methodism."

PART II.



HE volume which Dr. Gregory has given to the public is not only interesting for what it contains, but for the rich mine of information which it suggests lies still in the Journals of Mr. Fowler; and it is difficult to repress a desire for a

further instalment of the inner history of Methodism during the second quarter of this century. Much that Dr. Gregory quotes from the Journals is of value simply because it reveals the spirit which at that time was dominant in Methodism, and we frankly confess it was a spirit which does not command our admiration, and which we are thankful could not in this day exercise the power and influ-

ence it did then. Wesleyan Methodism has made great progress in the direction of greater liberty of thought and speech, and in the fuller recognition of the rights of the laity in ecclesiastical administration, and this progress may be regarded as prophetic of what the coming years will bring, and hasten on the closer co-operation of the several sections of Methodism, if not their organic unity.

In 1832, the Legislature of that time introduced a measure dealing with elementary education in Ireland. Ireland was then, as now, the difficulty of all Governments whatever the shade of their politics. This Bill was regarded as a necessary sequence to certain measures affecting the Roman Catholic population which had been passed previously. It provided for the support of secular instruction by the State, leaving the various religious communities to supply the religious element in accordance with their several creeds. In the Wes-

Wesleyan Methodist Magazine for that year, in the "Christian Retrospect," there appeared three articles favourable to the Government measure. They did not in an unqualified way approve of the Bill and its provisions, but in the circumstances of the case simply deemed it better than the continuance of things as they were, and as they were likely to continue unless some such measure was adopted. The magazine was at the time under the editorial care of the Rev. Thomas Jackson, but the articles were from the pen of the Rev. Richard Watson. No objection was taken to these articles at the time of their publication, but an attack was made upon them in the Book Committee preparatory to Conference, and in the Conference itself. In his "Recollections" Mr. Jackson makes considerable reference to this question, and states that the severest things that were said fell from the lips of Dr. Bunting, who took the lead in the censures that were passed upon him; and in this he is sustained by what Mr. Fowler records in his Journal. Dr. Bunting's opposition was based upon the political character of the articles; but dealing as they did with proposed legislation, it is difficult to see how politics could be entirely avoided. It is true the Bill was distinctly in favour of denominational education, but it was not this so much that provoked the opposition as the privileges it gave to the Roman Catholics. The main principles of the Bill are in operation in this country at present, and with them we confess to little sympathy. But to object to the articles on the ground of their political complexion, and especially by Dr. Bunting, reveals one of the gravest defects of absolutism upon personal character—the refusal to others of a liberty we claim for ourselves. When Dr. Bunting had charge of the magazine he did not hesitate to introduce in the "Christian Retrospect," as Dr. Gregory points out, such subjects as, "The Re-opening of Parliament," "The Way of Liberation of Greece," "The State of Turkey," "The State of Ireland," "Agriculture," to say the least, as political as any reference to elementary education in Ireland. Yet while having claimed and exercised freedom for himself, he leads in the attack upon Mr. Jackson for having judiciously exercised a like liberty. This is a phase of Dr. Bunting's character that appears again and again in these "Sidelights," and shows how the possession of power practically absolute can deflect from judicial calmness and consistent action a man endowed as Dr. Bunting was, and as devotional in spirit and in general as disinterested in labour for the Church. There was no more strenuous advocate of procedure by question in Conference in relation to ministerial action and conduct than Dr. Bunting, a procedure that more than once or twice was pressed to disastrous issues, and which, carried into the minor courts of Methodism, was in more than one crisis the cause of wide-spread separation from the community.

Men scarcely care, and ought hardly to be required to criminate themselves. And yet, as these "Sidelights" testify, this test was frequently applied, and that, too, when serious issues were pending. It might have been supposed that this method when applied to himself would have been at once accepted by so ardent an advocate of it as Dr. Bunting; but no, rather than be questioned himself in relation to his official action, he silenced his questioners by giving notice of resigning all his offices; a prospect that could not be contemplated, for at that time the Conference was plastic to his touch. More than once, as these Journals reveal, the absence of Dr. Bunting's potent personality necessitated an adjournment of the Session. Nothing is so clear under these "Sidelights" as the danger in which a man stands who becomes possessed of such a power as Dr. Bunting possessed for a quarter of a century. Freedom of utterance upon many public questions was prohibited on the ground that such utterances were contrary to Wesleyan principles, when, so far as these "Sidelights" reveal, they simply collided with the churchy and Tory views of the dominant spirit in the Conference. Take such a case as occurred in Leeds in connection with the Church-rate agitation. Some Wesleyan ministers, and laymen too, had supported Church-rates, and had gone the length of maintaining that no Wesleyan Methodist could consistently oppose them. Dr. Hook, at that time Vicar of Leeds, fastened upon these statements, and used them in support of the rates. Now, the Rev. Thomas Galland, a fine-spirited, scholarly man, who was stationed in Leeds, thought he had as much right to oppose the payment of these rates as others had to advocate their penal enforcement, and so he published a letter in the *Leeds Mercury* rebutting the arguments of the vicar and his supporters. When the question was asked in Conference, "Any objection against Thomas Galland?" Dr. Bunting at once rose and said, "I wish to ask if Mr. Galland is the author of the incendiary letter?" referring to the letter Mr. Galland had written. Mr. Galland objected to this offensive characterisation of any letter of his, as he had not written anything that could be so described, and he requested that the letter to which Dr. Bunting referred should be read and submitted to the judgment of the Conference. The President ruled that Mr. Galland should have the letter placed in his hands, say if it was his, and have it read if he chose. But the real President of the Conference would have no such thing, and paid as little regard to the ruling of the occupant of the chair as he did to Mr. Galland's request, but proceeded to express more fully his views on the matter, and to move that: "That no brother shall circulate a political pamphlet," which seemed to have little connection with the question. Dr. Beaumont moved that the words, "or write a political letter to a newspaper" be

added. This was a fine stroke on the part of the doctor, for it was the very thing Dr. Bunting had been doing a short time previously, and thus would include him in the same condemnation with Mr. Galland. The addition was not accepted, and the resolution passed, though Rev. W. M. Bunting opposed it as an abridgment of rights to which Mr. Galland had claim. Mr. Galland, however, was condemned, though parties who advocated the rates, and whose advocacy was as much political as Mr. Galland's opposition to them, were not called to account at all. Advocacy in harmony with the ruling spirit of Methodism was all right, it was only advocacy opposed to it that was wrong. It cannot be wondered at that this arbitrary exercise of power led to discontent, and produced more than one grave crisis in the history of Wesleyan Methodism.

These "Sidelights" reveal the deeper causes which led to the disruption connected with the name of Dr. Warren. Popularly and generally, this crisis is associated with the establishment of a Theological Institute for the education of the ministry. That evidently is an incomplete and imperfect representation of the case. That Dr. Warren was not favourable to the establishment of an Institute for this purpose is beyond question, and so were many others whose names were by no means the least in Wesleyan Methodism. Many of them, however, acquiesced in proceedings that did not command their entire approval; and it is probable Dr. Warren might have also acquiesced had not certain procedure provoked his antagonism, in consequence of which he became the victim of arbitrary power. Had the committee appointed by the Conference of 1833 confined its action within the limits of its instructions, Dr. Warren, in all probability, would never have taken up the position he did. At least, that is the conclusion to which a consideration of the whole of this painful case by aid of these "Sidelights" leads us. That Dr. Warren's action was in some respects unwise goes without question, especially in one particular which Dr. Gregory points out; but that his main position at the Conference of 1834 was unassailable is equally beyond question. The committee appointed by the Conference was appointed to arrange a plan for the better education of junior preachers. This was its business, and so far as the real work of the committee was concerned, it was done with as much unanimity as could be expected. Dr. Warren, who was a member of the committee, agreed to the plan which was drafted. But that done, the committee proceeded to nominate the men to fill the various offices connected with the proposed Theological Institute, thus exceeding its instructions. It was this action which led to Dr. Warren's opposition, especially as Dr. Bunting, who was already senior Missionary Secretary, was nominated for General Superintendent of the Institute and Theological Tutor. It was this

attempted centralisation of office and authority which constituted the main ground of Dr. Warren's opposition in the Conference of 1834, and which, as a matter of course, strengthened him in the view he held that this Institution might be hurtful rather than helpful to Methodism. Had Dr. Warren insisted upon the report of the committee being accepted so far as it related to its proper work, and the rest rejected, Dr. Gregory thinks his position would have been invulnerable, but it is a moot point whether even then the Conference would have heard him calmly and patiently. Though an able man, Dr. Warren was not strong in logical faculty, and, irritated by what had been done, he opposed the whole report amid much interruption and manifestation of hostile feeling. The Conference ultimately ignored the superfluous work of the committee—accepted the plan of education proposed, and appointed another committee to deal with the nominations to office. But while the committee's action was so far ignored, the influence of it remained, and though a House Superintendent and Theological Tutor were nominated, yet the control of the Institute was practically placed in Dr. Bunting's hands, who was made President of the Institute, and left really to determine the functions of the office. Dr. Warren, to whom the Conference had practically refused a hearing, then proceeded in other ways to agitate the question of the Institute and its appointments, which in all probability he would not have done but for the unfortunate action of the committee of 1833 in exceeding its instructions, and the subsequent action of the Conference in relation to the report. He published a pamphlet setting forth his views. For this he was summoned to a special District Meeting and suspended. He unwisely appealed to the Civil Court, and was worsted, as it was a matter in which the court could not interfere. The case then came up in the Conference of 1835. But prior to this Conference a course had been taken by the London ministers which practically prejudged the case. "A Declaration" was drawn up and sent to every minister with a request that he would sign it. The Declaration was to the effect that there was not any predominant personality or party in the Conference, and repudiating somewhat indignantly a main contention of Dr. Warren's, thus practically closing the case against him. Several leading ministers of the Connexion refused to sign and had to suffer for it—an evidence in itself that what the Declaration denied was but too true. Dr. Warren attended the Conference, but his judges had, with few exceptions, committed themselves to the contents of the Declaration, and there could be, under the circumstances, only one result—expulsion. The doctor's action cannot, in all respects, be approved, but had there been less of arbitrary power and more brotherly consideration, it is evident the disastrous consequences which followed

the Conference of 1835 might have been avoided. These "Sidelights" do not present the Conference and its action in this case of Dr. Warren's under a very favourable aspect any more than the action of the doctor himself. There was much truth evidently in the statement of the Rev. Jacob Stanley, who said that he refused to sign the "Declaration" because he thought the influence of Dr. Bunting was greater than the document recognised, and this opinion is amply sustained by all that Dr. Gregory deems it prudent to publish from Mr. Fowler's journals. It was not the establishment of a Theological Institute that caused the disruption of 1835 and the following year, but the arbitrary action connected with the establishment of that Institution. As in the organ agitation in Leeds, so in this question of a Theological Institute, the unconstitutional action of the predominant party brought on the crisis and rent the Church.

The causes which led to the still more serious disruption in 1849 and the years following appear from these "Sidelights" to have been very similar. The writer of the "Fly-Sheets" has been very much blamed, and we do not justify his method. But then it is just such a method as an absolutist rule produces, and clearly, from the reports contained in these Journals of Mr. Fowler's, men who in any way openly opposed the predominant authority in Methodism had to pay the penalty in one form or another, and it is just such a state of things as this that leads to anonymous writing and secret associations. It is true it would have been far better to have avowedly attacked the absolutist authority that was supposed to exist, but the courage to take a stand like this is not given to all men; and though the writer, whose name has long been an open secret, and who was but poorly concealed at the time, had boldness enough, yet he did not deem it prudent to venture into the open. But the method of dealing with him and others in relation to the matter cannot be justified. The method of purgation requiring men to say whether or not they were the authors of these "Fly-Sheets"—without any direct charge of authorship being laid against them—was, to say the least of it, an unfair method. It was designated a brotherly inquiry, but these "Sidelights" do not reveal the brotherliness of it. And beside that, this brotherly inquiry, as Dr. Gregory's volume shows, was confined to what was regarded as attacks upon the ruling party in the Connexion. For at that time not only were the "Fly-Sheets" in circulation, and the *Wesleyan Times* in course of publication, but the *Watchman* was also appearing as a weekly. Now, in the columns of the *Watchman* there appeared articles equal both in spirit and language to the "Fly-Sheets," or to anything that was published in the *Wesleyan Times*, and there was also issued a series of "Papers on Wesleyan Matters" that even outdid the "Fly-Sheets" in their attacks upon certain ministers, and they were published anony-

mously, and sold by the Wesleyan Book Room. There was, however, this difference, that the *Watchman* and the "Papers on Wesleyan Matters" attacked those who were supposed to be more or less unfavourable to the party in power, while the "Fly-Sheets" and the *Wesleyan Times* were against the powers that were. When matters came to a crisis in the Conference of 1849, the one party suspected was arraigned at the bar and required by a method of interrogation to admit or deny the authorship of the articles in question, but the other party suspected of equally questionable conduct was not called to account at all. Here, in the very initial action of the Conference was an injustice. It had been a two-sided controversy, but the one side only was called to account. Such action was sure to evoke resentment. The Rev. James Everett, who was suspected of writing the "Fly-Sheets," was required to say categorically whether he did write them or not. He refused to do this, replying that if he was the most suspected, then there must be the most evidence against him; and he demanded the name of his accuser, and a statement of the charge against him in writing so that he might defend himself in a constitutional way. Reasonable requests all. He was met by refusal, and the question, "Are you the writer or author of the 'Fly-Sheets?'" He declined to answer, and for refusing to thus either criminate or exculpate himself he was expelled. Now it is worth noting that more than once Dr. Bunting, when thus pressed by question, made similar demands to those made by Mr. Everett, and refused to be catechised—but in his case the Conference took no further action, but a very different measure was meted out to Mr. Everett. It was not then proved that he was the author of the "Fly-Sheets;" he was strongly suspected, and because he refused to purge himself, though no charge had been preferred against him, he was at once expelled. Rather arbitrary! Dr. Beaumont and some others protested against the whole of this procedure, though they had no sympathy with the anonymous publications on either side, and they had to bear the penalty of placing themselves in this antagonism to the predominant party. The cases of the Revs. W. Griffith and S. Dunn were dealt with even more unjustly than that of Mr. Everett. Both these men had been more or less obnoxious to the ruling power in the Conference for years, and had been called to the bar perhaps more than any other members of the assembly for disregard of authority in some form or other. Mr. Griffith had contributed various articles to the *Wesleyan Times*, and he did not disclaim them. Mr. Dunn had started a small monthly called the *Wesley Banner and Revival Record*. It was, however, connected with the Conference minority. Mr. Griffith was asked if he was or was not the author of the "Fly-Sheets." To this question he refused to answer barely yes or no, but was pre-

pared to answer if the Conference would hear his reasons for not replying categorically. This was refused. He was further asked if he would engage not to report for the *Wesleyan Times*. To this he was prepared to pledge himself if other members of the Conference would pledge themselves not to communicate with the *Watchman*. Mr. Dunn was next questioned respecting the "Fly-Sheets," but like Mr. Griffith, he refused to answer unless allowed to make some explanatory observations. He was not permitted to do this, and so retired from the bar of Conference. It was finally decided that unless Mr. Griffith would pledge himself not to send any further communications to the *Wesleyan Times*, and Mr. Dunn would agree to discontinue the *Wesley Banner*, they should be expelled. Mr. Griffith declined to do this save on the conditions previously named, and Mr. Dunn was not prepared to give up the "Banner," and consequently they were cut off from the fellowship of the Church to which the strength of their youth and the prime of their manhood had been devoted. Dr. Gregory carefully points out that these two ministers were expelled because they refused to give a pledge such as was not required to be given by members of the Conference who had written in the interests of the party in power, and he attributes the strength of the agitation which followed to their expulsion. The Connexion as a whole had no sympathy with anonymous articles such as had appeared in the "Fly-Sheets," "The Papers on Wesleyan Matters," and in the columns of the *Watchman* and *Wesleyan Times*; but it did possess a sense of justice, and the partiality shown in the action of Conference at once awakened a wide-spread sympathy with the expelled ministers. The expulsion of Mr. Everett alone might not have produced any great effect; but the summary and unfair procedure by which Mr. Griffith and Mr. Dunn were meted out the same fate troubled large numbers in the Wesleyan Church, and led to the adoption of measures to compensate them to some extent for the loss they had sustained by the action of Conference.

The sympathy manifested with the expelled ministers was interpreted by the Conference majority as disloyalty to the Connexion, and they proceeded to deal with it by the method which the Conference had adopted in dealing with the ministers. Nothing can be more evident than that had the manifested sympathy been judiciously dealt with the crisis would have passed without any very serious consequences. But the temper displayed by the Conference was unfortunately carried into the circuits, and without anything approaching the semblance of a trial or hearing, officials by the score were summarily cut off from Church fellowship for no other reason than that in some way or other they had shown sympathy with the ministers who had been expelled. Officials were asked if

they had attended meetings convened by the expelled ministers, or if they had subscribed to any fund for their maintenance; if they answered in the affirmative, or if they refused to answer, they were at once excluded from the fellowship of the Church. It was no uncommon occurrence at the renewal of the tickets for the minister to deprive one or two or more leaders of their class books, and so break up their classes. A similar course was taken with other officials, the interrogatory method was applied, and if the answer was unsatisfactory to the ministerial questioner, expulsion at once followed, and so in course of two or three years one hundred thousand persons were expelled from the Wesleyan Methodist Connexion, or anticipated expulsion by voluntarily separating themselves from it. Dr. Gregory shows most clearly that by kindly and judicious action, most of these one hundred thousand might have been retained in the Wesleyan Church. But the dominant spirit was such that any indication of disagreement with the ruling authority was visited at once by the heaviest penalty that could be inflicted, excision from the Church by which they had been led to Christ and spiritually nurtured, to find pasture and shelter elsewhere.

The state of things that followed this exercise of arbitrary power opened the eyes of all save the most bigoted, and made it clear that something would have to be done to give the laity some place in the administration of Connexional affairs, and a committee was appointed by the Conference of 1851 to consider the distracted state of the Connexion, and devise measures of pacification. This committee, though it held several sessions, somewhat grudgingly yielded a few points in relation to the constitution of the minor Church courts, but stuck resolutely to pastoral prerogatives, and the Conference did not, in its liberalising action, adopt all the proposals of the committee. This led to the resignation of the Rev. George Steward, one of the most cultured ministers the Connexion possessed. In his letter of resignation addressed to the Conference of 1852, he says: "I have been unable to hold to the doctrine of the Pastorate on which the polity of the body is founded, and to which the Conference has so strongly and so frequently committed itself in times of disturbance and popular pressure;" and he pathetically describes the "sore travail" and "anguish" through which he reached this conclusion. Dr. Beaumont remained in the Connexion till his death in January 1855, casting his influence in favour of every liberalising proposal, and he, with Dr. Gregory and some others, did yeoman service in mitigating the disastrous influence which arbitrary action shed upon Methodism during 1849 and the years following. His end was sudden, for he died in the pulpit of the Waltham Street Chapel, Hull, when conducting a service on the morning of January 21st, 1855, and his bio-

grapher does not hesitate to say that "the constant and deep anxieties to which he was exposed" during the disruption years aggravated the disease that carried him off if they did not really cause it. They were sad years to many, but they have not been without beneficial result. From them date the liberalising influences that have given Wesleyan laymen an increasing power in the administration of Connexional affairs. No such years can occur again. The high doctrine of the pastorate is still held in Wesleyan Methodism, but it is modified in its application to ecclesiastical affairs by influences that Dr. Bunting and his contemporaries would not tolerate, and this modification will go on till the laity of Methodism take their proper place in the management of Church affairs.

No graver indictment against class government in the Church which the high doctrine of the Pastorate involves, can be presented than is contained in this volume. It is shown to be evil in its influence on the class that governs, and unhappy in its effects upon those governed. Rulers as created by the doctrine of the Pastorate which George Steward repudiated, have no place in the Church of Jesus Christ. Leadership there must be, but it is a leadership created otherwise than by official ordination. This volume of Dr. Gregory's should be read by all Methodists, for it teaches much in relation to Church administration, and the brotherly action needed to give it effect.

A. J.

Connexional Biography.

REV. MILES DICKENSON.

THE late Miles Dickenson was born at Tarporley, a village near Chester, on July 15th, 1824, and died at his residence in Southport on May 19th, 1898, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

His conversion took place when he was about thirteen years old. He then became a member of our Connexion, joining the society at his native village, which was then in the Burland Circuit. In about two or three years after his conversion, the Quarterly Meeting appointed him to be an exhorter, and he soon became popular—as the "boy preacher." After labouring as a local preacher for three years, the circuit recommended him for the more important work of the itinerancy, and hence he commenced in this sphere of labour in the Chester Circuit, and subsequently he travelled in the following circuits:—New Mills, Preston Brook, Haslingden (twice), Liverpool, Ramsey, Oldham, Stalybridge, Chorley, Bolton, Northwich, Glossop, Southport, Knowlwood, Middleton, Chester Second, Earlstown and Skelmersdale.

After forty-two years of ministerial labours and toil, spent on the above stations, he reluctantly sought and obtained superannuation—a rest well deserved. His last circuit was Skelmersdale. Here a sad and painful incident occurred. His dear wife died very suddenly, which so affected and unmanned him, as to render it necessary for him to retire from further active ministerial labours, otherwise he had intended to remain a few years longer in the Master's vineyard.

After being superannuated by the Conference, and preaching his last sermon before removing from the circuit, he expressed his great sorrow in having to retire from the work, which, to him, had

been a labour of love. I am informed that both he and all present at this farewell service were deeply affected. We know from experience how painful it is to leave the regular work of the ministry, even though superannuation does not shut the door absolutely against any further work—as far as health and strength will allow. In our brother's case, superannuation appears to have been really necessary, as I judge it is in most cases. If, however, I may be allowed to speak a word to my brethren who are still in the active ministerial work, I would say, don't give up till compelled by the loss of health, infirmity, or *old age*. There is a glory, a grandeur, and a blessedness in the work of a minister of the Gospel of Christ.

During the somewhat short illness of our deceased brother, Dr. Wilshaw, son of Rev. T. Wilshaw, was his medical attendant, and did all he could which skill and kindness could do for him. We were at his bedside every day all through his affliction, and found him peacefully trusting in Christ, and only a short time before the end came, having commended him to God in prayer, I said, "Your old friend Mr. Gladstone has passed away this morning, you will soon meet together on the other side." Speech had left him, but he smiled an assent as if he had said, "Yes, we shall." Shortly after, his spirit was absent from the body but present with the Lord. He fell asleep in Jesus.

On June 24th he was interred at the cemetery, St. Helens, preceded by a beautiful and impressive service in our Derby Road Church, Southport, conducted by our pastor, Rev. H. J. Taylor. Several ministerial brethren took part in the services here and at the place of interment. The Rev. J. Travis delivered a touching and appro-

priate address, and bore testimony to the noble work he had accomplished. His funeral was largely attended, and many ministers and friends unable to attend sent letters of condolence, and expressed great esteem for the deceased.

We knew him for about thirty years, and after he came to reside at Southport our mutual intimacy and friendship were intensified, and the last several years he met in my class. Hence our fellowship and intimacy. His best, and indeed, all his life and talents from boyhood up to death were consecrated to Christ and His cause. "His all was, on the altar laid." His ministry was a success all along the line of his upwards of forty years' labours—success crowned his work. In his circuits he was well received, and did good work for Christ and His Church, and he has left a good name behind him. He stood well with his ministerial brethren in the District, as well as with the laymen. The Derby Road Paper, in speaking of him, says: "His ministry was confined, to this side of the country. He did splendid work. The District Meeting, upon his retirement, took the unusual course of presenting him with an illuminated address in gilt frame, setting forth the Connexion's indebtedness to his long and faithful labours."

He was strongly attached to the Connexion. He loved its doctrines and polity. He had no sympathy with new-fangled notions, or new lights and new doctrines, especially in so far as they were not in harmony with what he believed to be the true Gospel of Christ. He lived to see the Connexion rise to its present greatness and power. We remember our people at their camp-meetings, etc., singing—about the time he was converted—"More than two and sixty thousand, Jesus Christ has set them free"; now the Connexion numbers about two hundred thousand. He helped on this good work in his day.

THOS. BENNETT.

MRS. L. STAFFORD.

MRS. STAFFORD, wife of the Rev. L. Stafford, died at Wellingboro' Nov. 5th, 1896. She was born at Lane Ends, Romily, Cheshire, in the year 1833, confessed her love to the Saviour 1848, and was a member of the Wesleyan Church until her marriage in 1860. During her married life her husband laboured on the following stations:—Preston, Stalybridge, Ramsgate, Newry, Penrith, Spennymoor, Helmsley, Knaresborough, York Second, Southampton Second, Baldock, and Wellingboro', in all of which he found her to be a true helpmeet.

By nature she was of a retiring disposition. This prevented her making many friends, but those she made became intimates, who clung to her as long as she lived, and when she died testified to their high appreciation of her character, and to the great good they had received from her friendship.

Her sense of duty was very high. This was seen in her labours for the churches over which her husband was placed. In 1863—the year of the cotton famine—he was stationed at Stalybridge, and was brought into relation with the want and suffering caused by the famine. Our sister helped him in his arduous labours, especially among the women and children. When stationed in York, he felt the debt on Victoria Bar Chapel to be a heavy burden, but she cheerfully helped him to bear it both by word and deed. Her sense of duty was also seen in her devotion to her family. In 1864 her husband's health gave way, and he found it necessary to withdraw for a time from the ministry. For eight years he was out of the ministry, during which she had to be the bread-winner, both for herself, her husband, and their young family. They lived at Hyde, where Mr. Stafford had laboured three years, and though the friends there were exceedingly kind to them, yet the struggle was severe. Our sister commenced a small business which she afterwards supplemented by means of a stall in the market-place on a Saturday night. The labours of those years told heavily on her, and probably helped to lay the foundations of the disease which carried her to the grave.

She had an eye for the spiritual. To her, God and Christ, and the other world were undoubted realities. Like Moses, "she endured as seeing Him who is invisible," and the thought of God and His continued interest in her was the support of her soul.

She was patient in tribulation. Her sufferings were long and, during the latter part of her life, very severe. About three years ago it became known that she was suffering from cancer, and the local doctor advised that she should go through an operation. Her husband took her to St. Thomas' Hospital, London, where the operation was performed, July 5th, 1894. When able, she left the hospital and went with her husband to Baldock, and in July, 1895, left Baldock for Wellingboro'. But change of residence did not improve her condition. She gradually got weaker, and about a fortnight before her death fell a victim to the influenza. Everything that loving hearts and willing hands could do for her was done, but it was evident that her stay in this world could not be long. On Thursday, Nov. 5th, 1896, after much tribulation, she entered the Kingdom.

She was interred in the Wellingboro' cemetery. All the ministers of the town were present, and the following took part in the service:—Rev. T. Stephens, B.A., Congregationalist; Rev. T. V. Tyas, Wesleyan; Rev. J. Hand, Baptist; and the Rev. G. Parkin, B.D., of Northampton. The day was stormy, but there was a large company, many having come a great distance to show their respect for the departed, and their sympathy with the bereaved. Our sister has left behind her a sorrowing husband,

a son, and two daughters to whom she is an inspiring memory. From many letters testifying to her worth, we select the following:—

Rev. A. Johnson says: "I know you have lost a model wife, and the children a most devoted mother. Ah, how true and real was the love between you! How sweet and tender the affection that bound you to each other! What beautiful simplicity there was in her manner, conversation and methods." Mr. James Bell, B.A., Headmaster of The Literary Institute, Stockport, says: "We are pleased to think now, that we had the pleasure so recently of receiving your dear wife in our home, and we shall always remember with joy the kindly nature, the sympathetic words, the deeds of love which have marked her intercourse with us, ever since we first knew her." Rev. J. Tweddle says: "We knew her long enough to respect her and to find that she possessed qualities of a high order, though she did not figure prominently as some do." One friend in Southampton says: "Oh, how you must miss her sweet smile." Another: "We all respected your dear wife;" and another, "We all remember your dear wife's kindly disposition and loving nature." T. Beeley, Esq., J.P., says: "Permit me to express my sympathy with you in your great bereavement, and hope that Providence may arrange that all things may work together for good for yourself and family. My wife joins me in sincere condolences."

G. PARKIN.

MRS. ANNIE ALLEN SCRIMSHAW.

ANNIE ALLEN SCRIMSHAW, the subject of this memoir, was the only daughter of Mr. D. Ward, of Arnold, near Nottingham, and was born on July 12th, 1859. She was naturally good and spiritually-minded from her childhood. At the age of fourteen years she consciously yielded to the claims of Christ, and entered into His service. Previous to becoming the wife of Rev. Thomas Scrimshaw, which event took place on Dec. 13th, 1881, she was a Sunday School teacher and communicant of the Established Church. But her entirely new environment never seemed to her a difficult transition, for the simple reason that she gave her heart and hand to the Connexion as well as to her husband, making herself acquainted with all its operations, movements, and institutions, and thinking no work too hard or tedious that promised to advance its interests. She became not the least in that noble sisterhood, whose story of self-denial, arduous toil and unflagging devotion will never be written, but who have contributed so largely to the efficiency and varied service of the Primitive Methodist ministry. Mr. Scrimshaw received in the gift of his wife, not a genial, cheerful companion, and faithful confidant only, but a true, thorough helpmeet. She entered with much zest into all the joys and anxieties of her husband's ministry. Mr.

Scrimshaw's past usefulness and success are due not in little measure to the very hearty co-operation he received from his departed wife.

In the Rotherham Circuit to which she came as a fair and attractive bride, she quickly drew to her side a wide circle of friends, and especially in the Parkgate and Rawmarsh Societies, made her presence felt for good.

In Melton Mowbray they were instrumental in building a beautiful church and raising £1,000 towards the cost; during their sojourn in Ashby-de-la-Zouch, one of the finest manses in the Connexion was erected, and at Ripley Mrs. Scrimshaw had organised the ladies of the church into a weekly-effort for debt reduction. She worked prominently on the committee of the British Women's Temperance Association, and in addition to the cares of a large household, entered heartily into all kinds of good and useful work.

Mrs. Scrimshaw will be remembered with gratitude, and her memory treasured in all the circuits in which she lived and laboured with her husband.

In public she was always genial and bright, but never obtrusive. She was emphatically "a doer of the Word."

In the home she was kind and devoted, and to all who came to their home as temporary guests, she extended the utmost hospitality.

That such services as had already adorned the life of our sister were not, in the Providence of God, permitted to continue and multiply, is a mystery which our time-bound vision cannot penetrate. Only a few days before our dear sister's decease there was not the slightest presentiment of the irreparable loss which her loving husband and six tender children were about to sustain.

Her illness, both suddenly acute and swiftly fatal, commenced about Monday, Nov. 23rd. On the Thursday her medical attendant realised that the complaint was acute peritonitis, but counting upon a strong and sound constitution, had no fear about her recovery. So free from apprehension was our dear sister that at midnight on Saturday, Nov. 28th, when being left to the care of the nurse, she expressed the hope that they would have a good night's rest. Nothing happened to thwart this hope until six o'clock on Sunday morning, when some rapid change took place in her condition. The nurse called for Mr. Scrimshaw, but the moment he entered the sick chamber he saw, alas! it would soon be converted into a chamber of death. In ten minutes the spirit of his dear wife had left the earthly tenement and passed into the enjoyment of a "longer rest" of endless day.

She died from syncope, without apparently either struggle or pain. The mournful intelligence spread very quickly throughout the town and district, evoking universal sympathy. Touching references were made to the unexpected bereavement from most of the pulpits of the various places of worship in the

town. The interment took place on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 2nd, 1896, in the General Cemetery, Ripley, at the close of a very impressive and solemn service in the Nottingham Road Church, of which the deceased was so useful and valuable a member. The service was conducted by resident ministers of the town, Revs. G. Dorey, G. Lord, and S. Allsop, assisted by Mr. J. Piper, Circuit Evangelist. At the grave-side the service was conducted by Rev. Giffard Dorey, and notwithstanding an incessant downpour of rain all the afternoon, crowds gathered to pay the last token of respect and love to the memory of our departed sister. Numerous beautiful wreaths testified to the profound sympathy which the sad event had awakened, as well as to the sincere esteem for the character of her whose service had been so untiring and conspicuous.

To the writer, who, in addition to the Rev. R. Bryant, was a colleague of her husband's in the first circuit to which she came after their marriage, and who had enjoyed their unbroken friendship, the sudden death of one so young and so apparently full of days and energy, is an event to which it is hard to give credence.

But we have unshaken confidence in Him whose promise is the bright rift in the sky of sorrow; "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter."

Meanwhile, we ask for the grace of patience that waits the promised explanation.

CHRISTOPHER TINN.

MR. CHARLES FROST.

BROTHER CHARLES FROST, of the Docking Circuit, died in the peace of Christ and passed to the better home, on Friday, Nov. 20th, at the ripe age of eighty years. He became a member of our Church when about twenty-eight years of age, and for fifty-two years he has been with our people, as a devoted Christian, a loyal Primitive Methodist. For some time he was a local preacher, and held this position until his secular calling of Farm Steward prevented him from fulfilling his duties. Some time later he was society steward and class-leader in our Brancaster Staithe Society.

Some years ago he lost his dear wife, and by her death the Connexion lost a devoted, kind-hearted, Christian member. The house was ever open for all preachers; she joined with her husband in welcoming them and giving them their best comforts. Her death was singularly triumphant; she died exulting in her Saviour. After her death, Brother Frost lived successively with his three daughters, and ended his days with his youngest one at Burnham Market. Latterly he held no office, but his Christian character and the quiet influence of his pious life, had their usefulness for the Church.

Some few days before he died he had severe conflicts with doubt, but as the end drew near his faith

became strong and his hopes bright. The day before he died he gave evidence of this in frequent ejaculations of praise: "I am washed whiter than snow," "Praise the Lord!" "Bless His Holy Name!" "I am firm on the Rock," "Christ is my refuge," "Come, Jesus!" "I am waiting." Jesus came and took His servant home.

"Home at last, thy labour done,
The battle fought, the victory won."

He was interred by the writer on the following Wednesday, amidst sorrowing and sympathising friends.

Mr. McCreedy, an old friend, preached a memorial sermon on Sunday, Nov. 29th, to an appreciative audience.

WILLIAM COX.

MR. EDWARD LONG.

EDWARD LONG was born in Reading in Dec. 1808. He was in early life brought into association with Primitive Methodism. He was one of the few who linked the church of to-day with the mission of John Ride and other pioneers. Mr. Long was present at the first service held by these godly men in the streets of Reading, and for a period of sixty years was intimately associated with all the movements and developments of Primitive Methodism in Reading and the district. He watched with increasing interest and delight the growth of the Church he loved so well, and for which, in its earlier struggles, he suffered so severely. It has been my pleasure to hear him speak occasionally—for he was very reticent—of the beginning of Primitive Methodism in Reading and the County of Berkshire. It was no easy task these men of God undertook. They had to meet fearful opposition. But in God's name they faced it heroically and successfully. On one occasion his head was broken open, again and again he was pelted with rotten eggs, stones, and dirt. But he and his coadjutors did not shrink from the work, which, in the name of the Divine and loving Master, they had undertaken.

Our late brother during his lengthy career in our Church, occupied many positions of trust. He was a class-leader, local preacher, trustee and circuit steward.

As a class-leader he was very punctual in his attendance, and was always ready to give such advice and help as the members of his class required. He paid considerable attention to the visitation of his members. As a lay preacher he laboured earnestly, long and successfully. He was physically qualified for the work, as he was blest with a strong constitution, which was very necessary at that time as the journeys to appointments were much longer than at present. It was no uncommon thing for Mr. Long, if he feared an appointment might be neglected, walking many miles to take the service. He was occasionally a little long in his preaching.

There was nothing of the orator about him. He preached earnest, practical discourses, argumentative and sound in doctrine.

To speak in general terms of our late brother: he was one of the most active and useful members of the Church. He set a very high value on all the means of grace, and was regular in his attendance. He was a strict disciplinarian, and believed in doing everything in harmony with Connexional rule.

He never talked of the business matters of the Church out of doors. Questions debated in Circuit Committees and Quarterly Meetings were never divulged by him. Inquisitive busybodies and scandal-mongers received short shrift from him.

In the summer of 1871 he lost by death his devoted and loving wife, and immediately afterwards he was joined in the home by his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Garratt. From that time until his decease his daughter was his constant companion and helper, and during the last few months of his life—during a most painful and distressing illness—his most devoted and patient nurse.

His last days were marked by much physical and mental affliction. There was no rest for his friends in the house day nor night. He had seven children. Two only survive the father, Mrs. Garratt and Mrs. Burnett (wife of the Rev. R. W. Burnett).

A memorial service was held in London Street Chapel on Sunday evening, July 19th, 1896, and was conducted by the superintendent of the Reading Circuit. A large congregation was present to show their regard to his memory.

J. A. CHEESEMAN.

MRS. BETTY WILSON.

MRS. WILSON, the beloved wife of Mr. Aaron Wilson, was born at Accrington, May 10, 1834, and departed this life at Chorley, December 14, 1896, in the sixty-second year of her age.

From her earliest days she was the subject of deep religious impressions, and was converted to God in the twenty-second year of her age, after hearing a sermon preached in the Park Road Chapel, Chorley, by the Rev. Thos. Kent, on the following text: "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom; would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" and at once she joined our society at Chorley.

As a girl she was gentle, loving, obedient and true, and was greatly beloved by all who knew her. She was modest, sweet, and generous in disposition, like the violet in the shade revealing itself in its sweetness, and these graces of the Divine Spirit increased with her growing years. She was so humble and truly unselfish that her whole life was a thing of rare beauty and purity. There was nothing boisterous or demonstrative in her religion; but she possessed the ornament of a meek and

quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price. She exemplified at all times, in deeds of loving sympathy, the spirit of her Divine Lord and Master. She had an intense love for the Word of God, the ministers of Christ, the ordinances of religion, and the House of Prayer. She was rarely absent from her class or the sanctuary before her health began to fail some years ago. But of all places her Christian life was seen at its best in her home. Here her love, which enriched and beautified her whole life, was poured out without restraint or hindrance. Here she was queen of all the graces: her influence was supreme for Christ. Here Miss Havergal's words were realised:

"Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee."

All she was, and had, or could be, was consecrated to the Lord Jesus in her home and church life.

She was mother of ten children; three have gone to heaven, and seven remain, three sons and four daughters, six of whom are married, and *all* are members of the Church.

Her home has been the resort of preachers of the Gospel, both ministerial and lay, for the last forty years. There was always a smile at the door and a hearty "Come in" to the servant of Jesus Christ. She delighted to entertain them with the best her home could command. Indeed, she counted nothing too much to do for the Saviour, and it may be said of her, "She hath done what she could."

During the last few years she suffered severely from heart disease, which occasionally quite prostrated her. But the end came suddenly and unexpectedly. While she was about her daily work, the last enemy threw his fatal shaft. She fell, and in spite of medical skill, and all that loving hearts and hands could do, she gradually sank into the repose of death, full of hope and full of peace, as all her family knelt around her. "We thought her dying when she slept, and sleeping when she died." She only saw death, she did not taste it.

"Sleep on, beloved, sleep, and take thy rest;
Lay down thy weary head upon My breast;
We loved thee well, but Jesus loves thee best,
Good-night! good-night! good-night!"

Only good-night, beloved, not farewell:
A little while, and all His shall dwell
In hallowed union indivisible,
Good-night! good-night! good-night!"

Death is not the last sleep; it is rather the last final awaking.

She has left to her sorrowing husband and her seven sons and daughters, and all her friends, the

example of a sweet, tender, loving life. The influence of her life will remain in the home and Church as ointment poured forth, sweet, comforting, refreshing. Her departure creates a loss in our circle of friendships; but we are comforted with the thought,

"There's another gem in the Saviour's crown,
And another saint in heaven,"

and we shall meet again.

Mrs. Aaron Wilson was one of the most lovable souls it has been our joy to know during a ministry of thirty-five years.

The funeral service was conducted by the Rev. James Travis and the writer. Mr. Travis gave a touching address at the grave. The many friends who assembled, and the wreaths which covered the coffin, testified to the love and esteem in which she was held.

The writer preached her funeral sermon in Cunliffe Street Chapel, Chorley, on Sunday evening, Jan. 10, to a large congregation. It was a service long to be remembered. May we all meet her in heaven! Amen!

WILSON BARRETT.

MRS. J. JARVIS.

MRS. J. JARVIS, of Wormington, Banbury Circuit, passed to the higher service of heaven on January 8, 1897. She was converted to God and became a member of our Church at Hornton in 1882. She at once took up the service of Sunday School teacher, and devoted herself assiduously to the interests of the Church. Her quiet and unostentatious manner was most striking. Her regular attendance at the house of God, and her undivided attention to the ministration of the word was an evidence of the soul-hunger within.

On Oct. 8, she gave birth to her firstborn, and in a short time was graciously restored to her usual health. But a relapse took place, and on Jan. 8th she passed away. She expressed no fear of death, and almost the only words she uttered during the last few days of her life were, "Jesus Only." Her funeral sermon was preached on Feb. 14, by the Rev. W. Fidoe, an esteemed friend of the deceased. May the memory of her saintly life be cherished by her sorrowing friends, and prove to all who knew her an inspiration to active service and holy living.

JOHN W. FISH.

Literary Notices.

"DALE OF BIRMINGHAM."

The Life of R. W. Dale, of Birmingham. By his Son, A. W. W. DALE. (14s.) London: Hodder and Stoughton.

FOR at least two generations Carr's Lane, Birmingham, has been a familiar name to English Nonconformists; first, as the scene of the powerful ministry of John Angell James, and then of the greater and more varied ministry of R. W. Dale. The earlier Nonconformists were a sturdy race, including such men as Jay, of Bath, Wardlaw, Binney, Raffles, Pye Smith, John Angell James. The writings of the last named had a large constituency of readers; his "Lectures to Young Men and Young Women," his "Earnest Ministry," and his "Earnest Church" had a very wide circulation, while his "Anxious Inquirer," overlaid as it was with details, was the useful spiritual guide to thousands. A consuming fervour came from him when he preached that fell upon the congregation and enchaind it. His long ministerial life was lived at a high level. His considerable gifts, as an organiser, ruler, pastor, preacher, as well as his kindly, strong hand upon the young, were seen in the upbuilding and prosperity of the Church. Not a scientific theologian, nor

a profound thinker or scholar, yet he was well versed in the best theological literature of his time. His one aim was the conversion of sinners. "My ministerial life," he said, "would be almost a lost adventure if this blessed result were not in some measure realised."

Into this wide and well-tilled field of labour young Dale entered in 1854, first as an assistant for a year, then as co-pastor till 1859, when Mr. James "was not, for God took him," and then for over thirty years the burden of responsibility rested upon his own shoulders. The current designation had been—"John Angell James of Birmingham," but it gradually changed into "Dale of Birmingham." The fame of the first has faded, but much of the work of the latter has in it the elements of vital persistence, if not of immortality. His work on "The Atonement," his "Ultimate Principle of Protestantism," an expanded "Exeter Hall Lecture," his "Living Christ and the Four Gospels," and some of his doctrinal sermons, will be read and consulted in coming times.

Of this Life by his son, we have nothing but good to say. It is a goodly volume of 730 pages, but not a page too many; it is an adequate pre-

sentation of a great life; it is further enriched by an excellent portrait. The materials are abundant and well digested, while the proportion of parts is well observed, and the interest sustained all through. As for the style, it is free and flowing. As the story unfolds there comes into view the figure of a man so virile, so many-sided, so rich in intellectual resource, a heart so tender, and a spirit so courageous, a life of such varied service, that we know not where to seek his like. His personal force, when he chose to put it forth, was simply overpowering. We once saw him sway a meeting as we never saw any other do. Not many things in this volume afforded us such gratification as the view we get of the relations between the venerable pastor and his young colleague. Unions of this kind have too frequently been pitiful exhibitions of jealousy and ill-will. It was known, for instance, that the relations between old William Jay and the accomplished young Robert Vaughan (author of "Hours with the Mystics"), were anything but cordial. Here, however, the relations between two men so divided in years, and so diverse in prevailing temperament, reflected infinite credit upon both. We have little space for quotation, but the scene of the Church Meeting at which it was decided whether, after a year's assistantship, he should be appointed co-pastor, is so unique that we must give Mr. James' description:—"I put the resolution, in an instant up flew a little forest of hands and arms, as if the brethren were not content with lifting up the former, but to give emphatic expression to their suffrages lifted up their arms and seemed to me to give their hands a shake, as if to say, 'Let that be taken as the lifting up of our hearts, our whole hearts.' Then came the call for the negative, if any. I looked around, and not a hand was to be seen. I could not refrain from saying, 'God be thanked, not a hand,' after an audible utterance of thanksgiving to God, I sat down mastered by my feeling."

Dale's college course does not seem to have been exceptionally brilliant, though he took the London M.A. degree in a brilliant fashion. Dr. Paton said that his gift of extemporaneous speech was the most rich and vigorous of any young man he ever knew, and his power of application and concentration was astonishing. But a reserved manner cut him off from free fellowship with his brother students, who, little knowing the man, dubbed him "the Jesuit." Nor, strange to say, did the deservedly popular preaching of John Angell James attract him; he preferred and frequented the ministry of George Dawson, at the Church of the Saviour. Dawson spent his week nights in lecturing up and down the kingdom, on literary and historic men, and on social questions, in his original, satirical, and often caustic way, and his Sundays in preaching to his own congregation upon religious, ethical, and social subjects. He threw a spell over the ardent young student, which gave a bent to his thinking

and action through life. But another influence was working in him, that of his tutor, Henry Rogers, the head of Springhill College. Readers whose memories stretch back forty years will recall his "Eclipse of Faith," which effectually "shut up" Professor Newman; nor will they forget his "Edinburgh Review" Essays, nor his playful book, "The Letters of Henry Greyson;" least of all will they forget his "Superhuman Origin of the Bible," a book to get and read even yet. Dale owed to his tutor much of his distinction as a writer. His fervent "revivalism" he owed (under the motions of the Divine Spirit) to John Angell James. Christian Apologist, Reformer, Educationist, and Politician as he was, his abiding passion was the conversion of sinful men to Christ; he was ever insisting upon immediate decision for God and eternal life; his earnestness was all-absorbing; his appeals passionate. Moody and Sankey, when they were evangelising in England, had no stouter defender than he; he stood by their side and wished he could emulate them; their methods were not his, but their object was all his own. A sentence from a New Year's Address will show how intent, and even intense, he was upon the conversion of souls—"I should tremble to have to meet you before the Judgment Seat of Christ on the last great Day, if to-night I did not endeavour with all gravity and with an agony of earnestness, to rescue some of you from the sins which in your hearts you despise and loathe even while you commit them, and from the awful danger of eternal damnation, at the thought of which you sometimes tremble." His son says: "He never stormed; but his wrath, as it grew, glowed with passion at a white heat. It swept on in waves of living fire; it seemed to scorch, to shrivel, to consume."

Yet this strenuous soul-saving preacher held and propagated, with almost equal earnestness, what the biographer calls "a municipal gospel" of sanitation, sewage, libraries, art-galleries, public parks, etc.; great measures of municipal statesmanship, the seed of which was sown in his mind by George Dawson. What Dawson preached Dale practised; it was, to him, applied Christianity; the whole life Christianised. Not a few of his friends were alarmed at his "secularising himself." Canon O'Sullivan, a local Roman dignitary, was wont to say, "Dale, when do you mean to quit politics and look after your own soul?" In substance, his answer was, "I have given my soul to Christ to look after. He can do it better than I can; my duty is to do His will and leave the rest to Him." One good friend wrote, "There are no politics in heaven; there is where your heart should be." To all these good people he said: "God's commandments are much broader than many imagine; they cover all your life, and no devoutness can be an excuse for not paying your rates, neither can it be an excuse for keeping away from the polling-booth

at the time of an election." By his mastery of public questions, and his gift of eloquent speech, he was a prime favourite at the huge gatherings in the Town Hall. His full and exact knowledge lent a statesman's authority to his public utterances. His doctrine was, "Service to the country and to the community is a part of a man's religion."

This is not the place to go into his line of action in the Home Rule agitation, which led to the disastrous break-up of the Liberal party in Birmingham, till then the headquarters of Radical and Liberal politics. Dale "discovered" Chamberlain, who was taunted as "representing Dale." His reply was, "Well, if that be so, then there is not a member of the House of Commons who will have a better, wiser, or nobler constituency." Nor can we stay to make more than a reference to the Education Controversy from the early seventies onward. Into this agitation he threw a giant's energy; it was to him a matter of vital concern. He was scarcely less absorbed in the Disestablishment agitation. From the very nature of the Church any legal union with the State, whatever its terms and conditions, is, and must be, wrong. In all his Disestablishment warfare he stood on this New Testament ground. It must be said that in handling these thorny and delicate subjects, Mr. Alfred Dale has shown an admirable fairness and moderation.

It was inevitable that in such an outstanding personality, idiosyncrasies and little peculiarities should crop up. He never assumed the usual "clerical garb," not even the white tie. In addition to this, he took some pains to let it be known that he disliked the title "Reverend," it savoured too much of priestly assumption; a similar objection existed in his mind against the designation, D.D. Yale, one of the oldest colleges in America, conferred this distinction upon him, but he declined to use it, which generated some little feeling, inasmuch as they concluded that Dale would not wear it because it was American. When, however, Glasgow University gave him its LL.D. he consented to accept it, though it was known that he cared little about titles of any kind, he preferred to be known simply as "Dale of Birmingham." Another singularity was his not using the Lord's Prayer either in public or family worship, contending that it belonged to neither the Christian nor Judaic dispensation, but was between the two. For many modern hymns he had a strong distaste; they were mawkishly sentimental. "They are," he was wont to say, "miserably sentimental. They are women's hymns rather than men's hymns, and they are the hymns of very weak, hysterical women too." In the mass of the old classic hymns he revelled. One comes with some surprise upon his passionate admiration of the early Tractarians, such as Newman and Pusey, saying that "the blessing of God was in the movement. . . in the lives and devotion of these men a new endowment of the Holy Spirit

came into the life of England." It appears to us that if these Sacramentarians and Ritualists are right, we are all wrong, and altogether wrong, and the sooner we all go over to them the better for our consistency as well as our salvation. As far back as 1875 he declared himself in favour of what is called the High Church view—"the objective reality of the sacraments." One of the finest features of the book is Dr. Fairbairn's estimate of Dale as a theologian, which is followed by Dr. Guinness Rogers' appraisal of him as a public man. We would fain have dwelt upon the beautiful picture of his home-life, shadowed by dark bereavements; we would also have followed him on his varied journeys to Palestine and Egypt for rest and change; to America and Australia, where was change but not rest; we would again see him on the Education Commission, or going through England with Dr. Rogers on a Disestablishment Crusade. But he was greatest at home; he was best in Birmingham, and they knew it, and whenever it was asked who were their best men, Dale's name would be sure to come first.

Strong as he had been, the last few years sickness invaded his once robust frame. At the beginning of 1895 he had hoped to return to work, but the return of health was more apparent than real. He preached on February 10th for the last time. Then came the final break-down, and the going Home on March 13th. On his desk was a half written sermon, ending with the words—"The full assurance that, after our mortal years are spent, there is a larger, fuller, richer life in—" This he went to prove and enjoy. We lay down our pen with quoting the words of a writer in a weekly paper—"For ourselves, the two words which best describe 'Dale of Birmingham' are those in which Ignatius addresses Polycarp as Θεοῦ ἀθλητής, 'God's athlete.'"

G. H. E.

Was Christ Born at Bethlehem? A Study on the Credibility of St. Luke. By W. M. RAMSAY, M.A., D.C.L. (5s.) Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

WE have here Professor Ramsay's mature views as to the claims of St. Luke to be regarded as a careful and reliable historian. The claim is submitted to the most severe test possible, viz., whether Luke's reference to the enrolment that took place in Syria when Quirinius administered that province, B.C. 8-7, can be accepted as historically credible. Professor Ramsay argues strongly for the affirmative view, and shows how recent discoveries in Egypt prove that the system of periodic enrolments had been in vogue from the days of Augustus. The Professor has not always held, as he holds now, that Luke must be ranked as a great "historian." Once he felt the pressure of certain difficulties and the bias created by traditional misconceptions, and he was even disposed to accept the idea of duplicate

authorship. But deeper and more prolonged study has brought about a change of view. The outcome is—this carefully written and convincing book. We feel that whether Luke is describing the circumstances of the birth of Christ, or alluding to the political divisions, the historical personages and events of his time, he is equally to be trusted. To him who inspires such a conviction as this our gratitude is due. All difficulties may not have been removed, but some have gone, and those that still remain sit lightly on us in comparison.

Social and Political Economy. Essays and Letters, by THOS. JUDGE. Edited by his son, T. Geo. Judge. (3s. 6d.) Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co., Ltd.

SOME of the letters included in the present volume attracted attention and gave rise to considerable controversy when they first appeared in the public press. Such was the case especially with the letters on "the Engineers' Dispute." What is new in this book, and what makes up the larger part of its contents, are the three Essays on "Workmen's Dwellings in their relation to Political Economy," "Labour Strikes," and "China, Present and Future." The Housing Question is always with us; but the falling in of leases in the Whitechapel district has brought the question to the front in a very pressing and disagreeable form. Mr. Judge's Essay on this subject is therefore very timely, and it is as able as it is timely. He shows how great is the relative disproportion between the rents of workmen's dwellings and those of the upper classes. In many cases forty or fifty per cent. of the wages received is paid for confined and unsanitary rooms in bad repair. This leads workmen to seek to find compensation in the demand for higher wages; so that the evil of exorbitant rental for workmen's dwellings is shared by the employer, who is often hampered and impoverished by strikes. An adjustment of the difference between a fair rental and an exorbitant one would lead to the distribution of the money or its investment—a result much more advantageous to the general community than is any exclusive advantage to the owner of workmen's dwellings who now pockets his ten per cent. How far this state of things can be remedied; by whom the remedy should be initiated, and what form it should take are questions on which Mr. Judge can throw some light, and readers are advised to acquaint themselves with his views as given in this able book.

The Story of Phil Enderby. By ADELINE SERGEANT. (3s. 6d.) James Bowden, 10, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

WE always turn with a relish to Adeline Sergeant's stories and seldom meet with disappointment. We have not been disappointed with "The Story of Phil Enderby." It is a thoroughly healthy, human,

and not too gloomy a story. Phil fared something like Joseph. He was beloved of his grandfather and hated by his uncle. A passionate blow from the latter led to Phil's mind becoming a total blank as regards the period between receiving the blow and his recovery in hospital. Much turns on this, and we should like to know what physiologists and psychologists would have to say to it. Phil becomes an artist, and ultimately reconnects his sundered consciousness, and marries his cousin, daughter of the man who struck him. One slip we notice in this book. Mrs. Vansittart lived in Lincolnshire, and yet once or twice a week she drove into Hull! How did she manage to do this, we wonder? No, no; it could not be done.

Christ Foreshown. Short Chapters on the Golden Types of the Messiah. By REV. ROBERT J. GOLDING-BIRD, D.D. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C.

THE author naively tells us that he has been called by those who are accustomed to hear him "type mad." We would not venture to go so far as this; but, clearly, Dr. Golding-Bird, like the late Andrew Jukes, sees "a shadow of the good things to come" in every part of the Old Testament. His book consists of fifty-two short chapters, in which some of these types are laid open. We have the Gospel according to the tree of life; the Gospel according to the dove; the Gospel according to the furniture of the tabernacle, and so on to the end. It is clear that such a method of exposition as this requires for its justification a certain view of the origin and purpose of Holy Scripture. That granted, all the rest is reasonable. As we cannot accept our author's fundamental view, neither does he carry us along with him in details, though we freely grant that he teaches much wholesome truth.

Handbook for Literary and Debating Societies.

By LAURENCE M. GIBSON, M.A. (3s. 6d.) Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

A BOOK like this should do something to put new life into the old Debating Societies. There can, one thinks, be no complaint of lack of subjects for discussion, with such a number and variety of topics as are here suggested to the young debater. Nor need any one thinking of taking part in a public disputation be short of arguments or ideas. He will find handy arguments on *both* sides, and the chief difficulty experienced may be to know which side to take. The ample bibliographical references subjoined to each topic form a very valuable feature of a book which we have no doubt will prove useful and popular, as it meets a felt want. The book, it should be added, is a model of typographical excellence.

According to the Pattern. By J. GREGORY

MANTLE. (2s. 6d.) Marshall Brothers, Keswick House, Paternoster Row, E.C.

It is easy to tell that the writer of this book has intense convictions concerning the obligation and privilege of Christian holiness. That is patent in every discourse and on every page. Mr. Mantle has furnished us with a very noteworthy addition to the literature that is helpful to the devout life, and we wish that any words of ours might induce some of our readers, who have grown dissatisfied with mean ideals and mediocre attainments, to read this thoroughly good book.

Depth and Power of the Christian Faith. By the REV. ARTHUR HOYLE. (1s. 6d.) The Wesley Guild Library. Charles H. Kelly, 2, Castle Street, City Road, E.C.

MR. HOYLE has given this title to twelve sermons on such independent and apparently little related subjects as Heredity and Sin; Christ and Augustus; The Method of Paul; Sanctification; Thinking; Nature, etc. The sermons are thoughtful and vigorous; but the style is if anything too colloquial for the printed page.

Visions of Sin. By JAMES HOPE MOULTON, M.A. (2s.) "Helps Heavenward" Series. Charles H. Kelly, 2, Castle Street, City Road, E.C.

THE author has here undertaken "to study forms of Sin in the picture-gallery of Scripture." After an introductory chapter on "Sin—Whence and Whither," there follow studies of Achan, Saul, Judas, Caiaphas, Herod Antipas. The last four might be called "Four Bad Men," and as the author remarks, "give a strangely complex picture of the many-sidedness of human sin." Alike in conception and execution, this little volume merits commendation.

Across Three Oceans; and Through Many Lands with Pen and Camera. By FRED REYNOLDS. (3s. 6d.) Charles H. Kelly, 2, Castle Street, City Road, E.C.

A NEW and interesting book of travels, describing a journey round the world. Leaving London, Mr. Reynolds sailed through the Straits of Gibraltar, down the Mediterranean, through the Suez Canal to India, where a considerable stay was made. He brings graphically before our minds many of the varied phases of Indian life, and starts us thinking on the many problems which our vast dependency, with its three hundred million inhabitants, raises in the mind of every thoughtful Englishman. After India, Australia and New Zealand, Canada and the United States were visited. Mr. Reynolds speaks very highly of the work of the many devoted missionaries whom he encountered in his travels. Quoting from Miss Cumming, he says: "I wish that some of the cavillers who are ever sneering at Christian missions could see something

of their results in the Fijian Isles. Ten years ago every man's hand was against his neighbour, and cannibalism was the order of the day; now every village of eighty inhabited Isles has built for itself a tidy church and a good home for its native teacher or minister, for whom the village also provides food and clothing. Can you realise that there are nine hundred Wesleyan churches in Fiji, at every one of which the frequent services are crowded by devout congregations?" This volume would be especially suitable for a Sunday School prize; it is well bound and printed, and copiously illustrated from photographs taken by the author himself.

Hiram Golf's Religion; or, The "Shoemaker by the Grace of God." By GEORGE H. HEPPWORTH. (1s.) Richard D. Dickinson, 89, Farringdon Street.

A SERIES of plain talks on practical Christianity between Hiram Golf, shoemaker, and his pastor. The quaint and original thoughts of Hiram cannot fail to be a source of inspiration to the reader, as they were to his young pastor. Hiram had great ideas on the dignity of labour. "There ain't no such thing as a humble vocation," he said to his pastor. "I am a shoemaker by the grace of God. If I make good shoes I shall get just as much credit in the hereafter as you will for being a faithful pastor. All work is noble and honourable, and it'll take a good deal of argyment to show me that all work isn't about equally important. You'll carry up to the judgment-seat a fair sample of the sermons you have preached, and I'll carry up a fair sample of the shoes I've been making. Your sermons will settle your future, and my shoes will settle mine. That's the difference between the Lord and us folks. If your sermon is good, and my shoes is good, He'll say, 'John and Hiram, you've used your talents about equally well. Go up there and sit in the front bench side by side, and jine in the general Hallelujah.'"

The Rev. J. G. Smith deserves a word of commendation for his *A Non-Political Treatise of, and Tribute to the late William Ewart Gladstone*, etc., as read first before the Bristol and South Wales District Association of Primitive Methodist Ministers. (6d.) T. Mitchell, 48-50, Aldersgate Street, E.C. It is brightly written, and in the compass of some forty-five well-printed pages gives an outline of the late statesman's career, and a discriminating sketch of his character. Good portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone render the brochure more attractive. It should be said that any profits arising from the sale of the book will be devoted to the Newport Primitive Methodist Station Street Church.

We have received and reserve for fuller notice:—*Henry Robert Reynolds, D.D., His Life and*

Letters. Edited by his Sister. (9s.) Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

The Range of Christian Experience. The Fernley Lecture for 1898. By REV. R. WADDY MOSS. (2s. 6d.) Charles H. Kelly, 2, Castle Street, City Road, E.C.

The Fatherhood of God. Being the Second Hartley Lecture. Delivered in Leeds, June, 1898. By the REV. J. WATSON, D.D. Thomas Mitchell, 48-50, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

The Connexional Outlook.

BY THE REV. J. ATKINSON.

—Few things can be more commendable in the life of a Church than care for the welfare of its poor, and especially of its poor and aged workers. Hence it is gratifying to find that the Aged and Necessitous Local Preachers' Fund is commanding a widening sympathy and support. There ought not to be much difficulty in securing £1,000 or £2,000 a year for this purpose in a Church with a membership approaching 200,000, and congregations which on an average number more than half a million at one Sabbath service. At present some 200 poor and aged local preachers are receiving aid. Hitherto it has been the rule not to make any grant to the same applicant oftener than once in six months. A new departure is now inaugurated, and a quarterly list is being formed. No applicant can be placed on this list as the Fund stands at present till the age of seventy-five is reached. This is, of course, a high figure, but we suppose the condition of the Fund renders it necessary. Then these cases are to be amongst the most needy. The allowance to these very aged and needy brethren and sisters will range from 7s. 6d. to 12s. a month. Here, again, the condition of the Fund imposes limitations. Eight persons have been placed on this list. The aid rendered may be small, but it means much to these aged people even in respect to money value, and it means much more to them as an evidence that the Church to which they have given years of labour remembers them kindly and sympathetically, and shows a disposition to brighten a little their eventide. We look to the churches for a growing support of this Fund.

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—There is, however, another project to which the attention of the March Quarterly Meetings will be called, that certainly deserves careful consideration—that is the formation of a Friendly or Mutual Help Society among our Church workers, which may possibly in time cover a wider range, and by which some aid may be afforded to those who need it in times of sickness, and when age disables them from taking part in the active work of life. A scheme has been drafted by a Conference Commit-

tee, and will be submitted to the stations in March. Such a society will enable comparatively young men to provide for a time of need, and will afford a splendid opportunity for kindly ministry to those whose circumstances are so favourable that such a time does not seem likely to happen in their case. It is intended at first to embrace in this society Church workers such as local preachers, class-leaders, stewards, and possibly, Sunday School teachers of a certain standing. The allowances will include sickness benefit and old age annuity. Of course, in neither case can the allowance be any considerable sum, but it will be an aid to those who may need it. We need not say more, as the whole project will be placed before the March Quarterly Meetings—beyond, that it seems feasible, and is certainly desirable, and if it can be established and judiciously conducted, will be a boon and blessing to many. Arrangements, we understand, will be made to meet the cases of those who are already aged, without requiring a heavy contribution as a condition of benefit. And perhaps it may be found prudent to merge the present tentative fund in this more permanent project, and secure considerable annual support from the stations. We bespeak for this project a sympathetic consideration.

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—It is always pleasant to come across any really aggressive work in connection with our Church, and more especially to come across it where we least expect to find it. We have known the Baldock Station in the London First District for some years, but this knowledge never led to the anticipation of aggressive work by it, but it is said that it is the unexpected which frequently happens, and in this case we sincerely rejoice that it is so. Just beyond the limits of this station, as these have been fixed for years, stands the town of Hitchin, with a population of 11,000; and a little further southward stands the town of Stevenage, with a population of 5,000. In neither of these towns has Primitive Methodism had any position, though there was both room and need for it. The authorities of Baldock Station recognised the need, but with their

limited means, and many liabilities, and only one minister they feared to venture. Under the guidance of the Rev. W. Suttle they have, however, decided to mission these towns, and have inaugurated services in Hitchin. A church of twenty members has been formed of persons who had removed to this town from other parts of the Connexion; a room has been taken in the Town Hall, and there appears to be a very promising future before our Church in this place. Connexional premises will be needed, and to secure these, Connexional aid will be required, and we trust forthcoming. Service will be shortly commenced in Stevenage, and in these efforts to extend the influence and usefulness of the Connexion, this somewhat poor station ought to meet with substantial encouragement, for it is for a few poor and burdened churches a heavy undertaking.

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—The Christmas examinations at the Manchester College appear to have been, on the whole, satisfactory. Some of the students have gained exceptionally good positions, and only in one case has there been failure to reach the minimum number of marks, and probably, in that case, were the circumstances known, there might not be much failure after all. The examiners have only, we presume, to deal with the curriculum of study, but it would be interesting and informing if, along with the results of the theological and scholastic examination, something was added respecting the evangelistic and preaching work in which the students are engaged. They are extensively engaged in work of this kind, and it forms no unimportant part of their preparation for the ministry of the Church, and a little information respecting it would show the Connexion that the future ministry may not only be expected to be to some extent a cultured and scholarly ministry, but earnestly evangelical in spirit, possessing the qualities of successful preachers of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. This information might be gained by the College authorities from the churches served by the students and appended to the examiners' report of the position taken by the students in the several subjects included in the College course.

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—We have received a copy of the *Brisbane Courier* for November 12, 1898, from which it appears there is still a Primitive Methodist Connexion in Queensland. It was thought that Methodist Union was an accomplished fact in this colony; but it seems this is not the case, for in the paper named an advertisement appeared, headed, Primitive Methodist Connexion; ministers, Revs. T. Thatcher and J. Buckle, and announcing Sabbath services at three separate places. These three small churches, with the ministers named and officials connected with them, stand aloof from the

general movement for union. The wisdom of this may be questioned, and since the great majority of the churches have accepted the union, it does seem neither wise nor prudent for so small a minority to stand out. As a matter of fact this Brisbane First Station, which is the station standing aloof, was, along with the rest of the Queensland District, separated from the British Conference last June. The station has no place in the Minutes of Conference. It does not appear in any Connexional regulations for the year, nor are the members included in the Connexional report of membership. The brethren on this station may deplore the step that has been taken, and regard the action as hasty and ill-considered; but it has been taken, and the most prudent thing to do is to accept the situation and make the best of it. Few people can have all their own way in everything in this world, and when they cannot have what they wish, the next best thing is to put up as well as they can with what is to be had. At present this station does not belong to the Methodist Church of Queensland, nor does it stand connected with the British Primitive Methodist Conference. Its position is like that which tradition assigns to Mohammed's coffin, suspended between two realms somewhat wide apart and directly connected with neither. The sooner these brethren abandon this position and take as kindly as they can to the inevitable, the better, we judge, for them and the Church interests of which they have charge.

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—We have frequently called attention to the social work of the Connexion in the Metropolis at the three principal centres where special attention is given to it—Clapton, Surrey Chapel, and Trinity Chapel. This work is now in full operation and funds are greatly needed. A recent incident in connection with Clapton work has greatly interested us. Most of our readers will be aware that the Rev. Thomas Jackson has for some time been in poor health consequent upon the years of arduous labour he has spent in the midst of the poverty and wretchedness of East London. Last Christmas a gentleman called upon Mr. Jackson who had the appearance of a prosperous business man. He introduced himself by the inquiry, "Do you remember me?" Mr. Jackson had to admit that he did not. He soon proceeded to explain. He and his family some few years ago were in circumstances of great need, in fact, were starving. Mr. Jackson visited them, relieved their need, and opened for them a way to better conditions of life. The man had seen an account of Mr. Jackson's illness, and as soon as circumstances permitted, he journeyed to London to see his benefactor of past years, and to do more than this, to make such offering as his improved position in life enabled him to do, so that the man who had helped him in his

need might, by means of his gift, be able to afford a like Christly service to some of the poverty-stricken who were still down and suffering in life's sharp rivalries. As he tendered his gift to Mr. Jackson, with tear-filled eyes, he said: "You were God's angel that drove the wolf from my door when I and my family were starving, and I can never forget you." This incident, we judge, would brighten Mr. Jackson's Christmas-tide; at any rate, had the case been ours it would have made for us a happy Christmas indeed. Now, it is work like this, producing effects so beneficial both for time and eternity, that our brethren are carrying on in the great world-city.

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—We are somewhat concerned relative to the Home Mission Fund. There is, as every one giving attention to the matter knows, great need for aggressive evangelistic work in this country. To meet this need the General Missionary Committee have made several new departures, adding materially to their financial obligations. The Sustentation Fund formed by the last Conference, and which it is desirable should accomplish all it was designed to effect, will also increase these obligations. To what extent increase in this direction will take place cannot yet be known, and it will probably be a year or two yet before the extent of this increase is fully seen. So far as we have noticed published statement relative to this Fund, there is not much promise of increase in the income, and unless a substantial increase is realised the probability is that the position of the Fund will be less favourable at the end of the year than it was at the beginning. This, we are sure, will be a result generally deplored, but if it has to be avoided, and the Fund made commensurate with its growing obligations, greater attention will have to be given to the raising of revenue in the stations. The treasurer does not receive as much for Home evangelisation by £5,000 a year or more as he did twenty-three years ago. A great deal more might be raised if the collecting work in the stations was organised and worked as it was prior to 1876. And surely now, with a Sustentation Fund at work, it is not too much to expect that considerable improvement in this direction will be made. The feebler portions of the Connexion need help, and openings for aggressive evangelistic work abound. Surely the Connexion will prove equal to the need, and maintain the best traditions of its past for personal service, proportionate liberality, and earnest evangelism.

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—The legacy of £1,000 bequeathed to the General Missionary Committee under the will of the late Mrs. Howard, of Blackpool, has been paid over to the General Treasurer by the executors. This is a timely help and will enable the committee to

discharge some of the obligations they have incurred.

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—The reports from many of the December Quarterly Meetings have been of a very encouraging character. The Lancaster Station has realised considerable prosperity. Two new classes have been formed in connection with the town church, and a Sister of the People has to be engaged for domiciliary visitation and other forms of evangelistic work. The revival in the Moor Lane Church still continues, and as many as eight or more are found seeking the Lord at the Sunday evening services. The Motherwell Station is reported to be in a healthy and vigorous condition. The quarter closed had been one of continuous success, souls being saved Sabbath after Sabbath. The saying that Methodism is not suited to Scotland is a fiction. "Christianity in earnest" is suitable anywhere. Spiritually, financially, and in other respects, this station was never more prosperous than it is now. At the Tredegar Quarterly Meeting it was reported that many conversions had taken place, and notwithstanding the adverse circumstances of the strike during the summer and autumn months, the station had been able to meet all demands. The Alfreton Station is reported in a healthy condition. Chapels have been crowded, conversions have been numerous, and the Quarterly Meeting was a joyous time. These are but samples of the reports that have come under our notice, and there is promise of a year of progress in the Connexion.

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—The ever helpful friend of the Connexion, Mr. W. P. Hartley, J.P., has made an excellent offer to the Metropolitan Chapel and School Extension Fund Committee. He will provide £5,000 free of interest for three years for the purchase of sites in growing suburban districts when land is at the cheapest, and the greatest choice of position is possible. The only condition he imposes is that when any part of the £5,000 is taken for the purpose stated, a similar sum on like conditions shall be provided locally. This means that £10,000 may be available for purchase of sites during three years free of interest, during which time it is presumed effort will be made to raise the cost of a site and so prepare the way for building a place of worship. The offer may to some extent tax the energies of the committee, but we greatly misjudge them if they do not make strenuous efforts to take up the whole £5,000. Nothing is said as to the rate of interest upon any portion of this money after the three years are expired, but of one thing we are sure, that Mr. Hartley will be reasonable in relation to this matter. He has also offered £1,500 on similar terms for three years to the Hull Free

Church Council, and the Hull friends are not likely to allow the offer to remain unused.

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—The Hartlepool and West Hartlepool Stations have received very substantial sums from Councillor W. C. Gray, J.P., for the reduction of their chapel liabilities. The Hartlepool Station received a cheque for £749. This sum was intended to pay the whole debt upon the recently erected chapel on the Central Estate, £326, and to reduce the debt upon the splendid premises in Brougham Street by £423. These premises are second to none in the locality, and by this timely gift will be placed in very easy circumstances, as the debt was not large for so fine a property. The West Hartlepool Station received cheque for £1,218. Of this sum £300 goes to the Whitby Street Chapel, which will clear off the entire debt. Milton Road trustees

get £303, which means the extinction of their debt. To Hart Road, £200 is devoted. The building in this part of the town is an iron structure, but a new church will be proceeded with in a few months. The trustees of the new chapel in Elwick Road receive £415, which places them in a very easy position. Some years ago, Councillor Gray's father, Sir William Gray, did a similar thing, but the development of the towns necessitated further outlay on the part of the churches, and now the son follows the father's example, and devotes part of his wealth to reduce these subsequent liabilities; for Mr. Gray's liberality has been shared by all the churches, Nonconformist and Episcopal alike. In all, he has presented some £10,000 to the various churches in the two towns with which he is connected.

The Wider Outlook.

—With the Wesleyans the idea of a Twentieth Century Fund started, but its operation is not to be confined to that Church. The Baptists have adopted the proposal, though they are not ambitious enough to fix the sum to be raised at a million guineas, they are content with naming half a million pounds; and now the Congregationalists are resolving upon raising a sum equal to that proposed by the Baptists. It is proposed to devote a couple of years to the raising of these funds; and we believe that in each case there has to be the historic roll upon which the names of subscribers will be engrossed. The Baptists propose to devote their fund to home evangelisation and church extension; the augmentation of ministerial stipends where these stipends are small; and the erection of a Baptist Church House. Nothing definite is yet determined as to what purposes the Congregationalist Fund will be devoted; though such objects have been named as the London Missionary Society's work; church extension at home; aid to churches in large towns, which by reason of straitened circumstances, need special help; and probably church settlements in poor and densely populated localities. Neither scheme is as yet definitely before the churches, but in the course of a short time the initial steps will be taken. There can be little doubt but both these Churches are equal to the task proposed and more. If the stewardship of wealth, and the responsibility attaching to all temporal resources under the control of Church members, were better understood and realised, funds for all good work would be amply provided. The doctrine that what I have is my own, to be disposed of as I please, for my own personal or family use, without any particular reference to any obligation reach-

ing beyond, is widely held and practised. The disclaimer of Cain represents too truly the mood of this mammon-loving age, and finds a very distinct articulation even in church life. It is only here and there that we find persons whose practice conforms to Paul's teaching relative to the use of temporal possessions, or who have caught and endeavour to express the spirit of the Master as expressed in 2 Cor. vii. 9, and context. Were this teaching made the rule of life in the churches, there would be no need for Twentieth Century Funds, for all church work and all Christ-like service for man would be liberally sustained, not only by gifts of money, but by what is far more valuable, direct personal effort to lessen human woe, and bless and brighten human life.

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—Dr. Fairbairn's lectures have produced a marvellous impression in India. The attendance has been larger than two years ago, and the lecturer has been thoughtfully followed by the elite of Indian society. Grey-headed men, profoundly versed in the faith of their ancestors, and scholarly youths immersed in Hindu studies, have listened with a quietness that was truly pathetic to the man who was engaged in showing that the faith in which they had been trained was an inadequate faith for human need and destiny, and that what men require for the perfecting of being is the faith of Jesus Christ. The leader of the Brahma Somaj, or reformed Hinduism, Mr. P. C. Mazoomdar, with many of his fellow-believers, attended the lectures; and Dr. Fairbairn accepted an invitation to a reception given by this society, at which he submitted to a course of catechetical inquiry. The cause of Christianity in India will be greatly strengthened by

the important service Dr. Fairbairn has rendered in accepting the task which was pressingly urged upon him by the Missionary Conference held some little time ago in India, after it was decided to invite him to give this course of lectures.

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—Sometimes the magistrates in the Metropolitan Police Courts, in dealing with cases that come before them, venture upon observations that had better not be made. A case of this kind occurred at the Marylebone Court the other week, when Mr. Plowden, the magistrate, dismissed three youths who were charged with gambling outside the window of a house on a Sunday, to the annoyance of the inmates. The constable who had the case in charge mentioned that two letters of complaint had been received about these lads. The reference to these letters the magistrate contemptuously scouted, though it seems but part of magisterial duty to give some consideration to complaints of this kind, for few people care to have their window-sills used as gambling tables by noisy youths. Addressing the prisoners, "Nothing else to do, I suppose," said Mr. Plowden. "No," said one of the boys. "You don't like Sundays, I suppose? You find it a dull day, I suppose? Well, I am not surprised at that," continued Mr. Plowden. The boys, of course, agreed with these sage remarks of the magistrate, whereupon he added, "Well, I sympathise with you so far. Many people find it a dull day. It is a dull day, but you must not play cards in the street; you must endure the dullness, or play cards somewhere else where it is allowed, that is to say, in your own rooms. Go away and try to endure the dullness of Sundays." There is no wonder that language of this kind has been subject to severe condemnation. It cannot be too severely condemned. Mr. Plowden would have been much better employed had he kindly cautioned these lads against gambling, which is a national curse, instead of practically encouraging them. And it would have been more becoming the office he holds if he had pointed out to these lads a better way of spending the Sunday than in gambling either indoors or outdoors. Talk of this kind from a magistrate makes one wonder however he happened to be appointed to so responsible a position. Evidently somebody has blundered.

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—The agitation against Ritualism, or rather Romanism, in the Established Church grows apace. The Archbishop of York has deemed it necessary to follow his brother of Canterbury with a Pastoral on the subject; but he protests very mildly. His Pastoral is as fine a sample of Episcopal trimming as could well be produced. He felt bound, we suppose, to say something, but he evidently was wishful to say it in such a way as not to seriously disturb his ritualistic friends. He advocates the faithful observance of holy days, but

points out in a very mild way that there is no authority for observing any days that are not authorised by the calendar and the Prayer Book. On "Ornaments," a vexed question in this controversy, he simply says that Christian charity ought to have the fullest influence, a position that nobody will dispute in relation to this question or any other. He thinks the time may come when changes will be made in the rubric, but till such change is made, he ventures to say that a parish priest should not introduce unusual customs in his parish without consulting his bishop. The use of incense, he says, has undoubtedly the highest sanction as an accompaniment of divine service. If he goes back to Judaism he may find this sanction, but no sanction for any such use is given in the New Testament. But he adds that its use is not sanctioned by the Bench of Bishops, and he leaves the clergy to accept the highest sanction, or to regard the non-sanction of the bishops, as they please. The use of holy water is, he says, beautiful in its symbolism, even though the bishops do not sanction its use. On the real presence in the Sacrament he is somewhat obscure, and speaks vaguely, though he does say that practices distinctly Romanist are to be condemned. Secret confession he does not say is condemnable, but thinks it ought not to be compulsory, and he goes so far as to say that young clergymen ought not to attend at the confessional. There is not a strong outspoken word in the Pastoral. The Archbishop leans all through to the ritualist party, and when he does express disapproval, he does it in so mild a way as almost to convey approval. The Pastoral has evidently been written under the pressure of the growing agitation, and because silence might be disagreeably interpreted. But it is plain the Ritualists have nothing to fear from his Grace of York.

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—Sir W. Harcourt, whose letters to the *Times* on Ritualism in the Established Church have been reproduced in pamphlet form, has added another letter in which he severely criticises a letter in the *Church Review*, in which the writer advocates confession to a priest on the part of candidates for confirmation before they receive this rite. This has, he says, been his uniform practice, and the effect is to make them learn that the sacrament of Penance is an ordinary Church form in which all Catholics take part. He also enjoins confession before all great festivals, and he adds, the young people accept the practice as naturally as ducks take to the water. Under this letter he does not give his name. Sir William designates it a revolting epistle, and the designation is well merited; and adds that unless the bishops adopt some measures to rid the Church of such men, they will soon find that the people will get rid of the Church. Sir Edward Clarke, in addressing his constituents at Plymouth, speaking with reference to this ques-

tion, declared that he had no confidence in the bishops. They had had power for dealing with the ritualistic extravagances for some time, but instead of using it they had tolerated, and even countenanced the violation of the laws of the Church; and, as if to confirm Sir Edward's statement, the Bishop of Lincoln attended a service in the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Paddington, which was described in the parish calendar as a High Mass—there were the peculiar eucharistic vestments worn by Romish priests, the proceedings at the altar were the same, the bell was tolled at the consecration of the sacramental elements, and the Host, when it had been created by the words of the priest, was elevated for the adoration of the people; incense was used ceremonially, and, in fact, but for one circumstance—the use of English instead of Latin—any one might easily have thought he was in a Romish place of worship. And yet to this service the Bishop of Lincoln gave the countenance of his presence, and preached the sermon. Truly, not much can be expected from bishops like Dr. King. Sir Edward thinks that if the bishops do not move, the Parliament will take the matter in hand, for he felt certain that the great majority of the people and members of Parliament had no sympathy with these anti-Protestant practices.

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—Within the Church itself protest is being made against the Romanising policy pursued by so many ecclesiastics. Dean Lefroy, of Norwich, in a letter to the *Times* strongly condemning the ritualistic practices so prevalent, argues that the laity must be restored to the position occupied in the Apostolic and immediate post-Apostolic periods of Church life and activity. He proposes the establishment of a House of Laymen, to be summoned by Royal letters, of business before which questions relating to worship, ritual, appointments, disobedience, and discipline should be brought, and that it should sit with bishops and presbyters, and its conclusions be placed before both Houses of Parliament, and if no vital exceptions were taken to them within a specified time, they should have the force of law. The Dean would find it difficult to give effect to a scheme like this. By whom, and in what way would the members of this House of Laymen be elected? All British citizens belong in law to the Established Church, and would the Dean give voting power in this matter to every citizen, or would he limit it to such as have been duly confirmed, or who either habitually, or now and then, present themselves at the communion-table? We fear that the alternative, which the Dean fears—Disestablishment and Disruption—is more likely to happen than this establishment of a House of Laymen. Still, the Dean's letter and his outspoken utterances at the Islington clerical meeting, where he voiced the opinion of some hundreds of the

clergy, and denounced auricular confession as a monstrous mischief, serves to show that among the clergy the agitation is not without effect. It is becoming more and more evident that either from within the Church or from without, some arrest will have to be put upon this masquerade of Romanism in the Established Church.

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—There seems to be some disposition on the part of the Russian Senate, which has control of such matters, to move a little in the direction of greater religious liberty. The Stundists, who have been ruthlessly persecuted, have, at least, in that section of them which has united with the German Baptists, had some degree of liberty in worship granted to them. The Baptists have for some time been recognised as a lawful religious body, and there is hope that the liberty extended to the Baptists will be extended to the Stundists as well, so that they and the recognised Baptists may worship together without police interference. Another decision of the Senate affects the Old Believers, as they are called, who are now permitted to conduct religious services in their dwelling-houses. These concessions, small as they are, have produced much indignation in the Orthodox Church, and the Senate is being severely criticised for giving so favourable an interpretation to the law. Stundism is making considerable progress in Russia, notwithstanding the repressive measures that have been in force, and the Orthodox Church appears to consider itself endangered by this trifling extension of liberty, and strenuous effort will be made to neutralise the decisions of the Senate. The struggle between the more liberal spirit of the Senate and the rabid bigotry of the Holy Synod will be watched with interest by all who are interested in the progress of liberty and the recognition among men of the rights of conscience.

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—The congregation which worshipped in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, or, at least, such portion as could find accommodation, returned to the old place on Jan. 1st. The lower part of the building has been so far completed and furnished that it can be used for worship, and will accommodate about two thousand persons. It was a day of joy and rejoicing. There was no formal opening ceremony. The people quietly assembled and took possession of the hall. The pastor conducted the service, and selected for text the Tabernacle motto for 1899: "Sing unto the Lord a new song," Isaiah xlii. 10. The new hall is larger and loftier than the old one, is well heated and lighted. It is provided with a baptistry under the platform, and with convenient vestries. It need hardly be said that the services of the first Sabbath in the restored hall were well attended. All the deacons were present, and no vacant seat was to be seen. The hall has cost £7,860, and the work has been done in a substan-

tial manner. The contractors are Messrs. Higgs and Hill. Mr. Higgs' father built the original Tabernacle, so that practically the same firm that erected the historic building that was burned down last April has the erection of the New Tabernacle in hand. The superstructure, which will now be proceeded with, will cost £32,550, and the requisite furniture and fittings will cost some £3,500 more, so that the entire outlay, with commissions and extras, is not likely to be less than some, £45,000. Toward this outlay £22,000 was received from the Insurance Companies. Some £7,000 or more have been subscribed, but it is calculated that it will require £16,000 more to complete the work; and for this appeal will be made to friends of all denominations, and no doubt it will be forthcoming.

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—An incident somewhat unusual has happened at Kreuzlingen, near Constance, in Switzerland. It was necessary to take down and rebuild the Protestant Church in the town, and the Roman Catholics spontaneously offered the use of their place of worship, when not used by them, for the Protestant services. There must be something peculiar in the Swiss atmosphere to bring to pass an occurrence like this. At any rate, the event is sufficiently notable to deserve generous mention, showing, as it does, that amicable relations are not impossible between Romanists and Protestants.

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—For many years past the Established Church has unjustly appropriated Lord Wharton's charity, as it has done in scores of other cases. This charity was established by Lord Wharton, who was a Nonconformist, for the purpose of encouraging young people to read and study the Bible, and provided for the distribution of copies of the Scriptures under certain conditions in more than one English county. It was a Nonconformist charity, but with a keen hand to lay hold on all bequests to which it had no right, the Established Church managed to monopolise Lord Wharton's gift, and for some generations it has been in the hands of the clergy. Recently, however, some stir was made about it, with the result that the High Court undertook to form a scheme for controlling the charity. This has been done without taking any counsel with the representatives of Nonconformity to which Lord Wharton belonged—the Dissenting Deputies—though suggestions had been invited by the Attorney-General, Sir R. Webster, for the preparation of the scheme. The scheme, as it has been formed, is very unsatisfactory to Nonconformists, and rightly so. The charity was a Nonconformist charity, and yet the scheme gives half of it, which is a considerable sum, to the Established Church, and in addition, gives the Establishment practical control of the whole. The management of the charity by this nefarious scheme is vested in nine trustees—five Churchmen and four Nonconformists, but until

a vacancy occurs there has to be only three Nonconformists; then the existing trustees, a majority of whom are Churchmen, have a veto upon the trustees appointed by the Nonconformists; so that no Nonconformist can become a trustee unless approved by the Church majority on the Board. Anything more iniquitous it would be difficult to imagine. But Nonconformists have little to expect with such a Government as we happen to have just now. We hope, however, there will be no hesitancy on the part of Nonconformist members of Parliament in tackling Sir R. Webster on the matter when the next session opens.

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—Mr. W. T. Stead has inaugurated an International Peace Crusade which seems, as the Americans say, to have "caught on." He purposes to arouse public opinion in this country, on the Continent, and in America, in support of the proposals of the Tsar. At a meeting held in St. James' Hall, he gave an interesting account of an interview with the ruler of Russia, from which it seems the Emperor is deeply and seriously convinced of the evils present and prospective of the reckless race among European nations in increasing their military and naval strength. The Conference he has suggested, and to which our Government have given a favourable reply, and promised "to gladly co-operate in the proposed effort to provide a remedy for this evil," is not to consider a scheme of disarmament. The Tsar is not so quixotic as to propose anything of the kind. What he proposes is that the nations shall consider if some arrest cannot be put upon this reckless rivalry in military and naval armaments. His proposal is simply to see if things cannot be allowed to remain as they are without any further increase in murderous machinery, which is using up the best life of the nations and imposing upon them tremendous burdens of taxation. A modest enough proposal surely. Mr. Stead is seeking to enlist in this crusade in support of the Tsar, the best and most influential persons in every sphere of life, both in Europe and America. In this country there is no lack of sympathy with his mission, as the paper, "War Against War," which he has published, shows. The movement is taking root on the Continent, and in the United States opinion is moving favourably, so that by the time the Conference meets in March, as proposed, the crusade promises to elicit an expression of international opinion that may have some effect upon the deliberations of the statesmen who in response to the Tsar's appeal to the Nations may gather at the Council Board. It will be a common blessing to the Nations if by any international agreement the evil influence of militarism can be restrained, and the mental and physical energy it now appropriates turned into more humane and useful channels.



REV. EDWARD JONES.

Rev. Edward Jones.



OR over a generation the "Jones's" have been familiar names in the households, the pulpits, the administrative councils, and the circuits of the old mother District of the Tunstall and her two daughter Districts—the West Midland

and Shrewsbury. For distinction's sake, with a respectful familiarity, they are always called William Jones, George Jones, and Edward Jones. They are all natives of the old district radius, and have spent the larger number of their years of Christian service amongst those who have known them from early manhood, and who highly respect them for their ministerial gifts, graces, and general usefulness.

The Rev. Edward Jones was born on October 11, 1839, in the picturesque neighbourhood of Bishop's Castle, which is situated on the western fringe of Salopia's beautiful county. He was cradled in Primitive Methodism, and belongs to its third generation, his maternal grandmother having been one of the earliest members of our Church. His days of happy childhood were spent in the town of Bishop's Castle. During his youthhood, his father, who was a respectable tradesman, removed to the Bog Lead Mines, which are located on the rugged Superstone range of mountains, from which a view extending over many English shires and a large portion of the Principality of Wales may be gained. He regularly attended the Primitive Methodist Sabbath School, and the warm-hearted religious services held at the Pennerley Chapel, in the Minsterley Circuit. His "hunger and thirst" after righteousness were quickened by daily contact with "a band of men and women whose hearts God had touched" and whose religious zeal was known in the churches of the neighbourhood. During the "fifties," and through the agency of the Rev. James Huff and his co-workers, Minsterley Circuit was favoured with a gracious revival of the work of God. Scores of persons professed conversion, many of whom still remain in the fellowship of the Church. Owing to the migratory habits of the lead-miners, some have gone to the distant coalfields of America, the diamond mines of Africa, and the gold diggings of Australia and India. The fruits of that revival are to be found in many lands. During that gracious quickening Mr. Jones was soundly converted on January 15, 1858, in Pennerley old chapel, at a service conducted by Mr. Huff. He joined the society class of the late Mr. Joseph Davies, who

took the deepest interest in Edward Jones' spiritual growth and intellectual advancement. Shortly after his conversion he preached his first sermon to a congregation of warm-hearted villagers assembled in a hill-side cottage. This service was a source of encouragement, for he devotedly gave himself to earnest prayer, and also to a course of study, which included Biblical, theological, and elementary subjects; consequently he became a useful and successful local preacher.

The Minsterley Circuit officials speedily recognised his qualifications for higher service, and they unanimously recommended him for the important office of a Christian minister. In April, 1862, the young man from the secluded mountains, with much fear and trembling, entered upon his mission to the wider world, and began his public career as a minister of the Gospel. With the exception of a four years' term at Tredegar, in the South Wales District, the whole of his ministry has been spent within the area of what was formerly the Tunstall District. His circuit appointments include Dawley, Kidderminster, his native circuit of Bishop's Castle, Tunstall, Brierley Hill, Whitchurch, Market Drayton, Nantwich and Burland, Ramsor and Shrewsbury. During his ministerial term at Newcastle-under-Lyme, the Circuit was divided and he became the first superintendent of the Silverdale circuit. Twice he has been superintendent of Sandbach circuit, where he devoted seven faithful years to the development of the town and village churches. During his four years' appointment at Wrockwardine Wood, the extensive Sabbath Schools were erected and were subsequently leased to the School Board for day-school purposes. In connection with these schools and the School Board, of which Mr. Jones was vice-chairman, an unfortunate litigation case was forced upon him. His defence caused him great anxiety of mind, and also entailed upon him considerable financial loss. The District Meeting, along with the General Committee, having thoroughly examined the case, decided that an appeal should be made to the circuits and general public. Notwithstanding the amount that was raised at the time, we are informed that Mr. Jones is still £100 out of pocket for his defence of Free Church and educational principles. With our increasing Connexional wealth, and the professedly growing interest that is being taken in the welfare of our agricultural and mining villages, we are strongly of opinion that our churches should have stood by Mr. Jones, and have delivered him from the present financial obligation.

In his circuits he has been favoured with large success. At different times his spheres of labour

have been visited with gracious outpourings of the Divine Spirit. He has had the joy of reaping, as well as tearful sowing, for he has witnessed a great number of persons professing conversion, and who have been added to the churches. He has superintended the erection of chapels at Rocester in Ramsor Circuit, and at James Street, Tredegar. Both of these properties are highly spoken of by competent judges, and are regarded as being model structures.

Few ministers have done more secretarial and committee work than Mr. Jones, who has a thorough knowledge of Conference rule and Connexional procedure. On these matters he is an encyclopædia of information, and speaks with all the authority of a district lawyer. In addition to the superintendency of large and important circuits, he has faithfully served the Primitive Methodist Church in its varied district departments. Being an able and ready penman he has worthily held the offices of Secretary to the District Committee, the District Furnishing Fund Committee, the District Equalisation Fund Committee, the District College Committee, and the District Orphanage Committee. For six years he was District Sunday School Union Committee Secretary. In 1891 he was elected Chairman of the Tunstall District Meeting. At four District Meetings he has been elected Journal Secretary, and has been appointed the Assistant Secretary several times. He represented his District Meeting at the Conference of 1882, and was General Committee delegate in 1889. He has been a member of the Sunday School Union Triennial Conferences held in Manchester, Leeds, and Sheffield. He has taken a full share of committee, deputation, and Sunday Scholars' Examination work. Having gained the confidence of his ministerial and lay brethren, he has been twice nominated for Connexional official departments.

In the routine and detail of circuit work Mr. Jones is methodical and painstaking. His supreme desire is peace within his borders and all-round prosperity. For this he plans, works, and prays. He is an unflinching disciplinarian, and yet gentlemanly and courteous in all his dealings with his fellows. His colleagues always speak well of his kindly considerateness and general helpfulness. He is fairly well-read, and keeps himself fully abreast of the theological trend and scientific and literary doings of the day. His pastoral service and his pulpit and platform work are highly appreciated by his flock. At first sight he may seem a "little stand-off" in manner, and therefore a wrong impression may be falsely created. He is, however, all the better for knowing, and grows upon you. A friendship having been once formed with Mr. Jones, it is life-long and true as steel.

He is exceptionally happy in his home-life. His wife is a true helpmeet "who looketh well to the ways of her household." She is a quiet and unostentatious worker in the Church, and her greatest joy is in witnessing souls deciding for Christ. Their two sons and three daughters are all members of the Church, and were converted at services conducted by Mr. Jones. The eldest son is a candidate for the ministry, and is labouring as a hired local preacher at Forest Hill, London. Mr. Jones has had his sorrows as well as joys. On several occasions death has flung its dark shadows over his home, and he has entered into the bitterness of bereavement, but he has been cheered with the consciousness that those who were taken from him were "not lost but gone before." After thirty-six years' arduous ministerial service, Mr. Jones is still young in enthusiasm and hopeful in spirit.

ALBERT A. BIRCHENOUGH.

Parted Yet United.

"Death hath made no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust;
No outward sign or sound our ears can reach;
But there's an inward spiritual speech
That greets us still tho' mortal tongues be dust.

It bids us do the work that they laid down—
Take up the song where they broke off the strain;
So journeying, till we reach the heavenly town,
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,
And our lost loved ones will be found again."





The Purple Robe.

A STORY FOR THE TIMES.*

By JOSEPH HOCKING,

AUTHOR OF "THE BIRTHRIGHT," "MISTRESS NANCY MOLESWORTH," "ALL MEN ARE LIARS,"
"THE STORY OF ANDREW FAIRFAX," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SCENE AT BOGGART'S CLOUGH.



PRESENTLY Alizon Neville made up her mind, Catholic or no Catholic, it was her duty to warn Duncan Rutland. But how? She could not tell any one to do it, for by so doing she would reveal the plot of her co-religionists. Much as she hated the action, she did not wish the poor fellows to be punished. They thought they were doing what would be both pleasing to her, and to

Father Sheen. Besides, she shrunk from letting any one know that she had any knowledge of the matter. What then could she do?

She remembered Mrs. Pickup's words, "Oo'll be on his way theer by naa." But perhaps he might not be. She knew where Duncan lodged. She would go and warn him. It was a hard thing to do, but it was her duty, nevertheless. If he had left the house she must follow him to Boggart's Clough. He had accompanied her there once, now she would repay his services tenfold. But she

hoped, profoundly hoped, that he would not have left his lodgings. Dinner was to be early at the Priory that night, so that she might accompany her mother to the debate; she knew, too, that she ought to go home at once; but instead, she made straight for the road in which Duncan lodged.

It was quite dark, but she recognised the house. It had been pointed out to her on one occasion. When she knocked at the door Mrs. Nutter appeared.

"Is Mr. Rutland in?"

"Noa," said the woman, peering at her curiously.

"Can you tell me where he is?" she asked with a heavy heart. She dreaded the journey to Boggart's Clough.

"Oo's gone to Croft Farm to pray wi' a deein' man," said Mrs. Nutter.

"How long has he been gone?"

"'Appen ten minutes."

"Thank you!" and she turned away.

"'Appen yo'll tell me what they call yo'," said Mrs. Nutter, "I can tell Mr. Rutland then."

But Alizon did not reply. She hurried away in the hope that she had not been recognised.

"If yon's not Lady Neville's lass, put me daan for a natcheral," said Mrs. Nutter. "What can she be wantin' wi' Rutland? Oo's noan her soart."

Meanwhile Alizon rushed along a lonely road towards Boggart's Clough. At first she thought of going to a cabstand, but that she realised would court publicity. The cabman would almost be sure to recognise her; besides, she would gain but little time that way. Under ordinary circumstances

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she would not have dared to have wandered along this lonely lane in the dark, but she thought nothing of the darkness now. It is true her heart beat wildly, and she dreaded meeting the tramps who were constantly prowling around, but she hurried on through the darkness, and prayed that she might be able to undo the evil she had unwittingly done.

What would Father Sheen say? she wondered. Would he applaud her? Surely he would, for though he dreaded the debate, he was an honorable man. And yet she did not feel quite sure. She had heard him say that any tool was good enough to fight the devil with.

Well, was it not true? Why should she worry? Let the rough men who loved their faith carry out their clumsily conceived plot. It was suggestive of an Adelphi melodrama, but what of that? They were sincere, they were loyal to their Church, and they believed they were doing God service.

But she discarded the suggestion the moment it was born in her brain. The blood of an English lady ran in her veins. The Nevilles had always been known as an honorable race.

It was a weary journey. The road was dark and muddy, and was flanked on either side with rough stone fences. Here and there she saw the leafless branches of a stunted tree, while in the distance she could dimly see the dark elms among which the Priory nestled. Her mother would be anxiously awaiting her, but it did not matter. The great question was whether she would be able to overtake Duncan before he reached Boggart's Clough, and before the rough men would be able to work their will on him. She did not like him, for he was an enemy to her faith, but she would do her best. The wind soughed across the wild waste of moorland which stretched away above her, and moaned among the branches of the stunted trees, while stories of saints which she had heard from her earliest childhood came back to her with great vividness.

One of them almost caused her to give up her mission. It told of a lovely girl who was betrothed to a man who was not true to his Church, and who had formed plans to destroy the power of the priests. When she went to the Confessional, the priest told her that if she would receive absolution she must find out her lover's plans, and tell him. She did this, and her lover was killed by the authorities of the Church. Nevertheless, priests, cardinals, and Pope applauded her, the Blessed Virgin herself appeared to her. Her life was a great benediction, and when she died the angels sung around her death-bed. She was created a saint too, Saint Winifred, and thousands of pilgrims visited her shrine yearly.

And yet she, Alison Neville, a daughter of the Church, a Church which was despised in Protestant England, was even now trying to help an enemy, trying to make it possible for him to destroy

her faith. No, it could not be right, and she stopped suddenly.

Again she went on, however. The God of truth could never commend an evil plot. He could never condemn her for performing an action, which her heart told her was worthy of the name she bore. She might dislike him, he might be an enemy to her faith, but she could not connive at any action which was cruel and vulgar.

Presently she came to Boggart's Clough. She had seen nothing of Duncan, she had heard no sound. Her way now would be along an indistinct footpath towards Croft Farm. What should she say when she overtook him? How could she excuse the action of those of her faith? There was little time to think of these things now, however, her great work was to find him, to warn him.

A little later, she saw in the gloom of the night what she took to be the outbuildings of the farm, and a moment after she heard the sound of voices. Her heart beat even more quickly; in a few minutes she should know whether her mission had been successful.

Yes, that was Rutland's voice, high-pitched and almost angry.

"Kindly let me pass," he said, "a dying man awaits me yonder, and I must see him."

"Ther's noa dyin' man yon, mester," was the reply, "that was nobbut a trick. 'Appen yo' did'n' think yo' was sich a fool."

"What do you mean?"

"Aw main as aa thaa't noan spaik in th' Industrial 'all to-neet."

"Oh, I see, this is a plot to keep me away from the meeting."

"Ca' it what yo' please, mester. The devil's noan goin' to 'ave it all his oan way."

"But I shall go to the meeting," cried Duncan, "and it's at your peril you try to stop me."

The men laughed in a low, cruel way.

"And this is the way you Catholics defend your faith, I suppose," said Rutland, almost losing control over himself.

"Ony trick is gooid eno' to chait the devil," was the reply. "Naa then, lads, is all ready?"

Alison Neville had been creeping nearer to them all the time, and just as she came up she saw two men lay hands on Rutland.

"Thou'll noan be sa keen baat tellin' lees abaat th' Cathlicks agean," she heard one say savagely, with an oath. "Here, mester, 'ere's summat for yo' to sup."

"No, no!" cried Rutland, "take your hands from me."

"Thaa mun 'ave it," was the reply. "To-morra all't Lynford 'll know that Tudor parson wur druffen (drunk) to-neet."

"Stop, stop," cried Alison, scarcely realising what she was saying.

"What's yon?" was the cry, "by gum, it's a lass; be quick or we shall be found aat."

"Stop," cried Alizon again, "how dare you do such a thing? Shan Kelly, is that you? Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

A whisper passed among the men. "It's Miss Alizon," they said, "but aw thot oo was all right."

"Let Mr. Rutland go," continued Alizon, "if you don't your names shall be known, and every one of you shall be punished. I shall tell Father Sheen, too."

There was a laugh half of derision and half of anger.

"Is this the way you defend your faith?" cried the angry girl, "is this your idea of being true Catholics?"

"We're ony doin' what you wanted," said one of the men sullenly.

"If I have given a wrong impression I am sorry," cried the girl, "I never dreamed that you would interpret my words in such a way. Leave Mr. Rutland alone, or it shall be worse for you."

The men stood undecided.

"Do you think," went on Alizon, "that if you do what you intended, that your purposes will be accomplished? I tell you I will go right back to the meeting and relate exactly what has taken place."

She had no fear of these men. Perhaps her position gave her a sense of safety, perhaps she felt certain that they loved her. Anyhow, she had no fear, and she stood in their midst without manifesting a shadow of timidity. As for Rutland, he scarcely realised what the episode meant, but he felt perfectly assured of his freedom from harm. The girl's presence was an impregnable barrier between him and danger, and while at first he felt angry with his would-be persecutors, he now became calm and considerate.

"I should like to know what this means?" he said. "What harm have I done to you?"

"It is my fault," cried Alizon, before the man had a chance to reply, and then she hesitated, for she scarce knew what to say.

"Your fault!" cried Duncan, "your fault, Miss Neville! why, you have stopped these fellows from venting their anger on me."

"My fault," repeated the girl eagerly, "so let me bear all blame."

"I do not understand," answered Duncan, bewildered.

"I will tell you," she replied. "I made use of words which these men have misunderstood, and—"

She hesitated a second; but Duncan understood her. He remembered the confused hints of the colliers, and rapidly piecing the various items of the episode, he saw what it meant. Perhaps the fact that Alizon Neville was a highborn, beautiful girl influenced him to do what he would not have other-

wise done, or it might have been that a true, chivalrous nature expressed itself. Anyhow, before Alizon could conclude what she was trying to say, his mind was made up.

"I beg you will say no more, Miss Neville," he cried. "I understand everything. I thank you very much for troubling to come so far to save me from the results of an entire misunderstanding. As for these fellows, they may accept my assurance that nothing more will be heard about the matter."

The girl turned towards him gratefully, and in spite of the anger she felt towards him, she could not help admiring him. The men, however, could not understand so clearly.

"Dost a main that thou'lt say nowt to th' bobbies?" said one.

"I mean that no word concerning the matter shall pass my lips to anyone," said Duncan. "It was a mistake, and this shall be the end of it as far as I am concerned."

Possibly his words, freeing them from all fear of punishment, quelled their anger, and led them to give up their idea of doing him physical injury, even more than Alizon's presence. Poor, simple fellows, they were not bad-hearted, and they believed they would be serving their faith, by making it impossible for Duncan to speak at the meeting. Now, however, they almost forgot their plans, and a more gentle feeling came into their hearts.

Thoroughly ashamed of themselves, they slunk away. Most likely they were really glad that their plans had been frustrated, for they were not really vicious. Indeed, when they knew that Alizon disapproved of what they were doing, all their eagerness had departed, while Duncan's words made it impossible for them to harm him.

"Yon's a gradely lad when all's said and done," remarked one presently.

"Yi," said another, "oo's noan so bad. Art a baan to go to th' 'All to-neet?"

"Noa, awm noan baan."

And then they walked along through the darkness of the night without speaking another word.

Meanwhile, Alizon and Rutland stood watching them as they went away.

"Thank you, Miss Neville," said Rutland. "Will you allow me to accompany you to the Priory? I shall then be in plenty of time for the meeting."

"You are very kind," she replied, and with many wild thoughts surging in her mind she walked away by his side.

CHAPTER VIII.

DUNCAN RUTLAND'S VICTORY.

"MR. RUTLAND," said Alizon, when they had walked some distance together, "I must tell you exactly what has taken place."

"Pray don't worry," was Rutland's reply; "besides it is unnecessary: I know. It will only distress you to dwell on it."

"You know! How?"

"It requires but little penetration to see what it all means," replied the young man; "let us drop the whole matter, it is not worth dwelling on."

"But it is," cried the girl, "and it is due to those men that I tell you."

"It was all a mistake, I am sure. For my own

week, so bitter towards our faith, Mr. Rutland, that I said, almost without thinking, that I wished something might happen to keep you away from the meeting to-night. One of those men heard me, and so——"

"You came all through the darkness to tell them of their mistake. It was wondrously generous of you, Miss Neville, and I thank you."

"No, no, of course I could not help it, but——" she ceased speaking suddenly as though she was frightened at what she was about to say. "Can't you see," she went on presently, and her voice was husky with excitement, "can't you see that you are fighting against God—by saying what you did last week? You were encouraging heresy, you were giving arguments to those who will use them as a means of keeping away from the Church. More, you were sowing the seeds of doubt and unrest in the minds of believers, you were doing untold harm! Can't you see it, Mr. Rutland?"

The young man's heart hardened at her words.

"No, I cannot see it," he replied. "I can substantiate every word I uttered last week. I shall be able to do the same to-night. But let us not talk of that, it would be ungenerous of me."

"Oh, please don't think that what you call arguments have the slightest weight with me," she cried with a sneer in her voice; "believe me my faith is too surely grounded for that."

"I was not thinking of that, Miss Neville, I was only thinking how ungenerous it would be of me after your great kindness, to utter what would be to you rank heresy, and thus hurt your feelings."

"But you will do so to-night."

"That is a different matter. I shall be set for the defence of the faith that is in me; the people will have come to hear both sides of the matter, and a man who is supposed to be skilled in such matters will be present to answer me. At present I can only think of you as a friend, a benefactor, who at great personal sacrifice has saved me from—I know not what. That is why I said let us speak of something else."

"But I cannot—I cannot. Believe me, I can think of nothing else. I—I know Father Sheen is not a good debater, and—and——"

"Truth always prevails, Miss Neville. God lives, and He never lets the truth suffer. You know what St. Paul said, 'We can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth.' Every false system will die a natural death. Nothing lives, except because of the truth that is in it, for God is Truth."

"Do you really believe that?" cried the girl impulsively.

"I am sure of it," replied the young man.

"But God uses us to help the truth," she said presently, "and woe be to us if we go against it."

"Truth is merciless," replied Duncan.

"Then for your own sake, for the sake of those



"HE TRIED TO READ HIS NOTES."

part, I only think of one aspect of this night's adventure."

"And that?" queried Alizon eagerly.

"Your courage, your heroism," cried Duncan fervently. "I know what it meant, that is, I know what it must have cost you to come through the dark night, along a lonely road, to render service to one whom you regard as an enemy to your faith."

"Yes, yes," was her answer, "but I could not help it, how could I? I—I, oh, I must tell you, I must! You were so cruel to Father Sheen last

who will be there, give up this debate," cried the girl impulsively.

"Will you be there?" asked Duncan.

"Yes, I shall be there. I hate the thought of going, but I must go. You have no idea what pain you gave last week?"

"To you, Miss Neville?"

"Yes, to me, and to my mother, and to Father Sheen," cried the girl impulsively, little realising what she was saying.

"I am very sorry," replied Duncan, "it grieves me to give you pain, but—but I cannot help it."

"Will nothing persuade you?" cried the girl.

"Nothing."

She said not another word till they reached the Priory, and then without a word, save a chilling "Good-night," she left him alone.

The young man walked towards Lynford thinking deeply. "I am afraid this night's experience has unfitted me for a mental conflict," he thought, "and it is hard to say what will give pain, but——"

"Is that yo', Mester Rutland?"

"It is, Matthy," replied the young man to the query of the old weaver.

"Ee—aw'm reight glad. Aw'm jist bin to yar lodgins, and when Mrs. Nutter tow'd me wheer yo'd gone, aw was feared, aw was, fur sure."

"Ah well, it's all right. You've brought down the books?"

"Yi, they're on th' platform by naa. Doant yo' be maily-maathed, Mester, yo' gi et to 'em 'ot. Lots on us ev bin prayin' for yo'."

"Thank you, Matthy." A few minutes later Duncan found himself in the ante-room of the Industrial Hall, where he tried to read his notes, but try as hard as he might he could not keep the words of Alizon Neville from ringing in his ears, while her face kept constantly coming between his eyes and the words he had written.

"I shall be a dead failure to-night," he thought sadly.

A few minutes later Father Sheen came into the room accompanied by some of his supporters. The old man looked pale and ill. His eyes were rheumy and bloodshot. His cheeks were flabby, his lips blue. Evidently he much feared the encounter, and ought rather to be in bed than at such a meeting. Just before the time for the commencement of the debate, Lady Neville and Alizon entered the room. Duncan knew that both had seen him, but neither paid him the slightest attention. Instead, they both talked pleasantly with the old priest. The young man felt depressed, and altogether uneasy. He was ill-prepared for his work. Although Alizon had done her best to nullify her thoughtless words to Shan Kelly, they had more effect than she wot of. They had led to events which had a very disturbing effect on the sensitive, highly-strung young man. Still he never thought of giving up. He would fight the business to the

bitter end, and presently, when the chairman led the way on to the platform, he followed him with a steady step.

According to the rules of the debate, Duncan had to speak first on the second night, and as he saw the sea of upturned faces he felt that he had nothing to say. After all, why should he give pain? Why should he speak against a faith which had comforted millions? why should he earn the enmity of the girl with whom he had been thrown into contact so strangely?

When the chairman for the evening arose to reiterate the rules of the debate, and in so doing mentioned his name, he heard in addition to the cheering, an angry muttering, and he wondered if many there were disappointed at his appearance. This somewhat aroused the fighting element within him, but when he rose to speak he felt that in spite of the enthusiastic applause of his friends, that he was ill-prepared for his work.

Still he stammered his way through his speech, and when the half-hour was at an end, sat down without having said anything of much importance. There was no life in his words, no conviction in his tones; the address was a failure. Evidently Father Sheen felt this, for he rose with alacrity and confidence. His fearfulness had departed, his faith rose triumphant. Through the week the old priest had been reading largely of Cardinal Wiseman's addresses, he had also studied Newman carefully, and he had something to say. As the old man proceeded, moreover, he became more at ease, his Celtic fervour manifested itself, his words came fluently, and his benignant presence helped his cause.

His peroration, too, was in its way fine. He described the Catholic Church united in its great Head, the Viccgerent of Jesus Christ, and showed how this fact had kept the Church through the centuries. How that, in spite of stress and storm, enemies without, and enemies within, the Church had marched forward. He told of the noble souls she had nurtured; in burning words he described the deeds of heroic souls, deeds of men who were beacon lights before Protestantism began to be.

"And is all this," he cried, "to be put aside for the puny arguments of a fledgeling boy, who has only just begun to tread the pathway of life, and who happens to be the minister of a so-called Church which forms a part of a sect, of a sect, which at some time or another broke away from some other sect, because of some particular fad of some particular man?"

He played upon this with rollicking Irish humour, and then, with a passionate appeal, which contained a sneer for Duncan, he sat down amidst loud applause.

So far Father Sheen had had the best of the debate. He knew it, Duncan knew it, and the

audience knew it. The young minister felt his blood surge madly through his veins as he thought of it, and turning, his eyes met those of Alison Neville. He saw the look of joyful triumph that shone there. To him the girl's look was a taunt, a sneer, a scornful challenge, while the tumultuous shouts all over the hall told him of his defeat.

Perhaps all this was the best thing that could have happened for Rutland. It put him on his mettle, it made him eager to answer. He forgot Alison Neville's appeal, and remembered only her look of scorn; the experiences of the night had lost their power. Facts which he had forgotten came back to him, arguments which had evaded him, fastened themselves on his memory, and every vestige of hesitation had departed. He was able to master himself too, so that the very derisive laughter of his opponents sharpened his wits, and made his language more cutting and virile.

If his first speech was a failure, the second fully atoned for it, and the fact was fully appreciated by the audience. His youthful appearance helped him, too. There was something more than usually striking in the thought that this beardless young man was doing battle with an old warrior. His cheeks were flushed with eagerness, his eyes flashed fire, and every gesture of his lithe young form added to the effect of his words. From the body of the hall he looked only a lad of nineteen, and yet he uttered words which swayed the throng of hard-headed men and women as the branches of trees are swayed by a strong wind.

He tore Father Sheen's arguments to pieces and then threw the fragments from him. He showed how that instead of unity there was discord, and gave hard, irrefutable facts to prove how that one infallible Pope had denied the pronouncements of another infallible Pope. He described how one Pope gave a version of the Bible to the world as absolutely free from error, and who uttered an anathema upon any who should seek to alter it, and yet another Pope immediately succeeding him had discovered innumerable errors in it, and then gave the Church another so-called infallible version. He quoted instance after instance of Popes who were the vilest and most cruel of men, who connived at the basest of lies, and sanctioned the most bloody deeds. With fine humour, biting, sarcastic epigrams, and burning eloquence, he concluded an address which undermined the old priest's words, and left him from an argumentative standpoint, bruised, bleeding, and helpless.

"By Jove," said the young lawyer, who had been present the week before, and who had listened to the speech from the standpoint of a barrister seeking to convince a jury, "it's unanswerable. I thought he was going to turn out a frost to-night, but it's the best thing he's done so far."

"It's a pity the chap isn't Lancashire," replied the manufacturer to whom he spoke; "if he were,

I'd try and get him to resign Tudor and stand as our next member. The fellow would make his mark in the House of Commons."

"I'd rather see him a barrister," was the young solicitor's rejoinder.

The speech affected no one, however, as it affected Father Sheen. The old man after listening to Duncan's first speech had calculated upon an easy victory; this had given him confidence and freedom of speech. Now he felt completely non-plussed. Having no skill as a debater, and not being able as many clever men do, who have a weak cause, to fasten upon side issues and make them appear principles, he left Duncan's words completely unanswered, and proceeded to give the second speech he had prepared. The hard-headed Lancashire audience felt this, and as Duncan saw Alison Neville's face, he knew that she felt it too. She was keen-minded and well educated, and prejudiced as she was in favour of her father-confessor, she could not help seeing that in spite of her hopes the battle was going against the cause she loved. Her face was drawn as if by pain, and tears of bitter disappointment came into her eyes. She hated Duncan more than ever, but she could not help seeing that he was far more than a match for the old priest. For a moment she almost wished that she had allowed the men to work their will with him at Boggart's Clough that night; but this was only for a second. Even although her cause suffered it could not have been right to allow cruelty and treachery to triumph.

Father Sheen did not even occupy his half-hour. The old man's mind was confused, and as he heard the murmurs of derision at some of his statements he forgot what he was saying and stammered piteously.

When he sat down, the audience felt that although the debate was only half through, the real issues were settled. Father Sheen had utterly stumbled at Duncan's statements proving that Papal Infallibility was an insult to the intelligence, a violation of the known facts of history, and an impious fraud.

When Duncan rose to give his final address he was met with such tumultuous applause as would turn many a young man's brains. At the same time he heard angry mutterings, and saw dark vengeful faces, and he knew that but for the presence of a large body of police he would be in great danger. Even as it was he knew that he would in future have to watch his every action closely, for he had made many enemies.

But whatever his failings, cowardice was not one of them, and so he faced the people a third time with a clear light in his eyes, and spoke to them with an unflinching voice.

"To bring this matter to a head," he said, "I purpose to conclude the debate for to-night by confining the question to one main issue, and if Father

Sheen will deal with this issue honestly and fairly we shall go far to settle the question. Let us take the passage in the New Testament on which this great superstructure of the dogma of Papal Infallibility is built."

He then quoted the words of Jesus Christ concerning Peter, and the Rock on which He should build the Church.

On this passage the doctrine of the Papacy was built, and the Roman Church had claimed that Peter's powers had been transmitted to the succeeding Popes ever since. He then went on to show that for three hundred years, not one writer had ever ventured to quote these words as applying to the Bishop at Rome, not one Pope had ever used it as applying to himself; rather the great writers of the first three centuries had shown that it had an entirely different application. Then, in order to establish its claim the Roman Church had in later years issued certain manuscripts, called the Clementine Homilies and the Isidorian Decretals. These pretended to show that there had been a continuous succession of Bishops back to the time of Peter. The later Popes had accepted these Homilies and Decretals, and had placed their imprimatur upon them. Now every scholar admitted that both the Homilies and Decretals were forgeries. And thus Infallible Popes had again and again declared true, what had been again and again proved to be forgeries and lies.

These facts Duncan stated clearly and concisely, and so simply that the most ignorant in the hall could follow him, and as he did so a great hush settled upon the crowd. Father Sheen looked steadily at his shoes, while both Lady and Alison Neville watched the old man's face with evident pain.

"I will not enlarge on this," said Duncan in conclusion, "neither will I dwell upon the fact that there have been in the history of the Church rival Popes, sometimes one being in power and sometimes another. I will not urge the fact that one or more of these rival Popes must have been false, and that thus their ordinations must have been equally false, I will simply press this fact upon Father Sheen. Let him prove the continuity of the succession, let him prove that the assumption of the Papacy does not rest upon acknowledged forgeries and lies!"

An abler man might have bolstered up something like a case. He might, like a popular priest who is related to a great dignitary, have pleaded that it was not likely that millions of people through hundreds of years would have been mistaken, he might have poured forth turgid rhetoric; but Father Sheen was utterly crushed. He was not a reader of Church history, he was unable to refute Duncan's arguments; and when he sat down after uttering some feeble expletives, he knew that the Catholic faith had been but miserably defended. He knew that much might have been said, only he was unable

to say it, and he felt with sorrow that even the adherents of his church would go away confused and unsettled in their minds.

"Won't you go down with us to the Priory for a light supper and a little gossip?" asked Lady Neville kindly, "you have eaten scarcely anything for days, and a change will do you good. I will tell Jenkins to drive you home."

But the old man shook his head sadly. "I am not well, Lady Neville," he said.

Duncan watched them as they left the platform, and as they neared the door he caught a look from Alison Neville. The girl's eyes fairly blazed with anger.

"Mother, I hate him," she said to Lady Neville as they drove up to the Priory door. "He may be clever, I am afraid he is, but I hate him. He will do untold harm to our Church."

"The issue is in God's hands, my darling," replied her ladyship, "let us pray for His help."

CHAPTER IX.

THE COMING OF FATHER RITZOOM.

THE next day Father Sheen's failure was the talk of the town, while Duncan woke to find himself, as far as Lynford was concerned, famous. Towards evening it leaked out that Shan Kelly and a few others had conceived a plot against him, and that but for Alison Neville he would have had vitriol thrown on him. The day after that a host of garbled stories were discussed in the mills, each of which made the young minister a hero; and when the Saturday's newspaper appeared it contained, in addition to the report of the debate, a summary of the stories concerning his adventure at Boggart's Clough. A reporter had called on him, but he absolutely refused to speak a word concerning the matter, and this fact was also duly recorded. Altogether the town was in a ferment.

The debate was the topic of conversation in three-fourths of the homes of the town, it was fervently discussed in public-houses, while a special song had been written and sung at one of the music halls.

As for Father Sheen, he had kept inside his house. No one had seen him. The young priest who acted as curate had to do all the pastoral work, and in nearly every case had done his best to prove that Duncan was an ignorant clown, if not a liar. This young man had even hinted to his superior that it might be well if the onus of the discussion were transferred to his own shoulders, as he felt quite sure he could, to use his own words, "make mincemeat of the blaspheming heretic."

But the old man had not listened to his curate; instead, he had sat quietly in his own study thinking much as to what should be done.

When he opened the Saturday's newspapers and saw the report concerning the plot against the young minister his heart sunk like lead. Much as he hated heresy he loathed the thought of such an act. He was a kind-hearted, honourable old gentleman, who scorned to do a deed of meanness. Down

deep in his heart, while he was angry with Rutland, he admired him for the stand he had taken. He bore him no grudge, and if occasion occurred, he would have done him a kind action. The young minister had kept entirely free from personalities, and his language had been fair and chivalrous



"BUT WHO WILL CONVERT HIM?"

throughout the whole debate. The old priest had, moreover, commanded the Catholics to take no violent steps, and to use no menacing language. He had been dragged into this debate against his will; but he wanted to live at peace and concord with all men.

"This will do untold harm," he thought as he

read the news. "I must talk with Alizon about it. Anyhow, I am glad that it was a Catholic who warned him of his danger."

Then he read the report of the debate and noted the editorial comments.

"I daren't meet that audience again," he thought sadly, "I daren't. It's a subject which will be even

harder to deal with than the others. 'The right of Private Judgment,' why, Rutland can do almost anything with it in speaking to a Lancashire audience, almost anything. Oh, I'm not the man for it, I know I am not! But what can I do?"

He thought long and carefully, then he started up suddenly.

"That is it," he cried, "that is it. He can see me through this business. I am glad I thought of it!"

He seized a telegraph form and wrote hastily:—
"Father Ritzoom, College of St. Joseph of Arimathea, Dublin.

"Come here immediately. Most urgent. Wire time I may meet you.

"SHEEN."

This missive he sent away hurriedly, and afterwards threw himself into an arm-chair with a contented smile upon his face.

"Yes, Ritzoom will see me through this," he thought. "Ritzoom can see a man through anything. He's as clever as the devil himself, and as full of plans. I'll not trouble any more; oh, I am glad to be rid of the whole business. But he may not be at the college, he may not be able to come! I hope and pray he can. Anyhow, I'll not worry; I'll go down to the Priory and have a chat with Alizon and her ladyship."

When he reached the Priory he found Lady Neville reading the *Lynford Observer*, while Alizon stood near her, eagerly looking at the books on the library shelves.

"I am glad to see you," said Lady Neville, "very glad. I wish to talk with you."

"Oh, I am glad to come," cried Father Sheen, "I have been so worried. I've neither been able to sleep nor eat. That debate—that debate has been like a nightmare to me."

"Has been, why, it is not finished yet."

"Oh yes, it is as far as I am concerned."

"How?"

"I could not go on with it, Lady Neville, I simply could not. My brain is all of a whirl. I am getting to be an old man, and I am not able to bear excitement. Besides, our opinion concerning that last subject, '*The Right of Private Judgment*,' is not the kind of thing that goes down with Lancashire people."

Lady Neville had felt this as keenly as Father Sheen had felt it, and had thought of writing him concerning the matter.

"But what are you going to do?"

"I have telegraphed for Father Ritzoom to come and see me."

"What, Ritzoom the Jesuit?"

"Yes. He's the cleverest man I know, and I—I think he likes me."

"Of course he likes you, every one does; but I am not sure that I——" she stopped suddenly,

evidently deeming it unwise to complete the sentence.

"He'll see me through this—if he can come."

"Do you anticipate that he will take your place in the debate?"

"Yes, I expect so. I really am ill, Lady Neville, such another night as last Wednesday would kill me. I can explain in Wednesday morning's papers, that being physically unfitted for the work, I have asked a friend to take my place. You see it is not as though I hadn't done my best, I've not shown myself a coward—and—and I'm an old man."

"I think you have acted wisely," replied her ladyship, "but however clever Father Ritzoom may be, I'm afraid the mischief's done."

"In what way?"

"Well, you see, the people will say that you've been obliged to call in an outsider; besides, that affair at Boggart's Clough will not tell in our favour."

"I never heard of it till this morning. What is the exact truth about this matter?"

Alizon, who had been listening intently to what had been said, now joined in the conversation, and told Father Sheen exactly what had happened."

"It seems that some of our people must have blurted out the story themselves," remarked the priest when she had finished.

"It would seem so."

"Just like them, just like them. If they had succeeded it would have come out all the same. What a mercy Alizon was in time; for if they had harmed Rutland in any way, the town would have gone wild. I must say, however, that the young fellow has behaved very well."

"I think so, too," remarked Lady Neville, "for my own part, although Alizon does not like him, I think he is a fine gentlemanly young fellow. He's clever, too."

"Yes, he's clever," sighed Father Sheen, "there can be no doubt about that; and it was certainly good of him to refuse to say anything to the reporters. He could have made it appear that it was Alizon who incited Kelly and the rest of them; as it is, she will appear in an entirely different light."

"If they don't themselves tell the truth."

"Yes, yes, I must see to that. I'll call on them on my way back. Anyhow, Rutland seems all right."

"I hate him," cried Alizon hotly. She had not meant to have spoken, but the words escaped her before she was aware.

"Ah well, we must love our enemies, my child," remarked the old man, "and I think you have acted very nobly. But I must get back. I hope Ritzoom's telegram will await me at home."

"If Father Ritzoom comes, please bring him down," said Lady Neville.

"Thank you, I will. Oh, Ritzoom will turn the tables entirely. He's such a clever fellow. I shall

have no fear if he can come. I wish I had thought of him before."

When Father Sheen reached his house after making a few calls he found a telegram awaiting him.

"Cannot arrive before Monday night. Meet 6.10 train from Manchester."

"RITZOOM."

"Our Lady be praised!" ejaculated the old priest fervently. "I shall be able to enjoy my dinner to-day."

On the Monday evening Father Sheen was early at the station, and waited anxiously for the Manchester train to appear.

"Oh, I do hope nothing has happened to detain him," muttered the old man as it drew up to the platform. "Ah, there he is!"

As some of my readers may possibly have become acquainted with Father Ritzoom, I will not attempt to describe him here.* Indeed, such a task would not be at all easy, for he belonged to that class of man which defies description. Father Sheen felt this as he caught his outstretched hand. The older man somehow felt as though he were enveloped by a strange influence, an influence which made him hesitating and nervous.

"I'm so glad to see you," he said, "so glad. It is good of you to come. I hope you have had a pleasant journey."

"I really have not thought of it."

"Haven't you? I was afraid you would be cold and miserable."

"I'm hungry, if that's worth talking about."

"Oh, I've provided for that."

"I hope you have some good cigars, too. If you haven't I'll buy some on the way."

"No, don't. Good cigars are my one luxury, and I'm well stocked. Shall I get a cab, or will you walk back to the house? It will take us about ten minutes."

"I think I'd rather walk."

"That's right. I can tell you on the way why I've taken the liberty to send for you."

"I don't wish to hear anything about it."

"But—but—"

"Time enough for that. I'm hungry, and I want a smoke. I thought I had better not indulge in a pipe on the way. There were a good many people in the carriage, and some of them lived at Lynford, I gathered."

On the way Father Sheen talked incessantly, but nervously. It was easy to see that he was somewhat afraid of the man he had summoned to help him. Ritzoom, however, never spoke a word, nor did he seem to pay much heed to what Father Sheen was saying. Rather, he was closely scrutinising the people who passed him, and the town through which they walked.

Presently they came to the Catholic Church,

when he lifted his hat reverently. He was dressed in ordinary clerical attire, having for the time discarded the Jesuit's distinctive dress.

"Do you live far from here, Sheen?"

"About three minutes more."

"That is right;" and then he was silent until he had taken off his overcoat and hat, and sat in the old priest's study.

"Dinner is quite ready, Ritzoom."

"Thank heaven."

The two men entered the dining-room, and Ritzoom ate heartily, but spoke scarcely a word. Once when Father Sheen began to refer to his reasons for summoning him to Lynford, he shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"Let's enjoy dinner, Sheen," he said, "the whole night's before us, and you have plenty of cigars."

The older man sighed pathetically and went on eating. "I almost wish I hadn't asked him to come," he thought, "he makes me think of the picture of the devil playing chess with a man for his soul."

When dinner was over, however, and they sat down before the study fire, the Jesuit unbended somewhat.

"Let's have a look at your newspapers for these last two weeks," he said, as he lit his first cigar.

Father Sheen looked at him questioningly.

"The fellows were talking about it in the railway carriage," replied the Jesuit, answering the query in the other's eyes. "I saw the placards on the walls as we came along, too. Some announcing the debate, and others informing the public that full accounts were given of the same in the *Lynford Observer*. Let's see the papers."

The old priest gave them to him without a word, and then waited quietly while he scanned them. In three minutes he threw them aside with a gesture of impatience.

"This is the bother, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied Father Sheen pathetically. "Let me tell you how the thing commenced."

"What's the use of that?—but stay, it may be of interest. Go on."

The priest told his story with a fair amount of precision. Here and there he wandered, as though the facts were not clear to his own mind, still he gave the Jesuit a fair idea of what had passed.

All the time he was speaking Ritzoom sat in a large arm-chair, smoking steadily. He never once opened his eyes, nor did a muscle of his face move. His large, square features were apparently in repose, as though the man had given himself entirely over to the luxury of smoking.

"And that is all!" he said presently.

"Yes, it is all I can remember."

The Jesuit went on smoking for several minutes in silence, his eyes still closed, his face as still as that of a statue.

"Well!" he said at length.

* See Author's novel, "The Scarlet Woman."

"I hope it is 'well,'" said Father Sheen with a feeble laugh. "I hope, too, that you'll take my place in the debate on Wednesday night?"

"I certainly shall not."

"Then I—I suppose I shall have to—to—meet him myself unless—that is——" he did not finish the sentence, but relapsed into silence, his chin resting heavily on his chest.

"I suppose you know what you've done?"

"No—that is——"

"Excuse me for speaking plainly, Sheen, but we are here alone. You've been a consummate ass, a blithering idiot. There, I take the liberty of an old friend."

"I am afraid I have," replied Father Sheen meekly, "I am afraid I have. My speeches were not to the point, and Rutland——"

"Your speeches were all right, better, indeed, than I thought you could give."

"I am glad to hear you say so," said the old man, evidently much pleased.

"But you were a fool to tackle him at all. Never any good resulted from a public debate yet. They have always made more perverts than converts. In this case the fellow evidently wiped the floor with you."

"I am afraid so."

"How old is Rutland?"

"About twenty-six, I'm told. He looks even younger."

"He seems a fellow capable of pathos, passion, humour, eloquence."

"Yes, yes, all that."

"Highly sensitive, of an artistic temperament."

"Yes, certainly."

"He's capable of realising the historical spirit."

"Yes," replied Father Sheen, although he hardly knew what the Jesuit meant.

"You must not meet him on Wednesday night. No one must meet him, he must have a clear field."

"But—but that will never do. Think of what the town will say. I shall be a by-word, so will the Church."

"So much the better."

"I—I do not understand."

"I did not think you would. But that does not matter. Let him say his hardest things about us, let him prove us to be falsifiers of history, logic, common-sense, morality, everything good. The stronger his statements the better for us."

"I am utterly at a loss to know what you mean."

"Of course you are."

"But why will it be the better for him to say all these things, while no one replies?"

"Because before they are forgotten he will in that very hall recant them, deny them, and pray heaven to forgive him for saying them! Then all his sayings will recoil upon the Protestants, and tell in our favour, and there will be a large ingathering into our Church."

"But how can this be?"

"Oh, easily!"

"But that will mean that he will have to be converted."

"Exactly."

"Oh, but you do not know him. He is a Protestant every inch of him. He is a student of history, he laughs at our claims, ridicules the Pope, and holds up our doctrines to contempt. And mind, it will take a clever man to prove him in the wrong. I really did not think that Protestants had such a strong case. You see, they will not accept the authority of the Church to begin with."

"Of course not, and that is where you made a fool of yourself by arguing with him. But it does not matter; indeed, we will turn it all to our advantage. He is young, he will be converted."

"But who will convert him? You?"

"No," and the Jesuit laughed quietly.

"Who, then?"

"A woman!"

"A woman! What woman?"

"You must be dense not to guess. You will know soon. I must see him. But it will be all right. I have not studied men a quarter of a century for nothing, and as surely as my name is Anthony Ritzoom, of the Society of Jesus, it will be as I say."

(To be continued.)





Timely Topics for Primitive Methodists.

III.—THE FREE CHURCH CATECHISM.



THE rising generation of Free Churchmen have had little, many think too little, acquaintance with catechisms. They have gone out of vogue to a great extent in England. Scotsmen are still reared on the Shorter Catechism, and in the Ritualistic Churches of England children are drilled in catechisms which are in too many instances mischievous

in their teaching; but the old-fashioned catechetical teaching of a generation ago has been to a great extent abandoned by the Free Churches.

Why is this? Many reasons might be given for the change. The catechism has become unpopular no doubt; but why? In part this is due to the new methods of Sunday School teaching. These are more scientific than those which obtained a few years ago, and with greater efficiency in the teachers, and more time given to the work of preparation, the catechism has got crowded out. Then doubts have crept in as to the value of the catechism. It has been thought to be an irksome method of imparting, or rather of receiving, religious knowledge. Memories of dreary Sunday afternoons or evenings devoted to the task of committing to memory pages of dry theological definitions are among the recollections of youth that are not pleasant, and it is felt that such experiences did not tend to make the Sabbath a delight.

But are we to say that the fault is in catechetical teaching, *per se*, or in the instruments by means of which that teaching has been carried out? There can be no doubt the catechisms in use in nearly all the Free Churches have become obsolete and unsuited to the changed conditions of the time. Instead of abandoning this method of imparting religious instruction, the Churches would have done well to address themselves to the task of revising their manuals of instruction. For there can be no doubt the catechism gave a solid basis of

religious knowledge that can scarcely be secured in any other way. One of the defects of the knowledge of many of the children brought up in connection with our Sunday Schools is its indefiniteness. Moreover, the knowledge, such as it is, is not verifiable. There is a certain acquaintance with the great fundamental truths of our holy religion, but it is not accurate, and so nebulous in its character that the child can give no intelligent account of what he knows. The best remedy for this is definite catechetical teaching.

Since, therefore, the need of the time is a good catechism, it is a matter for congratulation that the Free Churches have turned their attention to the subject. But the remarkable thing is that the result is a catechism which is calculated to meet the needs of all the Free Churches. This catechism is a sign and symbol of the most remarkable movement of the latter half of the nineteenth century, viz., the Federation of the Free Churches of England and Wales. The readers of this magazine can scarcely have failed to learn something of this great movement. In brief, it seeks to secure among the Evangelical Free Churches of this country such unity as will enable them heartily to co-operate in the work of securing the great spiritual ends in which they are all alike interested, and for which they exist. The doctrinal differences which once divided these churches into hostile camps have largely disappeared, and there is a general desire to emphasise, not the points of difference, which are few and non-vital for the most part, but the points of agreement, which are many and of vital importance. The movement has spread to every part of the country, and instead of being a number of isolated forces the Free Churches have become one great united body, animated by one common purpose, and able to concentrate its strength on any great issue.

The new catechism is a happy and significant symbol of this new unity. This catechism has been prepared by a committee composed of representatives of all the Free Churches—Congrega-

tionalists, Wesleyan Methodists, Baptists, Primitive Methodists, Presbyterians, Methodist New Connexion, Bible Christians, and the United Methodist Free Church. The representatives were appointed by the National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches, and not by their own communions. No church, therefore, is responsible for the catechism, but the gentlemen chosen were such as had been recognised as representative men by the churches to which they belonged. Our own representatives on the committee were the Editor of the *Magazines*, the Rev. H. B. Kendall, B.A., and Professor Peake of the Manchester College. The Editor tells the writer there is nothing in his experience on which he dwells with more satisfaction than these revision meetings.

The result of the labours of the committee lies before us, and, taken as a whole, is a very satisfactory production. It admirably realises the ideal with which this work was undertaken. The new catechism is Catholic rather than denominational, and is up to date. This does not mean that any doctrine is, or could be superseded, but that the catechetical statements "have been expressed in modern language rather than in obsolete terms which involve the risk of ambiguity or misapprehension." The catechism has the great advantage of brevity. The total number of answers is only fifty-two, so that the entire ground may be covered by taking one question and answer per week in the course of one year. Under question 28, however, which deals with the interpretation of the Commandments, we have ten additional questions and answers; while under question 32 we have a similar series of six questions and answers dealing with the Lord's Prayer. These can easily be omitted by the younger children, and as they grow older they will have no difficulty in mastering the sections dealing with these important questions.

Let it here be observed that the catechism is nothing less than a series of definitions of the great truths held by the Evangelical Churches. That the committee ultimately accepted each definition *unanimously* is a very remarkable sign of the times. At what other period of the history of the Church would it have been possible to secure such unanimity? The claim that this catechism is a *symbol of the essential unity of the Evangelical Free Churches* is surely well founded. And it is gratifying to think that the theologians who have prepared the catechism represent, directly or indirectly, the beliefs of not less, and probably many more, than eighty millions of avowed Christians in all parts of the world.

Of course, the catechism is not above criticism. What human document is? The purpose of this article, however, is not criticism, but hearty commendation, and to call the attention of all our people, and especially of our young people, to the

value and significance of this remarkable exposition of Free Church doctrines and principles. The catechism does not venture beyond definition. Proof texts are not given, and on the whole the omission was wise, nay, inevitable. Proof texts are responsible for not a little of the prevalent misinterpretation of the Scriptures. The expositions of doctrine combine simplicity with fulness, and can easily be committed to memory by a very young child.

In addition to the doctrines which are commonly believed amongst us, we have definitions on questions of vital interest to young Free Churchmen. To the question, What is the Holy Catholic Church? the following answer is given: "It is that Holy Society of believers in Christ Jesus which He founded, of which He is the Head, and in which He dwells by His Spirit; so that, though made up of many communions, organised in various modes, and scattered throughout the world, it is yet One in Him." This is a capital definition, and will be most helpful to the young. Even more valuable is the answer to the question, What is the essential mark of a true branch of the Catholic Church? an answer which strikes at the root of those mischievous pretensions which are so confidently put forth by too many of the clergy of the Anglican Church. Here is the answer, and well were it for the rising generation of the Free Churches if the truth thus set forth could be thoroughly grasped. It would be a valuable equipment for the struggle of the coming time. "The essential mark of a true branch of the Catholic Church is the presence of Christ, through His indwelling Spirit, manifested in holy life and fellowship." The catechism, in fact, is just the manual of Free Church principles so much needed at the present time when the most erroneous and intolerant teaching is being given in the Episcopal Churches of the land. This catechism should be in every Free Church home, and might with great advantage be employed both there and in our Sunday Schools.

We cannot close without once more expressing our wonder and delight at the fact that the closing years of this century have witnessed so remarkable an event as the gathering round a table of Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, and Methodists, who have been found able deliberately to agree upon a common statement of faith in relation to every doctrine of fundamental importance. It may not herald that organic union for which many have so long yearned, but it is at least a striking symbol of a growth of that spiritual union which is perhaps all that can be hoped for in this mundane state. As such it is a sign which all true believers will hail with joy and gratitude as a sure proof of the progress of the Kingdom of God.

JOSEPH RITSON.



Not the Least Sign.

(FIRST REPORT.)

"There is nothing."—1 KINGS xviii. 43.



E read that fierce drought had lasted three years and a half in the land of Israel when Elijah set himself to pray for rain. On the top of Mount Carmel, overlooking the Mediterranean Sea, which stretches westward from its base to the Atlantic Ocean, he bent his knees and bowed his head in supplication to Him who holds the elements of nature under His control. When he began to pray appearances were as unpromising as ever. Not a cloud was

to be seen: the sky was like a dome of burnished steel. Seven times he sent his servant to look out towards the sea to see whether there was any sign of rain, and six times he returned with the same discouraging report, "There is nothing." In appearance there was nothing, but in reality the artillery of the clouds was collecting in the distance, and Elijah, seeing by faith what his servant could not see by common sight, prayed on till he prevailed and till the rain descended in torrents on all the thirsty land.

Let us consider this report, "There is nothing," delivered on Mount Carmel as one that is tendered every day in reference to matters small and great, where, because it is based on a partial estimate, it is egregiously mistaken. We have heard it a thousand times in our own secret thoughts, and we have heard it we know not how often from the lips of other men. It is a true report we must admit respecting many things. There is nothing in a shadow: it is only the absence of light. There is nothing prophetic in an ordinary, uninspired

dream. There is nothing in many an appearance of helpful or of hostile intention on the part of men towards us that means anything of the kind. There is nothing satisfying in the vanities of the world. But the history leads us to confine the report to that numerous class of cases where it is a delusion and a snare, or where its applicability is transitory.

I. "*There is nothing*."—IT IS THE ACCOUNT OF BEGINNINGS, NOT OF ENDINGS.

When you begin to pray there is no change in the situation: the difficulty shows no sign of shifting, the burden on your spirit is as heavy as before. It may even seem for a time to be heavier because of the earnest attention directed towards it and the vividness with which it is realised. When you enter on some useful work there is perhaps nothing to be seen that encourages you to proceed: there is no evidence that you will succeed in your endeavours. Nay, adverse opinions which had been silent are now freely expressed, and forces of resistance which had slumbered are roused into activity. This is the appearance of things at the beginning and many give up disheartened. But how different the scene at the close to those who have persevered! Results are there before them which are the embodiment of all the effort they have expended with a rich interest upon the outlay. Sow the field with wheat and harrow it in. Then to-morrow in your impatience for results unbare the grains. They are the same as when sown: no signs of sprouting. But wait a few months and the ripened corn fills all the field and the harvesters have come for its ingathering.

The annals of philanthropic and of missionary effort furnish many an example of the same thing in the spiritual field. It is God's way of working. Time enters as an element into the processes of His Providence. If the next instant after we had begun

to pray or to labour for anything it was obtained, where would be the trial of our faith? and where the discipline of our powers?

Nothing! in these cases of which we are now speaking, it is the cypher that is written down first: the positive figure will be placed on the left hand of it at last, and will derive from it tenfold value. The two will become twenty and the nine ninety, and if, as in Elijah's case, there are six cyphers to begin with, a single figure of one to the left will make of them a million.

II. "*There is nothing*"—IT IS THE LANGUAGE OF IGNORANCE.

When a man does not know that a thing exists, it is just the same to him as if it did not, though its existence may be a grand reality with a very direct bearing upon his welfare. His thoughts are the same, his feelings are the same, and by necessary consequence, his conduct is the same as if the really solid fact were not a fact at all, and it had never entered into any one's head to suppose it was a fact. Meanwhile, one who is in possession of the truth is looking at him amazed, or it may be amused at his simplicity.

Strictly speaking every one of us is ignorant. He is ignorant of more things ten thousand times over than he knows. The most learned man is comparatively illiterate. The ripest Christian is but a child slowly learning his alphabet in the school of wisdom. And on account of this great ignorance the wisest often sees a blank leaf when it is in reality crowded with characters. His thoughts come in from their outlook with the report that there is nothing, when the fact is there is a scene full of wonder and delight, into which God has put so many of His deeper thoughts that a man might spend a lifetime in trying to unravel them, and he would still be only at the beginning.

But this is not the kind of ignorance of which the history leads us to think. It is largely in accordance with the will of God, who has fashioned us with limited powers so that we cannot take in the whole of truth, and what progress we make must necessarily be gradual. But we speak now of ignorance as it is popularly understood: ignorance that ought not to be: ignorance that is a shame to the man himself, or to those who have had his training,—mother, not of devotion, but of superstition and of innumerable evils. This gross and reprehensible ignorance is one of the greatest foes to the happiness of mankind that exists, and it is to be fought against with weapons of light, truth, and knowledge, and the Word of God—the Holy Spirit's own sword.

What a dull dreary round the lives of myriads are because they know so little that is calculated to inspire them, to brighten their existence, and to give them an interest in the things by which they are surrounded! What cruelties are practised, what vices and crimes are committed, simply for want of knowing better! How dogged the resistance, or

stolid the indifference, which noble causes encounter from multitudes because they have no knowledge of the facts by which those causes are supported. How inoperative are the most beautiful truths of religion and the richest and most helpful statements of Scripture to those who have never read them or had them made known to them! "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed? We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost."

Jesus weeping over Jerusalem said, "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least, in this thy day, the things that belong unto thy peace, but now they are hid from thine eyes." It might be truly said to millions: If you had only known, you would not have been where you are, nor what you are. If only light were poured in upon your mind disclosing the exact situation, how differently you would think and speak about many things; you would laugh, indeed, at the absurd fantasies which have possessed you, but on the other hand you would be enthusiastic where now you are indifferent; you would be reverent where now you mock; you would change the road you are pursuing; you would alter the plan of your life.

III. "*There is nothing*"—IT IS THE REPORT OF UNBELIEF.

Ignorance says, There is nothing, because it has never heard that there is anything; but unbelief says, There is nothing, after being taught that there is something: after the subject of it has come from amid the influences of a Christian home and sat under the preaching of the Gospel from childhood, and read the Bible through and through, and perused many theological books. Not that the majority of those who deny the truth of religion do so after such an extensive acquaintance with the subject. But here and there one may do so, for mere logic never yet made a man devout: learning, talent, genius have no prerogative for discerning spiritual things: religion is not a thing that admits of a "*quod erat demonstrandum*" like Euclid's geometry: it is of such a nature that he who chooses to doubt may doubt, and may bring forward very plausible reasons for his infidelity. So it is possible for the intelligent, as well as the ignorant, to say, "There is nothing," where there is everything: everything worth living for, and everything for which a martyr could most rejoice to die.

Unbelief looks on the Bible and sees but a collection of ancient documents bound up together in one volume, and not a lamp to guide along the path of life lit by inspiration for our use. Unbelief looks out on the universe and sees no sign of the presence of an infinitely glorious Creator. Unbelief looks back on life and sees no Providential discipline to make us holy: looks forward to death and sees no entrance on a life eternal, but an absolute melancholy end, the final termination of our conscious existence. Unbelief looks at the cross and sees no



EL-MAHRAKA : THE LOOK-OUT ON CARMEL.

sacrifice for human guilt, no revelation of the love of God to sinners. Unbelief looks on religion and sees so many forms and ceremonies, so many dry, dead dogmas, but no new birth nor Divine life, no friendship with God, no service to men for His sake. In short, unbelief, like a babbling idiot, blind and deaf, keeps muttering, "There is nothing," in the face of the grandest realities, and in the presence of the sublimest mysteries such as John Milton and Sir Isaac Newton studied with reverent delight, and

such as angels' desire to look into after untold ages of progressive thought.

And when unbelief has really begun its work nobody knows where it will end. Its natural course is that of the inclined plane; its passion is that of a destroyer, and in too many instances, though not always, it continues its destructive activity until it has pulled down the fabric of faith to its foundations, and brought around the soul such a scene of desolation as we know has compelled some for very

distress to return to the faith of their early years. No spiritual world, no Divine revelation, no Redeemer from sin, no future state of being, no God, no pure and holy standard of living—this is the sad series of negations through which we sometimes see the unbeliever run, crying out as he reaches each successive stage, *There is nothing! There is nothing! There is nothing!* nothing but a superstitious spell that once bound me broken; nothing but a dream of my childhood cruelly disappointed. So cries the unbeliever as he accomplishes his downward course, until it may be, when he has lost everything and begins to be in want, he yearns like another prodigal for his Father's house, and says, "I cannot live on doubts: I want to believe something. There is a God, or the universe is a splendid riddle. If there is not a hereafter, there ought to be. And if I give up Christ, what teacher shall I find half so wise and good to fill His place? Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief."

IV. "*There is nothing*"—IT IS THE CRY OF DESPAIR.

Despair is the infidelity of the heart. It has reference, not to the doctrines of religion which may be admitted to be quite true, but to something which is to be done or to be obtained on behalf of ourselves, or on behalf of others. It is the very opposite of faith in its nature, and by consequence its effects are as different as they can be. While faith brings the distant near, despair removes that which is really close at hand so far away that it cannot be seen. Faith sinks the mountain to a plain: despair magnifies the mole-hill into a mountain. Faith creates the success in which it believes: despair brings about the ruin which it dreads. So our great dramatist has said:

"Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt it."

How many give up works of usefulness in which they are engaged, and lay aside plans of action which, if carried out, must have resulted in much good, because they do not see at once the success which they desired and expected! They look at present appearances, and because there is nothing, conclude that there never will be anything. And with a mad waste of time and toil they wait, it may be through the worst, then when they are on the point of reaping the fruit of all their labour, they give up; like one who should construct a chain

from the staple at one end link by link until all that was wanting was the staple at the other end to turn the time spent in the construction of the chain to account, and at that very point should discontinue his work.

How many lose heart respecting the ultimate triumph of the Redeemer's Kingdom, because they both underrate the good that has been already done, and the extent to which Christianity has spread among the most advanced nations, and because they do not take into account the one great factor in the sum which turns impossibility into certainty of achievement—that the cause is God's and therefore must prevail.

How many, after ineffectual attempts made in a fitful and unscriptural manner to obtain the rest and peace, the spiritual strength and victorious power over temptation promised to obedient faith, have come to the conclusion that it is of no use trying for these high things: have accommodated their weakness by lowering their standard and have sunk into apathy, content if they could be reckoned as good as their neighbours.

Let us, then, refuse to credit the reports which are brought to us by ignorance, by unbelief, and by despair; let us stop our ears to their creaking. They tell us there is nothing, when in reality there is very much, and more than we can conceive. Nothing? There is something in working righteousness and doing good that will bear looking back upon, and will give lasting satisfaction to the mind. Nothing? There is an Almighty Father who loves us and cares for us, and who is always with us whoever else be present or absent. Nothing? There is a Heaven of glory a little farther on, where sin and sorrow and death shall be done away; where life shall be enjoyed in its fulness, and all things that oppress it shall be cast off for ever. Nothing? There are beautiful truths, there are pure pleasures, there is fruitful labour, there are enterprises of vast moment, there are opportunities of service, there are possibilities, both of attainment and achievement, worthy of our utmost endeavours, and of all the sacrifices that we may be required to make. And though at the beginning the empty echo may seem to mock our most earnest prayers, and every token of encouragement may be withheld from our view, the end shall show that from the beginning the Divine power was working for their fulfilment.

Z.



THE only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principle. Words, money, all things else, are comparatively easy to give away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily

life and practice it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him.—*J. R. Lowell.*



Candle-Snuffing.



HE was a superannuated estate carpenter, living in his "neatly-thatched cottage," and devoting his declining years to "keeping together the cause" associated with the little whitewashed chapel on the village green. He had served his earthly masters so long that current rumour would have it, correctly or otherwise, that if his daily peregrinations to and from duty had been performed on a straight line, that line would have belted the globe. Certain it is, that while the estate itself had changed hands more than once in the last half century, he had held his own against all comers until his genial presence seemed necessary to any thing approaching completeness. But "age never comes alone," and in this case its unwelcome attendant was a condition of semi-blindness which compelled his retirement on a well-earned pension.

The chapel in question being ten miles from the circuit town, was never overdone with ministerial talent. The pulpit was, by common consent, the most difficult of all to fill, on account of—not its structural capacity, or its fastidious hearers, but—its isolation. This fact gave ample opportunity to our retired brother to display his genius as a lay preacher, and popular opinion declared him equal to each occasion, whether the outcome of appointment or disappointment.

It was on a bitterly cold, dark, December night that "the Super was planned." No one expected many hearers to turn out *that* night. And, besides, it was so near Christmas, and, most significant of all, the morrow was "dead poultry day" at the nearest

market town. All things considered, it was not the time for a formal sermon, but for thoughtful conference and prayer on the state of the cause, and "week of revivals," to be held at "the full of the next moon." After urging the necessity for daily prayer, careful visitation, and full consecration to God, the Super affirmed his opinion that everyone present could do something to ensure success. How can that be? thought the little granddaughter of the village layman, who shared the home of the old man. What can a child of ten years do? And the next hour and a half was spent in anxious thought.

The last train which drew up at the station of a neighbouring village had safely carried the Super to his home in the circuit town. The old thumb-worn Bible had been read in the cottage-home of the village patriarch. The family altar had also been erected, and from it earnest, simple prayer had ascended to heaven, in which the cause, the Super, and the coming revivals shared a conspicuous place. Scarcely had the final Amen been uttered when the little girl, in the flutter of an uncontrollable excitement, exclaimed, "Oh, grandfather, I've just thought of it!" "Thought of what?" was the bewildered inquiry of the old man not yet in the know of things. "Why, don't you know, grandfather, that Mr.—" said everyone of us could do something to help on the cause. And I could not for the life of me think what I could do until you had just finished prayer, and then it came to me as clear as the light, and as though in answer to it, that I can snuff the pulpit candles." The day of the old-fashioned tallow-candles was not yet over, and required frequent snuffing. But as the preacher's hand was unsteady, and his "sight indifferent," it often happened that they were snuffed out when the old man attempted the task—an incident which always told upon the risibilities of the farm servants present. Thenceforward, up to the time petroleum invaded the monopoly of cotton-wick and tallow, our juvenile heroine ascended the pulpit prior to hymn, lesson, and text, and deftly rendered valuable help in keeping the

cause together, by the humble discharge of simple but indispensable duty as candle-snuffer to God's house.

How easy it is for the open hand to find work, and how soon is the willing worker suited—drawer of water, hewer of wood, server of tables, anything, everything that glorifies God in the service of humanity is acceptable, and fits into the scheme of things.

Our thoughts are involuntarily carried to another village which has its chapel and its cause, but the pulpit here is shared by small farmers, tradesmen, and labourers. Near the sanctuary lived a bachelor farmer, a noble and interesting specimen of a type almost extinct. He confessed to having had a good start in life, and to having made money when "rents were low, rates reasonable, and when wheat, now hardly worth growing, could be sold at three pound per quarter." His Sabbaths were usually divided into three parts. Morning saw him at the parish church sitting under the rector. Afternoon found him in the little chapel which stood sheltered in one of his own fields, and where, on collection Sundays, his half-crown piece told perceptibly on the village revenue. In the evening he was at home in order that "the servants might have a chance."

The village lamp of truth was burning none too brightly. Times were hard, "prices down," labour scarce; and the circuit finances bore every evidence of it all. One day the farmer had it on his mind to send for the circuit steward. "Well, Mr. —," said he, "I thought I would like a little talk with you. I know things are none too bright in the circuit, and I thought I could brighten them a bit. I cannot do much for the cause; I'm no preacher, as you know. And as for singing, why, I've no voice at all; but if it's acceptable, I can find you a bit of money now and then. Will a five pound note help you?"

"Yes; certainly!" And the effect of it when unexpectedly placed upon the table of the Quarterly Meeting was almost magical. How it separated the ashes of despair from the flickering flame of official energy! How it let in the oxygen of hope and re-kindled enthusiasm to a flame, as each "thanked God and took courage!" And the circuit luminary blazed forth with increased effulgence because the "balance due" was snuffed out. He was actually thought good enough for a fourth year.

Here is another village with its chapel and its

cause; and here a humble labourer, whose weekly revenue stands about midway in the teens of shillings, is largely in evidence. And oh, what a specimen of practical Christianity! His character is irreproachable, his life a sermon, his whole being a sacrifice to God. It is camp-meeting day, the great day of the year, and he is therefore seen to advantage, especially so by the one privileged to be his guest. It is a day on which all nature seems to put on her best. The midsummer sun pours down a flood of golden light from a cloudless sky, to be broken only by the outspreading branches of the apple orchard, in which the waggon-pulpit is temporarily lodged, while half developed "real Hereford Blenheims"—the world's prize-taker—hang about the preacher's ears. On leaving the camp-ground our friend remarks that the "tone" of the service indicates a "breakdown before the day's end," and his opinion is largely shared by others. Before dinner a walk is taken in the garden, and the timid preacher—a first-year probationer—remarks upon the beauty and variety of the garden fruits. "Yes," was the reply, "and how blessed it is to look at the gift and bless the Giver!" The preacher readily assented to the suggestion. An extensive and varied landscape presented itself at another point of observation, when the preacher said, "How grand!" "Yes," said the cottager, whose life had been spent in such surroundings, "and if God can produce such grandeur in a world cursed with sin, and which has so many drawbacks as this has, what can He do for us in a world without sin and where everything is to His mind?" The preacher was embarrassed with the magnitude of the inquiry, and the more he thought on it the more the embarrassment grew on him. At "grace before dinner" God was not only thanked for the food, but was desired to so bless "our young man" that he might break the bread of life to many hungry multitudes. "Grace after dinner" was said kneeling, and God invoked for a "feast of fat things" at the camp meeting. From this soul-bracing atmosphere the young preacher went forth to take charge of his first camp meeting service. And what a service it was! Heaven is fuller to-day on its account. And all was the outcome, under God, of the effective manner in which the pulpit candles had been snuffed in the humble home of the village labourer.

THOMAS CLAMP.

A SMILE.

LIKE a room with a firegleam,
Like a sky with a sunbeam,
Is a face lit up with a smile;
I saw it to-day as I passed on my way,
And it lightened the road a good mile.

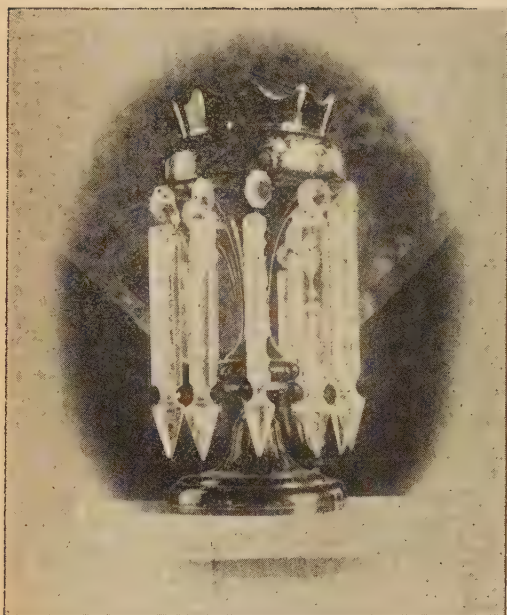


FIG. 1. A LUSTRE.

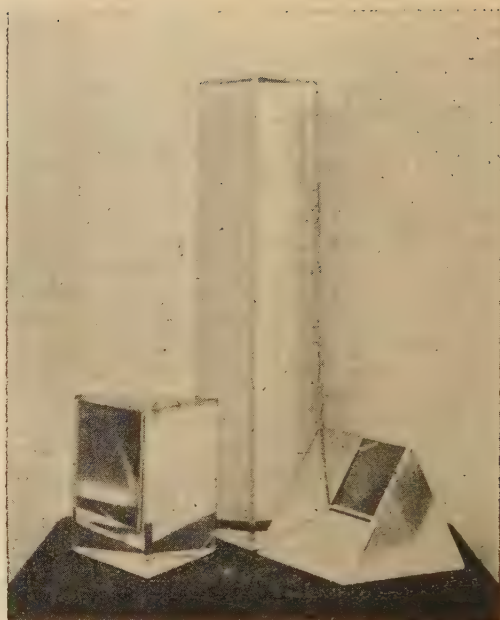


FIG. 2. SET OF THREE GLASS PRISMS.

A Piece of Glass.

BY ARTHUR E. GOODMAN.



THE ancient Phoenician, according to tradition, or the still more remote Egyptian—if we wish to assign the important discovery of the manufacture of glass, with more probability of correctness to the proper person—could not by any

possibility have foreseen a tithe of the utility of his discovery, or have had any comprehension of the vastness of the mines of knowledge his discovery would open up. To him it represented something novel, and, when fashioned and coloured according to his crude ideas, something which was, to his eyes and those of his contemporaries, an object of beauty.

To the Phoenicians undoubtedly, however, can be given the credit of first making *transparent* glass, and it is to such a piece that the present article refers.

The hundred and one everyday applications of glass for the purposes of ornamentation and ministration to our comfort and luxury, are patent to everyone, and do not concern us here; but there

are some uses of glass of a scientific nature which have led to the most far-reaching results that could well be conceived, and which will well repay investigation. It is with the view of explaining one of these uses, and of giving some indication of the vast field of knowledge which has been rendered accessible to the human mind that the present article has been prepared.

The great variety of purposes to which glass can be applied is to be explained by its many properties; hence to understand the adaptability of glass to a given purpose, is to be conversant with the particular property upon which the suitability of glass for that purpose depends.

The behaviour of a triangular prism of clear glass upon light can scarcely be termed a modern discovery, for some two hundred years ago Sir Isaac Newton devoted considerable time and study to the examination of the colours into which white light was split by a glass prism.

This property of glass prisms was popularised in the earlier days of our parents by the introduction of the ornaments, now considered somewhat old-fashioned, known as lustres, a good specimen of which is reproduced in Fig. 1. The same principle is the basis of the more modern device of bevelling the edges of glass mirrors.

Whether we admire the effect of the bevelled mirrors, or prefer the old-fashioned lustre, the production of those many-coloured patches of light of rainbow hues on the walls of our rooms contains much more of interest than mere ornamentation.

Sir Isaac Newton early proved to the scientists of his time the origin of these beautiful colours. The diagram in Fig. 3 illustrates the experiment he made. In the shutter of a darkened room he made a small hole, S, through which a ray of sunlight could be made to pass. In the diagram a candle is employed for producing the ray of light. Placed so that the beam of light shall fall obliquely on one of its sides was a glass prism, A, the effect of which was to bend the ray out of its course and to project a coloured band of light on the screen E,—the colours being identical with those of the rainbow—of which the red is the least and the violet the most deflected from the original path of the ray.

The explanation of this simple experiment is not equally simple. It is based on what is known as the "wave theory" of light, which assumes that surrounding every atom of matter is an extremely

elastic and subtle medium termed the "luminiferous ether," and that light is merely a state of rapid wave-like vibration of this ether, which travels forwards at a rate of some 185,000 miles per second. A certain rate of vibration always produces the same colour effect on the nerves of the human eye, whilst any alteration in the speed of the vibrations causes a corresponding change in the colour of the light as seen by the eye.

The rates of these vibrations can be most accurately calculated, and it may be of interest to note that red light has the somewhat rapid rate of vibration of 434,420,000,000,000 oscillations per second, whilst violet light has a rate of vibration nearly double, having no fewer than 758,840,000,000,000 oscillations per second. Between these two rates there is, of course, every intermediate speed, each one producing its own shade of colour, and so giving rise to the infinite variety of shades of colour in the spectrum.

It must further be understood that when a ray of light passes obliquely from one substance to another of different density, its path is altered, as is seen in Fig. 3, where the path of the ray is deflected from

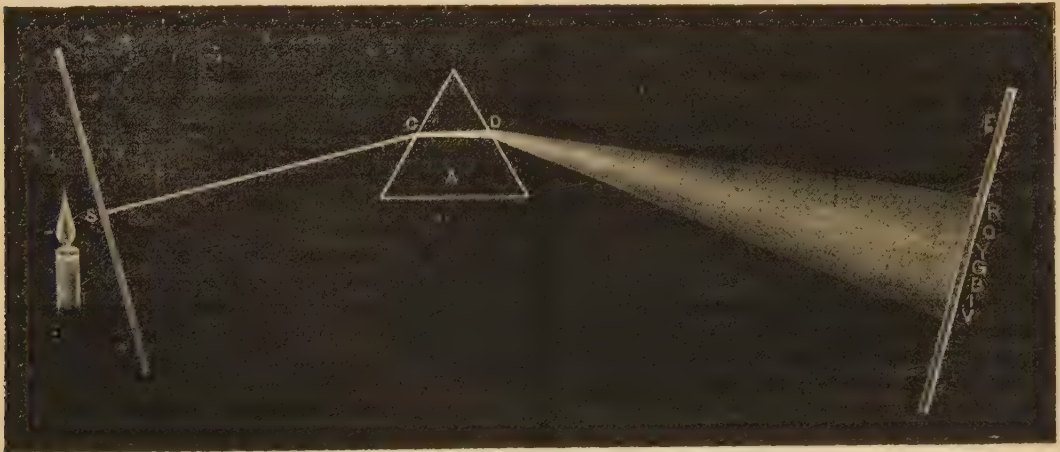


FIG. 3. DIAGRAM SHOWING THE FORMATION OF A SPECTRUM.

its course both on entering and again on emerging from the glass prism. All rays of light, however, are not equally deflected; those having the slowest rate of vibration (red) being the least, and those having the highest rate (violet) being the most deflected from their course.

It may be asked, "How is it that there is such a variety of rays between red and violet, and none beyond either?" There are certainly no *visible* rays beyond either the red or the violet of the spectrum, but this does not prove the non-existence of rays. If, instead of viewing the spectrum, it is photographed, it will be found that the photo-

graphic plate shows a spectrum extending past the violet considerably beyond what was visible to the eye, thus proving the existence of rays incapable of acting on the nerves of the eye. These ultra-violet rays have great chemical or actinic properties, such as every photographer knows are almost absent in red and orange rays. Just as there are rays beyond the violet so are there rays beyond the red. These infra-red rays are rich in heat, and are the rays we *feel* when standing in the sunshine; hence there is something more than mere sentiment in speaking of reds as being "warm" and blues as being "cold" colours.

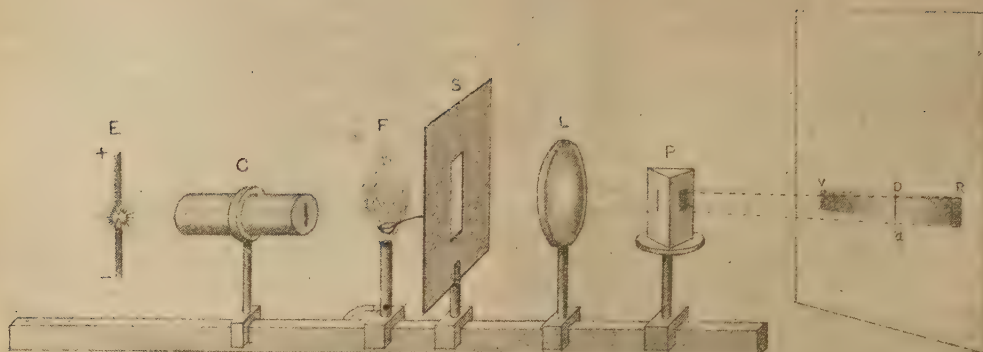


FIG. 4. DIAGRAM SHOWING THE REVERSAL OF THE SODIUM LINE.

In 1802 Wollaston, in experimenting with spectra, discovered that the band of coloured light forming the spectrum, which was obtained from a ray of sunlight, was not a continuous band, but was crossed by a number of fine black lines, each line representing an absence of light. These lines are known as Fraunhofer's Lines—from the fact that the celebrated Munich optician, Fraunhofer, was the first to thoroughly study and give a detailed account of them.

But for the presence of these lines, Spectrum Analysis would not play anything like the important part it does in science, and very much that is now generally known to-day would in all probability have remained for a long time unknown.

The description of a simple experiment which demonstrates the nature of the Fraunhofer's Lines will, therefore, not be out of place, and, in fact, is essential in order that what has still to be said may be followed with ease.

In Fig. 4 is shown the apparatus which may be used in this experiment, and the reader will readily recognise some of the individual parts, such as the prism, P, the source of light, E, which are the carbon poles of an electric arc lamp, and the screen on which is thrown the spectrum, VDR. The only other part which at present concerns us is that marked C, which is a tube closed at the end nearest the light E by a lens, and at the other end by a plate perforated with a very narrow slit. This allows a narrow beam of bright light to pass through the screen S and the lens L, which projects an image of the slit in C, on to the prism P. For the present it will be supposed that the burner F is removed, and that the carbon rods in E have their

ends well soaked with a solution of common salt (sodium chloride).

When the electric current is switched on, the great heat of the electric arc volatilises the salt solution, and an incandescent vapour, containing a certain amount of sodium, is produced. When this light is analysed by the prism, the usual spectrum, ranging from red to violet, of the electric arc is projected on the screen with the addition of a very much brighter streak or line in the yellow, indicated by the black line D. As the salt is gradually volatilised from the carbon rods this bright line gradually loses its brightness until it is indistinguishable from the rest of the spectrum. Before it has completely faded a mark (d) should be made on the screen indicating the position of the bright line. When this has been done, the Bunsen burner F is replaced and in the flame is held a small metallic spoon containing a small piece of the metal Sodium. This at once ignites, imparting a bright yellow colour to the flame of the burner. A curious change now occurs in the projected spectrum. Exactly in the same place where the former bright line occurred there now appears a dark line. This shows that the yellow rays, which should have formed this part of the spectrum, and which are emitted by incandescent Sodium, can be totally absorbed by passing through a cooler vapour of Sodium.

Such absorption of rays from the spectrum is by no means a peculiarity of the metal sodium, for all the elements met with on our earth, which are capable of being examined spectroscopically and are found to produce bright lines on being rendered incandescent, likewise absorb the rays correspond-

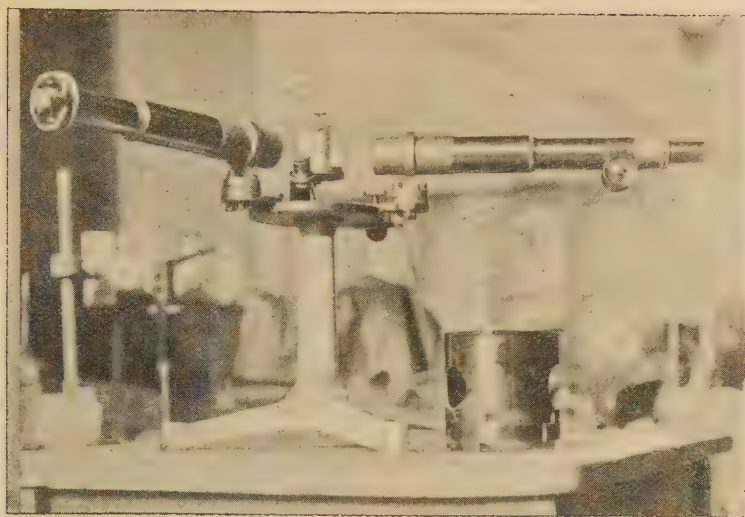


FIG. 5. A SPECTROSCOPE.

ing to their bright lines, from light which has passed through them. The dark lines thus formed by any given element are not only invariably produced in the same exact part of the spectrum, but also are never identical with the lines formed by any other element. From this it will be seen that by the analysis of light emitted by an unknown substance its nature and composition may be accurately determined.

Substances which the scientist can handle in his laboratory may be analysed in other ways than this, and although the spectroscope is in many instances invaluable to the analyst, it is in other spheres that it assumes an importance that makes it indispensable, and is capable of performing feats, which, even in these days of advanced knowledge, seem wonderful and well nigh incredible.

It is in the examination of those mysterious and fascinating jewels which bedeck the midnight skies of all lands that the spectroscope, in its various forms, excels. The nearest of these stars is our own sun, and it is natural that the first investigations of a spectroscopic nature should have reference to sunlight.

By comparing the dark lines in the solar spectrum with the lines obtained from known elements existing on the earth, the composition of the sun has been found to be practically identical with that of our earth. It naturally follows that, since the sun has an enormously higher temperature than our earth, the elements do not occur in the form in which we are familiar with them, but exist in a more or less gaseous condition. In addition to determining the composition of the sun, the spectroscope has enabled astronomers to learn much more of the state or condition of the sun, as well

as the nature of sun spots, prominences, etc., and in the total eclipse of 1898, much of that wonderful phenomenon, the sun's corona, only visible during total eclipses of the sun.

Scientists soon turned their attention to the other stars and endeavoured to wrest from them their secrets, as they had from the sun. Here, however, very many and serious difficulties at once presented themselves. The nearest star is at such an immense distance that the amount of light from it, which reaches us, and is available for analysis, is, even with the aid of the best instruments, much too feeble to be analysed so as to be easily seen by the eye. This difficulty was surmounted by first of all photographing the spectra and afterwards by examining the photographs.

In Fig. 6 is shown the form of spectroscope employed in astronomy, with the camera affixed as when employed in taking the photographs of star spectra. It will be noticed that there is no prism attached to this apparatus, and that its place is occupied by a flat glass plate fixed in a solid frame. This is no ordinary glass plate. It is far and away the most costly part of the apparatus, its value depending on the fact that on its upper surface it has a series of exceedingly fine parallel lines ruled or scratched, forming a grating. These lines are so fine and close together that on the glass plate here represented there are no fewer than 20,000 to the inch, all equal and equally distant apart. Such an arrangement has been found to produce much clearer spectra than the ordinary prism.

By means of these diffraction gratings, as they are called, Fraunhofer's lines, which were numbered by Fraunhofer at about 600, are now known to number several thousands.

Fig. 8 represents a photograph of a portion of the solar spectrum taken by means of such a grating. This portion is only about one-fortieth of the entire solar spectrum, and shows that portion which contains the sodium line. This line, which has been referred to as though it were a single line, will be seen to consist of two very strong lines and a number of fainter ones. The scale and numbers give the wave-lengths of the rays of light forming any particular part of the spectrum, and form a ready means of reference for any particular line.

The spectroscope shown in Fig. 6 is again represented in Fig. 7, attached to a six-inch equatorial telescope, without the camera, and shows the tube by which the spectra are viewed by the eye.

Many, and perhaps most of the difficulties in connection with spectrum analysis of the stars have thus been overcome, and in Fig. 9 is a series of photographs, taken by the method just described, of various classes of stars.

In the first spectrum, that of the nebula situated

in the constellation of Orion, it will be seen that it consists of a few bright lines, and is thus of a similar nature to the bright line spectrum described in the first part of the experiment with sodium. From this it is inferred with every probability of correctness that the nebula is composed of incandescent or glowing gases, in which are most probably embedded swarms of meteors.

The collisions of these meteors one with another as they attract each other would account for a gradual increase in temperature which would render other elements incandescent beside the gases, and a spectrum of such a system would show a large increase in the number of bright lines. Such a spectrum is exhibited by a certain group of stars, of which the brightest star in the constellation of Hercules (α Herculis) is an example (Fig. 9). The spectrum of the star α Cygni shows a still greater number of bright lines, as well as an increase in the number of dark (absorption) lines. Stars of this group have reached a stage in the



FIG. 6. TELESPECTROSCOPE, SHOWING THE DIFFRACTION GRATING AND CAMERA.

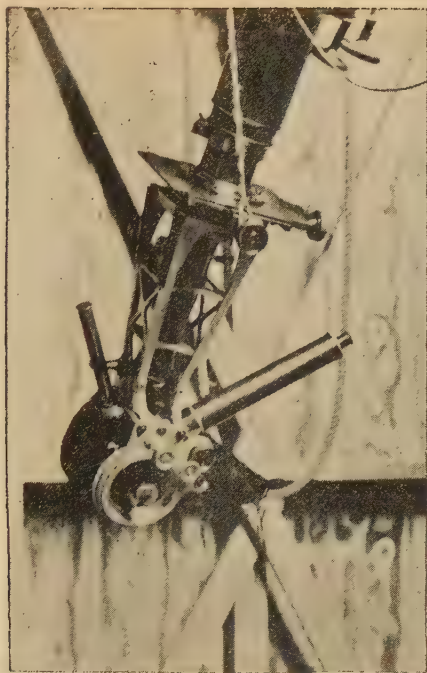


FIG. 7. TELESPECTROSCOPE ATTACHED TO TELESCOPE WITHOUT CAMERA.

history of their development when most of the meteors referred to, have been vaporised by the collisions; whilst stars of the next group, which exhibit an almost continuous spectrum, have reached another stage in which all solid matter in the mass has been reduced to vapour. In this stage the highest temperature is attained.

From this point the star gradually cools until it reaches a stage similar to that of our own sun, the spectra being practically identical.

The Fraunhofer's Lines have not divulged all the secrets they so mysteriously hold about these distant worlds when they have told the scientist the composition and state of the stars. Thus it was

soon found out when the more powerful gratings were substituted for the earlier prism, that the lines in the spectra of some stars were all displaced slightly towards the violet end, whilst in the case of other stars, the lines were displaced towards the red end. This displacement of the lines was also observed in the spectra of light taken from the eastern and western limb of the sun, as well as of the solar prominences, which are sudden upheavals of gaseous matter on the sun's surface.

In these latter three cases the sources of the light under examination are rapidly *moving*, and scientists were not long in forming the opinion that *motion* was the cause of the displacement of the lines.

It has already been pointed out that light is a form of motion, and that red light represents the slowest rate of this kind of motion visible to the eye, whilst violet is the effect on the eye of the most rapid motion visible. If we suppose a star moving rapidly through space towards our own universe it is evident that the rays of light reaching our earth would have these rates of vibration *increased*. If we suppose, on the other hand, the star to be receding from our earth, the rate of vibration of the light rays would be *decreased*. Increasing the rate of vibration of a ray of light would mean, when passed through a prism, or examined by a grating, a displacement towards the violet, and similarly a decrease in the rate would mean a corresponding displacement to the red.

From this it follows that when the light of an *approaching* star is examined the lines in the spectrum would exhibit a displacement towards the violet, and that in the case of a *receding* star, the displacement would be towards the red end of the spectrum. Since in most stars such a displacement is to be found, it is quite reasonable to assume that these stars are either approaching or receding from us according to the displacement,—receding, if towards the red, and approaching, if towards the violet. As the amount of displacement is directly proportional to the speed at which the star is travel-

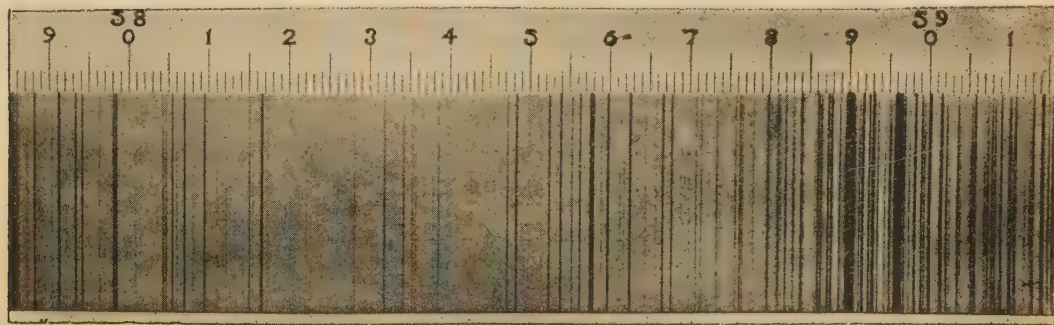


FIG. 8. A SMALL PORTION OF SOLAR SPECTRUM TAKEN WITH A CONCAVE DIFFRACTION GRATING.



FIG. 9. SPECTRA OF STARS BELONGING TO FIVE DIFFERENT GROUPS.

ling to or from us, and moreover, as the displacement can be accurately measured, not only is the direction in which the star is moving determined, but its exact rate can be calculated.

When it is remembered that the nearest star (α Centauri) beyond our own sun, is some twenty billion miles away, we must admit it is no small matter to be able to state with little

likelihood of error, not only the condition of the matter of which it is composed, but also what the nature of that matter is, and the direction, to or from us, in which its mass is moving; and when we further reflect that all this knowledge is dependent upon a piece of glass, we may well marvel.

Christ Come and Coming.*



THE aim of this little book is to show that the Master's words—"I come again"—long since fulfilled, are still in process of fulfilment in the lives of Christian men,—are, in fact, the source of their richest experiences, and the ground of their highest hopes. Apart from its theory of the Second Advent, which need not detain us, there is much fine thought for profitable medita-

tion. That Jesus Christ spoke freely of His coming again, and coming again, not in meek and lowly disguise, but in the glory of the Father, none can doubt; but whether that promised Advent is identical with the destruction of Jerusalem, is open to question. It is, however, not the Advent itself, but the power of the Abiding Presence that concerns us here. As an objective fact, the Coming may be over; but the accomplished Advent has become the source of endless blessing for every expectant soul, and what remains for us to do is to secure its application and fruit in our personal experience.

When the Scriptures speak of Christ's present relation to the Church, presence, and not advent or coming, is their favourite term. The Advent hap-

* "Christ Come and Coming." By Folland. Elliot Stock,

pened once for all; the Presence grew out of the Advent, and is with us still. This distinction must not be overlooked, for it is the abiding Presence rather than the momentary Coming, that is the secret of our glory, and the source of our strength. Hence our author regrets that "the chosen and most appropriate word is often concealed in our current translations. The English Bible practically overlooks the important distinction between Advent and Presence, which the sacred penmen mark so carefully. It is much to be regretted that the Revisers (with eyes open, and the unwarrantable change confessed at the side of the page), have repeated the old error." But no mistranslation must be allowed to rob us of the precious truth of the living, abiding Presence of Christ, a truth so fruitful of good. Let faith but realise it, and there open before it possibilities the most vast and the most blessed. To the prepared expectant heart Christ is ever ready to reveal Himself in all the fulness and glory of His grace. "Having of old tendered His friendship and grace without stint to all that waited on Him; He will again, with equal and even greater facility, grant the means of happy communion. The healing rays of the Sun of Righteousness will be freely poured out and abundantly enjoyed, provided there be no intervening obstacles to stay their course; just as it needs only the opening of the eyes and the dispersion of earth-born clouds to perceive the beams of the natural luminary."

It is well to assure ourselves of this, for the privileges and hopes of the Christian life do not lessen with the lapse of time. "In the succession of the ages, the position of the children is not inferior to that of the fathers. If the men of former days saw many things, our spiritual perceptions will be clearer than theirs, and carry further; much was given to them, but we are to have more. Man's communications with God do not become less frequent and intimate, but more frequent and intimate. The occasional chances of the past have given place to the ceaseless opportunity of the present; and that which was to the early disciples a temporal spring of delight, has developed into a perpetual fount of satisfaction for their successors. The right of highest intercourse, common to patriarch, prophet, and apostle, is not for us curtailed and diminished, but confirmed and enlarged."

In these self-manifestations of Jesus Christ, the Holy Ghost plays an important part. Christ's own words prepare us for that. He repeatedly promised that the Comforter should guide us into all truth, especially the truth concerning Himself: "He shall bear witness of Me; He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you; He shall glorify Me; for He shall take of Mine and shall declare it unto you." The Son of God is thus the chief subject of the Spirit's illumination; by His grace the soul is

prepared for seeing and sharing in the Redeemer's glory. He alone can prepare us for that fellowship with the Risen Christ, which is the highest privilege of the Christian. "He cleanses the eye of the soul, suffuses the heart with fervent desire, makes us look up in a meek receptive mood, and thus He prepares us to behold and entertain the vision of Christ." If you look at the successive petitions in Paul's prayer for the Ephesian Church, you will see how they mark the various steps and stages in the attainment of this vision of Christ. "You are first to be strengthened by the Spirit in the inner man; then Christ dwells in the heart through faith; next comes the rooting and grounding in love—a distinctive work of the Spirit; and, as love brings insight into Divine things, you are now introduced into a boundless expanse, 'the breadth and length and depth and height,' in whose vague immensity the soul seems lost until it discovers the ocean to be no other than the love of Christ which passeth knowledge; and, having gained this elevation, you are filled unto all the fulness of God."

We can realise this Abiding Presence so as not only to mark a veritable turning-point in our career, but so as to prevent the life-stream from ever again flowing in the same meagre channel as before; but to do so we must have the fulness of the Spirit. The usual scant measure of the Spirit's grace does not suffice for taking in the deep things of Christ. With a receptive faculty, but feeble and defective, you might actually behold your Lord and not recognise Him, much less see His beauty and feel His charm. The reason why Christ so seldom shows Himself to His people is that neither in mind nor in heart are they ready for the disclosure; and, for Him to appear under circumstances so unfavourable, would be as if, for the taking of a portrait, one stood before a mirror whose surface may cast a perfect reflection, but has no ability to retain the image; only step aside and the life-like impression is gone. That sight of our Lord whose effect must vanish is usually denied to us. The manifestation is granted with a view to gracious results; the design is that our nature be endowed with abiding beauty and power. But this cannot be unless the soul is found in a suitable mood, and such a mood can be realised only by the Spirit's aid. Apart from the course of prior preparation, we should be as disqualified for the receipt of Advent blessing as common paper is unfit for the purposes of the photographer's art. The flower that is to imbibe the warmth and display the hues of the sunbeam had need to live in the vigour of vegetable life; and the vital power of the Holy Ghost must be in us if we are to take in and afterwards continue to reflect the likeness of Christ. The case of Stephen is a case in point. The fulness of the Spirit preceded the vision of Christ: "He, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the

right hand of God." The fulness of the Spirit, and then the vision of Christ—that seems the law of divine procedure. It is not, however, a question of simple succession. It is one of vital preparation and fitness. "The correspondence between the work of the Spirit and the work of Christ is more than a mere rotation in time—the one first and the other second; there is a strict resemblance in the effects which they produce on the mind; they give birth to similar impressions and results. And, because the illumination of the Spirit and the revealed Presence of Christ act to like purpose on character and life, some may be disposed to resolve the one experience into the other, referring all to the Spirit's operation. But to blend these august influences, is to overlook or obscure sacred teaching, and tends to introduce confusion of thought. The offices and functions of the second and third Persons in the Godhead differ; their respective provinces are treated in the Book as separate and distinct; and it cannot but be a mistake to confound things which the Scriptures sunder. Much as the effects wrought by the Spirit's effusion may resemble those of Christ's manifestation, their final aim being in complete accord, we have no warrant for identifying the ways of the two Divine Persons; but are humbly to follow the method prescribed by infinite wisdom: expecting first the Spirit and then the Christ; the help of the One to prepare us for the reception of the Other.

Men have to be indwelt by the Holy Ghost in order to be qualified for Advent light and power. "When the Comforter has entered those who are sprinkled with the blood, He causes their upper room to be cleansed and furnished for the in-coming of its Chief Occupier. This combined and harmonious operation is indicated in Paul's words: 'We all, with unveiled face reflecting as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as from the Lord the Spirit.' The looking-glass of the *inspired* soul becomes sensitive enough to retain the light falling upon it from the Saviour's countenance: a light which the quickened nature holds fast, a beauty for ever."

What, then, are Christ's methods of self-disclosure? We cannot answer that question fully, for we are acquainted only with a few of His many modes of access to the human mind; and whether, in a new case, any of the recorded methods will be adopted is a point which we have no means of deciding. Variety of plan characterises the wisdom of God in every department of His work, be it in nature, providence, or grace; and, instead of repeating Himself, Christ may choose to give fresh proof of His diversity of resource. The Scriptures of the New Testament, however, contain many instances of Christ's self-disclosure, and they may be suggestive of hints as to how He may possibly, if not probably, manifest Himself now and through-

out all time. "And it is most gratifying to notice that in every one of the paths, so marked by His feet, Christ has since been pleased to walk again and again: the examples afforded in the New Testament have been matched, some of them frequently, in the experience of later generations. The Divine footprints are not obliterated, but restored from age to age. It is easy and delightful for faith to trace these steps, especially with the added hope of something akin to them in one's own life."

The particular form of Christ's self-manifestations will be largely determined by our need and capacity. While always dependent on our spiritual condition, they come according to the mood and need of the moment. Their fruits will differ from those of the Spirit only in being higher in degree. "The divine Son and the divine Spirit strive together for common ends; and it is reasonable to suppose that the measure of blessing wrought by their co-operation must exceed the issue attained when the Spirit labours alone: the joint result will be the larger result. Christ's work is an extension of the Spirit's work; the one course of sublime action is in continuance of the other, and a farther development of it; both aim at the same consummation." The vision of Christ makes the graces which are implanted by the Spirit grow into fresh vigour and beauty, and these in their turn enable us to rise into a brighter vision and into a fuller experience of Christ.

These fruits of Christ's self-manifestation are intended for present experience. We cannot dismiss them to a future state without incalculable loss to the life on earth. It was not death and heaven that the apostles had in view when they spoke of the revelation of the Master's presence. It was rather the manifestation of His power and grace and glory here. The patience of faith may be a fine virtue; but the true function of faith lies in its appropriating for present experience and use all the wealth of life and power which God intended for the present. To postpone to the future what God intends for the present is a prodigal and sinful waste of opportunity: it is to rob Christian experience of some of its richest bequests. "With so much of our inheritance put away, relegated to another world, earth is needlessly impoverished in favour of the upper life: a practice not to be sufficiently deplored; for it is here below, not there on high, that our want is greatest." We cannot afford to let slip so much blessing and privilege intended for present experience, nor dare we set limits to the measure of their attainment. With so much offered in the Gospel, and so much needed in the heart and life, let not our desire be unduly satisfied, or our explorations into the unknown regions of spiritual life, stop too confidently and too soon, as though we had reached the utmost limit. With a measureless fund of promise and grace to draw from, and with a perfect Saviour to repose in, the question ought

not to be, What is the Church's richest attainment? for even that is not the measure of the possible. It ought to be rather, What is God's highest and best for His people here? and with nothing short of that ought we to stop or think of stopping.

The true attitude of the soul towards Christ, "Come and Coming," is one of waiting. The waiting is passive, as the manifestation we seek rests on the will of another; but merely, purely passive it cannot be, for while it rests on the will of another, it rests on the will of One who is eager to reveal the fulness of His grace and truth the moment His conditions are complied with. An idle and quiescent attitude towards Christ can only end in disappointment and loss. "The mind that finds delight in stillness and quiet must not abandon itself to contemplative moods, as if meditation and kindred states comprised the whole of devotion and nothing else was required. The incumbent waiting leaves room for every kind of useful service, and is never incompatible with the necessary routine of life." This waiting takes the form of an ardent expectancy, only it must not lead us to form preconceptions of the forms in which Christ will manifest His presence. Such a course might be fraught with loss. The very messengers of God might knock at our door; but, because they do not come in the garb in which we pictured them, we fail to recognise them as

messengers of God at all. It is for us rather to cherish ardency of expectation, and cultivate receptivity of spirit, praying that we may be able to recognise and welcome a visitation of God in whatever garb it may come.

Purely passive this waiting must not be, we say; for much may be done in the way of self-preparation. We can co-operate with the Holy Ghost. "If we grieve or dishonour Him, darkness, and not illumination, will be our lot; but if we assume and maintain a right attitude towards Him, He will clear the film from our spiritual eye, and the vision of Christ shall be ours. Then self-disclosure shall follow self-disclosure, each one an Advent of the Living Christ into our life, and each one a pledge of still further grace and blessing. This shall go on until these manifestations shall not be like the pale and passing gleams of April, but like the fulness of the summer's glory.

"Abide in me; there have been moments blest,

When I have heard Thy voice and felt Thy power:

Then evil lost its grasp, and passion hushed,

Owning the Divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons, beautiful and rare;

Abide in me and they shall ever be.

Fulfil at once Thy precept and my prayer:

Come, and abide in me, and I in Thee."

R. G. GRAHAM.

An Old Case of Persecution Retold.



ROUND many of our village chapels there is an air of romance making them centres of interest to Christian workers. There are incidents associated with the formation of the Church, and exciting stories told in connection with the building of the place, which would supply abundant material for Methodist Idyls of village life fifty years ago. The glimpses we get of the social condition and humble

surroundings of the workers, as we listen to traditions which have come from father to child, make us regret that no loving pen has preserved from oblivion the chronicles of those heroic struggles. Those men were heroes according to Amiel's definition of heroism:—"Heroism is the brilliant triumph of the soul over the flesh—that is to say, over fear; fear of poverty, of suffering, of calumny, of sickness, of isolation, and of death. There is no serious piety without heroism. Heroism is the dazzling concentration of courage."

Good and true men have arisen and played the part of the village Hampden, but the only record of their heroism is preserved in the stories told by the fireside, or an occasional reference in the speeches at the annual meeting. No Church has been more fruitful than ours in the production of men who have worked with the sword and the trowel; men who have preached the Gospel to their fellows, and when necessity has arisen, have boldly resisted the united efforts of the hall and the rectory to rivet the fetters upon the villagers. These village craftsmen and sturdy yeomen have confronted their oppressors in maintaining the rights of their fellows; and in their efforts they have been sustained by that influence which for the last eighteen hundred years has proved the mightiest force in human souls. The little chapels and meeting-houses, "the temples of His grace," are their memorials, every brick and stone of which was laid by prayer and cemented with affection. As we gather in these places they appear to us cold, unattractive, and sometimes repellent with their plain walls and comfortless benches; and occasionally the service is bald and wearying to the flesh; but these village sanctuaries were the cradles



THE LATE THOMAS WOOD.

of strong men, and we are very near the bed-rock of the English democracy of to-day. Those village services generated the oxygen of our nineteenth century civilisation; and any one who wishes to find the springs of many of the potent forces of the great movements which are marking the life of the closing years of the century, will need to study the impulses which were awakened in these unpretending buildings. They were sacred spots to our fathers, the trysting-place where the soul was refreshed by communion with God; the sacred mount where heaven kissed earth; the resting place of the ladder whose top touched the throne of Infinite Love. We need not wonder that they regarded them with an affection amounting almost to reverence, and that they were very jealous of any seeming reproach cast upon these hallowed shrines.

These village sanctuaries were not built without great sacrifices and many privations, and very frequently a donation to the building fund meant so much less food for the table. The following taken from the old Magazine for 1827, and relating to the building of a chapel on the Lynn Circuit, will show the straits to which those early workers were put:—"I told the people it was possible to collect a quarter-of-a-peck of farthings, and urged the possibility of it in every place. . . . A few weeks after, a quarter-of-a-peck of farthings were seen by many. We had collected in the whole, 2486. . . . The affair gave rise to a new proverb, 'The Ranters have

got all the farthings.'" Places built at such a cost, and under such difficulties, would necessarily become interwoven with the spiritual life of the worshippers. Very often the chapel was the culmination of a long struggle between the village despots and a band of sturdy workers. Those old saints brooded over the spiritual condition of their neighbours until the Divine fire burned so fiercely in their hearts that they could no longer keep silent. Gideon-like, the angel of the Lord appeared to them while on the threshing-floor, and urged them to put forth efforts to deliver their fellows from spiritual bondage. The word of the Lord came to them; they saw strange sights, they felt new forces pushing them forward. The boys of Verona used to whisper as Dante passed, "There goes the man who has seen hell." These old men looked into the Inferno of their day, a hell where no breath of heaven ever entered; and the higher conscience bid them haste to the rescue of their fellows. With an intensified faith in the supernatural, and a trenchant emphasis on the necessity of individual regeneration, they commenced the God-given work of the moral reformation of their neighbours. It is a fine characteristic of the men of Issachar that they were "men that had understanding of the times to know what Israel ought to do." The same feature marked the conduct of these men. They were not mortgaged to the past, nor hampered by blind conservatism. They had an open mind, a flexibility of movement, a resourcefulness of effort. The religious teachers of the State Church could not understand them, and regarded their Christian boldness and Christian liberty as the outbreak of a rebellious and wicked nature, and made strenuous efforts to thwart them in all conceivable ways. Often no action was too mean, and no conduct too contemptible to be used against them. Open and secret persecution, legitimate and illegitimate means were employed to disperse their gatherings. Intimidation was tried, employment was withheld, false charges were trumped up, and as might be expected, they became familiar with the prison cell.

There are strange stories told by men and women who are still living in this district, of battles fought by men and women whose names are almost forgotten, but whose works still live. Those unknown heroes and heroines commenced a holy crusade in which the Amoses of the nineteenth century told things divinely true; and as they spoke the hearts of the villagers leaped up in response. Their message, with its attendant results, shaped the destinies of the people with such a breadth that it has become a prophecy of a world-wide brotherhood, and a forth-teller of a co-operation for the common good.

A brief report of one such struggle has been put into my hand, and as it will give a glimpse of that old-time religion, as it was lived on this Crewe Circuit, it may possibly be of some little interest, as

a specimen of the social and religious surroundings amidst which the foundation of our Church was laid.

The persecuted man, William Wood, was a member of the family of that name, who rendered such signal service on the Nantwich and Burland Circuit in our early days. Thomas and John Wood are remembered as powerful local preachers whose services were in great demand for "specials," not only on their own, but also on the neighbouring circuits. Tradition says that Thomas Wood was one of the local preachers who missioned Crewe, and during the first service a collection was taken, which amounted to fourpence halfpenny. Surely those were the days of "small things." The Wood Memorial Church at Nantwich preserves the memory of John Wood, and towards its erection he contributed nearly £1,000. The representatives of the family are still actively interested in the work of our Church on the Crewe and Nantwich Circuits. Mr. James Wood of Willaston, a widely-known and popular local preacher, is a member of the family.

From the brief account which I have received, with explanations and elucidations by certain aged members who heard the story from personal spectators, it appears that William Wood, a carpenter living at Audlem, Cheshire, was at that time a member of the Wesleyan Church. His heart was pained by the condition of his neighbours, who were harassed and neglected, like sheep without a shepherd, and he resolved to put forth an effort to reach, and if possible, save them. To protect himself he took the oath and subscribed the declaration required by the Act for the relief of Protestant Dissenting Ministers and Schoolmasters. He then invited his neighbours to join him in a religious service on Sunday, June 14th, 1812. A few accepted his invitation, and they gathered on a bank in the open-air very near the site on which our present chapel and school stand. The service was opened by singing, and while Mr. Wood was engaged in prayer, Mr. John Groom, an attorney, and magistrates' clerk, acting under an asserted warrant which had been issued on the complaint of the clergyman, seized the preacher, dragged him on the ground for a considerable distance, and threw him into a ditch.

The following Tuesday, Mr. Wood received a summons to appear before the local magistrate at Market Drayton, "to show cause why he should not be convicted in the penalty of twenty pounds for the said offence." On the day appointed, he answered the summons, and upon the oath of the constable and Groom he was convicted in the penalty of £20. He urged that no breach of the law had been committed by him, and on conscientious grounds, refused to pay the fine. A distress-warrant was issued forthwith; his live and dead stock were seized, removed to Market Drayton, and



THE LATE JOHN WOOD.

disposed of by public auction. The expenses, together with the fine, amounted to upwards of £60; and so tyrannical and reckless were the proceedings that the poor man was stripped of his possessions, and reduced to a state bordering upon destitution. It was desired by the persecutors to drive the Methodists out of the place, and they delusively hoped that strong measures in this case would intimidate any of the other members from continuing the services, but the sequel proved them mistaken. Acting on the advice of his friends, Mr. Wood served on the magistrate a notice of appeal, but not being in a position to provide the requisite recognizances, he was not able to carry the appeal to the Knutsford Sessions; and the clouds appeared to be gathering darker around the little band of persecuted Methodists. Friends, however, came to his help, and interested themselves in his behalf. With their assistance he was able to bring an action against Mr. Groom for assault, and on Tuesday, April 27th, 1813, the trial took place at Chester, before the Hon. R. Dallas and F. Burton, Esq., His Majesty's Justices. The plaintiff was represented by Mr. Cross and Mr. D. E. Jones; the defendant by the Attorney General and Mr. Williams. Damages were laid at £500. In our next we will give the report of the trial as it appeared in the newspaper of the period.

J. T. HORNE.

(To be continued.)



Primitive Methodism and the Temperance Reformation in England.

III.—THE TOTAL ABSTINENCE PLEDGE.



THE grandfather of the present Earl of Derby built a place in Preston for the brutal sport of cock-fighting, and was the chief patron of the now illegal pastime; but when his son, the father of the present Earl, was defeated at a Parliamentary election in 1830 by Henry

Hunt, the advanced Radical, the noble Earl was so disgusted with the ingratitude of the Prestonians that he withdrew his patronage, and closed the cockpit. The temperance people leased it, and for twenty years it was their Temperance Hall. It was in this ex-cockpit that these earnest reformers took a step in advance of all other Temperance Societies. The speeches which had been made at the meeting in the Primitive Methodist chapel on the 3rd of May, 1832, went beyond the moderation pledge on which the society was based. Mr. Livesey's was in reality a strong plea for total abstinence, not only from ardent spirits, but from all intoxicating liquors as beverages. These speeches led to deep thought and to much discussion, and some began to feel that, having taken the moderation pledge, logical consistency required total abstinence.

John King and Joseph Livesey signed a pledge of total abstinence in Mr. Livesey's shop in August, 1832. In addition to the question of consistency, circumstances forced some of the leaders to the conclusion that mere abstinence from ardent spirits would never secure general sobriety. Large numbers joined the society, but lapses into drunkenness, through the use of wines and malt liquors, became

so numerous that the more far-seeing were satisfied that their work would be a comparative failure unless something more was done. A special meeting of the society was called for September 1, 1832, when the desirability of changing the pledge to one of total abstinence was introduced. The proposal met with strong opposition. It was declared to be an "innovation upon both English and American orthodoxy," and that, if pressed, it would break up the society. No definite decision was arrived at, but the discussion was not in vain. A number tarried behind and continued the debate after the meeting had closed, and John King, Joseph Livesey, and five others signed a pledge to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, except as medicines. A heated controversy was kept up until the first annual meeting on September 26, 1833, when the subject was brought before 2,000 people. The meeting decided that there should be added to the pledge—"We do further voluntarily agree to abstain for one year from ale, porter, and ardent spirits, and all intoxicating liquors, except used as medicines, or in a religious ordinance."

A resolution of total abstinence "for one year," if submitted to a temperance meeting to-day, would be received with ridicule and rejected with contempt; but at that time it was a solemn step to take. We now know, for it has been demonstrated, that people can live better and live longer without alcoholic liquors than with them. Sixty years ago it was generally believed that alcoholic liquors had nourishing qualities, and were necessary to sustain men and women under great physical strain. Hence the caution of those early reformers must not be set down to cowardice, but to prudence. It was

a great step, in advance of anything known in the temperance world up to that date, and has resulted in a revolution in scientific and public sentiment in reference to intoxicants. There had been isolated instances of total abstinence before that meeting. The Rev. James Macpherson, who is one of our own ministers, signed a total abstinence pledge in 1828, and at the time we write is still vigorous in intellect and active in limb, and as true to total abstinence as he was seventy years ago. Hugh Bourne practised total abstinence before the birth of English Temperance Societies. John King, Joseph Livesey, and others in Preston signed a total abstinence pledge some months before this meeting. Mr. Logan in his book on early teetotalism, gives cases of men in what we may term private associations adopting the total abstinence pledge; but we believe that it was never endorsed by a public meeting as a basis of social reform before the one just mentioned. The first seven who signed were John King, Joseph Livesey, Thomas Swindlehurst, Joseph Dearden, Joseph Richardson, Richard Turner, and William Gregory. Three of these, John King, Joseph Richardson, and Richard Turner were connected with our Church in Preston.

John King, who signed the moderation pledge and all three of the total abstinence pledges which we have mentioned, was a seat-holder in our chapel, if not a member of our Church. His wife and daughter were enrolled members. He was born at Walton-le-dale, near Preston, on Christmas Day, 1795. His trade was that of a clogger. "He left Preston in 1834, and was the means of establishing the Chester Temperance Society, and several societies in Nottinghamshire, and other parts; but after three years' wandering he returned to Preston." —(Winskill). He was an indefatigable worker in the cause of temperance, and was successful in promoting its interests. He had silver medals presented to him by London Teetotalers, the Irish Total Abstinence Society, started by Father Matthews, the Total Abstinence Association (India), founded by soldiers whom he had converted to temperance, and by other societies and individuals, expressive of his worth as a temperance reformer, and some of them stating that he was "the first man that signed the teetotal pledge in England." He lost his sight when he was seventy-seven, and became reduced in his circumstances. He was not allowed to want, however, for such was the esteem in which he was held that a penny subscription was set on foot by the Good Templars, which purchased for him an annuity of £40. He died in 1884, in the ninetyeth year of his age.

Joseph Richardson was converted to temperance at the meeting held on Preston Moor in July, 1832, and took the moderation pledge. We have already described this meeting, which was held about three months after the formation of the society, and was its first open-air meeting. He became distinguished



Wm. Tuf
J. Livesey

in the temperance world. He was best known as "Pad Joe." He was a shoemaker, and was noted for making excellent children's "pads," hence the cognomen, "Pad Joe." He was addicted to drink in his early days, but gave it up and joined our Church, and remained a member to the day of his death, a period of forty years. He believed, with most reformed drunkards, that drunkenness was the great sin, and one Sabbath, when a preacher, who was thought not to be favourable to the cause of total abstinence, declared from the pulpit that an idle man was worse than a drunkard, Richardson sprang to his feet and lifted up his hand and shouted, "Never." The preacher and congregation were startled, although responses were much more common than now, and greater familiarity existed between the pulpit and pew than would be considered proper at this time. He was enthusiastic as a Christian, as well as a temperance reformer. He enjoyed the means of grace, and rejoiced in Christ in daily life. He was accustomed to say, "I am the happiest man alive; for no man can be happier than a teetotal Primitive Methodist." He was a consistent Christian, and a zealous labourer in the good cause. Mr. Thomas Walmsley says: "On Sunday morning, 25th July, 1869, I visited Richardson. He was physically very low, but quite resigned. . . He said, 'I am not afraid to die,' and

wished soon to depart to be with Christ. Pointing upwards, he said, 'I am going to heaven, thank God.' I then read the twenty-third Psalm, which seemed to lift him up, particularly when I read that part where it speaks of the valley of the shadow of death. He smiled, and said, 'After I was converted, I used to put my hand through the room window and shake hands with God. I always lift my hand up when I go by the place where I was converted.' The public prints, in announcing his death, which took place on August 16th, 1869, said: "Another of the pioneers of the teetotal cause in the town has passed from amongst us. The deceased was born in August, 1794. He joined the



RICHARD TURNER.

Temperance Society in Preston very soon after it was established, and was one of its early tract distributors and visitors. He was also one of the foremost to sign the first public teetotal pledge, which was adopted at the theatre, at the first annual meeting in 1833, his name being sixth in the list. He was a member of the Primitive Methodist body for nearly forty years. Since he first joined the society he has ever been most assiduous in his efforts for the spread of teetotal principles, and much good has been effected through his instrumentality." He had a public funeral, and large numbers of his friends and co-workers, both in the cause of Christianity and Temperance, attended to pay the last tribute of respect to one who had been so useful, and whom they so dearly loved.

Richard Turner was also a Primitive Methodist for many years. He was commonly called "Dicky" Turner, and was, perhaps, the most remarkable man amongst the temperance pioneers. He was born in the township of Bilsborrow, near Preston, on the 25th of July, 1790. His parents removed to Pres-

ton when he was a little boy, and he was sent to work in a cotton-mill. He was afterwards a plasterer's labourer, and then a hawker of cockles and mussels. He fell a victim to drink, and was not sober when he signed the total abstinence pledge in October, 1832. He signed, as we have seen, the public abstinence pledge the year following. He was a popular advocate. Mr. Livesey, in his *Reminiscences*, informs us that he coined the word "Teetotal" which has become the technical designation of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors throughout the world. The advocates had to phrase the principle as best they could till September, 1833, when Turner supplied them with a name. It has been said that it was a Lancashire provincialism, and that Turner applied it to total abstinence. The *Slang Dictionary* says: "The origin of this term is not known. It is said to be from the expression of a fanatical and stuttering enthusiast in the cause of total abstinence. It has nothing to do with tea." Whether he coined or simply turned it to a new use, he was a great coiner of striking words and phrases. Mr. Livesey says: "He was never at a loss for a word; if a suitable one was not at his tongue's end he coined a new one." He used the word at the meeting when the total abstinence pledge was adopted. He was discussing the relative merits of moderation and total abstinence, and said, "that nothing but the Teetotal would do." Mr. Livesey rose and patting him on the back, said, "That shall be its name," and the audience endorsed it with loud cheering. The word has passed into literature as the technical name of one of the most potent movements of modern times. He was a man of medium height, with a dark, ruddy complexion. He was not a cultured man, but he was far from being rude or offensive. One who knew him well says: "He had a great idea of doing the thing in a respectable way. He dressed for the occasion, which was usually white ducks, a blue coat with silk velvet collar, and brass buttons, large white Berlin gloves, and parsonic necktie. He was welcome everywhere." He was above all things, a true and an earnest man. He used to go through the streets with a rattle announcing the meetings, and collecting crowds to preach to them temperance. He walked from Preston to the World's Temperance Convention in London in 1846; and then went into the south on a temperance mission; and evidence is not wanting that he did much good. He was respected in life and greatly lamented in death. His funeral was a public one. The Saul Street Primitive Methodist Sunday School, and four hundred teetotalers from different parts of the country, attended. The streets through which the procession passed were thronged with deeply affected spectators. He was interred in St. Peter's churchyard, Preston. The following inscription is on the stone over his grave: "Beneath this stone are deposited the remains of

Richard Turner, author of the word Teetotal as applied to abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, who departed this life on the 27th day of October, 1846, aged fifty-six years."

Hugh Bourne, one of the founders of the Primitive Methodist Church, attended one of the early meetings in Preston, and gave his experience as a total abstainer, and in the presence of 500 people, signed the total abstinence pledge, naively saying, "I am not coming over to you; you are coming over to me." Meaning that he was a total abstainer before the society was formed. He was a staunch friend of total abstinence, and kept in touch with the progress of the movement. He often corresponded with the late Dr. F. R. Lees. Dr. Lees sometimes sought his advice, and has frequently acknowledged his indebtedness to him in the early days when he

was beset with difficulties. It will be interesting to Primitive Methodists to know that the Bible Christians have been in the foremost ranks of Temperance Reformers from the dawn of the abstinence movement, and that nearly all their ministers and the bulk of their members are abstainers.

Humanity owes a debt of gratitude to the heroic and far-seeing men who braved professional and public opinion, and entered upon the crusade against all intoxicating liquors, as not only unnecessary, but as injurious as beverages; for modern science and historic facts testify that they were right and their opponents were wrong. We are glad that so many Primitive Methodists were amongst the first crusaders. Are we acting in a way worthy of the sons and daughters of our temperance sires? is a question worthy of our devout consideration.

JAMES TRAVIS.

The Garden of Yorkshire.

III.



HEN, upwards of 300 years ago, Camden, the antiquary, visited this part he observed a large number of seals (?) on the rocks at Saltburn, and they had this peculiarity, that they always fled at the approach of men, but betrayed no fear in the presence of women. Hence, when they were to be captured

or killed the hunters dressed themselves in women's clothes. Saltburn would be much astonished to find seals on its rocks now. Health and pleasure are hunted there now instead of seals, and I know not but they are as coy as those wary creatures, but may be had if sought in the right way. And surely, if health is to be had anywhere, Saltburn is the place, for it hasn't even a cemetery or burying-ground of any sort yet, presumably because it has not been required. This fact alone is undoubtedly a capital advertisement for a health-resort, though do not think for a moment that we are insinuating that this accounts for its absence.

A curious but beautiful freak of nature is to be seen near Moorsholm, in the form of a conical hill, called Freeborough, upwards of 500 feet high, and quite separate from the surrounding hills. Some have declared it to have been a temple of the Druids, as close by there are the remains of a British camp and a tumulus fifteen yards in diame-

ter, which was opened above a hundred years ago and a large vase found in it full of burnt bones. Others say it was devoted to the worship of the Saxon goddess Friga; while others again say that it was here where the Free Men of the Borough, in Saxon times, met to make and administer the law. And, finally, there have been those who argued that King Arthur was buried here. Researches have proved it to be a natural formation and not an artificial mound as many have supposed. We, nevertheless, think that its figure and contiguity to a British camp give force to the theory that it has been used as a centre of religious rites and civil government. It may more distinctly divulge its secret yet.

"Kilton's deep vales, clear rill, and sylvan gloom;
Freeborough's huge mount, immortal Arthur's tomb;
And Huntcliffe scowling o'er the distant main,
With cloudy head involved in murky rain."

HALL STEVENSON.

Danby, like Stokesley, has had its hero, but one of a different type. I'm sure I don't know how Carlyle would classify him, for we cannot truthfully affirm that he was either prophet, poet, priest, or king. Here, however, is his epitaph, telling the world what he was here below, and what he is doing at the present time,—and you must judge for yourselves:—

"Consecrated to the memory of Samuel Raebanks, gent. His life was an academy of virtues; his conversation a precedent for piety; his estate a storehouse for charity; his good name a place for innocency; his death a passage to eternity; his



LITTLE AYTON, WITH CAPT. COOK'S MONUMENT IN THE DISTANCE.

eternity a perfection of glory, where he now sits, triumphs, and sings with angels, archangels, and cherubins and seraphins, Holy, Holy, Holy, to Him that is, and was, and is to come! Hallelujah! He died aged sixty-six years, in the year of grace 1635, December 14."

It is to be feared we shall not see his like again. The butter and eggs from the Danby district are sweet and fresh, none better, and can command a market; but we can assure the Danby district that, if it can produce men like the above, the world is hungrily waiting to take all it can supply and will not be anxious for them to meet with the "angels, archangels, and cherubins and seraphins" prematurely.

That curious basaltic intruder in geological formations, the whinstone dyke, can be traced right from the West of Durham past here on to Whitby. Between Ayton and Roseberry it crops out to the surface and is called Langberg, or Langbaurg, or as we should now call it, Long-hill. The old style of the name is still given to the Baronial liberty, or Wapentake of that part. The Courts' Leet and Baron, whatever they may have been, were formerly

held on it. A Sir Henry Bellasis, in the early part of the seventeenth century, is said to have "Established his title and claim to have the Wapentake of Langberth, with its rights, numbers, liberties, appurtenances, free chase, free warren, fines, issues, amerciements, courts' leet, pillory, tumbrel, gallows for malefactors," etc., etc. The gentleman is to be congratulated upon having had the good fortune to live in the seventeenth century, for I fear neither his purse nor his life would have held out long enough to "establish" such "a title and claim" at the present day. The lawyer has supplanted the sword which often "established" titles to estates, though not a few regard the latter method as the lesser evil.

Right away yonder on the plain is sweet, dreamy, little Marton, the birthplace of the immortal circumnavigator, Capt. Cook. When Themistocles was laughed at because of his ignorance of the fine arts and his obscure parentage, he replied, "'Tis true I never learned how to tune a harp, or play upon a lute, but I know how to raise a small and inconsiderable city to glory and greatness." If Cook has not made Marton great as was Athens, he yet has

given it some considerable renown. As you face the village from Roseberry, Easby Hill is to your left, and upon it stands Cook's monument, a shaft fifty-one feet high. His mother and some of the family are buried at Ayton; his father lies in the Marske churchyard; while part of the mangled remains of the great seaman lies in far-away Hawaii. I have an uncertain impression that the reproach contained in the following lines can no longer be made.

"No monumental stone adorns the nook
Where rests the parent of the gallant Cook;
Cook stands aloft upon a hill of fame,
His father lies at Marske without a name."

Let Marske look to its business and walk in a straight path, for Guisbro's eye is upon it; for was it not this self-same Marske which, when its neighbour had fallen on evil days and lost its good name, pretentiously announced itself to her astonished Barony as the market town instead of Guisbro'? Yes, and market town with a *cross* too. The event caused no small stir and comment in these parts at the time, and inspired at least one daring rhymster

to mount his Pegasus. "In good King Charles' golden days" the Guisbro' folk were no better or cleaner than they ought to have been; but then, who among its neighbours could throw the first stone? Like many other and better-known people after the Restoration they forgot both what was due to themselves and God. Two years after the Great Plague in London the place was visited by a terrible disease, and the alarm was so great that no one would come to market to buy or sell. The devoted little town was shunned, and there lacked not plenty of people to tell it that God was punishing it for its excessive wickedness. Perhaps we should say to-day they were chastised as much for their uncleanness as sinfulness. However that may be, Guisbro's misfortune was Marske's opportunity, and it was taken. It is the way of the world. Power, riches, greatness, what are they often built upon but the loss and ruin of others? One individual, community, or nation is depressed or broken that another may rise and be made strong.

Guisbro' has its market again—a very mild affair true, unless two or three pigs get adrift in the street



OLD SALTBRN.



SALTBURN FROM THE BEACH, RUSHPOOL HALL IN THE DISTANCE.

to waken up a bit of excitement—and the presumption is, it repented and has been restored to grace and honour. But read the local lover of the muse of those days on the subject.

MARSKE CROSS.

Go round this cross and view it well,
When it was built I will you tell—
In sixteen hundred and sixty-seven;
I hope the builder's now in heaven,
When Guisbro' did God's laws transgress,
And turned their backs on righteousness,
The Lord sent forth a dreadful plague,
And many an one in death was laid.
The farmers all and tradesmen too,
To sell their goods they knew not how,
Nor to contrive a market-place
To keep them from this sore disease.
Then Marske became a market town,
But now its cross is tumbling down;
Who will repair 't I cannot tell—
I'm sure it can't repair *itself*.

When Guisbro' read the above it probably said,
"Let it tumble down, it was an impertinence to

build it." Who likes to be constantly reminded of his follies and losses? Don't you think, Mr. Editor, that these stanzas must be possessed of more than ordinary vitality to have survived upwards of two hundred years of merciless selection and rejection, and at the end of the great nineteenth century appear, by your permission, in the *Primitive Methodist Magazine*? If indestructibility be one of the notes of poetry, then this venerable effusion may not impudently lay claim to some merit. Why, sir, for a few seasons now we have been told in high-sounding phrase of "epoch-making" books—books of poetry, philosophy, theology, fiction, and what-not, but where are these Teneriffes of literature to-day? Mere hills of snow, piled by log-rollers. Not all the *disinterested* sympathy of our periodicals has been able to stimulate more than a short-lived and spasmodic circulation. We live in an atmosphere of Hooleyism. The hands of the religious press are none too clean in this matter; its unceasing flood of silly, indiscriminating adulation has become nauseous through unreality and excess. No such artificial and unkind support has

been given to our Marske friend, though I'm afraid, sir, these irreverent and utilitarian times will scarcely regard his extreme age as synonymous with worth. Let it pass at that. The chief thing to be said is, Let each man climb his Parnassus and give to the world the fruit of his toil without meretricious aids—or in plain words, scorn booming, of which there has been quite enough and to spare lately. When God sends His great ones to visit and bless us, both they and we to whom they speak can do very well without the insincere chatter and pompous signalings which characterise so much of the work of our modern periodicals. But, dear me, where have we wandered to? Pardon the digression, sir.

Quite a favourite place was Highcliffe Nab for a walk from Guisbro', especially for the young people, and I daresay still is, unless human nature has deteriorated. There is something in the ramble specially attractive to the aforesaid, for half of the distance, up to Paradise Farm, there is nothing to interfere with their spooneying, save a gate or a stile; but from thence upward, a hundred to one their sentimentalism will at once take a practical course, and they will buckle to and zealously assist each other up the steep, she by words of "linked sweetness long-drawn out," (and not one too long), and he by strength of arm. Not an inappropriate parable of what life should be, is it, dear reader? But, oh my, when as lads we scrambled up through the heather, disdaining the ordinary bridle path, in the close, hot summer evening, how the flies and midges did bite to be sure! We were no doubt glad to get a puff of the sweet moor air on the top, but as to the glorious prospect, it did not impress us; we saw it not. And

yet we must have seen; it must have made an impression, though then we knew it not. Some of those climbings and visions from the stern old crag are fadeless memories to-day. Recollections of far-extending land and sea, of gorgeous skies, of the sombre massive beauty of the thickly-wooded hill-sides, to which at the time not the slightest conscious attention was given, but which somehow subtly soaked into the mind and remain there ineradicable. This is at once an interesting subject for mental philosophers to discuss; and more important still, a reason for devout thankfulness to our Heavenly Father who, without asking, "fills us with good things." But, bless you, what did we care about "the beauty of the earth" or the "shining heavens"? We were after jackdaws, or any other mice and small cattle that could be caught. It makes one shudder now to remember how we clambered about the rugged face of the old Nab, and hung on its ledges to get the young daws, or maybe, catch an old one on the nest. What with lads shouting "here," "there," "be quick," "hold tight," etc., and the shrieking of the old birds, and the squeaking of the young ones, there were some lively times. It seems to me now there was often a great hullabaloo and very little caught. I have seen, on these hills, hounds, horses, and huntsmen run, gallop, and shout themselves black in the face for a whole day, and return triumphantly and joyously home with never a brush to show for their prodigious labours. It appears to be strength spent for nought, and labour which satisfies not; and no doubt there is much foolishness in such ways, still, who knows but that God may show us great things even in the paths of thoughtlessness? The fires of experience make the lessons legible in after years.

T. E. CURRAH.

The Older Chapels of Metropolitan Nonconformity.

III.—HARE COURT: ITS FOUNDER AND PASTORS.

BY REV. ALBERT A. BIRCHENOUGH.

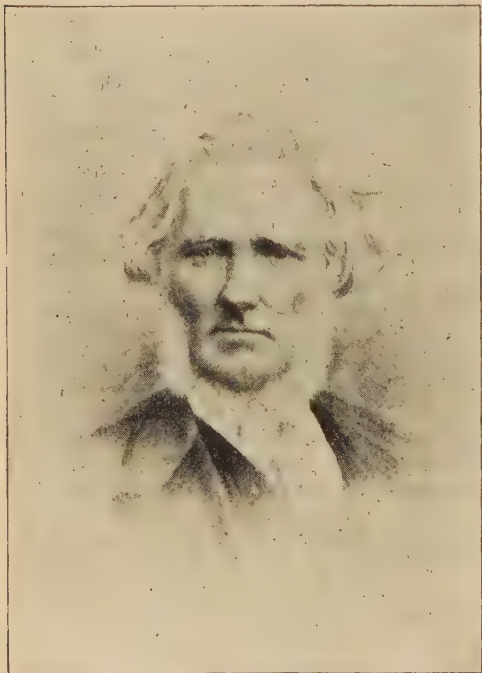


HARE Court derives its name from Sir Nicholas Hare, who was privy councillor to Bluff King Hal, and Master of the Rolls to his Protestant-persecuting daughter—Queen Mary. Hare Court Chapel is one of the oldest centres of London Nonconformity. It is hoary with age and fragrant with religious memories. Associated with its church is an unbroken history of nearly two centuries and a half. In years gone

its ministers and leading members took a foremost position in the battle for Nonconformist freedom. The Church was founded by the Rev. George Cokayn, immediately after his ejection from the church of St. Pancras in Soper Lane, because he could not conscientiously conform to the Liturgy of the Church as by law established. He and his loving people commenced religious services in Red Cross Street, where he remained as pastor until his death. They subsequently removed to the "Stated Room" in Hare Court, located between Red Cross Street and Aldersgate Street. In the year 1772, "a commodious and simply severe" chapel was built. The congregation eventually settled in a

new sanctuary in St. Paul's Road, Canonbury, and still bearing the historic name of Hare Court Chapel.

The Rev. George Cokayn, B.A., the founder of the Hare Court Church was one of the leading divines of his day. As a Puritan preacher of the Commonwealth, and later, as an Independent minister, he became exceedingly popular. He was a man of considerable pulpit power, and was liberally endowed with extraordinary gifts and graces. Honourably he filled the unique position of being the friend and spiritual adviser of Oliver Cromwell, Sir Bulstrode Whitelocke, Henry Ireton, and



DR. RALEIGH.

other prominent national leaders of the seventeenth century. He has been described as having "rich brown hair, parted in the centre of the forehead, which flowed down in clustered masses over his shoulders. His face shone with ruddy health, and was aglow with enthusiasm. To the charms of his person were superadded a vigorous intellect and a natural eloquence which irresistibly won the hearts of his hearers."

George Cokayn was descended from an ancient family, whose ancestral pedigree goes back to several centuries before the date of the Norman Conquest. He was the son of the Bedfordshire branch of the family, who have linked their name with the neighbouring village of Cockayne-Hatley. He was born at Cotton End, Cardington, on the outskirts of Bedford town, and was baptised in the mother parish

church of Cople, on January 16, 1619. He was educated at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. In the year 1648, he became the vicar of St. Pancras, Soper Lane, London, where he faithfully ministered for twelve years. In 1666 the church was burnt to the ground in the Great Fire of London, and the parish afterwards became absorbed in the adjoining one. The site of the church is not exactly known, and only a fragment of the old burial-ground still remains.

During the Commonwealth, St. Pancras is said to have been a church famous for its civic ceremonies. The congregation of George Cokayn at St. Pancras included the Cromwells, Henry Ireton, Whitelocke, Colonel Rowland Wilson, Sir John Moore, the poet Milton, Alderman Tichborne, the Lord Mayors of the city, and other notables.

In his thirtieth year, and in November, 1648, Cokayn preached before the members of the House of Commons, on the occasion of the Monthly Fast, at the old church of St. Margaret's. The service lasted from three to four hours. It was a time of national anxiety. King Charles was a State prisoner, and Cromwell was at the height of his political power. On that memorable day of fasting and prayer, Cokayn selected for text the significant words of the Psalmist: "I have said, Ye are gods; and all of you are children of the Most High. But ye shall die like men, and fall like one of the princes. Arise, O God, judge the earth, for Thou shalt inherit all nations." At the close of the service he was sincerely congratulated by his parliamentary friends, and subsequently was presented with the thanks of the House for his wise words and opportune counsels. Afterwards, he published the sermon under the title of "Flesh Expiring and the Spirit Inspiring the New Earth." When he was asked to preach a second time before the parliament he respectfully refused.

In an old Church Record still kept at Bunyan Meeting, Bedford, there are several references to the Rev. George Cokayn and Hare Court. By birth these two eminent divines were near neighbours. Their county kinship and their spiritual sonship ripened into the closest friendship. On a wet night in August, 1688, Bunyan, drenched with rain, rode to the hospitable home on Snow Hill of John Strudwick, who was the first appointed deacon of Hare Court. The immortal dreamer was suddenly seized with a violent fever. After ten days' illness he passed through the river of death and joined the pilgrims in the celestial city. Dr. Brown is strongly of opinion that it was "George Cokayn, who, as Bunyan's life-long friend and John Strudwick's pastor, would almost certainly conduct the funeral service." Another authority says: "Regarding the relations which subsisted between Bunyan and Cokayn, we have no doubt now that Cokayn was a constant and welcome visitor at the sick couch of the dying pilgrim; that it was he and

Deacon Strudwick who wrote down the dying sayings of Bunyan; that it was George Cokayn who laid the immortal dreamer to rest in the vault of Strudwick; and that it was George Cokayn who, when Mary Bunyan hurried up to London to see her sick husband, but arrived too late, ministered to her the consolations of the Gospel in that time of sorrow. Had Hare Court no other tale to tell of her history, the relations between Cokayn and Bunyan would suffice to make her famous."

The literary work of George Cokayn is not extensive, but, nevertheless, it is interesting for its associations and its flavour of Puritan quaintness. He assisted the Rev. Joseph Caryl in the compilation of a Greek Lexicon. In 1646 he wrote a pre-

womb of Providence, and which will come out first we know not."

After the Restoration, Cokayn was four times indicted for preaching against the Stuart kings and denouncing the government. For having expressed an opinion in his father's house at Cardington "that the old king did ought to be beheaded," he was thrown into prison. George Cokayn died on November 21, 1691, and was buried near to the graves of John Bunyan and Hare Court's first deacon, in Bunhill Fields Cemetery.

The Hare Court church relics include an old portrait of the Rev. George Cokayn in oils; and the silver communion service. It is thought to be some two hundred and fifty years old, and was used by the church when it worshipped at Soper Lane. One cup is stamped with the armorial device of Sir Robert Tichborne, and the four solid dishes were the gift of Sir Bulstrode Whitelocke.

Cokayn was succeeded in the pastorate of Hare Court by the Rev. John Nesbitt, who was a native of Cumberland. Before he was twenty years of age he underwent a five months' imprisonment for the defence of his Nonconformist principles. During his thirty-seven years' ministry the church increased its membership and grew in influence. He was an accomplished Greek scholar, an able preacher, and a learned theologian. He died in 1727, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and was buried at Bunhill Fields. He was succeeded by John Hurlion, Samuel Bruce, Dr. William King, Joshua Webb, and William Sterne Palmer.

Dr. Raleigh entered upon the Hare Court pastorate in January, 1859, and remained until the year 1875, when he removed to Kensington. In his day he attained great popularity in the Congregational Churches. Although he was only of average height and of fragile physique, yet his snowy locks gave him a venerable and imposing appearance. As a preacher his sermons "were always devoutly meditative, and thrillingly interesting. His manner was grave, his elocution perfect, and his voice admirably suited to convey the loftiest ideas and sublimest sentiments into the deepest depths of the soul." He gained a position of eminence as an author and contributor to religious magazines. As a writer he had an elegant diction and a silvery musical phrase. During his ministry at Hare Court the church was advanced to the highest state of prosperity. At every service it was filled to overflowing and the membership was increased to over one thousand. Nearly £10,000 per year were raised by the church for the different branches of religious and philanthropic enterprise. His successors were the Rev. W. M. Statham, and the Rev. Henry Simon, who died somewhat prematurely in 1892. Some twelve months later Dr. J. Lawson Forster removed from Chelsea to be the minister of Hare Court.



STRUDWICK'S HOUSE.

face to the works of Dr. Tobias Crispe—an eminent Calvinistic author of some repute. In 1658 Cokayn published a sermon that he had preached at the funeral of the Hon. Colonel Underwood, entitled, "Divine Astrologie, or a Scripture Prognostication of the sad events which ordinarily arise from the good man's fall by death." Ten years later he saw Bunyan's last book through the press. Cokayn wrote the preface for it, in which he deplorably says: "Who knows what will become of the ark of God! Therefore it is a seasonable duty with old Eli to sit trembling for it. Do we not also hear the sound of the trumpet, the alarm of wars? Mercy and judgment seem to be struggling in the same



Short Sermons from the Sage of Grasmere.

III.—ON BEING MASTER OF ONE'S FATE.



HERE is no poem of Wordsworth's more intimately characteristic of the man than that to which he latterly gave the somewhat prosaic and pedantic title, "Resolution and Independence," but which all real lovers of him like to think of by the earlier and simpler name: "The Leech-Gatherer." It

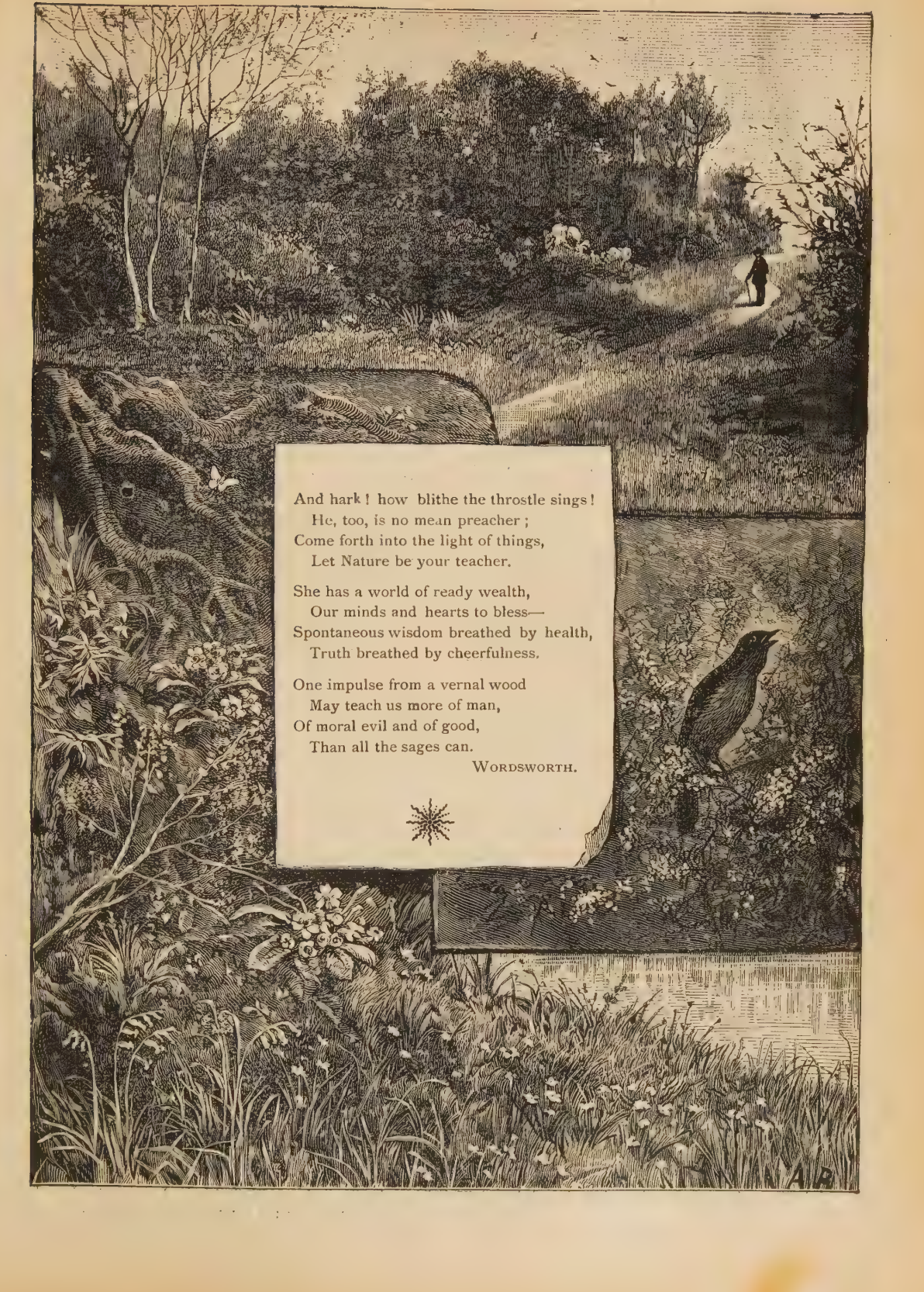
is a stately, grave, austere poem, but with vivid human passion at the heart of it: as severe in its absolute simplicities as the bleak moor it has for its scene, and as such one of the finest moral tonics I know. Let me give as swift an account of it as is consistent with its high merit. The poem, as it stands, is a unity, but Wordsworth's own report of its origin more than hints to us that it is a gathering together, and a poetic idealisation, of several scattered experiences, fused by intense imaginative heat. He did not meet the old leech-gatherer precisely in the situation described; the state of mental dejection, following on one of high exhilaration, which introduces the main *motif* of the poem, belongs to another date and place than those the poem itself suggests. Here is Wordsworth's own brief note: "Written at Townend, Grasmere. This old man I met a few hundred yards from my cottage: and the account of him is taken from his own mouth. I was in the state of feeling described in the beginning of the poem, while crossing over Barton Fell from Mr. Clarkson's, at the foot of Ullswater, towards Askham. The image of the hare I then observed on the ridge of the Fell." Let me pause and give the image. Any one who has kept his eyes open in the country will recognise its truth. I will quote the entire stanza:

All things that love the sun are out of doors:
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth:
The grass is bright with rain-drops;—on the moors
The hare is running races in her mirth;
And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

I have said that the poem is a unity—as all poems should be, but unhappily are not—and its one theme is: that a man need not be the sport and slave of random emotions, but may, and ought to, command and contain himself by moral fortitude and strength of inward principle. It is an apt lesson for an age which, like ours, is sadly erotic and neurotic. First the alternations of feeling in the poet's mind are vividly pictured. It is a morning of clear, bright sunshine, such as often, in that district, comes after floods of rain.

I was a traveller then upon the moor,
I saw the hare that raced about with joy;
I heard the woods and distant waters roar;
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy:
The pleasant season did my heart employ:
My old remembrances went from me wholly:
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy.

But suddenly a reaction supervenes. The spirit falls from its height of joy to a corresponding depth of dejection. "Dim sadness and blind thoughts," the prevision of a coming day of "solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty," will not be put off. To darken the picture come visions of other careers of opening promise closed in premature night. Was there not Chatterton, the sleepless soul, that marvel of poetic precocity, concerning whom one who knows has said that his two ample volumes of poems, "now, upwards of a century after his death, command our admiring wonder for the rare evidence of genius and sustained power which they display," and who, when still three months short of eighteen years, perished from poison administered by his own hand, in an obscure London lodg-



And hark ! how blithe the throstle sings !
He, too, is no mean preacher ;
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach us more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

WORDSWORTH.



ing, the prey of a hope deferred until it made him sick of living? And then there was Burns,

Who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough along the mountain side,

but whom the snobbery of high Edinburgh society did much to spoil, and who died at the early age of thirty-nine, mainly from want of this same manly self-control. Here a reminiscence of Carlyle's "Lectures on Heroes" comes up, and will not be put by till one puts it down on this page. "These lion-hunters were the ruin and death of Burns. It was they that rendered it impossible for him to live. He could not get his lionism forgotten, honestly as he was disposed to do so. He falls into discontents, into miseries, faults; the world getting ever more desolate for him; health, character, peace of mind, all gone; solitary enough now. It is tragical to think of! These men came but to see him; it was out of no sympathy with him, nor no hatred to him. They came to get a little amusement;—and the hero's life went for it! Richter says, in the island of Sumatra there is a kind of 'Light-chafers,' large fire-flies, which people stick upon spits and illuminate the ways with at night. Persons of condition can thus travel with a pleasant radiance, which they much admire. Great honour to the fire-flies! But—!—" And with that word, so say those who saw and heard, the lecturer stepped suddenly behind the curtain, leaving the scorn that was in him most fitly expressed, because all unexpressed.

But to return from this digression—how was the poet recovered from his abyss of dejection? To his own faith it was by spiritual or providential means. The poem itself suggests "peculiar grace, a leading from above, a something given." The notes put this still more plainly. "I consider," says Wordsworth, "the manner in which I am rescued from my dejection and despair almost as an interposition of Providence. A person reading the poem with feelings like mine will have been awed and controlled, expecting something spiritual or supernatural. What is brought forward? A lonely place, a pond by which an old man *was*, far from all house or home; not *stood*, nor *sat*, but *was*—the figure presented in the most naked simplicity possible." Let us scrutinise this figure. Its simplicity and rustic dignity fit the bareness of the scene which frames it. With what Mr. Myers well calls "naïve earnestness," Wordsworth continues: "Though I believe God has given me a strong imagination, I cannot conceive a figure more impressive than that of an old man like this, the survivor of a wife and ten children, travelling alone among the mountains and all lonely places, carrying with him his own fortitude, and the necessities which an unjust state of society has laid upon him."

He told that to these waters he had come
To gather leeches, being old and poor :
Employment hazardous and wearisome !
And he had many hardships to endure.
From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor ;
Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance,
And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.

The old man still stood talking by my side ;
But now his voice to me was like a stream
Scarce heard ; nor word from word could I divide :
And the whole body of the man did seem
Like one whom I had met with in a dream :
Or like a man from some far region sent,
To give me human strength by apt admonishment.

And soon with this he other matter blended,
Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind,
But stately in the main ; and when he ended,
I could have laughed myself to scorn to find
In that decrepit man so firm a mind ;
"God," said I, "be my help and stay secure ;
I'll think of the leech-gatherer on the lonely moor."

It is a type this of which Wordsworth is fond, and his fondness for it is one of his chief sanities. The Pedlar of the "Excursion," Michael, the shepherd of "Greenup Ghyll," and the "Old Cumberland Beggar," are other examples, to say nothing of the classic "Laodamia." Let my readers turn to them all. It is the sure and strong Epictetian touch; the disdain of poverty and privation, the undaunted temper, the force of man's unconquerable mind.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that !
The coward slave we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that !

How life has changed since Wordsworth's day, and how different the scenes amid which we live from those that environed him! From the quiet of his valleys to the quick, eager life of our big towns and cities—it is a far cry. Life with us has lost its repose: we rush and hurry and worry. As a waggish provincial preacher put it: Isaac no longer goes out into the fields to meditate at the eventide, and lifts his calm eyes and greets Rebekah. He must hurry to the busy station to meet her, for Rebekah is coming by the 7.20 express. We are all nerves nowadays: we are more at the mercy of our feelings. Our emotions are more complex and more responsive. The poet's sensibility is shared more widely. We are creatures of vagrant impulses, impressionist, mobile, and sentimental. It looks as if there were decay of moral fibre, and a tacit concession that to have a mood or a feeling is to have the justification for its fullest indulgence. We tend to be the slaves of random impulses rather than their masters and guides. We need an infusion of something of the old heroic strain. We, too, need our leech-gatherer mentor—the humbler and simpler the better. As Emerson has it: "At times the whole world seems to be in conspiracy to importune you with emphatic trifles. Friend, client, child, sickness, fear, want, charity,

all knock at once at thy closet door and say, 'Come out unto us.' But keep thy state; come not into their confusion. . . . Our sympathy is just as base. We come to them who weep foolishly, and sit down and cry for company, instead of imparting to them truth and health in rough electric shocks, putting them once more in communication with their own reason." You know how Newton, once asked how he had been able to achieve his discoveries, replied: "By always intending (that is directing, superintending) my mind." If Newton is too high and hard an example, take a washerwoman I once knew, "The more trouble," she said, "the more lion, that's my principle." The pundit and the plebeian mean at bottom precisely the same thing.

Did you ever ponder the words said to have been spoken by Jesus to Peter, as given in the supplementary chapter to the Fourth Gospel? "When thou wast young thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldst: but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldst not." The writer interprets the saying of the manner in which Peter was to die, but while the outer meaning is crucifixion, the inner meaning is that Peter, the child of impulse—still so, as his very next question indicates—should be disciplined by the Spirit and by the future until he should become the strong, helpful, immovable man of principle, according to that word Luke reports: "When

thou art converted strengthen thy brethren." Religion on Impulse, and Religion on Principle—there is the inner secret of the antithesis, and it is equally the burden of this our poem of the month. Christ's word to all of us is: "In your patience (your perseverance, fidelity, constancy) ye shall win your souls." As Bayard Taylor wrote when he was but three-and-twenty years of age: "I will become the sculptor of my own mind's statue." Let us, then, have the spirit of Great-Heart, the stalwart soul who forgets his own heart-troubles and tremors in the helping of the Feeble-Minds and the Ready-to-Halts. You may put Feeling for Fortune in the lovely lines of Enid, and change their spirit and their lesson no whit:

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud:
Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm and cloud:
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown:
With that wild wheel we go not up or down:
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

Smile and we smile, the lord of many lands:
Frown and we smile, the lord of our own hands:
For man is man and master of his fate.

Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd:
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud:
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

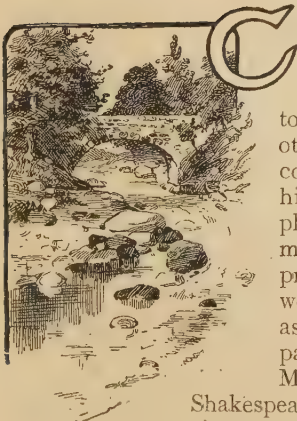
J. D. T.

The Shelf of Honour;

OR, BOOKS THAT HAVE MOVED ME.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH RITSON, AUTHOR OF "LOST AND WON," ETC.

"AYLWIN."



CHARLES LAMB, in one of his delightful essays, declares that he felt disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides his dinner: before a pleasant walk, a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. "Why have we none for books?" he asks, "those spiritual repasts—a grace before Milton—a grace before Shakespeare—a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the 'Fairy Queen'?"

On sitting down to read "Aylwin" I did not say grace, but I felt profoundly thankful, and that is more than can be said of every person who gives formal thanks on sitting down to table.

I had various reasons for gratitude. To begin with, it was a dense November fog, and it was necessary to burn gas nearly all day. Not that that was a reason for gratitude, for abundance of light is indeed to me one of the primal necessities of life, and I chafed under the infliction of darkness in the middle of the day. It was a darkness that might be felt. Hence anything that helped one to "thole" the misery of it was a boon. "Aylwin" promised "respite, respite and nepenthe," and was therefore a just cause of gratitude. Whatever affords innocent forgetfulness of physical misery is surely a boon. Then I was weary and depressed, and sadly in need of some mental distraction which would give the mind opportunity to recover its tone. Something that lifts one out of himself and transports him to new scenes exhilarates like fresh morn-

ing air in such circumstances. Really good fiction will do that sometimes better than anything else. Well is it for the man who in his healthier seasons has learned to enjoy fiction, and use it wisely. And happy such a man who, in his time of need, is able to lay hold of what he wants. There is fiction and fiction. What is offered as bread is often found to be a stone. It is good neither for body, mind, or soul. When you light on a book good alike for all three, it is surely something to be thankful for.

And such a book I had reason to believe "Aylwin" would prove to be. Reviews are no doubt sometimes misleading. Apart from all other considerations, there is the fact that the reviewer's taste may not be yours, and so what delights him may be anathema to you. But it seemed impossible that there could be any mistake about that review of "Aylwin." Not only was the writer enthusiastic, but he gave such varied and abundant reasons for the faith that was in him that you felt here was a rare book, such as only appears once or twice in a generation. Casting about for some solace in my physical misery, I bethought me of this new book, and braving the dense, blinding fog, I made my way to the bookseller, tabled (or should I say countered?), my four and six, and returned home in triumph with the book under my arm.

First impressions were all favourable. To begin with, you had something for your money: four hundred and seventy-two pages of clear long primer type, enough to last through a long fog. Then, with its artistic binding and gilt top, the book was arrayed in goodly apparel. But as one cut the leaves there was promise of better things than those merely sartorial; chapter headings of romantic suggestiveness caught the eye: the Cymric Child; the Moonlight Cross of the Gnostics; Haroun-al-Raschid the Painter; the Palace of Nin-ki-gal; the Magic of Snowdon, and others scarcely less calculated to awaken interest.

With a sigh of delighted anticipation, I glanced at the title page. "Aylwin, by Theodore Watts-Dunton." The double-barrelled name was, of course, not new, but one seemed to know little about the man. And yet he had been doing solid, and even extraordinarily brilliant, literary work for years. But for one person who had heard of him before, hundreds have heard of him since the publication of this wonderful work of fiction. Such is the magic power of the novel in these modern days. Even "the recognised master of English critics" is not known beyond a limited circle till he essays fiction. Though "the first critic of our time, perhaps the largest-minded and surest-sighted of any age," as one of the great poets of the day expresses it, Mr. Watts-Dunton has only become known to the great reading world within the last few months. A book like "Aylwin" makes one think of the years of preparation that have preceded the writing of it. This is in some measure true of every book.

It may have been written in so many weeks, months, or years, but in reality it is the outcome of all that went before. Unconsciously, the author had been preparing himself for this work all his life. But in the case of "Aylwin" this is so in a peculiar degree. Not only is the outcome of the long process a great book, but its character clearly reveals the complex and varied training and experience that gave the author the requisite equipment for his task. "To do justice to such a work," as Mr. Coulson Kernahan has well said, "a syndicate of reviewers, not a single reviewer, is required. After the book has been dealt with from the point of view of the novelist's art, the services of an expert in Romanyn might with advantage be called in. It could then go to the naturalist, that he might record his opinion in regard to its marvellous accuracy of observation, and after that, to the art critic, who would find therein more than enough matter for an article upon 'Aylwin' and some aspects of art. And when the scientist, the critic of poetry, and the Cymric scholar had duly commented upon the encyclopædic knowledge borne witness to by 'Aylwin,' the student of philosophic religion might then step forward to express an opinion upon the originality with which Mr. Watts-Dunton has dealt with that 'grafting'—if one may use a horticultural metaphor—of a reverential and poetic attitude of mind upon an original stock of pantheistic belief, which results in what theologians call mysticism." It would seem that Mr. Watts-Dunton has had the training of a scientist, a naturalist, an artist in a double sense, and a student of Romanyn, to say nothing of the training for literary composition which a poet acquires in the exercise of his art.

And yet this classification leaves out the most important training of all—that which has given the author his religious equipment; for "in the true sense of the word, religion—deep, earnest religion—is the mainspring of 'Aylwin.'" The author must therefore have had a religious training and experience of no ordinary kind. It goes without saying, of course, that the religious element is held in solution, so to speak, in the book. "Aylwin" is a work of art, and not only are the various elements in it so fused and mixed as to make a consistent whole, but of this particular element it may be safely said that it is so little obtruded that some would question its title to the name of a religious book at all. This is because there is no preaching, in the literal and didactic sense, that is: and yet Mr. Watts-Dunton is a great preacher who has copied the greatest of all models in that he has adopted the parabolic method, and sought to convey, by dramatic and pictorial expression, a profound moral lesson.

Before dealing with the religious significance of the book, let me say a word or two on that aspect of it which will commend it first of all to the bulk of readers. It must not be imagined that because

"Aylwin" is a profoundly religious book it suffers in consequence as a story. There can be no question it will be prized by the great majority of readers for its beauty and interest as a story. It is in that respect full of charm. The writing possesses, not only distinction, but often rises to the level of prose poetry. Mr. Watts-Dunton is a great poet as well as a great literary critic. His first book, "The Coming of Love," will probably be among the enduring poetic work of the century. Its originality, its supernatural glamour, its beauty of thought and expression, and its moral significance, give the book a chance for all time, and at once secured the author a place in the ranks of the greatest living poets. There is one poem in particular which struck me as singularly beautiful, and it has subsequently acquired for me a new interest from the fact that it won the enthusiastic admiration of Rossetti, and led to one of the most memorable and important friendships in the literary history of the time. The poem, which is inserted near the end of the volume, was recited one day by Dr. Hake, and affected Rossetti so deeply that his eyes filled with tears.

Beneath the loveliest dream there coils a fear:
 Last night came she whose eyes are memories now;
 Her far-off gaze seemed all forgetful how
 Love dimmed them once, so calm they shone and clear.
 "Sorrow," I said, "has made me old, my dear;
 'Tis I, indeed, but grief can change the brow:
 Beneath my load a seraph's neck might bow,
 Vigils like mine would blanch an angel's hair."
 Oh, then I saw, I saw the sweet lips move!
 I saw the love-mists thickening in her eyes—
 I heard a sound as if a murmuring dove
 Felt lonely in the dells of Paradise;
 But when upon my neck she fell, my love,
 Her hair smelt sweet of whin and woodland spice.

A poet does not always excel in prose, but Mr. Watts-Dunton won his spurs in prose before he essayed poetry. Certain it is his prose is beautiful and exhilarates like—, well, I was going to say wine, but a life-long abstainer cannot know just how wine does exhilarate, so I had better find a simile of which I have had some experience, and say, like the bright sunshine of a day in early spring. Anyone with the least feeling for style will find "Aylwin," in this regard, delightful. The story arrests you at once. It opens with the introduction of a boy and girl. Both are wonderful pictures of childhood—of the imaginative order of childhood that is. They are presented with the vividness, and insight, and felicity of touch that characterise the boy and girl in "Lorna Doone," but with the additional elements of genius as the informing spirit of the one, and spirituality as that of the other. Henry Aylwin, the Cymric child, has in him from the very first, an arresting quality which only an imaginative child of nature could possess. Through him the reader is to gain a glimpse of the Romany

race, with its curious superstitions, its keen sympathy with and understanding of nature, and its aloofness and detachment from our modern civilisation. Winnie, the heroine, has a freshness, a sweetness, an exquisite simplicity and unwavering loyalty which invest her with a charm almost without parallel in literature. Together the hero and heroine furnish a perfect medium for that poetical interpretation of nature which is, in part at least, the purpose of the book. But there is a third figure which plays an important part in this work, Sinfi Lovell, "the superb, self-reliant, young looper, who is yet a great-natured, loyal, and loving woman to the heart's core, of her." She is even a more magnificent creation than Rhona Boswell, the gipsy girl of "The Coming of Love."

With the story as such I have no intention of dealing. It is romantic and beautiful, and serves to carry the reader on from beginning to end with unflagging interest. There are not wanting thrilling incidents, and an element of weird mystery runs through the book. Pictures, too, there are of natural scenery of surpassing beauty. Wales, at last, has found a writer with the genius, the insight, and sympathy requisite for the task of adequately portraying the splendour of her mountain scenery and the mystic beauty of her glens and waterfalls. But no fair impression of either the story or its concomitants can be given in an article like the present. And in any case it is with the religious and philosophical teaching of the book we are mainly concerned.

The religious teaching of the book is manifold, but it all circles round one subject, the doctrine of immortality and a future life. The truth is, of course, presented symbolically, and in dramatic form. In Philip Aylwin, the father of the hero, we have one to whom the sudden loss of a passionately loved wife has made the idea of materialism "intolerable as hell itself," and belief in the word "never" equivalent to madness. "You will find," he says to his son, "that you dare not leave untried any creed, howsoever wild, that offers the heart a ray of hope, should you ever come to love as I have loved." Now, the doctrine of materialism, as is well known, is, that since thought is a function of the brain, just as steam is a function of the tea-kettle, when the organ perishes, the production can no longer continue, and the soul must surely cease to exist. It is maintained that the spiritual life, the consciousness is absolutely dependent upon the brain. Is it not a fact that a blow on the head destroys memory or consciousness, and that stimulants and poisons, acting upon the brain, change the quality of our ideas? Is it not also true that in perfectly sound sleep consciousness ceases to exist? If these slight interferences with the "grey matter of our cerebral convolutions" destroy consciousness, what will happen when that matter has perished? The Materialist and the Positivist will

tell you the inevitable conclusion is that there is no such thing as personal immortality. This conclusion may not be often met with in that blunt form, but it is woven into the very warp and woof of much of the scientific teaching of the time.

Now "Aylwin" is a dramatic refutation of this theory of Materialism. The reader who wishes to see the doctrine attacked on its own ground should procure a capital little book by Professor James, of Harvard,* which is full of suggestion, not only on this subject, but on the cognate one of telepathy. But it must be remembered that the author of "Aylwin," while choosing somewhat different ground on which to tackle the modern heresy, is yet perfectly cognisant of every phase of the whole subject, and within certain limits has even traversed the contention of the scientific Materialist. But in the main he has fallen back on the consciousness and experience of the race. His work is a striking link between the ancient doctrine of Animism, and the latest results of psychological investigation. Animism in some form is found among the lowest and most barbarous tribes, and arose from the evidence of the senses, interpreted by the crude and child-like science of the savage. "Two problems seem to have occupied the primitive mind. First, What is it which makes the difference between a living body and a dead one? what causes waking sleep, trance, disease, and death? In the second place, What are those human shapes which appear in dreams and visions? The savage makes these two groups of phenomena each help to account for the other, by combining both in the conception of an apparitional or ghost-soul, the cause of life and thought in the individual it animates, capable of leaving the body and appearing to men waking or asleep, as a phantasm, and able to enter into the bodies of men, animals, and things inanimate." Have we not heard our African missionaries tell how the natives believe their dead ancestors have entered into certain trees, and that from them all kinds of malign influences flow?

The influence of the dead over the living is, however, not merely a question occupying the minds of the ancients, or of the modern heathen. It is profoundly interesting many of the most devout and enlightened of our own time. "The whole universe is one great whispering-gallery, and we are again surrounded, as the Apostle said, by a 'great cloud of witnesses.'" But to keep to the subject

before us, which is Mr. Watts-Dunton's use of the ancient doctrine of Animism as it is found among the gypsies to-day. The story of "Aylwin" is the story of a dead man's curse; of how that curse fell upon an innocent victim, and so affected her brain as to change her, to all intents and purposes, into another person; and of how ultimately the curse was voluntarily accepted by another in whom it practically, after a short time, disappeared. That is far too bald a statement of the book to be fair to it. The vividness, the terrible reality, the blended pity and terror, the mystical beauty and romantic glamour of the story are required to do justice to its teaching. While Mr. Watts-Dunton has for years been waging war against the dogmatism of the scientific materialist, and has rendered splendid service in the field of argument, he has in "Aylwin" fallen back on what must, after all, be the final court of appeal to every human soul on the question of immortality, the experience and consciousness of the individual and the race. The creed of a blind materialism cannot meet the needs of the human heart, especially in the great crises of life. To quote the closing words of D'Arcy in "Aylwin," "When our hearts are torn as yours has been torn, and when our souls are on fire with a flame such as that I saw was consuming you, the awful possibilities of the universe—of which we, civilised men or savage, know nothing—will come before us, and tease our hearts with strange wild hopes, though all the "proof" of all the logicians should hold them up to scorn."

And now, what more shall I say of this remarkable book? One might speak of it as a great interpretation of spiritual love, albeit, one of the most passionate love-stories in the world, and as pure as it is passionate. Or one might dwell on the madness of Winnie Wynne, than which there has been nothing more moving, more pathetic, more poignantly sorrowful in literature for generations. Or yet again, how natural it would be to fasten on its thrilling, absorbing interest as a mere story, and the pleasure the reading it will give to multitudes who scarcely reflect at all on its deeper meaning. But its supreme value in the eyes of the thoughtful and the religious will be found in the fact that it preaches so powerfully, so eloquently, so convincingly, the great doctrine of immortality, and has thus, not only invested the novelist's calling with a new dignity and honour, but has set an example which is calculated to turn the stream of modern fiction into higher and purer and nobler channels.

* "Human Immortality." A. Constable and Co. }





Present-Day Prophets and their Messages.

BY JAMES P. LANGHAM.

I.—JOHN PULSFORD, THE MYSTIC.



IN every age God has His chosen messengers through whom He sends the *needed* word to His child—man. We dishonour God, and misread history, when we think our own age is destitute of prophetic voices. To our own age God has spoken unmistakably, but the ears of the multitude have been deaf to the message. The prophet

has not only to bring God's message, but to find an audience. Hence, as a rule, prophets fall on evil times; and only when they have joined the majority is the importance of their message recognised. To-day, as in past times, stones are the portion of the prophets; coming generations will garnish their sepulchres. Prophets speak because they are impelled and compelled by the truth from God which takes possession of their minds and lays its commands upon their consciences. They may or may not belong to the Church; and they draw through heaven-born sympathies into the bosom of the common people. They ever seek to lessen the tyranny of classes and cliques, to widen the bounds of human liberty and to raise the ideal of life. Every man is a prophet who brings to his age a message which widens and heightens human thought, purifies and elevates human life, and strengthens and makes instinct with life the bonds which bind men to each other.

If God be our Father as well as our King, then inspiration and revelation will never cease; and every age will have its seers whose vision is not bounded by the material surfaces of things, and who veritably declare the will of God.

The character of the revelation will vary as the needs of men and the recipient messengers vary. God still speaks to men in divers manners by men who are capable of voicing His message. As God used the mouths and pens of men in ancient Israel

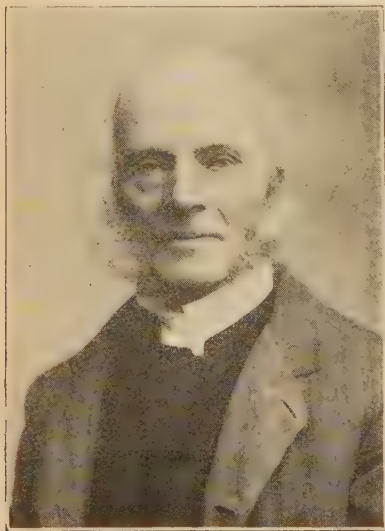
to make known His will, so verily He uses the mouths and pens of men to-day.

We purpose to speak in these papers of men who, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, have shown the possession of powers, which entitle them to a place in the gallery of prophets.

The first nineteenth-century prophet we will speak of is John Pulsford, preacher and mystic. He was born at Torrington, in North Devon, in the second decade of the present century. When a youth he was apprenticed to a draper, but soon heard a voice calling him to another sphere—the sphere of the Christian ministry. He then entered the Baptist College at Stepney, and spent some years in the acquisition of knowledge and the culture of the inner man. On leaving college, he became pastor of the Baptist Church at Southampton, where he remained three years. After leaving Southampton he held pastorates at Hull, Offord Road, London, and Edinburgh. In all these places he was indeed a minister of Christ, who spoke as he felt convinced his Master would have him speak. He was more concerned to publish the divine message with absolute faithfulness, than to win a temporary popularity. With his great gifts he might easily have become the leader of a denomination, the controller, very largely, of its destinies. But a power to which he was ever heart-loyal led him by another path. To him was given the power to see into the heart of things, and reveal to men the reality of being. Most people think of the unseen as unreal, but he knew, with Paul, that "the things that are not seen are eternal." His excursions into the unseen, his knowledge of its eternal verities, gave to his messages, both spoken and written, a quality altogether unlike the words of the average speaker and writer. The average hearer, missing the forms of speech and modes of thought with which he was familiar, regarded him as peculiar and unsafe; and the ecclesiastics who prided themselves on their orthodoxy, excommunicated him, as a heretic. This they did actually and formally. "At a time

When his heart was crushed beneath severe domestic grief, he was waited upon by a group of ministers forming an Association in the town (Hull), the leader of which deputation read to him a paper drawn up and signed by all, solemnly cutting him off from all Christian communion."

These purblind occupants of the pulpit refused communion with a man upon whom the spirit of the Christ had fallen in richest measure. The only excuse that can be offered for their conduct is their spiritual limitations. We must have eyes to see and ears to hear, before we can recognise a divine messenger, or appreciate his message. We are not in a position, nor have we the desire, to dwell



REV. JOHN PULSFORD.

at any length on the incidents and experiences of his ministerial career. As a preacher, his ministry was unique and wonderful. Those who were privileged to enjoy it felt that they were indeed listening to a man versed in the deep things of God, who could, and did, open to them the way into the Holy of Holies. Beyond the audience influenced by his voice was a wider audience, to whom his published books were as draughts of living water. Without question, his books are living books, which serve as distributors of life to hungry natures longing for heavenly food. They are a contribution to the enrichment of human thought of inestimable value. No one can read them without a great clearing of his mental vision, the widening of his mental outlook, and the quickening of his spiritual nature.

Those who desire to make acquaintance with Pulsford's teachings cannot do better than begin with his first book, "Quiet Hours," published during his ministry in Hull. It is the natural introduction to his other works. In it breathes the same spirit of loyalty to Christ which distinguishes the

many productions of his pen. All Pulsford's books are characterised by abounding life and superabundance of ideas. Each volume opens to the reader a new world of inquiry, reveals a new heaven of delightful truths. Still, in all you are conscious of the controlling influence of certain dominant ideas. In "Quiet Hours" we have the pleasing glow of dawn; in "Loyalty to Christ" we have the golden glory of noon-day; and the noon-day glory is felt to be the natural consummation of the morn-

*"Now you will slowly
grow, & become the organ
of the Divine Breath.
But be patient for the
difficulties to be over-
come are very great,
& the transformation
of the nature - race
of man, into God's race
is the Work of all books.
Sincerely yours
J. Pulsford*

FACSIMILE OF PART OF LETTER.

ing's brightness. Heaven spoke through John Pulsford from the first; but as time passed, the messenger was able to utter more fully and clearly the divine message. "Quiet Hours" was the prelude to the series of truth-revealing books which were to follow. It consists of a number of short papers on great themes. To give some idea of the style of the author, and the quality of his thought, I will transcribe one of his "Aids to Thought."

A LITTLE BIRD'S SERMON TO A SERMON-MAKER.

"I was in the act of kneeling down before the Lord my God, when a little bird, in the lightest, freest humour, came and perched near my window, and thus preached to me, all the while hopping about from spray to spray: 'O, thou grave man, look on me, and learn something, if not the deepest lesson, then a true one. Thy God made me, and the like of me; and if thou canst conceive it, loves me and cares for me. Thou studiest Him in great

problems, which oppress and confound thee: thou lovest sight of one half of His ways. Learn to see thy God, not in great mysteries only, but in me also. His burden on me is light, His yoke on me is easy; but thou makest burdens and yokes for thyself which are very grievous to be borne. I advise thee not only to see God in little things, but to see little, cheerful, sportive things *in God*, as well as great, solemn, awful things. Things deep as Hell, and high as Heaven, thou considerest over much; but thou dost not "consider the lilies" sufficiently. Every priest should put by his awful robes, etc., sometimes, and go free. If *thou* couldst be as a lily before God, for at least one hour in the twenty-four, it would do thee good: I mean, if thou couldst cease to will and to think, and *be* only. Consider, the lily is as really from God as thou art, and is a figure of something *in Him*,—the like of which should also be *in thee*. Thou longest to grow, but the lily grows without longing;—yes, without either thinking or willing, *grows*, and *is* beautiful, both to God and man. Think of that.

"In conclusion, I remind thee that God has *"many kinds of voices in the world, and none of them is without significance."* But I perceive that thine ear is open only to voices of one kind. Thy danger is, under conceit of being the more godly, of becoming monstrous, and not quite God-like. Excuse a little bird. I am but one of the "many kinds of voices," which God has "in the world."

The bird's sermon is needed by great numbers of religious people to-day. It is very easy to think the divine communications must come to us along certain well-defined and familiar channels only. But he that hath ears to hear will often hear the Lord speaking to him through new lips, and will find the message more forceful in consequence. It will do the most fervent Methodist good to spend a few quiet hours with this man, who kept his doors and windows ever open towards heaven and God. His Methodist fervour will gain spiritual depth by contact with this great soul, who was indeed a friend of God. Before leaving this book, which carries with it a heavenly atmosphere, I will give you one more aid to devout thought.

OPEN DOORS.

"The door by which the world enters the soul, in the act of opening, shuts the door by which Heaven enters. Hence, it happens that those who have their door constantly open towards the world have their door as constantly shut towards Heaven. While worldly gains and pleasures, scenes and sounds, are freely entering the soul by an open door, the King of Heaven stands knocking at a shut door. On the other hand, when the door freely opens to the Lord Jesus, and to Heavenly gains and joys, the door, by which the world enters, closes. *The worldly door, being shut, the Lord Jesus and the soul banquet together.* The soul is then in her

glory, she is dead to the world, and the world is dead to her."

"The great Master Himself said: 'Thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, *and when thou hast shut the door*, pray to thy Father, which is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.'

"Unless the door of the soul is shut to the world, it is no use shutting the door of our oratory, our place of prayer."

I first became acquainted with the greatest mystic of the nineteenth century by reading that wonderful book, "The Supremacy of Man."

When once I had tasted the waters of this heavenly stream, I thirsted for larger draughts; and with eager haste and great delight, perused work after work from our author's pen. The hours spent in communion with this great soul were hours of spiritual exhilaration, which lifted me to a higher level of life, and changed the whole horizon of my spiritual outlook. I felt that the author of the books was indeed my friend, and when I wanted *more light*, I ventured to appeal to him to supply it. His letters, received in answer to my inquiries, established between us a spiritual "rapport" which I cannot feel was broken by his decease. Those who have been made brothers by the powers of the world-to-come remain such to eternity. Even now, when I take up his letters, I cannot feel that he who penned them is dead. I think of him, and feel him to be more livingly near and with me, than vast numbers with whom I mingle in the walks of life.

We cannot think of them as dead
Who walk with us no more;
Along the path of life we tread,
They have but gone before.
Ours are they by an ownership
Nor time nor death can free;
For God hath given to love to keep
Its own eternally.

Before dealing with the great messages with which the later works abound, I will ask my readers to share with me the pleasure of the perusal of one of these prized and precious letters.

I wrote to him asking his counsel with regard to certain authors, and certain lines of spiritual inquiry I was at that time pursuing, and received in reply the following letter, full of loving counsel and spiritual wisdom.

"Huntly, Bishop's Teignton,

"May 19, 1892.

"I feel sure that there are for every age special centres of revelation and channels of inspiration. But in reading Swedenborg, Jacob Behmen, Thomas Lake Harris, etc., I have always been careful not to be brought into bondage to any man. It seems to me better to avail ourselves of all teachers and helps for the quickening and developing of one's own individuality, rather than to bring our indi-

viduality and specific genius into subjection to any one scheme of thought and organisation.

* * * * *

"In my judgment of books, my rule is not to inquire about *the writer*, but *what is written*. Does it quicken and enlarge my soul? Does it elevate my mind, kindle my sympathies, and heighten my aspirations?"

"What matters it to me *who* wrote John's Gospel? or *when* it was written?"

"One, and only One, is Lord and Master—God in the Man, the Man in God. Yearningly open your bosom and brain to His in-breathing, asking God to clear your channels of reception. Walk

carefully, tenderly, prayerfully, watchfully—with no own will for anything; but ever craving that your whole being—spirit, soul, flesh—may be the dwelling-place and throne of His Spirit.

"Then you will *slowly* grow, and become the organ of His Divine Breath. But be patient, for the difficulties to be overcome are very great, and the transformation of the nature-race of man into God's race is the work of all works.

"Sincerely yours,

"J. PULSFORD."

At a future time I will give a brief account of his other characteristic books.

The Arrested Gesture.

BY RAMSAY GUTHRIE.



STEPHEN STEVENS was always in his place ten minutes before service-time. He had no great distance to come, but the ascent to Rosehill was a climb for a man of his years. There was time, also, for "a bit talk with the Lord" on his own account. As the congregation

assembled, he scanned the Hymnal, wondering which of the six-lines-eights would be the preacher's choice.

He made a picturesque figure in his Sabbath attire. The velvet jacket and the black silk neckerchief were all that could be seen, and their Sabatarian association was unavoidable.

He was short and stout, with a big, round, rosy face, and close-cropped hair, white as snow.

He had his own place at Rosehill. At the preacher's left, in the second seat on the side gallery, at the corner near the door, Old Steve was wont to sit.

He came to worship. For the congregation as a congregation, he had no concern. His eyes never wandered from the preacher's face. With his body at an angle, his left foot well in advance, his left hand gripping the rail of the book-board, he confronted the man in the pulpit.

The critical was foreign to Old Steve's temper. It never occurred to him that the statements of the preachers might be open to challenge. To him they were infallible.

Stephen was not a silent listener, though he never said a word. Occasionally those near to him heard a gurgle in his throat, and knew that he was chuckling inwardly; but no word escaped his lips. Old Steve was eloquent of gesture. His right arm was

always free, and the hand was an expert in the language of gesticulation. Every point was caught. Indeed, the faculty of anticipation was his. Closely following the sermon, he was able to foresee the truth approaching. High aloft his arm would swing, and when at length the truth was voiced, down would come his hand in concurrence emphatic. When a fact beyond the ordinary was coming, his head would spring erect, his eyebrows elevate, and confirmation would accompany the statement with a vigour of gesture commensurate with the truth's importance. Even when the preacher was passive, Steve's procedure was unchanged. The preacher furnished the oration; the old man supplied the action. Strange preachers were disconcerted when they came to Rosehill. Stephen monopolised their attention. "Antics," they thought his movements at the outset, but, ere the service ended, they knew that one, at least, had been an interested auditor.

Stephen Stevens was not a native of those parts. No one knew from whence he came. When the Excelsior Works had been enlarged, workmen skilled in specific mechanical branches were required. Applicants came from far and near. Stephen was one of these, and one of the fortunate. He came alone. His odd and cleanly dress had attracted David Dale, and his simple statement of his capabilities won the confidence of the engineer. His years were fifty, but his sight was keen, and his faculties vigorous. Till his sixtieth year, his name was on the pay-sheets. Then he was "pensioned off" through his employer's bounty.

On the first Sunday morning succeeding his engagement, Stevens entered the chapel on the mount. Much amusement was created by his mode of exhibiting agreement. There were those in Rosehill who were accustomed to ejaculate. Stephen alone was wont to gesticulate. Ten years' experience of



"WHAT OF THE SOUL YOU TEMPTED?"

the old man's "way" had reduced the comicality to a commonplace.

It was thought by some that he might leave the district when he had secured his old-age gratuity. Old Steve continued to lodge with Widow Thompson. Morning by morning he was seen taking an easy walk, dressed in his factory-clothes—the fustian trousers, the thick, dark, woollen shirt, the hairy waistcoat, the blue linen jacket, and the reefer above. It was understood that of kith and kin he was destitute. During all the years, no visitor had inquired for his whereabouts. That he neither wrote nor received letters were facts vouched for by his garrulous landlady. She had done her best to unearth the years which lay behind him, but he had nothing to tell. A quiet life he lived, with no engagements save the Rosehill week-night meetings. He never missed the class, and was better than punctual at the mid-week preaching. It was not unusual to find him in his place when the choir was being practised.

There were some with tender insight who commiserated the old man's friendlessness. That he was lonely was their generous suspicion. They greeted him cordially, as occasion offered, and helped to assure him that he was living amongst friends.

No eye, save the eye of the preacher, noted the panic of Stephen Stevens. It was the Sabbath night, and the middle of the sermon. Forms were in the aisles for the overwhelming congregation. The interest was breathless, for the word was light and fire. "What I have written, I have written," was the text, and, in the treatment of the Reverend Caleb Kent, Pilate's speech became an exposure of grim fact and a conscience appeal.

"What I have written, I have written," repeated the speaker. "In the narrative it is a report of an historical statement. In actual life it is the announcement of a law—the law of the past's irreparableness.

"What I have thought, I have thought. I cannot unthink it. Try as I may, the effort is futile. I wish it were otherwise. The wish cannot tamper with fact.

"What I have spoken, I have spoken. I recall the word. Fool that I am! It is spoken. It cannot be unspoken. I weep in the bitterness of the recollection. I beat my hands in the air. I will do anything to unfact the fact. I am undone."

Stephen Stevens never diverted his gaze from the face of Caleb Kent. His mind was alert for the advancing truths, and his hand was energetic of gesture.

"What I have done, I have done," pursued the

man in the pulpit. "I wrote that cruel letter, and posted it. The moment I slipped it into the pillar-box, I knew my soul was fiendish. I will get it back, tear it into shreds, and burn it piece by piece. It cannot be done. The postal authorities taunt me."

Old Stevens gesticulated appropriately.

"My friends," Caleb Kent exclaimed, "here is the law of life's irreparableness, defying denial, controverting sophistry. Actions pass beyond control. Our very iniquities round on us, and get hold of us at last. We are the masters of origins; we are the slaves of sequels. Consequences are relentless. Sin never forgets. Evil never forgives."

The old man in the side gallery was gesticulating wildly.

The paragraph which confounded Stephen was not in the preacher's manuscript. It was a lightning flash.

"Years ago, you remember, you tempted that soul. It was the devil's game, and you enjoyed it. The remembrance is a torment now. The guilt has been forgiven, for you have repented, confessed, and prayed. Is the deed undone? *What of the soul you tempted?*"

The eyes of the preacher, scanning his hearers, were riveted when the old man met his view. Steve had attitudinised, and was on the point of completing the action. The words of the preacher arrested the gesture. "What of the soul you tempted?" Fear blanched the face of Stephen Stevens, his lip quivered, his hand trembled in mid-air, his arm fell helplessly to his side; he crouched dejectedly. Half of the sermon was yet unuttered. The preacher pursued his theme, and shot shafts in many a heart. The gesticulations were ended. Steve sat to the sermon's climax, with his hands tightly clasped, with his head upon his bosom.

When the Dales drove down to Rosehill on the morning of the Sabbath, they did not return to Woodlea Hall till the evening. In a house adjoining they took their meals. Thus David Dale, his son and daughter, were able to attend the school, and Mrs. Dale was free to visit the aged and sick.

At noon on the Sunday following that to which reference has been made, the engineer and his family were seated at table. The absence of Stephen was the topic of the talk.

"He wasn't at the class on Tuesday!" the master observed.

"The poor old fellow must be ill!" Bob declared. "He has never missed a Sunday service since he came to the works. Mother, you had better call upon Mrs. Thompson and inquire about him!"

"I wish we had known sooner," Miss Dale sympathetically murmured, taking it for granted that he was poorly.

Bella Thompson had a guilty look when Mrs. Dale crossed her threshold.

"Stephen was not at chapel this morning, Mrs.

Thompson," her visitor observed, after the usual introduction.

"No, he wasn't!" the widow rejoined in an injured tone.

"How was that? Is he ill?"

"There's somethin' the matter with him, certain sure!" the landlady asserted, "but what it is, you're as wise as me."

"What did the doctor say? You would call him in?"

"What for the doctor?" Bella Thompson sneered. "It wasn't his body that was bad, the trouble's on his mind, or in his heart. He was like a man demented. I was glad when he went off!"

"Went off!" Mrs. Dale repeated in genuine surprise and distress. "When did he go off?"

"He went on Monday morning, if you want to know. Last Sunday night he was his usual when he went to chapel. When he came in, he was 'dotherin'' all over, and as white as a ghost. What was 'troublin'' him I cannot say. He's the closest man-body that ever was. I only got to know where he had gone from the clerk at the station. He had taken a ticket for Birmingham."

Three weeks later, the Congress of Mechanical Engineers was held in the Iron City of the Midlands. David Dale was in attendance. It was Friday morning. The homeward train was timed to leave at 9.15. Throwing the dailies and weeklies upon the seat, he waited on the platform till starting-time.

"Good gracious!" he mentally ejaculated. "Surely that's Stephen Stevens! No! Yes! Who can that woman be?" and on the instant he was walking hastily to the place where the old couple were standing.

Stephen's face, when Mr. Dale accosted him, was the face of the fearful, the surprised, and delighted.

"Maister Dale!" the old man faltered, the handbag slipping from his fingers, "wherever have ye come fra'?"

"You're not the only traveller with business in Birmingham!" was the smiling response.

Steve was obviously uneasy.

"This is my missis, Maister Dale!" he said, looking at the engineer. "Becky, this is the maister I worked for, an' the gentleman that pays my pension!"

The woman timidly turned her eyes when thus addressed. Her lips moved, but no sound was audible.

The whistle recalled David Dale to the actuality of the journey.

"Are you coming back again, Stephen?" he asked, preparing to return to the carriage.

"Becky an' me's goin' there now!" the old man replied, picking up the hand-bag.

"Then come with me!"

A word with the guard, and privacy was guaranteed.

The train sped on. A hundred miles were covered, and David Dale was no nearer to an explanation. The papers lay unopened. With rare discrimination, the engineer had put Stephen at his ease, and even prompted speech from Mrs. Stevens. By-and-by, she rested in the corner with tightly-closed eyes. She was a woman of sixty, was the thought of David Dale as he looked at her face, pale and thin and deeply wrinkled. Old Steve followed the master's eyes, and his were full of pain as they rested on the features of his wife. He turned to find the eyes of David Dale kindly bent on him.

Suddenly he unbosomed his secret. Leaning forward, laying a trembling hand on the master's knee, he hoarsely whispered: "Becky an' me were wedded thirty-six years ago. I was the boss of a gang in one of the iron-shops, an' made a mint o' money. If I'd had the sense that I got after, I could have pensioned mysel' an' many another. Drink is the workin'-man's curse. Mornin', noon, an' night, it was drink, drink, drink. . . . Becky was religious. She'd never been onythin' else. She was a choir lass when I married her. . . . Poor soul! She made me sign teetotal, an' was happy as a queen. . . . I fooled her, start and finish."

It cost him much to tell his tale. Ever and anon he glanced to her face to assure himself that she was sleeping.

"Then I did what the minister said. I tempted her. I held the glass up to the light, and put it to her lips. She drank it every drop."

The old man's face was overshadowed. There was silence in the compartment.

"It's bad for a man to drink, but worse for a woman. They're made of finer stuff, an' the drink plays havoc with them. . . . She was worse nor me. . . . And so we lived for years. We never had childer for a blessin'. I was gettin' golden guineas, an' we lived in a dirty flat."

Again the old man peered at the face of his sleeping wife.

"Then I got converted, an' signed the pledge for fairs. It was a Gospel Temperance Mission, so I went for both, and got them. I wanted Becky to join me, but she wouldn't be on. Then I rued that I had tempted her. She flung it in my teeth. 'Who held the glass up to the light?' she would say."

The tears were raining down his face.

"I could say nothin' to that. Try? I tried all ways. I prayed an' pleaded, but she always had her answer ready. . . . She was willin' to shift to a bigger house, an' was fond o' the brand-new furniture. . . . It went to the pawnshop at the finish."

"Blame her? I dinna blame her. The fault was mine; but she tried my patience sorely. I wished that we were dead, but it isn't the folks that want to die that get the chance. . . . One night, she never came back, an' I jumped at the hope of

rescue. She had left me of her own accord; no further claim she had on me. I knew that I was lyin' to mysel'; but it suited me better than truth. I left her all there was, and went afieid. I worked awhile, an' got made decent, an' then you started me at the Excelsior. . . . I banished her from my thoughts, and succeeded over well. I'm shamed to say that all these years she's never had a cent from me. Whether she was livin' or dead I knew not, and cared not. . . . I thought I was religious, and others thought the same. But the minister guessed my secret. He looked me clear in the face. I was



"HE WAS SEEN TAKING AN EASY WALK."

frightened to death when he asked the question: 'What of the tempted soul?' I partly knew. She was either in hell, or on the way, and it was me that sent her. . . . Oh! that Sunday night! I cried like Peter, an' was minded to follow Judas. . . . To find her out and bring her back, that was my notion. . . . She was there where I had left her—but different. The moment I saw her I knew she had got religion. My leavin' her had frightened her. She has never tasted liquor all these years. She's been workin' for her livin' all this time."

His voice faltered in the shame of the recollection.

"When I had enough and to spare, she was cleanin' offices. . . . She's forgiven me, an' was willin' to come. We cannot well be blithesome with the knowledge of all that's past, but we have reason to be thankful,—and we are."

Old Steve sighed, grateful that at length the tragedy was recited.

The old woman was on her feet. Her cheeks were wet with tears. She faced David Dale.

"It's the truth he has told you, maister," she passionately declared. "True, every word; but not all the truth. You're a stranger to me, and I cannot be confidential, but if you knew all you would believe that heavy as was his blame, mine was the heavier still. If only he'd had sense when I had sense, or if I had gone back to religion when he got religion, things would have been different. But life's contrary, and wills are stubborn."

It was David Dale who compelled them to secrecy. Why should the curious be gratified?

One of the Rosehill cottages was prepared for their habitation. They live there still. The past is not forgotten, but mention is never made. They live in prayer, and all their prayers are psalms.

The Reverend Caleb Kent was the preacher last Sabbath morning. He had a great text—and a beautiful. "He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities. . . . Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him."

Old Steve was in his place with Becky at his side. The preacher, with the remembrance of the arrested gesture, was glad to see that the old man's facility of gesticulation was unimpaired.

Dr. Berry's Last Voyage.

A REMINISCENCE.



I WAS a fellow-passenger of Dr. Berry on the *Germanic*, on the occasion of his return late in 1897 from his Peace and Arbitration mission to the United States. To be in his company was to have a delightful time. He was grateful for the cordial reception he had everywhere met with in America—Washington included. He referred thankfully to the spirit of good-

will and real brotherliness that the Americans had everywhere exhibited towards England, and was exuberant in his confidence as to the success of his mission, which he evidently regarded as amongst the best work of his life. He was a most genial companion, considering everybody before himself—making friends of all and pleasure for all. One could easily observe, however, that he was by no means in good health. He could scarcely walk ten minutes at a time upon the deck without excusing himself, that he might rest by leaning over the bulwarks or taking a seat somewhere. A rest with him meant always a re-start for the companionship and pleasure of others.

It was my privilege to spend one day with him on deck—the day of the great storm. We were side by side, roped in to prevent collision with the bulwarks, and in that position we held to the ropes. We stood most of the day and watched the awful turmoil of the elements—the towering, breaking, foam-

ing waves. It was a sublime and solemn spectacle, and a day to be ever remembered. We felt no fear,



DR. C. A. BERRY.

and shared the blessed fellowship of faith. I repeated snatches of Wesley's hymns, or of Watts'—especially one verse of the latter:—

"This, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as great as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end."

The Dr. responded with his usual felicity and apt-

ness with passages from the Psalms of David, specially that one which says: "Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters," and then, as the old steamship lurched and seemed to drop into the trough of the waves, he would add—"There shall be no more sea." Dr. Berry was at home in the storm; there seemed for him enjoyment in the very danger.

It was on this trip that we had his last sermon at sea. He preached on the Sunday morning previous to the storm upon Eutychus, the young man who slept under the preaching of Paul. Many listened, and some were deeply affected. It was a timely utterance, and full of brave and brotherly appeal. He pointed out that this Eutychus could sleep while the greatest preacher of all the ages was preaching, and also while the greatest themes of all times were being discussed. To many in that saloon the appeal was most appropriate. Commercial men, men who live by travel, speculators, company promoters, old naval men, with sundry of those who seek pleasure by vainly endeavouring to get away from themselves, formed that congregation. More than one of those men must have found his soul waking up under the keen, and yet affectionate, applications Dr. Berry made. It was a worthy effort. It was the last sermon he ever preached at sea.

Most affecting of all was our arrival in Liverpool, and his boyish and beautiful eagerness as he scanned the faces of those waiting on the deck. It was then for the first time I had pointed out to me, in his own humorous way, the brave lady who mourns his loss. He said to me as we looked down from the upper deck on the smiling face of Mrs. Berry: "Odell! Look here; that is the little boss that manages my home." It was evident to all that Dr. Berry would have but little rest. The reporters were there, and they were irrepressible. He could neither evade them nor shake them off. Some of them, I believe, accompanied him to Southport, where he went to spend the evening and meet his family.

A few days later I met him at the Temperance Institute in Birmingham. The American Consul

presided, and Dr. Berry gave a report of his visits to the American cities and Churches, and of the impressions received. A great wave of enthusiasm passed over the meeting. Men who had stood comparatively alone—representative members of the Society of Friends and others—rejoiced at what they heard with very great joy. That meeting seems to me now to have been a happy forecast, or, more properly, a real prophecy of the new and better understanding between ourselves as English people and the great American nation, that even now obtains.

I considered that Dr. Berry was at his best in his effort—oration one might fittingly call it—at the Beecher Memorial Service in Plymouth Church, as the spokesman of multitudes of English ministers in acknowledging indebtedness to the unique preacher whose work as a teacher and leader of thought he described and eulogised. For an English minister to pay homage to the work and worth of Henry Ward Beecher is always a sure method of capturing the American heart; and Dr. Berry captured it on his last visit through his Beecher Memorial discourse. I was present at this wonderful service, though at the cost of some time and trouble; for I had rather foolishly neglected to use my friends in order to secure easy entrance and so had to take my chance with the long *queue* that lined the pavement and reached round the corner into Fulton Street. But at last I managed to get seated where I could both see and hear. I knew the Dr.'s utterance must have been largely extemporised. He had been busy and pressed with very much work before he left England, and the outward voyage on the *Teutonic* gave him no chance of preparation. But his resource and readiness, with a little quiet, gave him at last the necessary basis for a beautiful and most acceptable deliverance. I have personally many friends in Plymouth Church, and in domestic and social intercourse with these, I found there was cherished and expressed, most grateful appreciation of Dr. Berry's discriminating eulogium of Henry Ward Beecher.

JOSEPH ODELL.





THE LATE DR. MACFADYEN'S STUDY.

Browsings in My Library.

II.



S I look through the book-room window I see the skeleton branches of the trees at the bottom of the garden tossing about, and the southing of a rising gale disposes the impressionable mind to melancholy. The ground is sodden with February

rains, and the sky is lowering. Delia, however, has just entered the room and poked the fire, making a cheerful blaze, and she demands my attention.

"I shall be glad when summer comes again," she says. "Winter is all very well for you, buried here among your books, like those creatures that go to sleep in the autumn and wake up when the sunny days come again; but winter brings all sorts of worries to a woman. There is no end to making fires all over the house, and when there are fires everywhere there is always a dusting and a cleaning up. Then the children come in from school with jackets drenched and muddy boots. Oh dear! who would be a woman if she knew what a woman is expected to do?"

Delia is usually very well satisfied with her little

kingdom, in spite of the cares of administration, and I can only conclude that the depressing weather has had its effect even on her bright spirit. And, truly, a damp "muggy" winter day is excessively trying. A crisp frost, with a clear sky, makes us all optimists. The spirits are high and the heart is light, and we feel that life is a bright and a joyous thing. Shakespeare says, "There was never yet philosopher that could endure the toothache patiently," and one needs to be a very great philosopher not to grow a little pessimistic on a dull, damp day, when the streets and roads are muddy and miserable, and the fields and gardens are bare, and the wind, as now, is moaning like a giant in pain. We need to take the year as a whole, and regard the winter as the necessary preparation for the unfolding glories of the spring, and the boundless opulence of the summer, in order to appreciate it in its various disagreeable aspects. I have only known one person—and that, by the way, a lady—who really liked to be out in a drenching downpour of rain, a dank, winter fog, or a riotous gale, and she got quite exhilarated by her experiences. But Delia, like most ladies, is different.

It happens that I have been reading again a

volume of the essays of that cheery American philosopher, James Russell Lowell, whom I once heard speak delightfully when he was American Ambassador in London. I treat Delia to a few specimens from that charming "Good Word for Winter." And this reminds me of the genial counsel of that prince of bookworms, the late James Hain Friswell, who said, "When a man is at home and happy with a book, sitting by his fireside, he must be a churl if he does not communicate that happiness. Let him read now and then to his wife and children. These thoughts will grow and take root in the hearts of the listeners. Good scattered about is indeed the seed of the sower. A man who feels sympathy with what is good and noble, is at the time he feels that sympathy good and noble himself."

But to come back to Lowell. He begins by quoting Shelley's saying, "Men scarcely know how beautiful fire is," and he is "apt to think there are a good many other things concerning which our knowledge might be largely increased without becoming burdensome," and one of these is winter. He "thinks the old fellow has hitherto had scant justice done him in the main."

"We make him the symbol of old age or death, and think we have settled the matter. As if old age were never kindly as well as frosty; as if it had no reverend graces of its own as good in their way as the noisy impertinence of childhood, the elbowing self-conceit of youth, or the pompous mediocrity of middle life. As if there were anything discreditable in death, or nobody had ever longed for it! Suppose we grant that winter is the sleep of the year, what then? I take it upon me to say that his dreams are finer than the best reality of his waking rivals.

"Sleep, Silence' child, the father of soft Rest'

is a very agreeable acquaintance, and most of us are better employed in his company than anywhere else. For my own part, I think Winter a pretty wide-awake old boy, and his bluff sincerity and hearty ways are more congenial to my mood, and more wholesome for me than any charms of which his rivals are capable."

Lowell is cunning, however, in selecting the frosty aspects of winter rather than the driving or drizzling rains and the pea-soup fogs for his eulogies, and the poets whom he quotes show the same discrimination. Perhaps when a Ruskin or a Wordsworth arises who shall bring out the esoteric beauties of general sloppiness and murkiness, we shall all get as much satisfaction out of these, at present unpromising features, as we do from Winter, the king, of whom Cowper sings:

Thy scattered hair with sleet-like ashes filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapt in clouds,

A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way:
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art.

"Talking about Ruskin," said Delia, "I was glad to read that the dear old gentleman was well on his eightieth birthday, and that he was able to receive the address from his admirers. What a beautiful writer he is! I sometimes take one of his books from the shelves and sit down for an hour's enjoyment of it in the evening when you are not at home, and the children are in bed, and though I do not understand all his teaching, and some that I do understand does not seem very practical, yet his lovely language and his deep earnestness and perfect sincerity are irresistibly winning. Nobody can read Ruskin without being a better man or woman."

"Why, Ruskin will make a bookworm of you yet. Be careful!"

"I am not so sure of that. Ruskin is different from all these," and Delia swung her arm round towards the shelves, with their crowded tenants, of whom a good number, it must be admitted, seemed from their clothing, or want of clothing, to be very poor relations indeed to the stately volumes of Ruskin. But, as I am always impressing on Delia, you should judge books from the inside and not the outside. "Most people," the owner of a bookstall once said to me, "buy covers and not books." I prefer to buy books—books that will be cheerful and wise companions—and I like them none the worse because they wear shabby coats. Who would not rather spend an evening with an out-at-elbows wit or a philosopher who should keep you continually entertained with good talk than with a pompous fool or a frivolous rattlepate in dress of superfine broadcloth, and the latest Bond Street style? If you can get your books well-dressed, perhaps, so much the better, and yet I should scarcely like to part with some of my dog-eared, worm-eaten, and time-stained volumes, with faded names on the fly-leaf, for all the glories of the latest *éditions de luxe*.

Ruskin has something to say which strikes me as appropriate on this dull day. We are apt to forget that God makes the darkness as well as the light, the storm that ravages and the floods that sweep over the land as well as the smiling sunshine and the softly fanning breezes. Modern theology has been too apt to regard only the God of the summer and the day of calm, and to pass over the sterner aspects of the Divine Nature. In "Stones of Venice" Ruskin says:

"I understand not the most dangerous, because most attractive form of modern infidelity, which pretending to exalt the beneficence of the Deity, degrades it into a reckless infinitude of mercy, and obliteration of the work of sin; and which does this chiefly by dwelling on the manifold appear-

ances of God's kindness on the face of creation. Such kindness is, indeed, everywhere and always visible; but not alone. Wrath and threatening are mingled with the love, and in the utmost solitudes of nature, the existence of Hell seems to me as legibly declared by a thousand spiritual utterances, as that of Heaven. It is well for us to dwell with thankfulness on the unfolding of the flower, and the falling of the dew, and the sleep of the green fields in the sunshine; but the blasted trunk, the barren rock, the moaning of the bleak winds, the roar of the black, perilous, merciless whirlpools of the mountain streams, the solemn solitudes of moors and seas, the continual fading of all beauty into darkness, and of all strength into dust, have these no language for us? We may seek to escape their teaching by reasonings touching the good which is wrought out of all evil; but it is vain sophistry. The good succeeds to the evil as day succeeds the night, but so also the evil to the good. Gerizim and Ebal, birth and death, light and darkness, heaven and hell, divide the existence of man and his Futurity."

Ruskin has studied his Bible and studied Nature with equal seriousness, and his religion is no mere vague optimism, but a mingling of infinite awe and infinite admiration of the great Creator and His works of revelation—and in the works of revelation he includes Nature as well as the Bible. In this age we are apt to be conceited with our knowledge, contemptible though it be in comparison with our ignorance. Ruskin administers a bitter but wholesome corrective. He says:

"It must be felt at once, that the increase of knowledge, merely as such, does not make the soul larger or smaller; that in the sight of God, all the knowledge man can gain is as nothing: but that the soul, for which the great scheme of redemption was laid, be it ignorant or be it wise, is all in all; and in the activity, strength, health, and well-being of this soul, lies the main difference, in His sight, between one man and another. And that which is all in all in God's estimate is also, be assured, all in all in man's labour; and to have the heart open, and the eyes clear, and the emotions and thoughts warm and quick, and not knowing this or the other fact, is the state needed for all mighty doing in this world. And, therefore, finally, for this, the weightiest of all reasons, let us take no pride in our knowledge. We may, in a certain sense, be proud of being immortal; we may be proud of being God's children; we may be proud of loving, thinking, seeing, and of all that we are by no human teaching: but not of what we have been taught by rote; not of the ballast and freight of the ship of the spirit, but only of its pilotage, without which all the freight will only sink it faster, and strew the sea more richly with its ruin. There is not at this moment a youth of twenty, having received what we moderns ridiculously call education, but he knows

more of everything, except the soul, than Plato or St. Paul did; but he is not for that reason a greater man, or fitter for his work, or more fit to be heard by others, than Plato or St. Paul."

Delia thoroughly agreed with this, and observed, as I thought a little maliciously, "That ought to be printed in letters of gold and hung up in every library." The gale by this time was howling furiously, and we watched its behaviour through the window. The trees were straining to the full extent of their bending capacity, and it seemed fortunate that they were destitute of foliage which would have lent a dangerous surface to the wind. With their ramification of branches and twigs they looked exquisitely graceful. No artistry of man can approach this delicate artistry of God in Nature. And all man's artistry, after all, is the imitation of God's works. Ruskin found in a tree, a cloud, an Alpine peak with its cap of virgin snow, effects of art such as no National Gallery on earth can show, yet these effects are missed by most people because they never suspect and never seek them. The artist eye is necessary to find the art. Delia was watching the skeleton trees, and said, "I never noticed before that they were so beautiful. Why, they are like the finest lace. I could sit watching them for an hour."

"Have you ever read," I ask, "Ruskin's description of the olive tree?"

"No, I don't think I have."

"Well, here it is."

"I challenge the untravelled English reader to tell me what an olive tree is like. I know he cannot answer my challenge. He has no more idea of an olive-tree than if olives grew only in the fixed stars. Let him meditate a little on this one fact, and consider its strangeness, and what a wilful and constant closing of the eyes to the most important truths it indicates on the part of the modern artist. Observe, a want of perception, not of science. I do not want painters to tell me any scientific facts about olive-trees. But it had been well for them to have felt and seen the olive-tree; to have loved it for Christ's sake, partly also for the helmed Wisdom's sake which was to the heathen in some sort as that nobler Wisdom which stood at God's right hand, when He founded the earth and established the heavens. To have loved it, even to the hoary dimness of its delicate foliage, subdued and faint of hue, as if the ashes of the Gethsemane agony had been cast upon it for ever; and to have traced line by line, the gnarled writhing of its intricate branches, inlaid on the blue field of the sky, and the small, rosy-white stars of its spring blossoming, and the beads of sable scattered by autumn along its topmost boughs—the right, in Israel, of the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow,—and, more than all, the softness of the mantle, silver grey, and tender like the down on a bird's breast, with which, far away, it veils the un-

dulation of the mountains; these it had been well for them to have seen and drawn, whatever they had left unstudied in the gallery."

Delia sat with her head leaning on her hand and her elbow on the side of the easy chair. She has the artist's soul and instinctive taste, and the matchless glory of Ruskin's prose entranced her. She sat silent and absorbed for some minutes, and then, with something like a sigh, she said, "I am proud to be an Englishwoman, and to be a countrywoman and a contemporary of Ruskin. His words are like the pearls and diamonds that fell from the good fairy's mouth. Nay, rather like those pearls and diamonds set into jewels fit to grace the head and neck of the loveliest princess that ever wore coronet and necklace."

"Charming! Why, he has inspired you with some of his eloquence, and all from an olive-tree. But what do you think of this word-picture—like a masterpiece of Turner?"

"A city of marble, did I say? nay, rather a golden city, paved with emeralds. For truly, every pinnacle and turret glanced or glowed, overlaid with gold, or bossed with jasper. Beneath, the unsullied sea drew in deep breathing, to and fro, its eddies of green wave. Deep-hearted, majestic, terrible as the sea, the men of Venice moved in sway of power and way; pure as her pillars of alabaster, stood her mothers and maidens; from foot to brow, all noble, walked her knights; the low, bronzed gleaming of sea-rusted armour under their blood-red mantle-folds. Fearless, faithful, patient, impenetrable, implacable—every word a fate—sate her senate. In hope and honour, lulled by flowing of wave around their isles of sacred sand, each with his name written, and the cross graved at his side, lay her dead. A wonderful piece of world. Rather, itself a world. It lay along the face of the waters, no larger, as its captains saw it from their masts at evening, than a bar of sunset that could not pass

away; but for its power, it must have seemed to them as if they were sailing in the expanse of heaven, and there, a great planet, whose orient edge widened through ether, a world from which all ignoble care and petty thoughts were banished, with all the common and poor elements of life. No foulness, nor tumult, in those tremulous streets, that filled or fell beneath the moon; but rippled music of majestic change or thrilling silence. No weak walls could rise above them; no low-roofed cottage nor straw-built shed. Only the strength as of rock, and the finished setting of stones most precious. And around them, far as the eye could reach, still the soft moving of stainless waters, proudly pure; as not the flower, so neither the thorn nor the thistle could grow in the glancing fields. Ethereal strength of Alps, dream-like, vanishing in high procession beyond the Torcellan shore; blue islands of Paduan hills poised in the golden west. Above, free winds and fiery clouds ranging at their will; brightness out of the north, and balm from the south, and the stars of the evening and morning clear in the limitless light of arched heaven and circling sea."

"What a pity," was Delia's only remark as she left the library on household thoughts intent, "that Ruskin is not fifty instead of eighty."

The pieces I have read are the perfection of that mysterious quality, "style" in writing. To some extent style can be cultivated, as music can be cultivated, but the greatest of writers, as the greatest of musicians, is so "by the grace of God." Ruskin has many disciples, but his style is so woven of the elements of his soul that it is incommunicable and inimitable. Happily he sits on his summit alone, with no little Ruskins—one-thousandth Ruskin, and nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths Brown or Robinson—to reflect ridicule upon their master.

LIBRARIUS,

The Methodist Minister's Wheel of Fate.

BY REV. S. J. WALLIS.

II.—THE METHODIST HOTEL.



WE left our readers standing at the doors of the Methodist Hotel, and promised to introduce them within its hospitable interior. In this pilgrim's inn (which rays from Tabor and Calvary have gilded, and which is wholesome for the soul but to breathe its atmosphere), at every

meal the table becomes a paradise of eatables. Is it breakfast? The tall coffee-pot stands smoking altar-wise on the table; the cream-jug is filled with rich, yellow cream; plates are piled with home-made bread, white as snow and light as a feather; in one dish are beefsteaks piping hot, thick, tender, and full of juice as an orange; in another are savoury slices of pink ham, well-fried with the golden yolks of eggs, and so fresh that the hens which laid them may still be heard from the dunghill telling of the feat, which is really (*h*)enchanting. Is it the noonday meal? Grace is pronounced; and

then the minister sees his dinner, viz., jellies shaking as with cold; puddings, rich enough for the table of a Cardinal; soup made from as good calves' head as ever wore a coronet; pigeons put to bed in a pie, and covered in with a counterpane of crust; a boiled turkey as big as a little sheep; a mountain of beef, with rills of gravy running red, encircled with a forest of greens, and the smoking leg of an apoplectic pig, fragrant with sage and onions, tempting enough to make the mouth of a Jew water, and exclaim, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

Is it surprising when so many heads go to the block, and so many innocent throats are cut to provide the parson's dinner, that when he approaches the house, every little white porker should set up a squeal as if he had got brand-new lungs and windpipe for the occasion; that the frightened ducks should quake too much to quack, and suddenly be found swimming in the distant pond; that the geese, not wishing to be prayed over by him, and then preyed upon to fill his cannibal stomach, should hurry away to the common, and that even new-fledged rooks should take wing from the circling elms (that keep the old house a secret), and not without some *caws*.

Is it dessert? Nuts are introduced as brown as the squirrel whose teeth crack them; strawberries red and tempting as childhood's lips; grapes, ruddy and mellow as any that ever crowned the head of Bacchus, reminding us of Fcote, the actor, who, when offered a bunch of these melting rubies, fresh blushing from the vine, said, "No, thank you, I don't take wine in pills." No, indeed, for he used to be a wine-cask in the morning, and a cask of wine at night.

"Not only drinking just when dry,
But lest he should be, by and by,
Or any other reason why."

Is it the hour for the social cup that cheers but not inebriates? Upon the table may be descried tartlets with honeycomb crust, and nesting within them, lovely preserved cherries, like kisses in amber; delicious cakes, large as full moons, which have blossomed out in the kitchen especially for the minister, while saucered cups of amber tea, vivifying and fragrant with the flowers and scents of the warm East, are supplied from the bubbling urn, and sweetened with smiles as well as with sugar, by the Lady Bountiful of the household, whose face,

shaded by a cloud of golden hair, is of as pure a red and white as the roses in her bosom, which she gathered in the garden with the earliest songs of birds, so that she is no dormouse to sleep out her eyes, or a mere animated doll, but with hand hard with labour, and heart soft with pity, is as busy all day as a bee among apple-blossoms, for she can shake hands with a saucepan as well as a tea-urn, and hold the cup to the lips of fever in the poor man's cottage home. And as at the table, as many good things are said as are swallowed, delighting the ears at the expense of the sides, leaving an "air of wit" about the room for days after, cake, tea, and time vanish with equal celerity.

As for the "prophet's chamber," it is a little gem of a room, which opens on to a lawn, with necklaces of young geese upon it, and where peacocks, like old gossips, stand and spread such *tails*—a chamber in which the tired limbs can repose on a bed of softest down, with sheets white as snow, and smelling of lavender. In fairyland there is no measurement of time, and in this chamber of peace, soon as the balmy pillow is kissed by the good man's cheek, sweet slumbers fall upon his eyes as unbidden as the dews, which are only opened to find the sunbeams quadrilling around his pillow, and the roses peeping in at the window, and blushing to find him still in bed.

It is said to be unhealthy to sleep in feathers; pshaw! look at the spring chicken you purchase and see how tough he is. In reference to the parsonage, which has been christened "Laburnum Villa," of course, it is well furnished and big, surrounded by the green stillness of the country, where you can hear the heart of Nature beat; where the perfume of flower and tree, and carol of Nature's winged musicians, greet its inmates when they wake, with the blue sky overhead, bending, like God's love, over all things.

As a minister is set up as an example to his flock, should he not have the best house in the congregation?

In this sweet, laughing, summer abode, the sky-pilot of the people resides, and with no more idea of going out than a cow in a field of clover, when lo, like a clap of thunder in a clear sky, from the Quarterly Meeting comes notice to quit, which ends in his removal to one of the poorest stations in the Dan-to-Beersheba District.

(To be continued.)



Connexional Biography.

REV. CHRISTOPHER STOCKDALE.

THE Rev. C. Stockdale was born at Thirsk, in Yorkshire, in the year 1836. His parents were Primitive Methodists, but his grandparents, by whom our friend was brought up, were Wesleyans. He was taken to the Sunday School at a very tender age, and continued his connection therewith until quite a young man. He was for several years a member of the chapel choir in his native town. When about seventeen years of age that greatest of all changes came, viz., his conversion. Having lived an exemplary moral life, under the pious influence of Christian parents and grandparents, and safe-guarded in his youth by the environment of a Christian home and Sunday School, his conversion was not so apparent as some. He was mercifully preserved in his youth from contracting baneful habits. He was converted one Sunday night after a powerful sermon.

As was frequently the case in those days with young men of energy and piety combined with intelligence and a special aptitude for preaching, our friend's name was soon placed upon the circuit plan, and he was appointed to go to the surrounding villages as a local preacher. His home-circuit requiring a hired local preacher, let it be said to his credit, he was selected for the post. It is said that "a prophet is not without honour save in his own country," but in this case the proverb did not apply. Occasionally in those days the time spent on a circuit as a hired local preacher was afterwards counted as a part of the active ministry. This was the case with Mr. Stockdale. So his ministry really commenced on his own circuit in 1858, when he was twenty-two years of age. He subsequently travelled in the following circuits:—Pontefract, Malton, Pateley Bridge, Halifax, Burnley, Silsden, Horbury, Ripon, York (twice), Knaresborough, Barnsley, Bristol (twice), Swindon and Southampton Second. He had an attack of influenza while at York the second time, which left him weak and prostrate; and during the three years he was at Swindon, he suffered much from rheumatism and bronchitis. It was feared that he would be compelled to seek superannuation while at Swindon, but it was hoped that a pastorate, with no travelling, together with the genial air of Southampton, would enable him to complete his forty years of active ministry, and probably prolong his life to enjoy an evening of rest after a long and arduous ministry.

But it seemed good in our great Father's sight to order things differently. He never preached after the Easter Sunday morning of 1897; and for about sixteen months he was laid aside, gradually getting weaker, until on Sunday afternoon, August 21st, 1898, at 3.30, he passed peacefully away, surrounded by all the members of his sorrowing

family. He was a man of indomitable energy and very strong will—this, together with good nursing, undoubtedly prolonged his life. He had a passion for his ministerial work. The saving of souls was not a mere sentiment with him, it was a passionate longing. His was no perfunctory work performed with automatic precision and stereotyped formality and coldness, it was a self-consuming passion. He probably laboured five or six years after most men would have given up. Many a time has he sat on a wall or a style writhing with agony and great fatigue, when, to use his own words, he could have "cried with pain," while returning from his appointments. He was often really *hours* when he ought to have been only *minutes* returning home.

He was remarkably conscientious—the very soul of honour. Straightforward and upright in all his dealings—too straight for some people, and, of course, did not please everybody, very few of us do. But some one has said, "He who makes enemies can make friends." That is very true. Those sleek, supple, bland sort of people who face every way, make no enemies perhaps, but they make few staunch friends; whilst a candid, fearless, and manly man may sometimes stroke our fur the wrong way, but we prefer the boldness of the lion to the creeping, sinuous snake, which stings us while it is still fawning upon us. Our late friend was every inch a man. He was the very soul of generosity. He lived a very prayerful life, and was in every sense a good man, and a very successful minister. His sermons were above the average, and always delivered by a man who felt that he had a message direct from God to deliver to dying men. He was a successful soul-winner, hundreds having been brought to God through his instrumentality. In him the sick and poor had a faithful pastor and tender friend.

Not long before he passed away, the venerable superintendent of the South Front Church Sunday School visited him, and asked him if he had any message to send to the children and the Y.P.S.C.E., and he said, "Give my love to them, and tell them to hold fast and to follow me." He said very little for some time before he died, being so very weak, but one day he feebly said, "One page of precious book," and the last words he was heard to utter were "Light—higher!"

Ah! dear soul, he was tired and weary, and wanted rest and quiet and light and the love which never dies. He wanted the perfect rest from pain and fatigue which his Saviour alone could give him, and so he sweetly breathed away his soul to the keeping of his Lord and Master until the Resurrection morning; and we could sing of him:—

"Home at last, thy labour done,
Safe and blest, the victory won;

Jordan passed, from pain set free,
 Angels now have welcomed thee."

Farewell! brother Stockdale, farewell! Thine was an unselfish life, spent to the glory of God, and for the good of mankind. Death to thee was only the root of life. Peace to thy memory. Thou hast gained thy long-sought rest, and when the world's greatest morning shall dawn, we will greet thee; till then, farewell.

He was interred on Friday, Aug. 26th, in the beautiful cemetery at Southampton after the body had been taken into the South Front Church; the Revs. S. Hooson, J. H. Harradine and others assisting the pastor. Many Nonconformist ministers were present at the church, and also at the grave. A memorial service was conducted in the above church on Sunday evening, Sept. 4th, by the writer, in the presence of a very large congregation. Many letters of condolence were sent to Mrs. Stockdale and her sorrowing family; but space prevents our quoting from them here. Among the numerous ministers who wrote were the following, some of them old colleagues:—Revs. A. Popham, T. Tanfield, J. Thompson, S. Ainsworth, A. Hebblethwaite, S. Hooson, G. Wood, J. E. Leuty, J. Leach, E. R. Pullen, T. Dowson, D. Moore, etc.

JOHN BAILEY.

MR. AINSWORTH ELTON.

ON Thursday, October 22nd, 1896, the Haslingden Society lost one of its oldest members in the death of Ainsworth Elton. He had a long and wearisome affliction, but his end was peace. Our brother was blessed with godly parents, who were deeply attached to our Church, to which he was taken in infancy. When only seven years old his parents removed from Helmsore to Turton, but he continued to attend our school, walking a distance of six miles to be present. The superintendent often remarked upon Ainsworth Elton walking so far but never being late. His parents feared these long walks would be too much for him, and often tried to induce him to stay at home. He would sometimes put his boots on outside the house so that he could leave for school without his parents knowing.

At the age of thirteen he gave himself to God, and at once joined the Church, receiving his first ticket from the Rev. M. Lee in 1852. He held at different times many offices. He was a class-leader for many years, Sunday School superintendent, a local preacher for some time, society steward, choir-master, organist, but his most delightful work, in which he greatly excelled, was teaching in the school. He had a most retentive memory, and when too ill to read he found wonderful comfort in repeating psalms and hymns. He was one of the most regular attenders at the public means of grace.

E. SHEPHERD.

MR. WILLIAM BEBBINGTON.

BROTHER WILLIAM BEBBINGTON was born at Whitchurch, Salop, in the year 1816. The family of the Bebbingtons have stood closely associated with Primitive Methodism in Whitchurch for over fifty years. Our late brother was one of the first members of the Society formed in that town. He was converted at a lovefeast held after the annual Camp meeting, in August, 1841. In his conversion he consecrated all to Christ. In 1843 he was appointed the leader of a class, and in 1844 he became a local preacher. In those days, in that part of the country journeys were long and homes few, but our brother frequently took three services on a Sunday, walking twenty or thirty miles to do so. As a class leader he manifested the deepest interest in the welfare of his members, and as a local preacher he was well received throughout the circuit. He was earnest and faithful. He preached to save men. He was regular in his attendance at the means of grace. For more than fifty years he never missed a camp-meeting at Whitchurch. In his younger days he was fond of singing, and possessed a good, strong voice, and was always found in the front of the procession. The Rev. Joseph Aston says, "During my ministry in the Whitchurch Circuit I was intimately associated with Brother Bebbington. He was a true Primitive Methodist. He loved to talk of the old ministers, and his greatest joy was to learn that the Connexion was prospering. He was a brother to be relied on. I loved him as a brother, and ever looked upon him as a true friend. In his removal the Church has lost a consistent member; earth is poorer, but heaven is the richer."

During the last years of his life he resided with his daughter and son-in-law at Abbey Hulton, in the Hanley Circuit; and though age and feebleness prevented him from doing the work he was wont to do in former years, there was the same attachment and loyalty to Christ and His Church. His religious character was full and ripe. His last days were simply grand. It was a means of grace to be with him. On one occasion after a severe fit of coughing, a friend expressing sympathy, he simply replied, "Never mind, the Lord is only taking down the props of the old tabernacle. He is taking them down very nicely. I have a tabernacle above." He quietly fell asleep on Nov. 20th, 1896, aged eighty years. He was interred in Bucknall Churchyard on Nov. 25th. A service was conducted in our own chapel by the Rev. J. Aston and the writer. A memorial service was held in our chapel on Jan. 4th by Mr. Wilson Smith, our circuit steward, which was largely attended, and one soul saved.

MR. THOMAS BATESON.

THOMAS BATESON, of the Liverpool Third Circuit, was born in 1840 at Ogden Farm, near Clitheroe. His parents were farmers and connected

with the Wesleyan Church, his father being a local preacher. When about fifteen years of age the son gave his heart to Christ, and some three years later was placed on the Wesleyan Clitheroe Circuit plan as a preacher, and for a few years did good service as "the boy preacher."

Thirty-two years ago he came to Liverpool, and for some two years continued with the Wesleyans, but for reasons now unknown, he joined our Church and remained to the end of his life devotedly labouring in connection with our Zion Church in Everton, where, in addition to his attention to his plan, he became an efficient teacher in the Sunday School, an assistant superintendent and class-leader. Whatever position he consented to fill, he was thorough in the discharge of the duties devolving upon him. He left nothing incomplete. No one was anxious about what he undertook, and no one had the trouble and annoyance of finishing his work.

Mr. Bateson was one of those types of local preachers which we would wish to increase in our midst. He was a reader of good sound books, and scorned the fragmentary papers so popular with many. He was a close thinker, and occupied his mind with those great eternal truths which underlie all Evangelical teaching. In the pulpit he was too slow and hesitating in his later years to be popular, but the true hearer who sought after truth would be sure to be well repaid as he listened to the thoughtful utterances interspersed with a peculiarly dry wit and caustic humour. Mr. Morris Jones, long and closely associated with him, says: "I am glad I ever met with him, and that I met him in my early manhood. He raised my taste for reading; he excited my interest in a purer and richer literature; he led me to a broader view of life and an ambition to develop talents and usefulness. This much can be also said by others of our younger people who have been under his influence and care, and have learned from him how to hold their own in the competition of life."

As a workman he has evidently had the confidence of his employers, spending thirty-two years in the service of three firms, we may almost say with two rather than three, for one was for a very short time. The way in which his late employers acted toward their sick and dying employee was proof sufficient of their own benevolent kindness, and of his moral integrity and worth.

Our dear friend had children who have grown up around him, and reflect great credit on their parentage. He has trained them to know the Scriptures, reading with them, and talking to them on the portions read. His religion was in his home-life, and it will bear its fruit now that he is no longer visible on the earth. He had a long fight with death. Sixteen months of intense pain and suffering wore him down till his life was a thread. During all this time he was heroically nursed by his wife, and he bore all with a great patience. His

interest in the Church continued. He desired to keep his mind alert to the last, and he read books as long as he could hold them, and then others had to read to him. I asked him one day when very feeble if he still held to the faith, and should I tell his brethren so in the Quarterly Meeting. He said: "Yes, I hold to the faith. There is nothing else worth holding to. 'I know whom I have believed.'" In the quietude of so great a faith and patience, he slowly yielded his life to God, and on December 15th, 1896, he crossed the threshold of the higher rooms in the mansions of our Father's House.

JOHN HALLAM.

MRS. EMMA MARIA ASTON.

EMMA MARIA ASTON, beloved wife of Rev. J. Aston, and loving daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Simpon, Tiverton Hall, Cheshire, was born at Tiverton, May 17th, 1859. From earliest childhood she was surrounded with Methodist influences, the Wesleyans being accustomed to hold frequent services in her parents' house.

When the Primitive Methodist Chapel was built in the village, and a Sunday School was commenced in the year 1864, she became a scholar, and remained connected with the same until her marriage. She was led to decide for Christ when quite a child, and joined a Catechumen class. Her first ticket of full membership was given to her when she was fourteen years of age by the late Rev. J. Guest. From the opening of our African Missions she took a very deep interest in the work, and for several years was a most diligent missionary collector, during which she collected considerably over £100, the last year she worked her box it contained over £14. Her removal from the village on the occasion of her marriage was a great loss to the Society and Sunday School. She was married to the one who now mourns his loss, on Oct. 12th, 1881, in the village chapel. Their first circuit was the Southwark Mission, London, which was then connected with Surrey Chapel, and during their stay, she proved herself a true helpmeet to her husband, and by her kindly sympathy and unassuming manner, endeared herself to all. When the news of her death was reported to the Church, the following resolution was passed: "That we, as a Church assembled on Sabbath evening, Sept. 6th, desire to unanimously express our deep sympathy with the Rev. J. Aston in his bereavement. . . . We remember the bright, blessed influence of her whose loss we now mourn, and pray God the divinest consolations may rest upon the bereaved."

While at Southwark, the General Missionary Committee requested her husband and herself to go out to Fernando Po, but after earnest prayer and consultations with friends, they felt justified in declining the invite. In the year 1884 they left Southwark for Whitchurch Circuit, Salop, and

after a stay of six years, removed to Nantwich and Burland Circuit. From the Quarterly Meeting of each of these circuits a resolution has been forwarded to her husband, referring to her kindly spirit and earnest work for the Church, and assuring him she left behind her a name and memory that will be imperishable in many hearts. In the year 1893 she removed, along with her husband, to the Silverdale Circuit. On all the circuits she travelled on she proved herself to be possessed of the spirit of the Master; it was her delight to be friend the poor, and to minister to the sick and needy ones.

She was never very strong, and at times suffered very severely from nervous debility. Her last illness was very brief. In the month of July she went with her children to her father's for a few weeks' holiday, a change which always benefited her. On Sunday Aug. 2nd, her husband preached in the village chapel, the evening service being a memorial service for his brother, Rev. P. Aston. She attended both services, and in the evening assisted in the choir. On coming out of chapel she took a chill, and the next day complained of feeling very unwell; but nothing serious was anticipated. The doctor was called in, and said it was rheumatic neuralgia, and advised her to stay in bed. On August 15th he informed her parents it was a serious case of typhoid fever. A special physician was called in, and everything that loving hands and medical skill could do was done, but daily the temperature kept over 100, and her strength gradually failed, until just before midnight on August 22nd, she passed away, trusting in Jesus, and entered upon the higher service of heaven.

The funeral took place on Wednesday the 26th, several friends from Nantwich and Silverdale Circuits being present. As the procession passed through the village it was noticed that the blinds were down in every house. A service was held in the chapel, conducted by Rev. W. Albert, assisted by Mr. W. Hockenhull, Nantwich, and Mr. J. Tomkinson, Silverdale. The chapel was filled with sorrowing friends. The body was interred in the family vault at Tarporley Parish Church, the service being conducted by Rev. W. Albert.

On Sunday the 30th a memorial service was held at Tiverton. Mr. Albert preached a very appropriate sermon; the chapel was crowded and the service was most impressive.

In her removal the Church on earth has lost an earnest worker and consistent member; her husband a most faithful wife; her parents a loving daughter; and her children a most devoted mother.

May the husband and five children ever be led by the hand of the loving Saviour, until at last there shall be a happy re-union in the Eternal Home, where sickness and death never come.

J. F. C.

MR. JOHN SMITH.

MR. JOHN SMITH, son of William and Drusilla Smith, was born in Shropshire on October 5th, 1841. When quite young his parents removed to Pensnett, in the Brierley Hill Station, where he attended our Sunday School for many years. When about twenty years of age he decided for Christ, being awakened as to his carnal state through a serious accident which befell one of his work-mates in the mine. He at once joined our Church, of which his father was a member, and became a teacher in the Sunday School. A short time after, he was made a class leader, and in 1865 was put on the plan as a local preacher. The same year he removed to Staveley (then in the Chesterfield Station), where grand soul-saving times were experienced. Two years later he removed to Durham Circuit, and for twenty years in this station he lived and laboured zealously and successfully as a Sunday School teacher, superintendent, class-leader, and local preacher. Many were the trophies he won for the Master. Though not an office-seeker, he was always to be found among the leaders of the Church. He was a member of the Darlington and Stockton District Committee for some years. He was kind, peaceable, impartial, yet firm, and of retiring disposition; with a large heart and with a liberal hand he cheered many a disconsolate soul. The Rev. S. Barker writes: "We have the consolation of knowing that he was a downright good fellow, loyal to his Master, true to his convictions, faithful to his Church, whole-hearted in its service, and as a leader, teacher, and preacher, a workman that needed not to be ashamed. A true and faithful husband and a loving, indulgent parent." The Rev. R. Hind, in a letter to the widow and family, says: "You have lost a good husband, and your children a model father. His Christian character was of the most valuable kind. He could ill be spared." The Rev. William Shipley, in a letter, says: "He was a cheerful, bright Christian, ready to give a hand to anything, and to help every one. His like our Connexion can ill spare. The young amongst whom he laboured in his various circuits will long remember him. I have not forgotten the heartiness with which he used to welcome one into his home." These are only a few out of the many who have borne testimony to our late brother's worth.

Nine years ago Mr. Smith removed from Leamside to Willington, in the Bishop Auckland Station, where he soon found a door of usefulness open to him among the young people, many of whom were led into church fellowship by his influence. General regret was expressed when five years ago he decided to move to Crook, where he soon became endeared to the hearts of the members of the Church, especially the young. He was elected delegate to the District Meeting by the Crook friends, and was sent to the Chester Conference. His sudden death

on December 18th, 1896, was a blow to all. His health had been failing for some time, but he was only off work three weeks. He thought he would be able to be at his duty by the end of the week. On the Friday he took a walk and called to see a few friends, and returned home quite cheerful, and sang some of his favourite hymns. About an hour after retiring he passed to his eternal rest. He will be missed in the home as an affectionate husband and father; in the Church as a useful member, and in the Sunday School as the children's friend. Our people have lost one of their most earnest and godly workers, and from my boyhood days, when a scholar in his class, to becoming a co-worker with him in the Church, I always found him to be the seven days of the week the same good man.

On Tuesday, Dec. 22, 1896, his remains were interred in the Crook Cemetery. Many paid respect from the circuits round about by being present. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. J. Moffatt (who gave an address), assisted by Mr. Parrick, Evangelist, and Rev. Wm. Kenyon, N. C. minister. His death was improved on Sunday night, January 24th, when a large and sympathetic congregation assembled to hear Rev. J. Moffatt and Mr. W. H. Hamflett speak of the faithful life, excellent character, and the sterling worth of our departed friend and brother.

W. H. HAMFLETT.

MR. THOMAS CARR.

THOMAS CARR, of Physic Hall, Alston, died July 17th, 1896. He was born at Bunker Hill, Garrigill, April 9th, 1837. The house in which he was born was built in the year that the Battle of Bunker's Hill was fought. Hence the name. His parents were Wesleyans, and he attended the Wesleyan Sunday School until about his thirteenth year.

In 1851, a great revival broke out in connection with the Primitive Methodists, which spread far and wide. The late Rev. Ralph Shields was the minister at the time, and the revival is still mentioned by a few as "Shields' Revival." So great was the influence that it was stated the power could be felt as soon as the people reached Howe Hill, a place more than a mile from Garrigill. The revival power, like the ancient Pillar of Cloud and Fire, rested on the place day and night.

In this revival Thomas Carr gave himself to God along with many other lads of the same age. And being converted at the "Primitives," his parents allowed him to go there, and from that time to the end of his life in this world, he kept up an unbroken membership with the people by whose agency God had saved him. He was a person of a retiring nature, and of a calm disposition. She who was destined to be his wife was converted about the same time at a cottage meeting at Blagill, going to the service for that very purpose. The revival referred

to was chiefly brought about and kept up by the holding of cottage prayer-meetings, and Thomas Carr, during his religious life, travelled miles to such meetings. He was afflicted eleven years with chronic bronchitis, and was confined to bed about six weeks prior to his death.

In his last moments, when asked if all was right with his soul, he said, "Yes, but I feel as if I would like something more than I have got. I want a greater fulness." His desire was granted. There came to him such a blessing that he cried aloud, "I've reached the celestial city." His praises were so loud that his voice could be heard outside the house.

He was ever a friend to the ministers, and was a class-leader for a long time. He was greatly interested in the District Meeting at Alston, and though ill would have two delegates. He died the death of the righteous, and had lived the life of the same. The first duty of the writer on coming to the Alston Circuit, was to attend his funeral. T. W.

MRS. ELLEN TITCOMB.

THE Purton Stoke Society, in the Brinkworth Circuit, has suffered in the loss by death of Mrs. Ellen Titcomb, on Dec. 7th, 1896. She was born at South Cerney, in the year 1839. Her father and mother, James and Dinah Newman, were both members of the Primitive Methodist Connexion, and brought up their children in the fear of God. She was converted in girlhood. Under the preaching of the late Samuel Westmacott, she was convinced of sin, but found peace during the ministry of the sainted I. S. Nullis. For many years the ministers in the Brinkworth Circuit found a home under her parents' roof at Ashton Keynes.

Soon after her conversion she accompanied her sister to take appointments, her name continuing on the circuit plan to the time of her death. She was afflicted for many years, which prevented her being so active in God's cause as she wished to be. For thirty-two years she was a local preacher. Soon after that time she was united in marriage to Mr. Simeon Titcomb, of Stoke Common Farm. As a wife and mother she was kind and affectionate. As the result of godly training, her son and three daughters are all members of the Primitive Methodist Connexion. The son is a local preacher.

She was a staunch total abstainer, and refused to take intoxicants although repeatedly advised by her medical attendant to do so. Although severely afflicted for many years she attended the services of God's house. The last Sabbath of her earthly life was spent in her accustomed place. On arriving home she became seriously ill, and on the morrow (Monday) she quietly entered into rest. She being dead yet speaketh. The superintendent of the Circuit performed the burial service in the churchyard, Purton.

GEORGE FOWLER.

Literary Notices.

The Fatherhood of God. (Hartley Lecture, 1898).

By JOHN WATSON, D.D. (1s.) Thomas Mitchell, 48-50, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

THAT this great and gracious doctrine is coming to be presented by present-day theologians with greater clearness and coherency is matter for profound gratitude and joy. In his excellent Hartley Lecture, Dr. Watson has earned our sincere thanks for a valuable, concise, and practical contribution to this important subject. The style is terse and luminous, and there is evidence on every page of careful, strenuous thinking, with a wise practicalness of purpose. After wide and patient research Dr. Watson has put before us, in concise and popular form, the salient points in the modern Christian theology of this doctrine; and we earnestly hope that the treatise will be read and re-read by all our people, for whose special benefit, indeed, the Hartley lectureship has been inaugurated. The work will find a place in our permanent theological literature, and is the first-fruits, we hope, of a harvest yet to be reaped in similar fields of enlightened Christian thought. Dr. Watson presents the doctrine of the Divine Fatherhood in such a way as to avoid the falsehood of extremes. He has no sympathy with a bald, invertebrate idea of God's Fatherhood which makes little of the Divine righteousness, little of sin, and gives us, as one puts it, a "motherly father in Heaven, and a sisterly brotherhood, and a feminine conscience on earth." On the other hand, he opposes the dualism which loses the Divine Fatherhood in certain artificial relations between the Son and the First Person in the Trinity, who is clothed in a cold, repellent Sovereignty, and whose mercy to mankind is won over by the Son's sacrifice. In common with our best thinkers, Dr. Watson shifts the centre of theological gravity from sovereignty to love. But it is the love of a righteous Father, "in which justice and grace appear with equal and undimmed splendour." In such a doctrine of the Fatherhood of God we find a synthesis which includes and harmonises all claims of righteousness, whether in God or in the human conscience, while it is at the same time the primal moving cause of redeeming grace. Happily our attention is turned to-day to what Jesus Himself taught concerning the Father, and in the light of that revelation by Him we can see how the conceptions of righteousness and grace which are of necessity so fully treated in the Epistles of St. Paul in his controversies with Jews and Romans, may be "blended in the higher concept of God as Father at once holy and gracious," who will save all that believe on His Son.

The subject opens out in a fine philosophic treatment of the immanent relations of the Godhead

in which the eternal Fatherhood has root. For God is "the Father" not because of His relation to a prospective race of human beings He would call into existence, nor because of the relation He would sustain to "a Son begotten in time even though the Firstborn," but by His own essential and eternal nature, and in the intrinsic relations of the Godhead itself. Father, Son, and Holy Spirit are mutually and eternally related, mutually loving and loved. There is, so to say, Society in God. The unity of God is not a dead unity, but social and interactive. Here is the true doctrine of the Trinity, with the necessary postulate of the eternal Sonship. This gives us not only the doctrine of a real pre-existence of the Son, but heightens to our view the love of the Father in the gift of His eternally Well-Beloved. This is very well, for to our view the passion of the Father in the suffering Son has not received sufficient prominence in the general consideration of the atonement.

The Fatherhood of God as related to mankind in general is ably discussed; and this is perhaps the best part of the book. Man is not merely a creature of God, he is by nature a child of God—fallen, but still a child. The paternal relation of God towards him has not ceased. To the recognition of this, in his truer moments by every man, the Gospel makes its highest appeal. Sin is felt to be not only an offence against righteous law, but against holy love. To deny the Fatherhood of God is practically to deny the fall of man. This theomorphic conception of man is the natural corollary to what we must regard as the true view of the Divine Fatherhood. In this view, also, of the common sonship of man we find a true doctrine of the Incarnation, "for if man's nature is not essentially filial, how could it receive into it the Son of God?" Difficulty has arisen in receiving this doctrine of man's filialness, by confounding the relation of sonship with the spirit and conduct suitable to it. But the relation may exist, and yet the spirit and disposition—such as result from renewing grace—be wanting. This is just the point, and we ask our readers to follow Dr. Watson's pages in this interesting part of the subject. Perhaps an illustration from horticulture may help us. The gardener tells us he cannot graft opposites, but only affinities. The stock receiving the graft may be inferior, and must, without the grafting upon it of a higher life, remain so. But the wild briar may by grafting become the beautiful garden rose, and so with many other forms of plant life. In some such way, conversion may be said to restore man to himself, exalting and ennobling his being by giving him to share the spirit and life of Christ—the true graft of God, the prototype and pledge of our son-

ship. This is possible because man—though sinful and impotent—sustains the relation of a child to the Heavenly Father, and may through *union with Christ* inherit all that belongs to perfect and realised sonship. This is termed “Evangelical sonship,” or put in another way, “the Fatherhood of God in relation to believers in Christ.” Dr. Watson is careful to show that this inheritance of Evangelical sonship is by faith alone and not by any developing righteousness of our own. We again thank the author for the good service he has rendered to the Church and to all thoughtful readers who may have the good fortune to possess themselves of his valuable lecture. And not the least practical result of such a setting of the important doctrine here treated is that of which “Ian McLaren” has spoken. “While piety,” he says, “imagined God as the Father of the few and the Judge of the rest, humanity was belittled, and Pharisaism reigned; slavery was defended from the Bible, and missions counted an impertinence. When He is recognised as the universal Father, and the outcasts of humanity as His prodigal children, every effort of love will be stimulated, and the Kingdom of heaven will advance by leaps and bounds.”

H. YOOLL.

The Expositor. Edited by the REV. W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, LL.D. Fifth Series, Vol. VIII. (7s. 6d.) Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

THE latest volume of “The Expositor” is one of exceptional interest. It contains an unusual number of articles of a pioneer character—articles which break fresh ground and are rich in suggestiveness. To enumerate all the articles worthy of careful perusal would require us to transcribe almost the whole of the table of contents. This is impossible: mention, however, should be made of Professor Ramsay’s six papers on “A Historical Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians”; Professor Beet’s “Difficult Passages in Romans”; Professor Bruce’s two papers on “The Disciple Logia” and “The Easy Yoke.” Very significant too just now are Dr. Forsyth’s articles on “Sacramentalism the True Remedy for Sacerdotalism,” as also the Rev. G. Wauchope Stewart’s *résumé* of the published results of the researches of Harnack, Jülicher and Spitta on the Lord’s Supper. The Rev. W. D. Ridley’s “The Revelation of the Son of Man to Nathanael” is a convincing paper, making it yet more certain to our own minds that the key to the narrative of the call of Nathanael is supplied by the Old Testament account of “Wrestling Jacob.” Last, but not least, in Dr. Rendel Harris’ papers on “A Study in Letter-Writing” and “Epaphroditus, Scribe and Courier” we see how recent finds of Græco-Egyptian letters may be turned to profitable account in the study of the Pauline Epistles.

Henry Robert Reynolds, D.D. His Life and Letters. Edited by his Sisters, with portraits. (9s.) Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

No one can rise from the reading of this altogether admirable biography without having received the impression that they have been in contact with a refined, cultured, intensely sympathetic and saintly man. In regard to Dr. Reynolds’ saintliness, after his death one wrote: “If Congregationalism had its saints he would be one of them.” One is ready to ask, “And why should not Congregationalism have its roll of saints, and the name of Henry Robert Reynolds be inscribed thereon?” We Nonconformists do not make enough of our saints. Readers fresh from the perusal of Dale’s life will find many points of dissimilarity between the two men—although they understood and loved each other well. There was nothing militant about Principal Reynolds, and he was about as far removed from the typical “Political Dissenter” as could well be. His strength lay rather in his lovable nature, in his power to understand the position and to enter into the experience of others—in other words, in his power of sympathy. Hence he had many true appreciative friends in the Established Church, such as Dean Vaughan of Llandaff and the Bishop of Durham. He was on good correspondential terms even with the redoubtable Dean Hook. In this regard he reminds us of Dr. Stoughton, who was also a *persona grata* to many of the finer spirits of the Establishment.

Dr. Reynolds was a born preacher, and loved to preach, but his health was far from robust, and after fifteen years of successful ministry, exercised first at Halstead and then in Leeds, he had to retire almost into semi-private life. But he found his true vocation as the Principal of Cheshunt College, and as such he did the great work of his life. It seems to us that Dr. Reynolds was an ideal head of a college. He was the very contrary of Dr. Dryasdust, keeping his mind fresh and his heart young to the last. In the high position he so worthily filled for thirty-five years his sympathetic nature had full play. He never lost touch with the men who passed through the college; but interested himself in their movements and welfare, and wrote and received from them long letters, breathing intensest affection—many of which appropriately find place in this worthy memorial of a noble character.

An Idyll of the Dawn. By MRS. FRED. REYNOLDS. James Bowden, 10, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

It has seldom been our good fortune to meet with such a charming and natural picture of child-life as the authoress of “An Idyll of the Dawn” gives us in the recollections of the childhood of her young brother and herself. The witchery of the old garden in which so many happy hours were spent with

the young brother of the bright, rosy cheeks and dark, honest eyes; the terrors that came in the night—"the terror born of the darkness that appalled us, the dreams that stalked past, gaunt and terrible, we all the while lying prone, helpless, unable even to cry aloud." Has not every one experienced them in their own childhood? Fortunate, indeed, is the individual who can look back upon their childhood as such a time of joy as we have pictured here, and say with the authoress, "Fair were those hours of dawn with their blue and sunny skies, song of birds and frisking of young lambs; bright the memory of them returns, joyous, perhaps, who knows, with the reflection of those 'clouds of glory' we brought with us when we came." This is no ordinary book of its class.

The Crucifixion of Philip Strong. By CHARLES M. SHELDON. (2s.)

His Brother's Keeper; or, Christian Stewardship. By the same Author. (2s.) S. W. Partridge and Co., 8 and 9, Paternoster Row.

THERE is need to say little more than that these two books are from the same hand that wrote "In His Steps," that is having such a phenomenal sale in this country. "The Crucifixion of Philip Strong" is a sad but strong book. Messrs. Partridge's edition is all that can be desired in regard to type, price and appearance.

We have received and reserve for fuller notice:
A Commentary on the First Epistle of St. John. By ERNST DRYANDER. Translated and Edited by Rev. W. O. E. Oesterley, M.A. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C.

For the Lord's Table; a Book of Communion Addresses. By CHARLES JERDAN, LL.B. (5s.) Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier, 21, Paternoster Square.

The Starry Crown. A Sketch of the Life-Work of Harriet E. H. Urmston. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

The Connexional Outlook.

BY THE REV. J. ATKINSON.

—The Aliwal North Station in South Africa continues its course of prosperity and extension. For the quarter ending in December last an increase of seventy-two was reported in the membership. This station now extends far into the Orange Free State; its membership goes into four figures, and what is worth noting, all with the exception of some two or three score are natives belonging to one tribe or another. Nearly thirty native young men are in the training school preparing for teaching and evangelistic work. The schools for native children are full, and in some instances have had to be enlarged. There are not many stations, either within or beyond the Home Districts, more prosperous than this South African Station.

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—The last Quarterly Reports from the Home Mission Stations did not contain much of special interest. The Dover Station is progressing encouragingly, so much so, that a new schoolroom has become a necessity in connection with one of the town churches, and the need has been met and the whole cost raised. Preparation has been made for further extension on the same station, and there is promise that in a short time this station will be able to sustain its own agencies and manage its own affairs. The Walthamstow Station authorities are arranging to acquire the property in Marsh Street that they have rented for so many years, and make

certain structural alterations, adapting it more conveniently for the pursuance of our work. This step forward will involve a cost of over £3,000, but subject to certain arrangements with the Missionary Committee with a view to the station becoming self-supporting in the not distant future, the committee takes the responsibility of £1,000 of the outlay; this offer on the part of the committee is also subject to the further condition that not more than £1,000 remains as debt upon the property. The arrangement for separating the Clapton Mission from the Working Lads' Institute has been postponed for a year, when it is hoped suitable provision will be made for working it.

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—Special attention is being directed to the rapidly developing suburbs on the eastern side of the Metropolis, comprehending Upton Park, Ilford, and adjacent localities. A deputation appointed by the Missionary Committee to visit these neighbourhoods report splendid openings for evangelistic work. Population is being planted down by the thousand, and in the course of a single year or so a town of considerable size is added to this side of the Metropolis. The same is true of the south-east, and, indeed, of all the Metropolitan suburbs, and for that matter of all the suburbs of large towns. The problem of the future, or at least one of them, for our Connexion as well as for other Churches, is

to provide for these rapidly increasing populations. The Missionary Committee would gladly render aid in this work, but the condition of the Home Mission Fund does not warrant them in holding out any hope of such aid. Unless the next few weeks prove more productive than recent weeks have done, this fund will show little improvement in the past year, and this notwithstanding the generous offer made by Mr. Hartley to give twenty per cent. on all increase. The general run of contributions sent by the stations to the Home Mission Fund are by no means creditable. Leading and important stations do not send in collections and other contributions an average of 1s. per member, and some do not reach 6d. Surely something better than this might be done by large and important stations, and if they set an example the influence of it would be felt in other stations. The need for evangelistic work in the large centres of population, and the many liabilities which the committee have had recently to accept will be likely to bring the condition of the General Mission Fund under consideration in a possibly painful form. The committee cannot turn a deaf ear continuously to the appeals made, and hence it need not surprise the churches if they find an accumulating debt with which they will be compelled to deal. It will be a prudent policy to prevent this by raising an increased revenue, which we hesitate not to say can easily be done.

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—The Mission Vans continue to justify their employment in connection with village work. A considerable number of villages are visited in this way, and the evangelists connected with each van report a considerable number of conversions. The evangelists working the van in the Bradford and Halifax, Manchester and Liverpool Districts, report over one hundred conversions for the quarter. The evangelists connected with the Eastern counties van, and the van which has been removed from the Brinkworth District to the Midlands, also report encouraging success. There seems to us one thing necessary to complete the reports given of this work, and the secretaries in each district concerned could, with a little trouble, supply it—and that is a report from the stations in which the vans may work of the number added to the fellowship of the Churches. The evangelists render good service in awakening men and women and leading them to the Saviour, but it would be well to know that they are gathered into the fold and carefully shepherded. This lack in the report occurs to us as one that if supplied will afford further testimony to the value of this van agency.

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—It was announced some little time ago that the Missionary Committee had engaged a lady evangelist with a special view to the visitation of our Sunday Schools, and the formation of Mission-

ary Associations. The first report of the work of this lady, Miss Perrett, was recently forwarded to the Missionary Committee, under the supervision of which she is working; and a surprising report it is. Evidently Miss Perrett does not spare herself, but is in labours more abundant. She has visited nine stations during the brief period the report covers, held 180 evangelistic services, addressed fifteen ladies' meetings, and told in lecture form three times the story of her life. At these services thirty adults and 130 young persons professed to enter into the liberty of the children of God. Several ladies' associations have been formed. And if results can justify any course of action, this report amply justifies the Committee in employing this estimable lady. If an agency such as this could be largely multiplied, what a blessing it might be to the Churches; and we doubt not but many devoted ladies might be found to become colleagues with Miss Perrett in this work. One such evangelist is so far good, but existing needs demand many more. What a harvest might be reaped among our young people if this agency could be considerably increased!

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—At Banni, in Fernando Poo, two native converts, after the usual probation, have been baptised and received into the Church, the first-fruits of toil in a field that seemed unpromising. The Rev. J. Bell gave a few years of faithful service to this mission, and cheerfully endured privation and discomfort incident to residence in the bush among a purely heathen population, pioneering the way for those who have followed him, and who now rejoice over signs of spiritual life in a region dark and dead as any district in heathenism could be. The stations on the mainland at Archibongville and Jamestown are now each under the care of a European missionary, the arrival of the Rev. N. Boocock rendering it possible for the Rev. C. F. Gill to locate permanently at Jamestown. A mission house has been erected at this place for Mr. Gill, who will now give sole attention to the work there and in the adjacent district. There will need provision on both of these stations for as efficient educational work among the native children as their condition and prospects in life may require. It cannot be expected that the missionaries can do all that is needed among these negro populations. Assistance for school work is a necessity, and will doubtlessly be supplied as speedily as suitable assistants can be secured. Possibly some such assistance may be obtained from our Fernandian Churches. At any rate it is a need that cannot be overlooked if the missions are to achieve the results desirable.

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—It seems likely that the Village Appointment Fund will have to be closed. The recent balance

sheet showed an income of £160 and an expenditure of £200; and the treasurer stated, that if the promises made at the Leeds Conference were all received, the demands of the year could not be met by about £160. This Fund has been of some service in many wide agricultural stations in securing a supply of the pulpits in the distant and outlying parts of these stations. But as it is dependent altogether upon voluntary subscriptions, and the spirit of voluntarism in the Connexion does not seem equal to its maintenance, the only alternative is to close it, however much such a result may be regretted, unless an appeal that has to be made for aid meets with a liberal and satisfactory response.

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—The portion of the Jubilee Fund which falls to the General Missionary Committee for use in connection with the work at Home is a little over £6,000. The method of distribution so as to generally satisfy the districts has been a subject of anxious thought. It has been decided to accept as a general principle that each district shall have the opportunity of using such part of this amount as was raised within its limits. That will amount to about one-sixth of what a district may have raised. Three-fourths of the money raised goes to the College, the Chapel Loan Fund, and the Superannuated Ministers' Fund. Of the remaining one-fourth, one-third goes to the African Mission Fund, and it is the two-thirds remaining that the Missionary Committee have to deal with for work at home. This will allow to each district, as we have said, about one-sixth of what it has contributed. This proposed distribution has to be communicated to the districts, and they are desired by their respective missionary committees to name three objects at most, to which they are agreeable to devote the money, and report to the General Missionary Committee, which shall finally decide in what way the money shall be appropriated—whether to one or more of the objects named, or to some other purpose within a district.

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—There has not yet been much response to the appeal for aid on behalf of the Trustees of our properties in South Wales, the funds of which suffered in the prolonged strike among the colliers there. Mr. Hartley generously offered to give fifty per cent. upon what the Connexion contributed for this purpose, and the General Chapel Fund Committee offered to do the same. We regret that in neither case so far will any great demand be made upon those making these generous offers. It is sadly evident that Connexionalism does not count for much yet with our churches. Many trustees in the stations affected by the strike have been unable to meet the current demands necessary to keep the chapels open, and hence have considerable arrears to overtake, and this with impoverished resources.

Under these circumstances it was expected that a fair response would have been made by other parts of the Connexion which had not experienced the disastrous effects of the strike, but so far there has been disappointment. It would be no great matter for some four hundred stations to give from ten shillings to a pound each, and this, with the percentage offered by Mr. Hartley and the General Chapel Fund Committee, would relieve the difficulty. Rev. J. Stephenson, Ashby Road, Loughborough, is appointed to receive subscriptions. A word to the wise is sufficient.

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—The General Chapel Fund Committee had two very special cases under consideration at the recent meeting at Retford. One was the case of Dunchurch, a considerable village in the Rugby Station. Here we have been able to form a society and build a chapel. But territorial and ecclesiastical influence is powerful, and the society has suffered much by removal and death, so that for a few years past the Rugby Church, in addition to managing their own liabilities, have had to carry Dunchurch as well. This is felt to be more than they can do, and so an effort is to be made to reduce the debt upon Dunchurch property. We are the only Free Church in the village, and it would be no disappointment to the ruling powers if we ceased to exist there. The Nottingham District is prepared to render assistance in maintaining and strengthening our interest in this village, and the General Chapel Fund Committee have also promised help. And, possibly, help may be furnished from other sources. In face of an ecclesiasticism not too evangelical, we must not retreat from a village in which we are the only representative of the Free Churches.

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—The other case was that of Quarry Bank, a colliery village in the Cradley Heath Station. This village is, of course, the creation of the industries pursued in the locality, as it was necessary that men employed in colliery and other work should reside near the place of their employment. All the land in the neighbourhood belonged to Lord Dudley, and those building houses had, of course, to purchase from him. But while selling to others the surface, he reserved to himself the right of working out the minerals underneath. The land upon which our chapel was erected was subject, along with other building land, to this reservation. In the exercise of this right, Lord Dudley has taken out part of the coal underneath part of the village, and as the seam which has been worked was not far below the surface, the consequence is a serious subsidence, wrecking the buildings which had been erected on the surface beneath which the coal had been taken out. And so several who had invested their savings in property found their property ren-

dered about worthless, and they had no redress. After lengthened negotiations, Lord Dudley has consented to leave a rib of coal at the foot of the dip, and to sell this and the four or five seams lying beneath the one worked for £1,000, and so prevent further subsidence, and hard as this condition may be, the poor folk concerned have no choice but to accept it if they wish to be able to make their property safe to live in. The trustees of the chapel and school have suffered seriously in connection with their own property, which they have to restore, and also to pay a proportion of the £1,000. It will take some £2,000 to rebuild the chapel, and they felt themselves unable to face the whole responsibility. They have kept the Church together, and restored the schoolroom, but they wanted help in meeting their proportion of this charge of £1,000. They will use the schoolroom for worship till such time as it is safe to rebuild the chapel, and then they will face this outlay of £2,000. The Chapel Fund Committee could not refuse help in such a case, and the aid requested was unanimously granted, which, with such assistance as may, it is hoped, be secured from the Insurance Company, will enable these men to overcome their difficulties and permanently secure the property. It is, however, very evident that when such a case as this is possible there is something radically wrong in the law governing the possession of land. Legal and moral right ought

to coincide, but in this case, legal right is a moral wrong, and unfortunately there is much in our laws which bears this character.

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—Grants were made in some twelve other cases of varying need. This Fund, as we have more than once pointed out, is doing a splendid work with small means. More liberal support would enable the Committee to do still greater service, and that could be easily provided if trustees, whose properties are in easy circumstances, would devote a portion of their surplus income to the relief of their less fortunate fellow-trustees.

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—The North Shields Station authorities have established services at Whitley, a rapidly growing seaside resort in South Northumberland. It has become a favourite residential place for many Newcastle tradesmen, and it has been surprising that no effort has been made to establish a cause in the place before now. However, arrangements have been made to occupy the Assembly Rooms, and the initial services have been well attended. There is no reason why a strong and influential Church should not be raised in Whitley. Some members of the Connexion are already resident there, and the way to success seems open.

The Wider Outlook.

—Parliament has assembled again, and the customary speech from the throne has been read, and, as usual, was bald and meagre in its statements. The significance of the speech lies more in its omissions than in its contents. It is in vain that we look for any mention of old-age pensions; or of any reference to the burdens under which the rent-devoured and overcrowded workmen in our large towns are crushed: and yet these were both questions upon which members of the present Government had much to say, and in relation to which they promised a great deal when appealing for the votes of the electors. The new leader of the Opposition put his hand upon these defects in the speech, and said nothing too strong when he declared the silence to be scandalous after so much had been promised. In 1895, when votes were wanted, nothing was easier than to devise and establish a scheme of old-age pensions, and now, in 1899, not a word is said, and the question is again quietly shelved. Not a hint is even given of any attempt to amend the Poor Law in relation to the treatment of the aged poor. An ominous silence is maintained, that is all. Then, as to Housing Reform and other social reforms, not a

word, though much was made of them in 1895. Social reform was to be the main work to be done, and on this cry the present Government largely sailed into power. But little of this work can be seen in any measures they have passed. Of course, it could not be expected that, indebted as the Government were to the liquor interest, that they would touch Temperance reform, but as to Old-Age Pensions and Housing Reform, it might have been reasonably expected they would try their hands, but they have dropped both like hot irons. Not a word in the speech relative to the crisis in the Church, and notwithstanding Mr. Balfour's utterances during the recess, the Romanist University for Ireland is significantly passed over. In fact, the speech to thoughtful persons is more informing by its silences than by its utterances. The questions that really need to be touched in relation to Home policy are questions that this Government of the interests are not likely to meddle with. Well, the reckoning will come in due course, and then it will be seen what the country has to say.

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—The crisis in the Church grows in intensity.

The great meeting recently held in the Albert Hall showed how deeply the laity of the Episcopal Church were moved. The ritualistic party have represented the meeting as simply a gathering of Dissenters and Liberationists. Nothing, however, can be further from fact. The immense building was packed as it has never been packed before, and with few exceptions, the audience consisted of communicants and adherents of the Established Church. This was evident from one very significant occurrence during the course of the evening. One of the speakers suggested that they should seek the co-operation of Evangelical Free Churchmen, but this suggestion was received in utter silence. There was no response. If the meeting was mainly made up of Dissenters and Liberationists this silence is inexplicable, for the suggestion is the very thing that they might be supposed to have received with welcome. We very much regret that silence, for such co-operation seems to us not only desirable, but necessary if the Protestant Episcopal Church has to be made Protestant in fact as well as in name. However, the silence shows that the assertion of the High Church papers that it was a meeting of Dissenters and Liberationists is contrary to fact.

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—Sir W. Harcourt, on his departure for the Continent, has furnished the Bishops with sufficient material for some days' serious thought. He takes as text a plea of Mr. Balfour's, that the Bishops should have time given them for action. He says they have had time plenty for action if disposed to take it. They have delivered their charges; and met in Synod; they have defined in their way the law of the Church, and have distinctly prohibited certain acts as unlawful for the clergy to practise. But here they have stopped. Not a single step have they taken to enforce the law they have defined, or to restrain the clergy from breaking it. The deliverances of the Bishops have been treated by the lawless clergy with contempt, and they have gone on their way as usual, and the Bishops have made no sign, but quietly accepted the snub administered in this way by the recalcitrant clergy. After this, what place is there for this plea for time? The Bishops hope if they don't move the agitation will die down. This is evident from the address of the Archbishop of Canterbury in Convocation. He proposes that he and his brother of York shall form a kind of court of appeal; cases of lawlessness are to come to the Bishop of the diocese in the first instance; if his decision is not satisfactory, then the case may be argued before the Archbishops; and so a case may hang on for no one knows how long. For the whole proposal is conceived with a view to delay and to prevent anything really being done. However, the heads of the Establishment will, in this case, find themselves mistaken. The agitation means business, whether the Bishops think so or

not, and they had better recognise the fact and seek to put their house in order if they can.

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—The regard the Bishops pay to their own definitions of the law of the Church has been strikingly illustrated by the Bishop of Lincoln. The Bishops in their collective wisdom and authority have condemned the use of incense as contrary to the law of the Church. Now, it might have been expected that a Bishop, at any rate, would not have in any way countenanced a disregard of this deliberate pronouncement of the Episcopate. What, however, is the case? Simply this, the Bishop attends a service in a Metropolitan Church when he knew incense would be used; simply making it a condition of his attendance that he should not be censured. Sir W. Harcourt likens this proceeding of the Bishop to the action of a magistrate taking part in the doings of a gang of law-breakers on the sole condition that they would not pick his pocket, but they might do as they liked with the rest of mankind. Use incense as you please, said the Bishop in fact, only don't censure me. When the Bishops treat their own definition of the law of the Church in this way, where is the prudence of Mr. Balfour's plea for time? His plea, like Dr. Temple's address, is put forth in hope that the agitation will die down.

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—Sir W. Harcourt suggests that steps should be taken to ascertain exactly the extent to which Romanising practices are adopted in the Established Church. That this should be done systematically from month to month, and that cases should be brought under the notice of the Bishop of the diocese in which they occur. The Bishops now have power, if they will use it, to cite these law-breakers in their own ecclesiastical courts, and if they will not observe the law of the Church, to suspend, or deprive them of their benefices; and the sentence, subject to appeal, will take effect. It is the Bishops who now stand between the clergy and the laity and prevent the law of the Church being enforced. So that the plea for time simply means that the Bishops shall be allowed to continue their masterly inactivity. But it will not do, the nation is rapidly making up its mind to end the business, which means the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church.

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—In his latest letter Sir William tells the Bishops, the lawless clergy and their sympathisers a bit of wholesome truth. Disestablishment when it comes will come in a very different shape to what they contemplate. An unoffending clergy disestablished on the principles of religious equality would naturally and properly be treated with liberality and generosity. But these considerations would not apply to a body of men dismissed by the nation on account of their lawless conduct. Such men

need not lay the flattering unction to their souls that they will be allowed to carry off the Protestant plant of the National Church in order to carry on their Romish manufactures. They would not be allowed to retain the parish churches or the Cathedrals in which to erect confessionals, and celebrate there without restraint their Masses; nor would they be secured by life incomes as commutation and compensation in the work of Romanising England out of the funds of the Protestant Establishment. These are considerations on which the Bishops and the clergy may reflect with advantage. If they continue their present course, Sir William sees clearly enough that disestablishment and disendowment are inevitable, and however unpalatable it may be, he plainly tells the Bishops so. It remains to be seen what effect this plain speaking of wholesome truth will have. Not much, we fear.

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—The Free Churches of this country were startled by the announcement that Dr. Berry, of Wolverhampton, was dead. For some time his health had been precarious, but it was hoped he might be spared for some years of work yet, and possibly had he been less strenuous and eager in the service of the Church, that might have been the case. His death was sudden and, in some respects, tragic. He died while taking part in the funeral service of a friend, and while invoking for the family of his friend the comfort and help of God. It was his large heart and generous disposition which led him, contrary to the wishes of many of his intimate associates, to take part in this service. His friend had, as he thought, been misunderstood. He knew him, and knew more of his inner life than any one else, and he felt that he must go and say what he knew. And he did, and when he had done this service to the memory of his friend, and while speaking to God for the family, God called and he was not. Sudden and tragic, but a glorious entrance upon the higher service. He went from the post of duty to the possession of reward. Dr. Berry stood in the front rank of Congregationalism. He possessed splendid gifts of intellect combined with great depth of affection and brotherliness of nature, and he gave of all he had to the service of Christ. His Church recognised his worth, and duly honoured him, but popularity made no difference in him. Those who knew him best testify to his humility and brotherliness. Gifts of mind, position in the Church, influence among and over his fellows, were only of value to him in so far as by means of them he could glorify his Lord and serve his brethren. Called to the highest positions in which the Church could place him, revered and honoured in the town where he lived, he remained the same unaffected, loving, generous-hearted man. Dr. Berry's nature was one that fortunately could not be spoiled, and especially so when enriched and ennobled by the grace of God. He has left a place

that cannot be filled, but, nevertheless, the work to which his life was so unreservedly given will go on, even though it be by workmen of other type. Berry has gone, but his work will be taken up by other hands, and the purpose of God in the ministry of His Church will not fail. His sun has gone down at mid-day, and yet he had done a full measure of work. Life is estimated by deeds rather than years, and thus estimated Berry had lived long. Those whom this bereavement has touched most closely, his family, the Church he loved so well, will be remembered sympathetically, both on this and the other side of the Atlantic, for he was almost as well known, and as much beloved in America as in this country.

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—On Feb. 8th, John Ruskin completed his eightieth year, and continues, despite the fourscore winters and summers he has seen, in fair health. The postal authorities at Coniston had a busy time that day, for telegrams and letters from nearly all parts of the world poured into the little lake village on their way to Brantwood. Ruskin as a teacher occupies a unique position among men of letters. No influence has been more potent in art and literature during this century than his. He has outlived his contemporaries, and in the quiet seclusion of the Vale of Coniston, he waits the call that all men have sooner or later to obey. The ideas he promulgated have penetrated and influenced, to some considerable extent, our political life; they have inspired the social movements by which this age is characterised, and they have imparted a humanising influence to economic science that was much needed. Though an apostle of art and literature, Ruskin has been above and beyond that a religious teacher, and there are not a few who revere him for the spiritual lessons they have learned from him by which they have been ennobled in nature and character, and introduced to a closer fellowship with the unseen. It was meet that the foremost men and women in every department of our modern life should vie with each other in doing honour to one of the greatest teachers of the century on completing his fourscore years of life, and of life so worthily and usefully lived.

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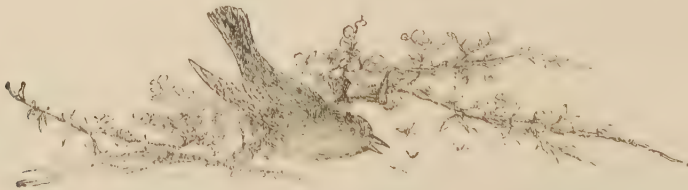
—Dr. Maciaren, of Manchester, completed his seventy-third year on the 11th of last month, and though past the threescore and ten, continues his pulpit work with remarkable vigour and energy. He not only preaches at considerable length on Sundays, but conducts the whole service. On Wednesday evenings he gives with great regularity the expositions of Holy Scripture with which his name has been so long associated, and in which he excels. He is one of the grand old men of the Free Churches whose life and work constitute one of the greatest blessings continued to this generation in the goodness of God.

—Plymouth Church, New York, has secured a successor to Dr. Lyman Abbott, who, through stress of other duties to which he felt himself called, surrendered the pastorate. The new occupant of this historic pulpit is Dr. Hillis, of Chicago, who succeeded Dr. Swing in that city, whose breadth of teaching separated him from the Presbyterian Church. Though accepting a call to Dr. Swing's pulpit, Dr. Hillis did not sever his connection with the Presbyterian Church. Theologically he is broad, though not so broad as his predecessor in Chicago, hence his continued fellowship with the Church from which Dr. Swing separated. He is described as a large-hearted, generous and lovable man, and a most attractive preacher. He will find a splendid sphere of work in Beecher's old church, and from the position he will there occupy be able to exercise a good influence upon the political, municipal and social life of New York. No sphere of work offers such facilities for doing good on a wide scale to a minister possessing the mind of Christ as do the large cities that have grown up in all civilised lands.

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—An excellent sample of Romanist casuistry was given recently in a lecture by the Jesuit, Father Smith, at Haverstock Hill. The purpose of the lecture was to refute Dr. Horton's statement that Romanist moralist teachers consider prevarication allowable where the interests of the Church are involved. Father Smith, instead of refuting Dr. Horton's statement, gave it practical confirmation, for he maintained that an expediency of statement was not only allowable, but warranted by the ordinary practice of society. Right-minded men were in the habit, he said, of using the phrases, "I do not know," "It is not," with restriction and reservation, so that they could keep their secrets and yet use the words in a sense true in itself, and perceivable as true by those to whom they were addressed. His illustrations were, however, a bit unfortunate.

Take this for instance. Was there any untruth, Father Smith asked, in saying to a caller that Mrs. A. is not at home, when at the same time she was really in the house? And replying to his own question, he said, No, there was not, because such an answer was understood to mean that Mrs. A. was not at home to receive visitors, and it was true she was not at home for that purpose. But this sophistry is brushed aside at once by the question, Why, if this is the understanding, not give it explicit declaration at once? If it is understood that Mrs. A. is at home, only not disposed to receive visitors, why veil it under words which say absolutely she is not at home? Any extent of lying may be justified in this way. Take again. When A. says to B., Do you know if it is a fact that C.'s finances are in an unsatisfactory state? B. answers, No, I do not; knowing all the time in confidence that they are in an unsatisfactory state; does B. tell a lie? Father Smith says, No; because as A. had no right to expect him to divulge what he knew confidentially, he was justified in supposing A. to mean, Do you know, with any knowledge which is not confidential, how C.'s affairs are? And so when he says he does not know, he simply means that he does not possess any knowledge which is not confidential, and so speaks the truth. If this is not a justification of lying when it does not please a man to speak the truth, it is difficult to say what would be a justification of this practice. Teaching like this strikes at the very ground of confidence between man and man. If language may be invested with double meanings in this way no one can be trusted; for saying one thing a man may mean the very contrary. According to Father Smith, prevarication, or, in other words, lying, is taught as part of the moral code of Rome, when lying lies along the line of what a man may regard as his interest, or the interest of any man or institution relative to which he is in any way concerned, and Dr. Horton stated nothing more, and stated it no more plainly.





REV. W. THORNLEY.

Rev. W. Thornley.



HE Rev. W. Thornley belongs to that class of ministers who, by persistent plod and unheralded self-sacrifice, have done so much to build up our Church, and to make it the power it is in establishing the Kingdom of God in the world, and who have a more enviable record on high than in the annals of fame below.

We know next to nothing about his ancestry, and we have not taken the trouble to trace it.

We care little for those who "by ancestry are but the shadow of a mighty name." Our position in this paper is that of Sir Philip Sidney, when he said, "I am no herald to inquire of men's pedigree: it sufficeth me if I know their virtues."

Mr. Thornley was born near Chorley, Lancashire, and is now in the fifty-sixth year of his age, and the thirty-sixth of his Connexional ministry. He was a scholar in our Sunday School, West Street, Chorley, and was respected for his sedate demeanour and thoughtfulness. He was brought to decision for God under the ministry of the late Rev. Ambrose Kirkland, in a revival which resulted in many being added to the Lord and to the Church. He gave himself to Christian service, and to such studies as were calculated to render his service more efficient. His advance in intelligence, in Christian character, and in spiritual power was such that the authorities of the Church constrained him to become a local preacher. The circuit was wide, including at that time what are now Wigan and Skelmersdale Circuits, but he took a good share of work all over the station, and was everywhere esteemed for his personal qualities and ministerial worth. There could be no better evidence of this than the fact that his own circuit called him into the ministry. This step, however, was somewhat premature, not on our friend's part, but on the part of the circuit, for the terrible Lancashire cotton famine, consequent on the American War, immediately followed, and so affected the circuit finances that the third preacher had to be given up. This was a great grief to the Churches, for Mr. Thornley had won the confidence and love of the people, and given signal promise of great usefulness. He was subsequently employed as a hired local preacher in the St. Helen's and Preston Stations. The General Missionary Committee pledged him at the Conference of 1863, and stationed him at Paisley. He spent a happy year with the North British friends, and was then removed to Chester, which at the time included what are now six circuits. From

Chester he removed to Bury, in Lancashire, where he finished his probation. He was received into full Connexion at the Conference of 1867, made a superintendent in 1870, and has been a superintendent ever since. It speaks well for him that he has returned to four of his stations a second time. He is at present in Bacup for a second term, and invited for a third year. The whole of his ministerial life, except four years, has been spent in the Manchester and Liverpool Districts, which, by association and sympathy, are still regarded as one.

Mr. Thornley is of medium stature and well-proportioned. He has had remarkably good health, never having been laid aside from work, except for a few weeks after repeated attacks of influenza. He is still "sound in wind and limb," and, humanly speaking, is likely to remain at his post for many years to come.

He has a healthy and well-balanced intellect, under a discipline which keeps him from sinking into a morbid pessimism on the one hand, and from being carried off his feet "in wandering mazes lost" on the other hand. He is one of those who were called into the ministry before the Connexion could afford the expense of a previous training, and who had to go direct from the plough, the mine, the forge, the factory, or the shop to the pulpit to do the most momentous and far-reaching work in which any man can engage. Those who know from experience what that means are thankful that those days are passed. Mr. Thornley had many disadvantages in his youth and early ministry, but he resolved as far as possible to surmount them. From the beginning he has been a reader and student, and has attained to an intellectual status of which neither he nor his friends have any reason to be ashamed. He has not yet reached the stagnant stage, but is still strengthening his intellectual life by absorbing and assimilating the best mental food within his reach. He does not live in the past, but in the ever-living present.

As a preacher, he can declaim, quote poetry, and give wings to his imagination, but his sermons contain more teaching than declamation, more sober reasoning than poetry, and more appeals to the conscience than to the fancy. One member of a congregation said to another, "Our minister never preaches without dropping some pearl." "True," was the reply, "but I often wish he would drop a potato." Mr. Thornley can drop pearls, but he drops more potatoes than pearls. His sermons are generally well thought out and prepared with scrupulous care, and always with the view of converting sinners from the error of their ways, or of helping Christians to more completeness in Christ.

His Christian character is strong, devout, and symmetrical. His conduct is manly, considerate, and transparent. He is beloved in all his circuits by the people who really know him.

He is modest and retiring to a fault, but when inspired by a sense of duty he can rise above constitutional diffidence and make his power felt. He does not shirk responsibilities laid upon him by the Church, though he has a tendency to shrink from high official positions. He has twice represented his District in Conference, been General Committee Delegate, and in York and Liverpool Districts acted as secretary of the Orphanage Committee. The duties of these positions he discharged with conscientious accuracy.

As a superintendent he is very prudent and painstaking. He does his work methodically, carefully, and well, and has been blessed with a fair amount of success. He has the knack of pulling disaffected parties together, and bringing discordant elements into harmony. In many of his circuits he has done a good work in reducing chapel debts and improving the financial condition generally. We think that every Quarterly Board under which he has served would say that he left the station healthier and stronger than he found it; and almost without exception, he has removed not from neces-

sity, but from choice. He has a wholesome fear of tarrying too long.

He is unswerving in his loyalty to the doctrines, polity, and discipline of our Church, and his highest ambition is to serve it in fidelity to Jesus Christ.

When leaving a circuit some time ago, one of the public prints, referring to his departure, said: "Mr. Thornley has proved himself to be a good preacher and administrator of his circuit and Connexion. He has been most regular and exemplary in the discharge of his pastoral duties, evincing great interest in Sunday Schools, Bands of Hope, etc., and putting himself to no end of trouble to place the various chapel properties within the circuit in an easy financial position. What is still better, in accomplishing these varied objects, he has succeeded to an extent that is quite creditable to him. His relations with other ministers and other churches have been of the most cordial character, and he will be followed to his new sphere of labour with the good wishes for his future welfare by hosts of friends." We believe he deserves all the good things said of him, and hope that in the good Providence of God he may serve the Church and Kingdom of Jesus Christ for many years to come.

T. J.

God Provideth for the Morrow.

Lo, the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to Nature's lesson, given
By the blessed birds of heaven;
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy;
"Mortals, fly from doubt and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow!"

"Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle than the rose?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we poor citizens of air?

Barns, nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily.
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow!"

"One there lives whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny;
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers lest they fall,
Pass we blithely then the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow;
God provideth for the morrow!"

BISHOP HEBER.





The Purple Robe.

A STORY FOR THE TIMES.*

By JOSEPH HOCKING,

AUTHOR OF "THE BIRTHRIGHT," "MISTRESS NANCY MOLESWORTH," "ALL MEN ARE LIARS,"
"THE STORY OF ANDREW FAIRFAX," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

FATHER RITZOOM'S PLANS.



FATHER SHEEN stared at the Jesuit like one demented. Being but a simple-minded old gentleman, and knowing little of Jesuitical sophistry, he could not see his way through the subtle windings of the other's brains. He therefore waited, open-mouthed, for him to proceed.

Ritzoom lit his second cigar, and again closed his eyes, as though he

were thoroughly enjoying himself.

"Whatever your taste in other matters, Sheen," he said, "in cigars it is beyond praise. These are simply lovely."

"Bother the cigars!" cried the old man, somewhat testily, "tell me what you mean."

"Surely you can see."

"No more than the dead."

"And yet as a Catholic priest you profess to be a student of human motives."

"But give me some clue."

"Clue! Why, Sheen, you are a child. Let me ask you a few other questions, and in so doing you will see what my plans are."

"Ask questions by all means."

"Well, first of all tell me about Rutland. You say he is twenty-six?"

"Yes."

"And minister of Tudor Chapel, which you say is the most important Nonconforming meeting-house in the town?"

"He has the largest, the most intelligent, and therefore the most influential congregation of any Church in the town. People of all sorts crowd to hear him."

"He is a scholar?"

"He is an M.A. of the London University. He took both his B.A. and M.A. during his six years at the Theological College at which he studied."

"A gentleman?"

"I should say so, certainly."

"And good-looking?"

"Yes, one of these distinguished-looking fellows. He is tall and lithe. His face is rather pale. He wears no beard, and his features are what you may call clean cut. He has a fine head of dark hair. He would be noticed in any crowd."

"He's not married, you say?"

"No. I hear he has no marriage entanglements. I suppose half the girls in his congregation worship him."

"Of course; but he is seemingly a pronounced bachelor?"

"Yes."

"Splendid. Nothing could be better. Nothing.

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And you say he is humorous, sensitive, and passionate?"

"If you had heard him you would have no doubt about it."

"You say he has met Miss Alison Neville?"

"Of course. I told you of the affair of last Wednesday night. Alison saved him from the anger of some of our people who were—very enthusiastic in the Church's cause."

"This Miss Alison Neville is a faithful child of the Church?"

"I verily believe she would die for it."

"So I judge. It was she who incited you to give that series of addresses, and to accept Rutland's challenge?"

"It was," replied Father Sheen, sighing bitterly.

"What does she think of Rutland?"

"She hates him!"

"Good. She says so, does she?"

"Yes, she is very bitter towards him. Alison, you know, thought I should be able to—to——"

"Wipe him out, as he wiped you out."

"Yes," replied the old man lugubriously.

"And as a consequence was all the more bitterly disappointed at your failure."

"That's it."

"And now hates him like poison?"

"Yes. I never knew her feel so bitterly towards any one."

"How old is she?"

"About twenty, I think."

"Just so. I have never had the pleasure of meeting her. Of course, I know of the family. The Nevilles are among the few who remain true to the Church in the important Houses of Lancashire. I should judge from what you say that she is an ardent Catholic, but of an inquiring mind. That she is impulsive, sometimes rather unreasonable, but still faithful to the Church. She almost worships you, I suppose?"

"I believe she is very fond of me, and trusts me implicitly. That is natural; I have been a friend of the family for over——"

"Yes, yes. Has her ladyship arranged for her marriage?"

"No, not definitely. As you know, that matter presents many difficulties. There are so very few eligible young Catholic gentlemen in these parts. And I am sure Alison would not marry a heretic."

"Just so. I think you said she was good-looking?"

"A beautiful girl."

"High-spirited, well educated, fairly widely read, fascinating, romantic."

"Yes, all that."

Ritzoom again sat with closed eyes for a few minutes, then he threw the cigar end into the fire and lit another. As he did so he laughed with evident enjoyment.

"This is splendid, Sheen," he said.

"Still—I—I don't understand you," stammered the old man.

"You will in a minute. Now, just another question. Lady Neville is a devoted daughter of the Church?"

"You know that, Ritzoom. She has been our chief stay and support in the town. She is the only important person of our faith in the district. She pays for two nurses, she has built a convent, she gives large sums of money for our work every year. The whole Church has no truer child than she."

"Yes, I knew all this pretty well, but I wished to be perfectly sure. Women are peculiar creatures, and sometimes change without apparent reason. But all is well, all is well. These are really fine cigars, Sheen," and again the Jesuit closed his eyes, and blew huge volumes of smoke from his mouth.

"But what—what are you driving at, Ritzoom? Why have you asked all these questions?"

"To get you out of your scrape, and to win a host of converts to the faith."

"But how?"

"Well, I will tell you. Things must take their course on Wednesday; but you must not attend. You say there is a mid-weekly paper, and you must pen a few lines, or I will for you, saying that in obedience to the commands of your medical adviser you had to stay at home."

"But I shall be the laughing-stock of the town."

"No more than you have been; and even if you are it cannot be helped."

"Then you go and say a few words. Ask a few questions in your own peculiar way."

"I had thought of that, but it will not do. I am a stranger, and Rutland will be fully primed. No, let him have his own way. He will have only Protestants to speak to, that is if he sees fit for a meeting to be held."

"Oh yes, I see."

"Well, then, we must arrange for Rutland to be invited to the Priory."

"But why?"

"Because he must fall in love with Miss Alison Neville."

"Good heavens, man, you must be mad! What good will that do?"

"You will see presently. She must be very gracious with him. I also will meet him there again and again. We will show how kind we Catholics are in forgiving all the hard things he has said about us; we will say nothing about our faith; but it shall be presented to him in the most glowing colours. He shall see it at its best. It shall be represented to him in one of the finest old homes in England. He shall see it through the medium of refinement, culture, and an old name. More, he shall see it in the person of a beautiful, educated girl. And she shall be very winsome, very graci-

ous. All the conversation he shall hear, shall lead him to see ideal Catholicism. He shall be overwhelmed by the greatness of our Church, he shall see the grandeur of our purposes, he shall understand the magnificence of our outlook, and everything shall be beautiful to him because at every turn he will see the beautiful girl he will learn to love."

"And then?"

"He will be fascinated, bewildered. He will begin to compare the littleness of the paltry sects with our great Church. He will be touched by our antiquity, our tremendous history. I will be there to explain those dark periods of that history. Not ostensibly, but apparently by accident. And he will yield, he will as surely come to us as the traditional fly walked into the spider's parlour. All arguments of the ordinary nature will fail with him, I saw that by glancing at his speech. The critical faculty is strongly developed in him. But he is young, he is ardent, and he will fall under the spell of a woman's eyes."

"Well, go on."

"Sheen, there should be no need for me to go on. You are an Irishman, and not an Englishman, and thus should not need all these explanations. The marvel to me is how this blockheaded English race should have made such progress."

"Never mind the English race. Tell me the rest of your plans."

"Well, as I said, he will fall in love with your Miss Alizon Neville, he will become but as clay in her hands. He, in spite of his education, is a commoner, while she is the daughter of one of the oldest families in England. And mind you, the most democratic Englishman that ever breathed, loves what is termed noble families. For a time he will flounder, and then, because she continues to be kind and gracious to him, he will make a confession of his love, will ask her to be his wife."

"And then?"

"Then, why, she will tell him that she cannot wed an enemy to her faith."

"Naturally; but afterwards?"

"Then all our preparatory work will take effect, and presently he will resign his position at Tudor Chapel. After that he will declare himself a convert."

"My word, Ritzoom!"

"After that you will have a great day at Lynford, for this skilled opponent of yours, this man who has, from an argumentative view, used you as a mop, will stand up in that very hall, before the assembled thousands, and declare himself a convert to the Catholic faith."

"That is fine, but if he were to marry Alizon, I say 'if,' because she is the centre not only of your hopes but of your difficulties, if he were to marry Alizon, I say, the people would say that he renounced his faith only to marry a rich and noble

woman. We should say the same if we lost anyone under similar circumstances."

"But he will not marry her. When his declaration is made, she will refuse him."

"And then he will turn back again."

"No, he will not, he dare not. And even if he did, his influence would be gone."

"Heavens, Ritzoom, I could never have dreamed of such a thing. Still, I see difficulties."

"Of course you do. I believe you must be an Englishman. Their great characteristic is that they see difficulties."

"But they overcome them, you can't deny that."

"Anyhow, what are your difficulties?"

"First, you could not get Alizon to consent to such a plot. Even I dare not suggest it to her. She is the soul of honour, and were I to hint at such a thing I should lose influence with her. English Catholics are not like those on the Continent."

"Unfortunately they are not; but in this case it does not matter. All she would be asked to do would be simply to be kind and gracious. We should tell her that we wished to convert him, and that it is her duty to assist us. She will not think that we intend him to fall in love with her, she will never dream of it, and we must not hint at it."

"I see, and her ladyship?"

"Leave her to me. I will tell her all it is safe for her to know. I must sum up her character. But I do not think it will be necessary for her to know. As a good Catholic, however, she will feel that it is her duty to convert the man who has proved such a formidable opponent to the Church in the town."

"Yes, she would, she would. Moreover, it is plainly her duty to assist us. Ritzoom, you are a genius!"

"Thank God I'm not an Englishman," he said fervently.

The two men sat quietly for some time without further speech.

"And suppose Rutland falls in with your ideas," broke in Father Sheen presently, "suppose everything turns out according to your plans, what is to become of him?"

"Impossible to tell until I've seen him. That is a mere detail. As you know, with us Jesuits the man is nothing, the truth is everything. Rutland is only a pawn on the chess-board. For the time he may seem a knight, a bishop or what you like in the game we are playing. In reality, however, he is only a pawn, and a chess-player pays but little attention to the pawns."

"Still——"

"Oh yes, I quite understand you," said Ritzoom, as though he had fully divined what was in the other's mind. "From what you say, I should think he has the making of a priest in him. Once let us get him to renounce his faith, well, then we've

got him. Of course it will be impossible for Miss Alizon Neville to marry him. It would never do. Nothing would be gained, and much lost, by such a course of procedure. She will, she must refuse him, and then I should not be surprised if he, crushed, bewildered, heart-broken, does not seek to solace himself by entering the priesthood."

"If that could be done, it would be a wondrous triumph!" exclaimed Father Sheen.

"The more so, as up to now, we can point to no single instance where a Nonconformist of any standing whatever has joined us. To convert a pronounced heretic, a Protestant champion, and to make him a priest—well, it should be paragraphed in every newspaper in England. I would see to that."

"Yes, yes," said Father Sheen, fairly carried away by enthusiasm. "It is a splendid scheme, splendid. All the more so because it is so natural, so simple. If well worked out it will atone for my shortcomings. Yes, Rutland must be invited to the Priory, where Lady Neville and Alizon must be kind. I am sure they will gladly, eagerly agree to it. And Rutland, he will be fascinated, charmed—exactly. But you will have to stay here a few weeks?"

"I can do no good at present, but later on I can give the matter just six weeks," said Ritzoom.

"Six weeks, can this be done in six weeks?"

"My part of the work can, easily. But understand, for the present I appear in your midst as a Catholic layman. As such, too, I go to hear Rutland on Wednesday night."

"What, are you going to hear him?"

"Certainly. That is I shall go if he decides to hold a meeting."

After this the two men sat a long time talking, during which Father Ritzoom smoked many cigars.

CHAPTER XI.

AT THE PRIORY.

ON the following Wednesday morning, a letter appeared in the *Lynford Observer*, stating that owing to medical advice, Father Sheen had yielded to the wishes of the authorities of his Church, and had decided not to take part in that night's debate. The letter was carefully worded, and a medical certificate appended, so that to an outsider it would seem as though the priest had after much persuasion foregone a duty which would have yielded him great pleasure. The inhabitants of the town, however, thought otherwise. Many jokes were passed in the factories, while many conjectures were offered as to the course things would take.

"I thowt Rutland gave Sheen a 'eadache last Wednesday neet, aw spoase oo's noan got over it yet," said old Matthy Bray as he read the letter.

"Yi, aw spoase oo'l be sittin' in his arm-cheer wi' a vinegar cloth tied araand his 'ead," said the man to whom the old weaver spoke. "Weel, aw'm glad aw voated for Rutland comin' to Tudor. Oo's just the man for us."

"Yi, and so am I. Some foak sead as aa oo wur too young. But aw seed as aa the lad 'ad gotten brains. Tell tha, lad, the chap as baits Rutland 'll 'ave to geet up middlin' early. Oo'll noan 'ave mich time for breakfast."

"Thou'rt near right, Matthy, but sitha, wot's yon?"

The two men were on their way to dinner. They had just left the factory, and were passing through the principal street in the town.

The object which attracted their attention was a huge placard, announcing that as Father Sheen had declared that he would be unable to take part in the debate, and as nearly two thousand tickets were sold for the same, Mr. Rutland would give a Lecture on "The Right of Private Judgment in Religious Matters."

The weavers laughed gleefully as they read it.

"Oo's noan lost much time, Jonas," said Matthy Bray.

"Nay, the lad's made up his mind middlin' quick. Art a baan?"

"Yi, aw am an' all, aw would'n miss it for summat. Aw doan't think many people 'll stay away cause Sheen isn't coming."

"Except th' Cathlicks," remarked Jonas.

"Thou'rt reight, Jonas," said Matthy, "Cathlicks 'll noan coom to-neet. All th' same, th' 'All 'll be full."

"Yi, aw shall geet middlin' early."

As the weaver had predicted, the Hall was crowded, although no Catholics appeared on the platform, and, as far as could be judged, very few were in the main building. Only a few of the people noticed a dark, clean-shaven man, with large square features, who sat in the middle of the hall. Except that his face denoted remarkable strength, there seemed no reason for paying him particular attention. He was dressed in dark serge clothes, and his short, double-breasted coat accentuated the broad shoulders, and powerful chest. He spoke no word to anyone, but seemed to observe the character of the meeting closely.

When Rutland walked on to the platform, and the people rose *en masse* to cheer him, not a muscle of his face moved, but his keen, dark eyes were fixed on the young minister, as though he were much interested in him. Throughout Rutland's address the man noted his every movement, listened to every word he uttered, and marked with evident interest the impression he made upon the audience. The people laughed, cheered, shouted, and became indignant, scornful, and enthusiastic in turn; but this man never altered the expression of his face. That he was interested no one could doubt; but

what he thought of the eager young speaker who swayed the multitude at will, no one could gather. He was as silent as the Sphinx, and his face was as immovable.

When the Lecture was over, a man, who was sitting next to him spoke in a friendly way, characteristic of Lancashire people.

"Yo're a stranger to Lynford, aw reckon?" he said.

"Yes," was the answer.

"Aw doan knaw wot th' Cathlicks will say after to-neet," remarked the Lynford man. "Rutland's fairly showed up the result of priests tryin' to hinder people thinkin' baat religious matters."

"He has, indeed," said the stranger.

"That lecture 'll be a reg'lar knock-downer for Father Sheen, an' all th' Cathlicks, won't it?"

The man did not reply, but rose and left the hall, not deigning to listen to the men who got up to propose a vote of thanks to Duncan for the valiant stand he had taken. He walked some distance down the street, when hearing the Town Hall clock chiming he turned and looked in that direction.

"A quarter past nine," he said. "I shall be in good time."

He went to a cabstand and entered one of the conveyances.

"The Priory," he said quietly.

A little later the cab drew up before the entrance of Lady Neville's old home.

Evidently the visitor was expected, for he was immediately ushered into the room where Lady Neville and Alison sat, together with Father Sheen.

"You are back early," said Father Sheen.

"Yes, I came away as soon as Rutland had finished his lecture."

"Well, and what was your impression of him, Father Ritzoom?" asked Lady Neville.

The Jesuit was silent for a few seconds. He looked at the two ladies, and at Father Sheen, as though he wondered what had passed between them during the evening.

"I think it is a great pity that a man possessing such talents should remain outside the Church," he replied.

"It is, indeed," remarked Lady Neville, "but what can be done with him?"

"Can't you think?" asked Ritzoom, eyeing the occupants of the room keenly.

"I wish I could," she replied.

"It is no use denying the matter, he has struck our Church a heavy blow," remarked Father Sheen pathetically.

Alison said nothing, but listened eagerly to what was said.

"Father Ritzoom," said Lady Neville, "I wish you could think of some means whereby the harm he has done could be nullified."

"It would be better still if it could be made to render us good service," remarked the Jesuit quietly.

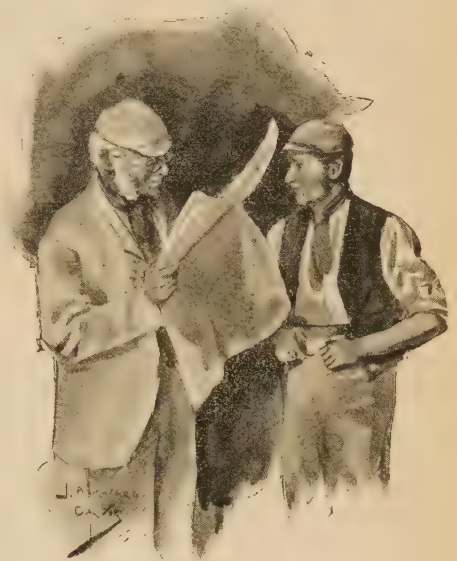
"Yes, yes, of course; but that seems impossible."

"Didn't you think him conceited, pedantic, and—and arrogant to-night, Father Ritzoom?" asked Alison somewhat impatiently.

"Perhaps, slightly," replied the Jesuit, "but not unduly so. I remembered that he is a young man, and that the applause of the multitude was enough to make him a little—well, over certain."

"Was his lecture able?" asked Father Sheen.

"It was a very dangerous address, a *very* danger-



"I THOWT RUTLAND GAVE SHEEN A 'EADACHE LAST WEDNESDAY NEET."

ous address," was the reply. "It appealed to those qualities which are characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race."

"And they?" asked Alison.

"They may be all summed up in a word, self-importance. He played upon this, flattered it, fostered it, glorified it. He made the authority of God's ordained priests a very difficult matter. I should not be surprised if many of Father Sheen's flock go astray."

"Oh, it's a shame, a shame!" cried Alison hotly, "cannot something be done? It makes one long for the power of the Inquisition."

"Yes, it helps one to understand some of those deeds which Protestants make so much of. But we are in England, and we are but a weak, struggling people here. We want a new Reformation."

"And that seems impossible," remarked Lady Neville.

"Pardon me, I think not," remarked the Jesuit quietly.

"You think not," cried her ladyship somewhat

astonished. "I hope you may be right; but I see no loop-hole anywhere. I had hoped that this debate would have helped us; but instead of that, it seems as though the enemies of God are triumphant. Whatever we may think, it is generally accepted that the Protestants have won all along the line. Could you not, Father Ritzoom, answer him? You are skilled in all these matters."

"It is a great mistake to think that these great subjects can be dealt with on the public platform amidst clamour and excitement," replied the Jesuit. "The holy St. Paul tells us that spiritual things are spiritually discerned. It is not arguments that will win converts, but grace. In one sense this debate has been a colossal mistake; still I trust we may use it as a weapon which will vanquish the enemies of the Church, and win numberless converts."

"But how?" cried Alizon.

"By converting Mr. Rutland," said Ritzoom quietly.

He had seen that Father Sheen had been discreetly silent during his absence, and thus he was able to introduce his plans in his own way.

"Convert Mr. Rutland!" cried the girl.

"Just that, Miss Alizon."

"Impossible."

"Is the grace of God confined, Miss Alizon? Is the power of the Church limited?" said the priest, fixing his eyes steadily upon the girl. "Here is a great work for us all! By leading him into the fold, we save his own soul from hell, and we save all those who will follow him. I can see in that young man a possible defender of faith, I can see him pleading for the very things he has condemned; I can see him in that very hall denying the things he has proclaimed, and telling his present congregation that their only hope is in our Holy Church."

The Jesuit spoke in low impressive tones, and the girl felt that he had cast a kind of spell upon her. For the moment she seemed to have no will but his. He seemed to possess a kind of mesmeric power.

"If it could only be," she murmured.

"It can, if you, Miss Alizon, and you, Lady Neville, will help," said the priest.

"As far as our help is concerned," said her ladyship, "of course, you can depend on it; still, I cannot quite see how it is to be done. He is a pronounced heretic, a militant heretic, and what is more, he is an educated man."

"He is a heretic, Lady Neville, because he has never really understood the Church. He has never seen it, therefore he does not know it. He has been reared in an atmosphere in which we are regarded as enemies to God. He has been fed upon Protestant history. Let him feel the lies of Protestantism, let him feel the truth of the Church."

"Yes, but how? Where?"

"Where? Here."

"Here!" cried her ladyship in astonishment.

"Yes, here. Let him see our religion where such as he should see it. Let him feel its power in a refined, beautiful home, let him see it expressed in beautiful lives. Let him breathe the atmosphere which ever pervades this historic house, and all things will become new to him."

"Do you really think so?" asked her ladyship, scarcely knowing what she was saying.

"If the whole teaching of my life is not a failure, if thirty years of close observation, and thirty years of careful study of men and women be not the foolishness of fools, it will be so. When I read his speeches, I thought it possible, probable, but after seeing him, and hearing him to-night, I am sure. As I said, it has been my business for thirty years to know men. To you it has been no secret, Lady Neville, and thus I can speak plainly, although I have never been privileged to know you till yesterday. You know that I have had to deal with delicate questions, and have been led into the society of all classes of individuals. In order to serve the Church, I have been obliged to study men and motives closely. Well, I have had a special opportunity of understanding Rutland, for there is no place where a man's strength and weakness can be so clearly seen as on a public platform."

"And what is your estimate of Mr. Rutland?"

"The most casual observer can see that he is highly sensitive, and emotional, and yet not so emotional but that his critical faculties are much in evidence. At first I thought he was that kind of man who will do anything for popularity, and that this debate might be an expression of that trait in his character. But that is not so. He is deeply and sincerely conscientious. With him truth is before everything. He is spiritually-minded, too; and I am as certain as I can be of anything that the barrenness of a Protestant sect does not, cannot satisfy him. He possesses the historical spirit, too. He knows something of, and longs more for the science of history. He has a logical mind, and yearns for the deepest and truest expressions of a spiritual idea. The Church is to him a great spiritual idea, and in his heart of hearts he longs for its visible manifestation. At present he does not feel the poverty of the bedraggled, torn, tattered, miserable caricature of the Church called Protestantism; but it will come. All his bitterness towards us is a matter of education; but when he sees us, and realises our ideals; when he understands how truly the Catholic Church expresses his own deepest longings, he will come to us as a lamb comes to its mother."

Alizon Neville's eyes fairly glistened for joy as the priest spoke. His words lent wings to her imagination too, and she saw what the Jesuit intended she should see.

"Mother, mother!" she cried, "it would be glorious!"

"We must make him feel that the Catholics are kind and forgiving," went on the Jesuit; "he must know that although we are grieved at his attack, we are not angry, that we have no bitterness towards him, but that we pity all that are away from the light. We must not act the superior person, and make it appear that we regard his Protestantism with scorn; we are simply believers in the great Church which the Founder of Christianity established, and which has through the ages nurtured and comforted untold millions of souls. We must not do this by protestations; but simply, unostentatiously. He must see our faith, not by argument, but by simple deed. Presently he will begin to ask questions, he will take an interest in our ceremonials, our purposes, our ideals. Then, if he can be made to feel that this home of the Nevilles is also his home, where he is kindly, ay, lovingly welcomed, the spell of truth will be cast upon him, and he will be saved."

For a long time they talked, each referring to the Jesuit in everything, and he, naturally, taking the place of teacher and adviser. To Lady Neville the plan seemed good, and holy, especially as it was advocated by a renowned priest of the Church. She felt it her duty to do her part, and she could see no objection to her falling in with all that was required of her. As for Alizon, she was fascinated by Father Ritzoom, and moved to admiration by his desire to win a heretic back to the truth. She did not dream of the results, she felt no premonition concerning the possible tragic outcome of what they were discussing. Neither did it enter her mind that she was regarded by the priest as the principal actor in the drama.

"Very well," said Lady Neville, as the priests left the Priory that night, "every thing shall be arranged as you suggest."

CHAPTER XII.

THE FIRST LINK IN THE CHAIN.

"WEEL, aw think things ev settled daan middlin', Mester Rutland."

It was old Matthy Bray who spoke to Duncan on the steps of Tudor Chapel. They had just come from one of the meetings of the Church, and were on the point of going home. Several days had elapsed since the night when Duncan had given his lecture.

"After storm comes a calm," laughed the young minister.

"Aw doan't understand it," remarked the weaver.

"No' moor do aw," said Jonas Dixon, who with two or three others had come out with them.

"Don't understand what?" asked Rutland.

"Sheen and the Cathlicks bein' so quiet; it's

noan like 'em. Aw reckon they've summat else in their sleeves."

"What can they have?"

"Aw doan knaw; but ther's not one of 'em bin writin' to th' papers, and nobody's said a word. We all knaw as aa tha gived 'em a rare licken, but they'd a noan settled daan so quiet, ef they 'adn't bin tould to. Aw knaw 'em too weel for that."

"Yi," chimed in Jonas Dixon, "aw doan't forget thet Boggart Clough job. Why doan't ee tell all th' truth baat thet job, Mester Rutland?"

"Because,—well, there are good reasons."

"Yi, aw spoase soa. But theer, aw'm noan afeard of a good raa. A dog as barks rarely isn't as ugly as th' one what 'angs 'is yead and growls; and it seems to me as aa thet's what Sheen's lot are doin'. What dost thaa think, Matthy?"

"Aw think thou'rt reight, Jonas. Weel, we mun kip aar een oppen, that's all. But mind, Mester Rutland, foaks of all soorts are watchin' thee. Tha'st put thysen on a 'igh plaace, and naa, church foaks, and Cathlicks, as weel as all th' chapel foaks, 'll watch all tha dost. We look on thee as a sooot ov defender of th' faith, and if tha maks ony slips, the very chaps as shaated praises baat tha, and said thaa wert 'champion,' 'll be the first to call thee naames."

"Yes, I expect so."

"Yi, Lancashire foaks are the best in th' world, aw reckon, but we ev aar failin's, we're noan but 'uman. We're bit like th' owd Jews. One day they shaated 'Hosanna,' and th' next 'Crucify Him.' But theer, thou'rt noan baan to mak a fool o' thysen, art a?"

"I hope not."

"Well then, my advice is this and aw've noan lived i' Lynford better nor fifty year for nowt. Thee be careful if ony o' th' Cathlicks maks friends wi' thee."

"Yes, I'll be careful," laughed Duncan, but he had no fears.

"And theer's another thing. Thou'st kept away fro' the lasses rarely, since thou'st bin here. If aw wur thee, aw'd geet wed."

Duncan laughed heartily. "I've never seen a suitable wife yet," he said.

"Well, that's thy fault. Ther's plenty o' nice lasses as belongs to Tudor, that thaa could 'ave for the axin, and lasses wi' brass an' all. Ther's Ashton's lasses, naa. Th' owd Ashton 'll gi' 'em ten thaasand apiece, aw'm towld, and Alice 'ud be a champion minister's wife. But theer, thet's noan aar business. 'Appen yo've got a lass somewhere."

"No, I've not."

"Well, aw wish tha wert wed. Foaks talk less abaot a passon when oo's wed."

Matthy Bray and Duncan had by this time left the rest, and were walking in the direction of the young minister's lodgings.

"Ya see, Mester Rutland," went on the old

weaver, "we oal 'oap as aa tha't stay at Tudor mony a year, and we think as if tha had a good wife fro' th' church, tha would have a stake in th' place so ta spaik. And ther's nowt like 'avin' a stake in a place."

"You think not?"

"It's th' great cure for moast things. Aw reckon if aw were a rich man aw could kill moast o' th' socialism in a week."

"Indeed."

"Yi, aw could. Ef aw wer to give a cottage to every socialist, it 'ud stop his maath. Aw've seen it a lot o' times. It's chaps wot's got nowt who are socialist. When they've gotten a bit o' brass, their socialism goes."

"I dare say; but what has that to do with my getting a wife?"

"Ay, if thou'st gotton a wife fro' Lynford, thaa would 'ave a stake 'ere. The roots o' thy bein' would be fastened 'ere. Besides, thy missis could go wi' thee to th' young fowks' meetin's, and thet 'ud stop gossip."

"Why, have people been gossiping about me?"

"Ther's nobody been talked abaast as much, but not i' that way. Aw'm only thinking baat the future. Thee look aat for a nice lass, Mester. One with a bit o' brass, and thee settle daan at Tudor for life. But mind, oo mun come fro' Tudor."

"Must she?"

"Yi, oo must. Tudor foak 'ud noan put up wi' a lass from th' other chapels."

"Good-night, Matthy. I'm afraid you are a dangerous adviser," laughed Duncan.

"Noa, aw'm on th' reight track. Aw've cut all my teeth, Mester, an' aw'm wot th' lawyers ca' *Kompus Mentle*. Aw reckon thet's it, but aw'm noan a Greek scholar, so 'appen tha't be laughin' at me."

"You are quite right," laughed Rutland, "good-night," and he entered the door of his lodgings.

A good fire was burning in the grate, otherwise the young man's study was in entire darkness. He did not trouble to light the gas however; instead he drew an arm-chair before the fire and began musing. In spite of himself the weaver's words affected him. It was very lonely sitting night after night in his room. True, he could spend as many of his evenings out as he desired, for every door in the Church was open to him, but after he had been to the meetings he felt no desire for the company of people, with many of whom he had no tastes in common. Besides, all men, especially Englishmen, long for a home of their own. While he was at college he felt no loneliness. There was always a host of fellows ready to talk to him; but now—well, after six months of lodgings, he wished he had a home. As the old weaver had said, there were perhaps true, good-hearted girls at Tudor Chapel who would not object to become his wife. But he had paid but little attention to them. The

truth was there was no one in the Church to whom he had given a second thought. Alice Ashton, the girl the old weaver had named, was the eldest daughter of a wealthy manufacturer. She was a tall, buxom young woman of five-and-twenty, healthy, good-tempered, and of tolerable intelligence. She had been as well educated as was common among the wealthy people of the town, and would doubtless make a faithful, loving wife. She had been especially kind to him too, and always seemed pleased to be in his company. But he did not care for her in the slightest degree. By nature he was romantic, and had dreamed dreams of the woman he would love, and of the sensations which would possess him. This girl did not make a pulse stir quicker; there was no more romance in meeting her than in meeting Jonas Dixon the weaver.

He was suffering a reaction, too, after the excitement of the debate. He missed the thundering plaudits of the people, and longed for those emotions which possessed him when he rose to answer Father Sheen. It was true his work at Tudor Church was wondrously successful, and he loved that work beyond words, and still he felt something wanting.

And so he went on dreaming, thinking, until it struck him that he might as well light the gas and read for half an hour before Mrs. Nutter brought in his supper of bread and milk, which was his invariable meal before going to bed. No sooner had he lit the gas, however, than he saw a letter lying on his study desk which had come in by the night's post. He noticed that a Lynford postmark was stamped upon it, and then opened it languidly.

"One of the churches asking me to preach, I suppose," he thought, and then he caught sight of the writing. "It's from a lady, I wonder who it can be from?"

This was the letter which reached him that February night:—

The Priory,
Lynford.
Feb. 13, 189—

DEAR MR. RUTLAND,

It has struck me, as it has doubtless struck you, that there is a good work which ought to be done in the town, and in which all the churches could take part. There are four cab-stands in Lynford, besides those at the stations, and the only places of shelter which the cabmen have are the nearest public-houses. This, for many reasons, is undesirable, especially as it has a tendency to lead men to be intemperate, who would otherwise be sober. I would, therefore, suggest that the representatives of all the principal churches should meet to consider the advisability of building a sufficient number of convenient and comfortable cabmen's shelters. It is probable you may think the Priory a rather inconvenient place of meeting, nevertheless, I shall be very glad if you will come here on

Friday night next, (I understand that Friday is the night on which ministers are least engaged), so that we may, I trust, form some definite plan of action.

With kind regards,

I am, yours sincerely,

HELEN NEVILLE.

N.B.—Time of meeting, 8 o'clock.

Duncan read this letter through twice, and then laughed a little nervously.

"Of course Father Sheen will be there," he thought, "but I can scarcely refuse. Tudor is the oldest and largest Nonconformist Church in the town, and ought to be represented. The object is a good one too. I have often pitied those poor fellows standing around in the pouring rain. It will be awkward meeting Father Sheen and Lady Neville, but it is evident they bear no ill-will, and I see no reason why I should be awkward. Yes, I'll go."



"SHE HELD OUT HER HAND AND GREETED HIM WITH A KIND SMILE."

He immediately scribbled a hasty acceptance of the invitation, and then went to the pillar-box which stood near his own door, and posted the letter.

"I wonder whether Miss Alison Neville will be at the meeting?" he thought as he came back to the house. "Scarcely, I should think. I have an idea that she will never speak to me again."

When Friday night came he found his way to the Priory; he was rather late owing to the fact that just as he was about to start someone had called asking him to visit a sick woman. It was there-

fore nearly half-past eight before he arrived at the house. He was immediately ushered into the room where a number of people sat, including Father Sheen.

Lady Neville's greeting as he entered was most cordial and he could not help feeling that he was regarded as a person of importance in the meeting. On more than one occasion Father Sheen directly asked his opinion, and on his giving it, immediately advocated its acceptance. Indeed, the most friendly and genial person in the room was the old

priest. He told several funny stories with considerable spirit, and caused roars of laughter by them. For there is no part of the country where people are so easily moved to laughter as in Lancashire. Let a dozen men and women, of whatever degree, get together, and the poorest witticism will produce laughter, while a funny story will almost cause convulsions. Lancashire people are what is generally termed "hard-headed," they are as keen at driving a bargain as the proverbial Yorkshireman, they will seldom err on the side of generosity when business is concerned; nevertheless, they are simple-minded, tender-hearted people, as easily moved to laughter and tears as little children. And it is difficult to bestow higher praise than that in a cynical and callous age."

Presently the business of the meeting came to an end. Rutland's suggestion that a subscription list be opened, that her ladyship be the treasurer, and the town-clerk the secretary, was passed without a dissentient, and a working committee was elected on the spot.

Immediately this was done Father Sheen called Rutland aside and asked him a question on a matter which seemed to the young minister of but little importance, but which apparently exercised the old priest's mind greatly. Indeed, so interested did he become concerning the matter, and so earnestly did he talk, that Rutland for courtesy's sake, was obliged to listen, and consequently a few minutes later he found that the rest of the members of the meeting had departed, and that he was alone in the room with the old Irishman.

At this juncture Lady Neville entered the room.

"I am so glad you are not gone, Mr. Rutland," she said graciously. "I was anxious that you should not slip out without my having a chance of speaking to you. Alizon was telling me the other day that you were very fond of old houses. I thought you might like to look over the Priory."

"I should be delighted," replied Rutland, almost without thinking.

"It is rather a fine old house in its way, I suppose," went on her ladyship, "and has many interesting associations. There are secret passages, secret cells, places where traitors have been hidden, and outlaws sheltered. There is a haunted room, where the ghost of Sir Thomas More is supposed to appear, and a royal chamber where Charles I. is said to have slept. I shall be delighted to show you through."

"You are very kind," said Duncan. "I am afraid you have fastened upon a weakness of mine. I am simply a child when I am brought into contact with things old and mysterious and superstitious. But I am afraid I am taxing your ladyship's kindness far too much by accepting."

"Oh no, do not mention it. It will be a real pleasure to show you through the building. But what time is it, Father Sheen?"

"It is half-past nine," replied the priest.

"Oh, I remember now. We dined very early to-night in view of this meeting, Mr. Rutland, and all this talking is exhausting. I am sure, Father Sheen, you will be glad of some slight refreshment, and I hope Mr. Rutland will consent to join us at a little supper. He will need it to fortify himself against the ghosts;" and her ladyship laughed pleasantly.

Before he realised what he was doing he found himself in another room speaking to Alizon Neville.

The young minister felt his heart beat faster as she held out her hand, and greeted him with a kind smile. Everything was so different from what he had expected. Instead of being cold and haughty, she was kind and gracious. He could not help feeling how beautiful she was. There in the glow of the lamplight, her finely-moulded form revealed itself to advantage, while her somewhat heightened colour, and bright, shining eyes were the accompaniments of a face, which to the young man was lovely beyond words. The great masses of wavy chestnut hair, which glistened in the light, seemed to the romantic young minister almost like a nimbus, and at that moment he forgot that he was a commoner, while she belonged to one of the oldest families in England, forgot that he was a Protestant, and that she was an ardent Catholic.

In spite of the socialistic tendencies of the age, England is a conservative country, and there is much truth in the old saying that an Englishman loves a lord. He does, and always will, I suspect, while we are a nation and remember that we have a history. Not that Rutland was a worshipper of aristocracy. Far from it. He was too sensible a fellow for that. And yet he was influenced by the fact that Alizon Neville came of a race which had influenced the life of the country. Although he did not know it, those old rooms, the quaint antique furniture, and the fact that the Priory was associated with some of the important epochs of the English race, had a strange effect upon him.

They talked about books, pictures, plays, and men, and the time sped by on the wings of the wind. When they rose from the table, Father Sheen looked at his watch.

"It is nearly half-past ten, Lady Neville," he said with mock seriousness.

"It is?" cried Rutland, "I had forgotten—that is I had no idea it was so late. I am afraid I dare not tax you to take me over the Priory to-night."

"It is rather late," said Lady Neville. "It would take at least two hours. You must come some other day, Mr. Rutland, come early. Can't you decide upon an afternoon now? Almost any day next week, I shall be delighted to see you."

Rutland was fascinated, bewildered. Scarcely realising what he was doing he mentioned a day on which he would be at liberty.

"That will be delightful," said Lady Neville

graciously. "You and Father Sheen will be able to go back to Lynford together; but there is plenty of time for you to smoke a cigar before leaving us."

She led the way into the library, and the two men smoked and talked, while Lady Neville and Alizon joined in their conversation. Rutland felt that this was the most delightful evening he had ever spent.

"Next Wednesday, then, at three o'clock, I shall expect you both," said her ladyship. "You will then be able to go over the house before dinner quite comfortably. Good-night."

The two men walked towards Lynford, while Lady Neville went back to Alizon.

"He is really a delightful young fellow to know," she remarked, as Alizon sat looking into the fire.

"Yes," replied the girl.

"I had no idea he would be so interesting. He is really worth knowing apart from every other consideration."

"Do you think all this is quite right, mother?" asked the girl.

"I do, indeed. We are simply kind to him, and—that is all. If he is led to the truth, he will thank us throughout his life. Besides, it is our duty."

"Do you think he will ever become a convert?"

"Yes, I think so, don't you?"

"No," replied Alizon, "I do not believe he will ever be a Catholic."

"I believe you are quite mistaken," replied Lady Neville. "You will see that I am right in a few weeks."

(To be continued.)

The Garden of Yorkshire.

IV.



It is on the soft moorland slope behind the Nab, here called Sled-dale beck, that the Esk begins its meandering course. Some years ago a Primitive Methodist minister, returning from Kildale with his little

boy, lost the bridle-path in a fog on this dreary spot, and had to camp among the rushes and bracken until the morning dawned, when he found he had been within a few yards of the path all the time—"So near, and yet so far." When fog or storm comes sweeping o'er the moors keep to the main road and avoid short cuts, they often prove to be very long roads indeed. But the said minister hates moralising upon the incident, for as he says, "The same God who sent the fog protected and allowed us to get home, no worse for the exposure, and a wakeful night under such circumstances was not all lost time." What a boon it is to have a philosophic temper!

Fogs vary in pace very considerably, some appear as slow-moving as the glacier; but we have seen others envelope the whole range of the moors in a minute or two, their thick, banky folds wiping out hill after hill in a grandly gigantic manner. Its uplifting is just as impressive. It is indeed a beautiful thing in all its movements, but a treacherous, dan-

gerous companion whether on land or sea. The seaman would sooner face a gale than a fog off the English coast, as it is almost impossible to locate sound; you think it is to your right or left, where the fog is more dense, when it is perhaps straight in front, and it travels and passes through its interstices or thinner folds. We have seen a captain who has sailed the East coast for forty years completely baffled as to the position of a steamer which afterwards proved to be coming towards him almost at right angles on his starboard side, when to him and ourselves it seemed absolutely certain she was either coming straight towards us, or even a little on the port side. To our surprise she passed across our bows within two hundred yards, and we full speed astern, quite near enough for an experience, and with 200 or 300 passengers aboard. In tracing the sound of her foghorn a mistake of at least ninety degrees had been made, and they had probably located ours in a different place to where she was. So thick was the fog that, though at the minute of sunrise, the boat was quite indiscernible except to the man on the fore-castle. The sound of a bell carries more direct than a foghorn, which is fuller and, as it were, more rotund.

It was a merry day's outing to go over Highcliffe and on to Cook's Monument a blueberrying. Those who expected us to take any home were to be pitied for their misplaced faith. Those were the glorious days of freedom, when care and restraint were unknown, and when we literally lived from hand to mouth. To-day I can see the women and children going over the moors on the same errand, but not with the same motive; theirs is a more

serious business—the business of making a few shillings while the little dark blueberry lasts. May they reap a full harvest this afternoon. Is it true, as reported, that now when the keepers meet with the women or bairns they take their hard-won harvest from them and destroy it? I hope no keeper is capable of such a shabby trick, for surely no material injury can be done by them to anything on these wild moors. If they have instructions to act in this brutal manner, then the great lords of the land, knowing, as they ought to know, the condition of the poor people, should be thoroughly ashamed of their meanness. The question of game is doubt-

less at the bottom of the restriction, as it has been at the bottom of many a feud between the classes. But in all reason, what injury can be done to the grouse in the berrying season? Many of the children I see running and shouting across the hill will remember these free, happy days on the moors, and be soothed and glad once again at the memory when, perhaps, with broken spirits in the years to come, they are tossed hither and thither on the restless sea of life.

Dark, voluminous packs of smoke show where Middlesbro', youngest and most enterprising of Vulcan's offspring, carries on its mighty trade.



BLAST-FURNACES FROM THE RIVER, MIDDLESBROUGH.

Some of these hamlets were venerable when their names were written in Domesday book, but this young giant of yesterday eclipses them all in numbers, wealth and enterprise. In the early part of the century nothing was to be seen save a solitary farmhouse in the midst of a dreary marsh; and even in 1851 the population was only 7,630; now it has a population of probably upwards of 90,000, with docks, huge iron and steel works, shipyards, chemical works, engineering works, wire, nail and tube works, salt and soda works, a big town-hall and rates to match, of which the least said soonest mended; what can't be cured must be endured. The South Bank steel works are among the largest in the world, and if the stranger should pass the blazing blast furnaces for the first time in the night he will probably have a feeling of uncanny bewilderment if not of actual fear.

With the exception of the four openings towards Middlesbro', Redcar, Saltburn and Whitby respectively, the picturesque vale of Guisbro' is enfolded

by hills the sides of which are covered with woods and bosky thickets. As the hills rise abruptly, a good surface view of the woods presents itself: in the foliage season they have an appearance of massive grandeur. They have their own peculiar beauty in the winter too; without their graceful and delicate lines the hills would appear stern and forbidding. I have often admired the curve where the Belmont hill runs up to the Nab and sweeps out again at right angles just below it in a beautifully rounded, sloping spur. The angle of the hill and the spur has a concave appearance, and is suggestive of a warm, cosy refuge under the brow of the bleak promontory. On the Hutton side of the spur, and under it, Sir Joseph Whitwell Pease has built Hutton Hall. I should think there are at least a dozen places in Cleveland with the prefix Hutton—hut-town. Two thousand years ago there were many hut towns on these hills. On the Hutton side of the Nab nature has kneaded and contoured a snug little cove which is a veritable

fairylund. At the top of the cove, just under the hill, there is said to be a village named Codell where the estate workmen live. It seems, however, to be only an arcadian dream. You naturally look for the fairy rings in the woods and meadows where the merry little elves dance throughout the joyous moonlit hours without a care to fret their lives. If working-men do in fact live here, think of the vast difference between their surroundings and those of their toiling brethren in the large towns. Sir Joseph being a member of the Society of Friends, we believe the noble principles and traditions of his faith will dispose him to make the lives of his dependents as free from care as possible. In the

palmy days of the Guisbro' priory there was a leper hospital here. Improved conditions of life and sanitation have removed the necessity for such places. Though in the case of some of the old leper hospitals, as, for example, that of Sherburn, near Durham, the charter and endowments remain, and are administered as charities and dispensaries. Building, charter, and endowments have all gone with the leper, however, from Hutton.

It is not difficult to imagine the sea rolling in from Redcar right up to the Highcliffe range and away into the Stokesley plain. Roseberry would then be a magnificent promontory indeed. Eston, Marske and Skelton hills would form a triangle of



BEGGAR'S BRIDGE, ON THE ESK.

small islands. But if Marske hill is ever to be an island the sea will have to hurry up, for the miners are tearing it to pieces to feed the iron monsters at Middlesbro' and make railways to spread civilisation and other things in Africa, India and China. Upleatham, one of the loveliest hamlets in England, is already in ruins, along with our little chapel where we suffered and made others endure the agony of a first attempt to preach. God bless the dear, kind souls, they did not ask for much, and had a word of encouragement to give. Quite fresh and audible to-day are the sympathetic groans with which the local preacher, the late Mr. James Dunning, punctuated the "very broken remarks."

The sea has certainly been here, not only at the base, but covering the high moorlands. Tons of

marine fossils, cockles, mussels, cat's faces (so we called them), etc., have been dug out from under this very Highcliffe. What mighty cockles there were then, fifty times the bulk of our modern pigmy! I have heard a good Christian man affirm that as death came by the sin of Adam 6,000 years ago, therefore all the mineralised creatures, hidden fathoms beneath the surface, under many and various strata, could not possibly have died before that time. And another old miner declared, with the emphasis of unshaken conviction, that if such *so-called* fossils were really there before Adam's time they had never been living organisms, but that the Almighty had created them in stone. "Surely it is as easy," argued he, "for the Creator to make an image of living creatures in stone as to make the

living creatures themselves." Quite true, old friend, and it may be a trifle easier; but did He? Counter arguments were useless; it was another case of,

"Nay, we are seven."

Such views of what was held to be essential to a right interpretation of the Word are probably now little more than faint echoes, or even memories. Let there be no bitter quarrel over such matters. "Knowledge and vital piety" are the two golden keys which will unlock the mysteries of the two books and show that they have never been at variance.

Three hundred years ago Sir Thomas Challoner opened out on these hill-sides the first alum works in England, but they have long since been abandoned as unprofitable. The huge pink-tinted shale hills at Belmont and Slapewath show their extent. Old mother nature is, however, inexhaustible; she invited her children to dig deeper and knock more persistently, and then rewarded them with her iron wealth. And when all this is used up she will open another door in her great storehouse whereby her sons may have work and bread. The waste products of fifty years ago and less are to-day a considerable source of employment and wealth. The old discarded alum shale may have its day of prosperity again. Who knows? There was a Spa at Slapewath which in its time was believed to have curative virtues. The mines have drained the water off and it is now dry. When they are worked out and forgotten it may come again. God rotates His blessings. Every loss is a gain, and every gain a loss.

The Cleveland miner has had a hard time of it now for many years, but his trade has brightened up a bit lately. The ore is about the poorest worked, but being near the great iron producing centre it commands a market. That centre is its creation, and it seems unnatural for the child to leave its maker to languish in want while it enriches another country by its importations. Competition is the secret of it all, and its loss is a greater gain to a larger number. Expansion, progress, salvation are only possible through sacrifice. The cross embodies a universal law of life to which there are no exceptions. Some of the royalties are worked out, and others nearly so; and in time Cleveland will be exhausted of its iron riches. Iron to make good blood, say the doctors, but it is the blood that is given to make the iron here. It is shocking to think of the men and lads that have been mangled under these hills. The Challoners, the Whartons, the Episcopal Church through its Commissioners,

and others have added immensely to their income through the royalty rents. But how have the men been rewarded who have done this for them by dangerous and almost inhuman toil? Think of their slaving ten, eleven, and twelve days in dismal, wet places for thirty shillings, and often less! And remember, to do this many of them walk from two to five miles a day to and from their work. It has not always been the greed of the mine-owner which refused the poor fellows an advance of 1d. or 2d. per ton. Between them and their men there have been bitter feuds, but the real cause of their troubles is often the man or institution that holds royalty claims. To refer to another mining district for a moment, it is said that hundreds of thousands of pounds have been paid out of the Durham coal mines alone to support curates, vicars, canons, deans, churches, cathedrals and what not at the other end of the country. The amount of religious or other kind of work contributed to the weal of the community in return is best known to the recipients. It is a scandalous shame that labour should thus be handicapped and compelled to uphold institutions with which it has no direct relation. It was reported in the papers only recently that a dignitary of the Episcopal Church had said his official income was £2,000 per annum, and that he spent £3,000. And a fortunate man he was in having it to spend. If this divine has never heard of the widow's mite, let him read his New Testament more carefully, and cease his ostentatious prating about spending £1,000 per annum out of his private pocket. Never a man living between the north and south poles ought to draw £2,000 a year from taxed labour, as a minister of the Gospel, while labour is so ill-paid. How many have to live with their noses on the grindstone in order that gentlemen of this class may build their churches, and gull the simple by their charities.

"There's something in the world amiss,
Shall be unriddled by and by."

The sooner the better, for it is high time the unriddling was begun in the matter of underpaid labour and hampered trade through excessive royalties. It is neither easy nor pleasant to write in this manner, but the injustice done to the workman, along with the snobbery and boastful benevolence of those who derive their substance from his toils and sufferings, make it imperative that some word should be said.

THOS. E. CURRAH.

(To be continued.)





New Discoveries and Explorations in their Bearing on the Scriptures.

X.—THE MINER IN THE BOOK OF JOB.

BY ROBERT HIND.



THE difficulty of determining the exact date of the Book of Job, the country in which it was written, and the name of its author is sufficiently well known. Even to-day, notwithstanding the large results that have been obtained from biblical research, scholars refuse to speak on these matters with any degree of certainty. The whole question, indeed, is likely to remain hypothetical for some time to come. Still, little by little, fresh light is being brought to bear upon it, and every additional piece of information will be welcomed by those who have experienced the charm of this fascinating literary production, and had occasion to brood over the problems of which it treats. A recent number of the *Quarterly Statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund* calls attention to the very minute and graphic account of the miner and his work contained in Job xxviii. The writer of the article, whilst he does not think that a study of this part of the book will settle the question of its date and authorship, is of the opinion that it should contribute somewhat to this end. Perhaps it should be noted that in this part of his argument Job does not discuss the nature of divine wisdom. Only in his closing sentence does he venture on a brief definition:—"Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding." Both the thought and phraseology here are so much like certain passages in the Book of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes that they cannot fail to suggest either that the Book of Job is by the same author, or, if by another, one of the two must have had access to the writings of the other. At least, the meaning of Job's philosophy of life is apparent; the highest wisdom is to live so as to obtain the highest moral results, and these can be

realised only in so far as men allow the fear of God to restrain them from all evil, and to inspire them to noble conduct.

But the chief interest in the chapter lies, not in his brief and cogent summing up of his philosophy, but in the ingenious illustration he uses of the method by which men are likely to reach the conclusion he has adopted. This first argument is to the effect that the wisdom that will enable men to make the best use of life is not discoverable by any amount of cleverness and labour. And he seems here to have cast about in his mind to discover the best conceivable representation of intellectual ingenuity combining itself with hard, courageous, persevering toil. He discovers what he wants in the person of the miner, who, undaunted by difficulty and danger, seeks for precious metals in all manner of strange places; silver is not found in the surface soil of the field, but is hid in veins that strike down perpendicularly through the strata towards the earth's centre, the veins often taking curious turns, and again the silver thread ceases for yards and miles, so that it is difficult to find another beginning. Gold is not lying ready to be gathered in a refined state (v. 1). Iron, although, being more plentiful, is more easily found, has to be separated from the dust; and copper, embedded in the hard rock, can only be purified by fires that reduce the whole into a molten condition (v. 2). Into the natural caverns of the earth, deep and dark, man penetrates with his candles and lamps, in search of these precious metals (v. 3). And concluding that the object of his search may be found in the underworld where there have been no convulsions to rend the rocks and create caverns, he makes them for himself. He sinks a pit or opens the level drift into the mountain side (v. 4). Just at this point in his description the ancient writer gives a pathetic touch relating to certain conditions under which the miner toils. He brings into evidence the loneliness of the man's

position. "He breaketh open a shaft away from where men sojourn; they are forgotten of the foot of the passer-by" (v. 4). In sinking the shaft he has cut through a layer of gold, a shot of silver without noticing it, but in passing up and down the sheen of it strikes his eye. It must not be lost, and so hanging on ropes fifty fathoms from daylight at the top, and fifty fathoms from the solid ground beneath, he plies his calling. "They hang afar from men, they swing to and fro" (v. 4). Then follows the passage—"As for the earth, out of it cometh bread; and underneath it is turned up as it were by fire. The stones thereof are the place of sapphires, and it hath dust of gold" (vv. 5, 6). By which is meant that the obvious use of the earth is to produce corn for bread and grass with which to feed cattle, but man is not satisfied that it should only thus serve him, "as it were by fire" "it is turned up," that is by some kind of blasting, and compelled to yield not food alone, but sapphires and gold. "That path no bird of prey knoweth, neither hath the falcon's eye seen it. The proud beasts have not trodden it, nor hath the fierce lion passed thereby" (vv. 7, 8). The eagle, the vulture, the falcon, the hawk, how keen is their vision, but the miner has seen what they have never looked upon, and even wild beasts, stalking for their prey, the lion and the tiger, although at times driven by stress of hunger have ventured into strange places, have not followed the miner in his explorations, brave as they are they will not venture where he has travelled. Nothing escapes him. The rock is as hard as flint, but he shatters it to atoms and grinds it to powder (v. 9). Deep and strong are laid the foundations of the mountains, but the miner compels them to give up their secrets (v. 9). He taps a hundred springs and rivers of water come in upon him, but he makes new rivers underground and so saves himself (v. 10). But he also uses the channels he has made in the rock to cleanse the ore. By infinite care and labour they are made watertight, and every nugget and grain of the precious metal is discovered (vv. 10, 11). Could a finer description of the miner's toil, his strong determination, his marvellous skill, his admirable courage be imagined? No difficulty is sufficient to prevent him from laying his hands on the metal. His intellect is strained to discover where it is; he risks life and limb to get it. The eagle, keen-sighted as it is, does not see what the miner discovers, and not the most courageous of wild beasts will brave the risks which he voluntarily undergoes. Job recognises in this man's ingenuity and readiness to toil in his search for what he desires, but even these qualities will not enable him to lay hold of Divine wisdom (v. 12).

This description of the miner's work is the most marvellous part of a marvellous chapter, but for the sake of completing the argument, the remaining sections may receive a passing notice. Superior

skill and persevering labour will accomplish much for men, and the possession of fabulous wealth often will do still more. Can wisdom be bought with gold? In verses 13-19 the precious metals, gold and silver are named, and rare stones, corals and crystals, the onyx, the sapphire, the topaz, and the ruby are named, but the wealth they represent cannot teach a man wisdom.

Once more the patriarch changes his point of view and looks in another direction. Will a large and varied experience bring this valuable thing into his possession? From its very nature it might be thought that where skill and labour will fail and material wealth prove of no service, the years might be supposed to show a man how best to order his life. In verses 21 and 22 the whole range of human experience is covered by two brief statements. Verse 21 refers to the earthly life of men. Considering the large variety of circumstances in which they are placed, the joys that fall to their lot, the pains that they suffer, through their own sins, the sins of others, and from causes that are distant and hard to trace, it might be thought that the accumulated experience of the generations would teach men the high art of wise living. But "it is hid from the eyes of all living" (v. 21). To-day, at the end of the ages, folly is rampant. There are other than earthly experiences through which men pass. In the land of darkness and death they learn lessons to which the living are strangers. They are brought nearer to a knowledge of the truth on the subject in passing through the land of shadows than by any other merely natural means. It is possible for men to be thoughtless about it in health and prosperity, but as they pass away from the earth its value becomes evident even though its nature is not understood. "Destruction and death say, We have heard the fame thereof with our ears" (v. 22).

In the last resort, true wisdom, the knowledge of the highest way of living for men, belongs to God alone (vv. 23-27). Man, called to act quickly, in emergencies, ever and anon in entirely new situations, cannot see all things at a glance, or measure to the utmost the issues of all that happens. He sees farther than the eagle, but how limited is the range of his vision after all! But God sees the ultimate issue of all from the beginning. Even the things that to men are most variable and uncertain, the wind and the rain, He governs by absolute unchanging law. Nay, even that current of lightning, so erratic in its course, so sudden in turning in a new direction, has had its zig-zag path through space cut out by Jehovah. With Him nothing is uncertain or accidental either in the material or moral realm.

Still there is comfort for the good man. He cannot hope ever to have the wisdom that will enable him to choose the path that he *perceives* will bring him the greatest blessedness. But the secret of

the Lord is with them that fear Him. In cherishing the fear of God that produces perfect obedience lies man's highest wisdom, for though often he will

only see one step before him, he will know by faith that this course at last will prove not only right, but wise and profitable.

Men Worth Remembering.

III.—REV. JOHN SMITH.

By REV. W. A. HAMMOND.



In the minister's vestry of the Temple, Great Yarmouth, is a tablet taken from the old Priory Plain Chapel, sacred to the memory of one of the grandest men who ever did service for the Church of Jesus Christ. In plain and simple language it sums up the character of one of our earliest workers, and records his abundant success in turning men to God.

In Memory of
JOHN SMITH,

Who for 27 years laboured as a
Primitive Methodist Minister,
with untiring energy, self-consuming zeal,
and abundant success in the conversion of sinners.

Entered into rest

Dec. 7th, 1851, aged 50 years.

"The memory of the just is blessed."

"Old" John Smith, as he is affectionately and familiarly called by those who remember him, perhaps more to distinguish him from the present General Missionary Secretary, than to suggest any decrepitude or weakness of age, was a mighty worker for God in the Eastern Counties half a century ago, and no name is more fragrant in the memories of elderly members of our Church than his. How they delight to talk of his mighty spiritual power, his stirring appeals, his masterly rebuke of sin, and above all, of his wondrous power in prayer. There were giants in those days, and truly John Smith was one. Like a mighty soldier of the cross he swept over Norfolk during the thirties and forties, winning hundreds to Jesus Christ from the service of sin, and leaving his memorial behind him in the regenerated lives of many, some of whom continue to this day.

A tall, fine-looking, strongly-built man, with hair cut and brushed in thoroughly orthodox fashion; strong voice and piercing eye, he was a born leader of men. With natural courage that knew no fear, and an unmistakable consciousness of his Divine

call to the Christian ministry, he was indeed valiant for the truth, and though scorn and opposition met him in his work, he could fearlessly say, "None of these things move me." That eye counted for much. Few could withstand its piercing look. It seemed to look one through and through. Before its steady gaze the fiercest oppo-



REV. JOHN SMITH.

nent would tremble and quail, and when lighted up with the sacred glory of the Divine presence within, it flashed and glowed until large congregations were held spell-bound beneath its gaze. He had rare magnetic influence, which, sanctified by Divine grace, gave him immense power over large masses of people.

Like most of his companions in early missionary work he could preach. It would have been impossible for them to have accomplished such results as were accomplished if they could not. They knew how to attract the masses and hold them when

they came. To arrest the attention of indifferent men, and arouse within them desires after good—to convince them of the folly and danger of sin, and turn them into paths of righteousness,—these were fine triumphs of oratorical power. Not so eloquent as Robert Key, nor so refined as Richard Howchin, nor so methodical as William Wainwright, John Smith was nevertheless a powerful preacher of the Divine Word, a workman that needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth, presenting it with remarkable clearness and wonderful power. The three R's constituted the sum and substance of his preaching. Ruined by the Fall, redeemed by Christ, regenerated by the Spirit. These were the subjects of his ministry. Perhaps another ought to be added. For on no subject did he delight to dwell more than on the power of Faith. "Have faith in God" was a favourite text—faith in God's existence, faith in God's providence, faith in God's promises, faith in God's redemption, and as he preached on these lines he only set forth what he experienced and knew.

To Him God was a real ever-present Person. His promises were Yea and Amen to those who believed. No uncertainty lingered in his mind respecting their meaning or application. There they stood, and to those who grasped them, accepted them, they became real and were fulfilled. Preaching at Hemsby one night, he startled the congregation by saying, "Christian friends, we have frequently related to you instances of persons in various parts of the circuit to whose sudden conversion we have been eye- and ear-witnesses. Now some of you doubt the accuracy of these statements and others wonder how we can tell when people are converted, and a few desire to witness such scenes here. Well, listen to me, we are going to hold a prayer meeting in Mr. Harvey's house, and I believe God will convert sinners and save souls to-night. So you unbelievers and wonderers may all come and see for yourselves, then I hope you will be satisfied. And come, poor, desiring, penitent souls, for Jesus has got life and salvation to give you, *yea, He will save this very night.*" It was a bold venture of faith. All the circumstances seemed against it. Primitive Methodism had not done much in the village. Hyper-Calvinism reigned supreme. Even our preaching services were held in the same building as the services of the Particular Baptists, the effect of which was that controversy rather than conversions was the order of the day. As the congregation left the chapel discussions on points of doctrine were started, and such knotty questions as redemption, limited or full, election, conditional or unconditional, were eagerly discussed, not always to the edification of the people. No wonder Mr. Smith's daring statement aroused excitement and surprise. He says, "It was like the shock of an earthquake." But away they went, from the Bap-

tist chapel to the lowly cottage of Mr. Harvey. Some doubted, some were sceptical. Mr. Smith himself was beset with temptation. It was late, none would come, failure was certain. But still he clung to the promise, and resolutely held his confidence in God. The cottage was soon filled, prayer quickly commenced. For a quarter of an hour the conflict went on, as on Carmel's mount, then victory crowned the servants of God. "The Lord came down in the power of His Spirit, the place of His feet became glorious; some were smitten to the floor, others cried for mercy, and a few rejoiced in God, three or four received the Spirit of adoption, and two others received the blessing of perfect love." Thus victory was on Israel's side, the victory which overcometh the world—even faith.

Mr. Smith knew what it was to believe God, and delighted to dwell in all his preaching on the power of faith. But whatever subject was announced, or text chosen, all led up to the Cross. He found Christ as easily in the Pentateuch as in the Gospels. Preaching from Gen. i. 11-12, "Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, and it was so," he had no difficulty in finding the gospel of Jesus Christ in the text. "Look at His almighty power, look at His wonderful working, and look at His unbounded love. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son. If when we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more being reconciled we shall be saved by His life; and therefore we are commanded to be not faithless but believing. He is able to save to the uttermost. His blood cleanseth from all sin, and He pardoneth iniquity, transgression, and sin, and having all power in heaven and on earth, it does not depend on length of time, but on faith in Him." As all roads lead to London, so all texts pointed to Christ with these devoted men. Christ was indeed all and in all, and every sermon was a powerful presentation of Christ's saving power, whilst faith was the one requirement ever pressed as the condition of receiving all spiritual blessings.

But it was not so much in the pulpit as a preacher that he revealed his power, as in prayer. Like Elijah he was a man of prayer, of strong, urgent supplication. For hours he would wrestle in prayer with God, and like the Puritans of old, come forth from the chamber of devotion strong enough to do exploits for God. When he went to Lynn in 1831 the circuit reported 536 members, which was an increase of over 200 during the preceding three years, but Mr. Smith could not rest without further additions. It was a wide and extensive station, and when the brethren came together at the Quarterly Meeting, Mr. Smith asked them to covenant together with God that at least fifty souls should be won to Christ during the quarter. Covenanting together with God was no formal business. It was

the most solemn and complete declaration of faith that could be made. "I think it is easier for you to believe than it is for me," said Mr. Smith to his wife one day as they sat in holy conversation, "and you are able to bring Divine influence down upon us. But," said he, "I never tell God that I believe but it stands for something." And truly it did. And when these men covenanted together with God, it stood for something—fifty souls in one quarter. Nothing less. And forth they went with this vow and covenant resting upon them, only to realise its fulfilment in successful service for Christ during the quarter. For when they gathered together at the end of the quarter, Mr. Smith himself reported that he had had the joy of witnessing seventy persons turn from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God; and that year an increase of members to the extent of 234 was reported to Conference. It was this power in prayer that made him strong. How he would wrestle in prayer, like Jacob wrestling with the angel, vehemently saying, "I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me," and holding fast until the blessing that he wanted came. After wrestling thus in the old Priory Plain school-room one night, he went out, and as he crossed the market one of the friends present remarked to him, "Why, Mr. Smith, you stagger like a drunken man." "Yes, yes," was the reply, "drunk with the wine of the Kingdom," like the disciples on the day of Pentecost, "filled with the Spirit." John Smith's prayers are remembered more than his sermons. He seemed to live in the very presence of God, and whether in the public service or private devotions of the home he had power with God, and prevailed. After preaching one night at N. Creake, he went to spend the night with Mr. Thomas Walker, with whom the preachers stayed for many years, and before retiring to rest he said, "Let us pray." For more than an hour those two men wrestled in prayer, until Thomas Walker said, "We shall have it." "Have what?" said Mr. Smith. "The revival," replied Mr. Walker. "Yes," replied Mr. Smith. "You will have it, for it is begun." And surely there came to that circuit a mighty revival of religion through which hundreds were led into the enjoyment of saving grace.

One night clouds and darkness seemed to surround him. He was conducting a fellowship meeting in Priory Plain Chapel, Yarmouth. The meeting opened with power and liberty, but suddenly gloom and heaviness rested upon the meeting. There seemed to be no power. Mr. Smith had been expecting "a salvation meeting," but the meeting seemed to "get worse and worse, until the thought took possession of his mind, 'There'll be none saved to-night.'" This thought distressed him beyond measure. He gave himself to prayer, and presently a friend came to him and said, "That woman wants saving," and as he went to her, saying, "Woman, you will be saved," she fell down

upon her knees, implored mercy, and in a few minutes rejoiced in the assurance of sins forgiven. Near by sat a man to whom he spoke, but from whom he received no answer. One of the friends near explained the reason by saying, "He cannot speak." "Never mind," said Mr. Smith, "God can make him feel," and as he spoke the man wrung his hands and smote his breast, whilst tears coursed quickly down his cheeks. Prayer was offered on his behalf, and strong faith exercised until the aspect of his face was changed, and joy lighted up his countenance instead of sorrow. Though he could not speak, he evidenced the change which had taken place within through trusting in Jesus Christ. Thus were the clouds scattered, and the victory of faith realised.

Perhaps his greatest power was in personal contact with men. Here his great magnetic influence stood him in good stead, and he seemed as though he could control men at his will. The glance of his eye cowered the mightiest opponent. The commanding authority of his voice overawed the most turbulent disturber, and the strange prophetic vision that seemed to be his, amazed and confounded many. He never thought of consequences when engaged in his Master's work; he was an ambassador for Christ, and above all else, he must be faithful. Visiting a farm-house in Norfolk, he was warned by the farmer that his son was a wayward boy, wicked and daring, and had no sympathy with praying people. "He knows you are coming," said the farmer, "and he says he shall have you on, but don't mind him. He is reckless, and will do as he likes, but don't let him trouble you." Soon the young free-lance came in, and with language more vigorous than polite, more vulgar than polished, saluted the newly-arrived preacher, and ended his rough welcome by saying, "Ah, well, never mind, let's shake hands." But he had reckoned without his host. He did not know the new-comer well enough. He had not rightly measured him. Accepting the proffered hand, Mr. Smith gripped it as in a blacksmith's vice, and looking at him straight with flashing eye, said, with steady and pathetic voice, "Let us pray." Father and son fell down upon their knees whilst Mr. Smith began to pray as few but he could do. The young man trembled with fear, wept hot, bitter tears, pleaded for forgiveness, and rose from his knees a better man than when he entered the house. It was useless to attempt to play with men like John Smith. Going to his appointment one day he overtook a man going along the same road. Instant in season and out of season, he began to talk with him, when the man confessed that he was unsaved, and would like to be saved. "If you are sincere and really anxious to be saved," said Mr. Smith, "God will save you before we reach the next milestone;" and with all his wondrous power he began to pray and urge the man to believe on the Lord Jesus

Christ. The man prayed too. Walking and praying until just before they reached the milestone on the road, the man shouted, "Hallelujah! Glory! He has done it. I'm saved, I'm saved." Thus intent upon the Master's business, in crowded congregations, or by the wayside, he was successful in bringing men to Christ. Six hundred and fifty added to the Lord on Yarmouth Circuit in three years, and yet he says, "Some places continued low and were never otherwise, and a few others declined." So that, like all earnest workers, he knew the pain and sorrow and humiliation of defeat at times, and was thrown into a very agony of soul because of it.

Born at Sound Heath, Wrenbury, near Nantwich, April 26, 1802, he was converted to God when seventeen years of age, under the early pioneers of Primitive Methodism who missioned Burland. Within four years of his conversion he was called out to travel by his native circuit. In 1820 he was appointed to Norwich Circuit in the newly formed Norwich District, and for twenty-two years rendered splendid service for Christ in the Eastern Counties. Twice he travelled at Norwich, Lynn, Yarmouth, and Fakenham, and once at Upwell, now Downham Circuit. It was whilst travelling at Yarmouth the second time that his health failed, and very quickly the end came. Thirteen months of severe prostration, and then the end. "You have done too much," said the doctor as he saw that nothing could save the ebbing life of the vigorous warrior. The strong man was bowed low. The mighty warrior was exhausted in the conflict. His herculean labours were enough to

wear out the strongest man, and his intense struggling and wrestling with God in prayer must have drained his nervous energy. But if he died in the prime of life counting years only, it was not so when his work was measured. If it be true that

"We live in deeds not years, in thoughts not breaths,
In feelings not in figures on a dial"

then John Smith lived long. For into those fifty years he had put deeds of valour and devotion such as few men have done, he had felt such throbbings of thought and feeling and desire as few men know, and had rendered such service to the Church of Jesus Christ as few men can render. Robert Key said at his decease, "I feel as though a star of the first magnitude had fallen from its orbit, as though a great river had been dried up."

And many felt the same. The workman died, and was buried, but the work goes on. Societies that were formed under his ministry live and flourish to-day. Families whose forbears were lifted out of the gutter of sin and evil still stand connected with our Church, and render splendid service in many a Norfolk town and village. He rests from labour, but his works follow him. On Sunday, Dec. 7, 1851, he calmly passed away, and on the following Thursday, devout men carried him to his burial in Yarmouth Cemetery. To many still living his memory is exceedingly precious, and though nearly fifty years have passed away since he was laid to rest, yet

"He lives again
In minds made better by his presence."

THE PROMISE OF SPRING.

Tho' fickle Nature's moods and passions are,
In ev'ry gesture, sound, and look betray'd;
In smiles that burst o'er sea and land afar,
In sudden frowns that hide them both in shade,
We, who by such are gladdened or dismay'd,
But Hope, with Joy see alternate to-night
In her blue eyes whose soundless depths inlaid
Are with the sunset's peaceful, mellow light,
Telling of sorrow past, and happiness in sight.

So calm her aspect is, from Winter's grasp
Released awhile. Altho', as if in pain,
At morn we heard her moan, and cry, and gasp,
To-night, with suffering hearts that may regain
That passiveness which in all such must reign
When tempests cease on common, wild, and lea,
On ev'ry upland and receding plain,
We see her smile as if in ecstasy,
And hear her murmur, "Spring is near—the Spring
to be."

That murmur hear the flow'rs, and lift their heads
To listen—daisies, snowdrops, daffodils,
From lip to lip, from heart to heart it spreads,
And, lulling all to sleep, the west wind fills
The eve with whispers low; pulsating thrills
Of love thro' Nature pass, felt in the notes
Of thrush and wren that, by the purling rills
Mid swaying osiers, tune their warbling throats
To swell the lark's last strain which from the ether
floats.

Spring, beauteous Spring! With all things do we smile
At thought of thee, and at a time like this
We think how human hearts might reconcile
Themselves to suffer when the guerdon is
Such rest and calm, such hope and perfect bliss,
O Life! O Light! O Immortality!
All, all are near! Is not the promise His?
Who in yon sky and ev'ry budding tree,
Gives promise of the Spring—the Spring that is
to be!

THOS. GEO. COX.



FIG. I. THE BUFF-TIP MOTH.

Nature Parables.

XX.

MIMICRY IN NATURE AND IN MAN.



MIMICRY is imposture in Nature," wrote the late Professor Drummond in his "Tropical Africa." Every tropical forest swarms with impostors and most accomplished hypocrites. Carlyle in his blackest visions of "shams and hum-bugs" among human kind, never saw anything so finished in hypocrisy as the naturalist finds in every tropical forest. There are to be seen thousands of creatures whose very appearance, down to the minutest spot and wrinkle, is an affront to truth, whose every attitude is a *pose* for a purpose, and

whose whole life is a sustained lie. Before these masterpieces of deception the most ingenious of human impositions are vulgar and transparent. They are certainly most interesting deceivers, or may be, it is more euphonious to call their deceptions "contrivances of Nature." The clever contrivances are the outcome of keen contest for places, and to secure the best place a vast variety of contrivances have been developed. The weak by curious tricks make up for want of power. The defenceless adopt strange methods to make up for the absence of weapons of war. They personify the fortunate; they simulate the powerful; they evade their enemies by deceit and pretence by copying their appearance and movements, and when it suits their purpose they even "sham death." They get their living under false pretences; they escape destruction by swindling. They are, in fact, a set of fraudulent beings. This is all very shocking, no doubt, to the moralist, but, after all, it is not pleasure or amusement, but hard, stern necessity that drive them to circumvent their enemies and

undertake these disguises. It is the only safeguard of their existence.

Protective resemblance is one of the commonest, as it is one of the most wonderful contrivances in Nature. A naturalist who has studied the bird-life of North Africa, says, "That even within the limits of a day's journey, the colours of the various forms of animal life change in tint in a very remarkable way. You may actually trace the gradation of colour as you travel slowly South. As the sandy soil of the desert is approached the various birds that live in the wilderness get browner in plumage, and as the desert itself is reached, these colours become even more emphasised. The *Larks* don a richer brown, the *Marmot* wears the same brown livery; whilst the *Lizards* have ceased to display the brilliant green skin which is common to them, and have assumed a coat of desert brown, and the snakes are the exact colour of the ground." From the sandy deserts of the sultry South to the snowy wastes of the Arctic regions the same universal law prevails. The animals that live among the snow are almost invariably white of dress. The Polar bear, the Arctic fox, the hare and the ermine are dressed in white. Our own Highland ptarmigan is a fine example of protective colouring, for its summer plumage so exactly harmonises with the lichen-

covered stones among which it delights to sit, that a person may walk through a flock of them without seeing a single bird; and, when it changes to white in winter, it is equally protected amid the snow which covers the mountains. In the tropical forests the birds are of brilliant green plumage exactly suited to the vegetation which they haunt. The beetles, moths, and butterflies are arrayed in hues similar to the plants and flowers, the bark and stones among which they live and on which they rest. The creatures of the sea conform to these laws equally well. The flat-fish are coloured on their upper surface exactly like the mud and sand on which they lie.

Many of the protective resemblances among insects read more like fairy-tales than sober truth. We have beetles that can only be distinguished by the closest scrutiny from seeds of plants. We have locusts and grasshoppers that bear marvellous resemblance to twigs and branches and dead sticks. We have butterflies with wings like leaves, every detail of their appearance faultlessly copied, even to the bits of mildew and fungus, and tiny holes, which poise so deftly on the branches as to defy discovery. We have ants which cut pieces out of leaves and carry them over their heads umbrella fashion so that it is almost impossible for their



FIG. 2. THE LAPPET MOTH.



FIG. 3. THE ORANGE-TIP BUTTERFLY.

enemies to find them out. In the insect world alone there are thousands of these mimetic frauds being perpetrated in every forest. One of the most interesting and curious is the grass-stalk insects which take on the very form and colour of the grass; they live exclusively among the long grass which occurs in patches all over the forests and often reaches a height of eight or ten feet. During three-fourths of the year it is dried by the sun into a straw-yellow colour, and all the insects are painted to match, so that you cannot tell grass from insect nor insect from grass. They appear both alike. Another class of insects imitate twigs, sticks, and the smaller branches of shrubs. The commonest of these is the *walking* twig, three or four inches long, covered with bark apparently, and spotted all over with mould like the genuine branch. The imitation of bark here is one of the most perfect delusions in Nature; the delicate striation and the mould spots are reproduced exactly. A still more elaborate set of forms are those which represent leaves, broken sticks and flowers. "Our Buff-tip Moth (*Pygæra bucephala*) so contracts its wings that it looks exactly like a thick piece of broken stick, the yellow patch at the extremity of the wings giving the appearance of the freshly-broken end (Fig. 1). The Lappet Moth (*Gastropacha quercii*) when it rests so disposes its rich brown wings as to resemble, both in shape and colour, a dead leaf

(Fig. 2). The little Orange-tip Butterfly (*Anthocharis cardamines*), although so conspicuous on the wing, is perfectly concealed when resting in the evening in its favourite position among the flower-heads of the Wood Parsley (*Anthriscus sylvestris*)" (Fig. 3). Lichens, Mosses, and Fungi are also constantly taken as models by insects, and there is probably nothing in the vegetable kingdom, no knot, wart, nut, mould, scale, bract, thorn, or bark which has not its living counterpart in some animal form.

The instances of mimicry we have so far considered are all copies of *inanimate objects*. There is another class, even more marvellous, which copy *animate creatures*. There are flies which dress up like bees, so that they may enter the nests of these insects undetected and lay their eggs, where the larva, as soon as it is hatched, may feed on the larva of the bees. There are beetles that copy wasps, and locusts that pass off as beetles. We have perfectly harmless flies dressing up as venomous wasps, inspiring dread of a sting they do not possess, and spiders are known to imitate ants, profiting by the forgery in escaping their natural enemies.

In most cases the forgers are weak and helpless creatures which seek safety by these cunning artifices.

Dr. Macmillan suggests that, "In the New Testament there is a significant allusion to a case of

vegetable mimicry in the parable of the Tares and Wheat. It is commonly accepted that the Tares of Scripture is the *bearded darnel* of our British fields. And between the bearded darnel and the wheat there is a very strong resemblance. They both belong to the tribe of Grasses, and to the special group of *Triticinae*, or wheat-like grasses. They are alike in structure, in mode and conditions of growth; when in the blade you cannot distinguish between them; and it is only when the fruit is formed that the impostor is detected by its smaller and darker ear. Hence the significance of Christ's command to the servants, 'Nay, lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them.' But though the *appearance* of the two plants is so remarkably similar, their *properties* are widely different. Wheat is the staff of life; it is wholesome, pleasant, strengthening, necessary. Darnel is poisonous, causing nausea, giddiness, difficulty of articulation, paralysis, and in extreme cases, even death. It is recorded that 'the whole of the inmates of the Sheffield workhouse were attacked, some years ago, with symptoms supposed to be produced by their oatmeal having been accidentally adulterated with darnel.' Resemblances such as that which subsists between tares and wheat are very numerous in all departments of

Nature. Among plants we find poisonous species, belonging to the same genera as wholesome species. The Potato plant is a *Solanum* as well as the deadly Nightshade. The drastic Colocynth-gourd of the Dead Sea resembles the wholesome Prophet's Gourd so closely that on one remarkable occasion it was gathered and cooked by Elisha's servant in mistake for it, and had very nearly poisoned the party. Our edible mushrooms have to be picked out carefully from poisonous species that imitate their hue and form so closely as to deceive the unwary."

We find, alas! in crossing over into the spiritual and the human realm the same features of masquerading. Jacob stands out in history as the pre-eminent type of the deceiver—the man who *put on* the appearance of his brother Esau for the purpose of deceiving his father. We do not blame the insect for practising fraud in order that it may get the benefit of help and food, but we do blame the man who practises imposture and deception. They get credit for good actions that are simply "put on." All such moral frauds will certainly be discovered and exposed sooner or later. The veneer will peel off in the wear and tear of life; the varnish will blister; the wood that is painted to imitate iron, will rot; the whitewash will be easily discovered by the



FIG. 4. AN HONEST BUTTERFLY AND A GAY DECEIVER PRETENDING TO BE A BUTTERFLY.

pitiless storm and stress of life; and the white garment that is simply "put on" to hide the ugliness beneath will one day be torn to rags. God has built His world on the principle that all hypocrisy shall be found out and punished.

The most terrible words in the Bible were uttered by Christ against the Pharisees who passed through the world getting praise of men on false pretences. They are of their father, the devil, and he has proved himself the most consummate mimic the universe has ever produced; he cannot create, he is never original, he is not even inventive—he is only imitative. "Sin is not a distinct creation, it is a violation of what God has created—an aberration from the true path, a depravation of what is proper to man's true nature and lineage; evil is not a generation, but a degeneration. The kingdom of darkness is a mimicry of the Kingdom of Light. One of the most comprehensive names given to Satan is *Dei Simius*, 'ape of God.' All that he has ever done has been a perverted imitation of the Divine economy. When God became Incarnate, Satan must imitate the incarnation, and so proceeds at once to inhabit human beings. They become 'possessed of the devil.' Satan is ever endeavouring to caricature the plans and purposes of God." In the sanctuary he transforms himself into an Angel of Light. The image of the King of Zion is minted in base metal; the hall-mark of Heaven is stamped on brass and lead; the trade-mark of the Divine Merchantman is assumed, to pass spiritual goods that are worthless. Satan throws a deceiving glamour over sin, shows the face of sensuality, which looks so wan and haggard in the daylight of truth, as beautiful in the flickering lamp-light of passion. "Sin rarely comes as ugliness, disease, death; in the masquerade of life it is the most cunning dissembler of all, flattering our vanity, confusing our judgment, firing our passions. A certain legend relates that one of the Biscayan mountains is accursed, and that Satan dwells there. The grass is withered, a sinister hue rests upon everything, the sounds are mournful, the mountain stands a dark phantom in the midst of bedecked nature. But this is not the method of evil. The mountain up which the devil took our Master, and up which he takes us, is bathed in purple; in its rocks gleam jewels, its dust is the dust of gold, in its clefts spring flowers, and from its crest is seen the vision of kingdoms and the glory of them. Things, principles, maxims, amusements, creeds, ideals, utterly base and vile are decked out by evil in fictitious splendour. We are never invited to sin; the things which have ruined generations are pressed upon us as nature, freedom, spirit, knowledge, gallantry, beauty, love, and we are deceived through the

legerdmain of passion and fancy. The only safety for our blinded souls is in loving God's Holy Book. Here on the pages of prophets and Apostles is the euphrasy to purge our vision. The lover of that Book shall be delivered from the power of false ideals; he shall see light in God's light; he shall be kept from every false thing and every false way."

Live in the daily companionship of God's Son—earth's truest soul. No falsehood can for one moment abide His searching glance. All evil drops away at His presence. The false and rotten shrivel at His touch. What a penetrating glance He has! What a revealing vision! What a convicting word! The eye that looks on Him cannot be deceived. When evil would confuse you, the fashions of the world betray you, go to Christ and try all things by His example, His word, His Spirit. Do not resort to the "protective resemblance" so often practised in regard to character. For the sake of living unobserved some Christians try to disguise their Christian profession. They want to live in the shade, to be silent Christians, to be for ever dwelling under the fig-tree, hiding away from the valiant life that Christ calls us all to live. Do not resort to silence and secrecy. Your safety lies in the boldness of your testimony. You triumph over all by daring all. "The Reformation of the sixteenth century was saved by holy resolution and outspokenness. At the Diet of Spires the timid Melancthon was on the point of agreeing with the Catholic princes, that the Lutherans should be silent, preaching no more, writing no more, if they were guaranteed immunity from persecution. Luther wrote instantly to his nervous, temporising colleague, 'If you put the eagle in a sack, I will soon let him out.' Luther knew that the Word of God must not be bound, it must be boldly declared and defended; he overcame by the word of his testimony." The victory is ever with the martyr.

Let your light shine. Do not attempt to deny or conceal it. The pathway to the overcoming life is through your boldness of testimony. Do not dodge. Do not masquerade for the sake of immunity from notice, or criticism, or persecution. Live out in the open the full life of a Christian man.

"Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey!
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
Ye that are men now serve Him,
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose."

ALFRED J. CAMPBELL.





An Old Case of Persecution Retold.

II.—THE TRIAL AT LAW.



AS was stated at the conclusion of our former paper, Mr. Wood brought an action against Mr. Groom for assault. The case was heard at Chester, on April 27th, 1813, before the Hon. R. Dallas and F. Burton, Esq., Justices of the Peace. The plaintiff was represented by Mr. Cross and Mr. D. F. Jones; the defendant by the Attorney General and Mr. Williams. Damages were laid at £500.

Mr. D. F. Jones opened the case, stating that the defendant, on the 14th day of June, 1812, at Audlem, in the county of Chester, assaulted the plaintiff, and tore his clothes. The second count is for a common assault, and the damages were laid at £500.

Mr. Cross then addressed the jury. "The defendant," he said, "in this case was Mr. Groom, an attorney-at-law, resident at Audlem, and the assault, it would be satisfactorily proved, was committed, and under circumstances too of peculiar aggravation. On a Sunday, when the plaintiff was in the act of worshipping his God, with a number of others—when his situation alone should have sheltered him from the shafts of malevolence—it was then, and in such a situation, that he was attacked, dragged upon his knees, and thrown into a ditch; and this outrage against every law, religious and civil, was committed by the said Mr. Groom, attorney-at-law. It was not for him (Mr. Cross) to say whether this defendant was or was not acquainted with religion, and the respect it demanded from every one who professed himself a Christian, but it was understood by every one calling himself a man

that when an individual, whether he be a Jew, a Turk, or sectary, was employed in worshipping the God that made him, he became an object of attention, of admiration, and veneration. The plaintiff, it would appear, with several of his neighbours, was occupied in religious duties, when this audacious crime was committed, and it was well for the defendant, if for the sake of example only, that he escaped without having violent hands laid on him. He is now called before a jury of his country, who will award to him that retribution which the unpardonable nature of his offence demanded. The defendant, it was evident, was fully aware of his culpability. It might have been supposed that he would have attempted to trump up something for a defence—to have pleaded a justification. But he had not done so; he had not thought fit to tamper with the feelings of the court, nor does it appear he ever had such a pretension, and he (Mr. Cross) was fully persuaded that the jury would amply recompense the plaintiff for the indignity, the degradation he had experienced from this attorney-at-law, this magistrates' clerk, and special constable for the occasion."

Thomas Millington, examined by Mr. D. F. Jones, said: "I live at Audlem, and know Mr. Wood. I was at the meeting on the 14th June, when he was there. They were praying and singing, as far as I heard. Wood prayed publicly on a bit of a bank a little out of the turnpike road, and there was no tumult nor disorder. I know Mr. Groom; he made his appearance that day, but cannot say whether he was drunk or sober. I might be three or four roods off. He came to Mr. Wood when he was giving out a hymn and said, 'Wm. Wood, I have a word with you. Have you a license?' Wood said, 'I have.' He then asked whether the ground was licensed. Wood answered, 'I have leave to come

here.' Groom came a second time, when Wood was at prayers. Wood did not say anything to the defendant. When he came up he pushed several people down who were kneeling, and seized Wood, not gently, but in a very rough way, by the coat and dragged him whilst on his knees along the ground a good way, about a rood. He then loosed him. I saw no one interfere."

Cross-examined by Mr. Benyon.—"Wood is a carpenter. He sung and prayed in the open-air, but cannot say exactly what time. No one offered to resist. None as I heard said they would paint his face. Groom is what we call a lawyer, and Sir Corbet Corbet is what we call a justice of the peace. Wood was not damaged, but he was much put out of the way."

Re-examined by Mr. Jones.—"Wood was in the act of prayer; he was praying for his king and country."

This was the case for the plaintiff.

Mr. Benyon addressed the jury. He said: "If ever there was a case little corresponding in point of fact the one now before the court is it. My friend, gentlemen, has addressed you with much solemnity and in a very grave manner. I do not mean to say he is not a grave man. He has launched out in a very long philippic against not allowing a man to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience. He will do me the credit to believe that toleration has not a warmer advocate than myself. Mankind are very various in worshipping God, and there we all agree in opinion; but there is another duty necessary—to conform to the laws of our country. Mr. Wood may be a respectable man and a very good preacher in the open-air. He is, perhaps, one of those that fancy they have a call. I will presume this fact. But I dare say Mr. Wood knows there is a certain Act called the Conventicle Act, and that he was offending by his conduct against its provisions. Gentlemen, the Act says that if a certain number of people assemble to pray in any road or field without a license they are liable to a punishment there awarded, which is that the preacher be fined £20 and his hearers 5s. each. This Mr. Wood, I again assert, very well knew, as he has subsequently paid it. And I will further assert that Mr. Wood by his conduct was transgressing the laws of his country. But my learned friend has adverted to the indignity suffered by Mr. Wood. He was taken forsooth by the collar, and has not his own witness declared he suffered no harm? Gentlemen, if in this case you were to give the plaintiff a farthing damages, I am sure he will be handsomely remunerated; it is as much as he can expect. As we lawyers say, he ought to have come into court with clean hands, as an innocent man; but he has not proved his case. His own witness has declared he was not injured. His lordship will dispose of the case without troubling you; but if you should have

to decide, I again say one farthing damages is sufficient. I am sure you will think it enough. In my opinion a man who has broken the laws comes with a very ill grace into court to assert he was preaching and praying. I do not know that Groom has any particular zeal; but Sir Corbet Corbet, a very active magistrate, having thought proper to stop illegal meetings, he was employed to put the laws in force. He was specially appointed for the occasion, as constable, under the provisions of the Conventicle Act; and in the execution of his office he did not go one jot further than his warrant specified; that will be his justification, and according to the 24th King George II. it is clear that no action can be brought against Mr. Groom, who acted in obedience to a legal authority."

Mr. J. Groom.—"I am nephew to Mr. Groom (the warrant was handed up to him). I know the handwriting of Sir Corbet Corbet. This is his writing. I mean the signature. Sir Corbet is an acting magistrate for Cheshire, Staffordshire, and Shropshire."

Cross-examined by Mr. Cross.—"I am a nephew of Mr. Groom, and his confidential clerk. Nothing passes in his office without my knowledge. I was present at part of the affair, but heard nothing but singing from the people. I did not see Mr. Groom produce his warrant, as I was at a distance, thirty or forty yards. Did not see him bring the man out of the crowd, nor did I hear him say anything about his warrant. They had just done singing when Mr. Groom and the rector came up. I do not know what goods of Wood's were sold, but £20 were levied upon him, and a bill of costs besides, by direction of Sir C. Corbet. I never saw nor heard of the warrant till yesterday (Monday)."

Re-examined by Mr. Williams.—"Wood stood on a bench or stool, and if Mr. Groom had gone to Wood I could not possibly have seen him on account of the crowd. Mr. Groom was out of the road in less than ten minutes. I did not see any of the crowd come near Mr. Groom."

The warrant was put in here. It stated that notice of a meeting contrary to the Conventicle Act had been given, it authorises Groom and the constables of Audlem to certify themselves of the time and place, to give notice to Wood and the other persons assembled that it was unlawful, that if they did not disperse and any riot should take place, then to convey Wood and the others so conducting themselves before Sir Corbet Corbet, or any other of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace, to be dealt with according to law. It was addressed particularly to Mr. Groom, appointing him special constable for its execution, on complaint of the minister, the Rev. Mr. Breakspear. It was signed by Sir Corbet Corbet, and dated at Addeley, 13th June, 1812.

Cumson, constable of Audlem, was with Mr. Groom at the bank, but was not near him, to hear

what was said. "I heard Mr. Groom say to Wood, 'I'll put you in the hands of a constable,' and afterwards, 'I am a constable myself,' and then it was that Mr. Groom brought Wood out. I heard somebody say, meaning Mr. Groom, 'Mob him.' The people altogether might amount to about 100. Mr. Groom went to the crowd and back again with a pen and ink, as if taking names down. Mr. Wood lives in the township of Audlem."

Mr. Cross said: "My lords, Wood demanded to

see the warrant, which was never produced, and which, in fact, I will contend, instead of being written before the day in question, was not in existence till lately."

Judge Dallas: "The warrant should certainly have been produced to Wood. How did he know under what authority Groom acted?"

Mr. Cross addressed the jury to the following effect: "Gentlemen of the jury, my learned friend has adverted to the gravity with which I have



THE WOOD MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

treated this most serious subject. Yet I will maintain that I should have thought myself doing an act of injustice to my feelings had I submitted my ideas on the question to your consideration in any other mode. Gentlemen, it has been contended that the plaintiff was doing an unlawful act. I deny the assertion. It is not forbidden. There was, I will own, an Act in force for the suppression of conventicles, but the enlightened wisdom of Parliament has thought proper to repeal it. This Act was instituted in the reign of Charles II., and it was then, perhaps, rendered necessary by the perturbed state of the times. It enacted that if any

person was found preaching to more than five people he should forfeit the sum of £20. But, gentlemen, in this instance there is no proof of preaching; the plaintiff and his friends were only singing and praying. Let us now look to the proofs of the reputed warrant. If it was signed on the day previous to the affair, would not the defendant have told the circumstances to those about him—would not his confidential clerk have known the circumstances? There is no tittle of evidence to show the fact; and the real state of the case is, this said Mr. Groom, attorney-at-law, clerk to the magistrates, and special constable for the time

being, has come into court without anything but assertions, and those not of the most creditable description. Gentlemen, the defendant cannot plead ignorance in this affair; he seems pretty well acquainted with the law in many respects, and it is not improbable that he obtained the signature to this warrant, since the attack on the plaintiff, by drawing it out himself, and laying it before Sir Corbet Corbet among a variety of other papers. In this manner, gentlemen, it appears to me the signature of the magistrate might have been obtained. In considering the damages, gentlemen, it is not necessary for you to consider the bodily injury sustained by the plaintiff. Did he not suffer a poignant mental injury—an injury doubly severe to a man of feeling? I hope by the damages you will give you will make this attorney know that the rights and liberties of a British subject are not to be invaded by the hand of tyranny and oppression, and that when in the presence of his Maker, his duty obliges him not to manufacture warrants and distresses to attack the defenceless and unprepared, but to deal justly to all men, and instead of violating the Sabbath, to attend public worship himself."

The Chief Justice summed up with his accustomed perspicuity. He adverted to the improper use made by Groom of his authority, and thought his situation should have taught him better. His lordship then alluded to the warrant. Groom should have shown in what manner he was empowered to act; the expression made use of by the defendant, "I'll put you in the hands of a constable," was extraordinary to come from a man who was specially appointed for the occasion. His lordship said it was unnecessary for him to go at length into the case, and he thought it more desirable to know from the jury whether they thought the defendant had shown the plaintiff his authority as a constable.

Foreman of the Jury.—"My lord, we think Wood did not know that Groom was a constable."

Chief Justice.—"I leave the degree of damages entirely to your own consideration. The defendant should know that a man praying for his king and country is not to be insulted with impunity."

The jury retired a few seconds, and brought in the following verdict: We give the plaintiff £200 damages.

This verdict was a severe blow to the persecutors, but it was resolved to continue the struggle, and notice was at once lodged of an appeal to the King's Bench, and on May 5th, 1813, a motion was made to set aside the verdict. The case was argued, (1) That the damages were excessive. (2) That the possession of a warrant, although not officially notified, was sufficient for a general justification. (3) That being a special constable was, although the fact was not stated, a special justification. The report of this stage of the trial gives this extract from the summing up of the Lord Chief Justice:—

"Lord Ellenborough observed that the only

question appeared to be whether the special constable had acted regularly in not showing the warrant as the authority on which he acted, which it appeared in evidence he had not done. Groom was not a regular constable, or head-borough, and therefore it was incumbent on him to show that he was a special constable, indeed the warrant directed him so to proceed. So, however, he had not acted, but had proceeded to drag the minister from amongst his neighbours at a moment when that person was on his knees at prayer. The conduct of Groom, his discretion in proceeding as he had done, even though he might have a warrant to seize provided he met with obstruction and a disposition to riot, became fair questions for the jury. Groom's particular behaviour certainly made it a question whether he had been clothed with sufficient authority to act as he had done towards Wood, dragging him at such a moment, as he did, out of the assembly, he being in the act of prayer, and therefore evincing nothing like a disposition to riot or to promote riot. His lordship directed the counsel to read the warrant under which the special constable, Groom, had acted. Mr. Benyon read the warrant. It was directed to John Groom, appointing him special constable, authorising him to make inquiries as to the time of meeting, etc., and should he find that the place of meeting was not duly registered according to Act of Parliament, he was to inform Wood that it was not a legal meeting; that he, Mr. Groom, had authority, and to show it, to direct him to disperse; and that, in case there was anything like riot, he was to take him (Wood) into custody.

"Mr. Justice Bailey.—'Was any notification, in the first instance, made to Wood by Groom, that he was assembling irregularly and illegally?'

"Mr. Benyon.—'There certainly was no evidence of any such notification on the trial.'

"Lord Ellenborough.—'Then it seems that Groom did nothing, but immediately on entering the meeting, march up to Wood to seize him, and to drag him out of the meeting, instead of first showing on what authority he entered the place at all, and then desiring them to disperse, as the meeting was illegal.'

"Mr. Benyon.—'But a disposition to riot was evinced, for some present called out, "Mob him!" meaning Groom, and he then went up to Wood and seized him, as one was to be answerable for all.'

"Lord Ellenborough.—'Oh! no. God forbid! The man might be acting under a mistaken notion of the law; and surely it was right, in the first place, to announce the authority of the special constable, and the illegality of the meeting. Groom did not so act, but immediately committed a gross outrage on the minister, and the failure in not showing the warrant deprived him of the power of any special justification. I am afraid the court cannot assist you.'

"Mr. Benyon.—'But, my lord, the damages are

very great—too great for any such proceedings on the part of Groom.’

“Lord Ellenborough.—‘Why, I do not know that, considering the nature of the outrage. I remember the case of a gentleman, an officer, who appeared in the box of a playhouse in a foreign uniform, and being taken for a footman by some person in the same box, he was desired to leave it, it being thought that he was not in his proper place. He objected, and some words ensued, and he was struck lightly on the head with a cane. He brought his action against the person who so struck him, and though he received no material personal injury, the jury gave him two hundred pounds. The circumstances in that case, as in the present, guided the jury. The case made by the learned counsel is certainly not of that outrageous kind which could justify the court in exercising its discretion, the only discretion it has herein, to grant a new trial.’ Rule Nisi refused.”

The result of this brilliant victory for freedom of worship was, that the power of the oppressor was broken, and Groom shortly after left the place. Other kindred spirits were made to feel that there was a power outside the bounds of their petty kingdom which would not allow a peaceable company of law-abiding citizens to be molested to gratify a bigoted representative of an intolerant church establishment. The little band of Methodists took fresh courage, and persevered in their endeavours to arouse their spiritually indifferent neighbours. Mr. Wood continued to interest himself in all evangelistic work in the locality, and tradition says that he was one of the most ardent co-workers with the founders of our Church in the village. It may be only a coincidence that our present chapel and school are very near the spot on which he was praying when he was dragged to the ground by Mr. Groom.

JOHN T. HORNE.

An Eastertide Sermon in Art.

“CHRIST OR BARABBAS?”



WHILST visiting the Royal Academy Exhibition Dean Farrar was led to think and speak of the brotherhood of the artist, the author, and the preacher. He expressed himself by saying: “The artist and the man of letters,

though they differ in their gifts and in their methods, are essentially united in feeling and in purpose. They appeal to the same emotions to enforce the same lesson, they illustrate the same truths, they labour for the same objects. The common aim of both is the emancipation and the free development of our spiritual nature. The humblest artist may claim that he belongs to the same great brotherhood of those who have consistently laboured to cheer, to bless, and to elevate mankind.” In speaking of the influence of the painters of pathetic and Scriptural subjects who stimulate those who are endeavouring to shed light and beauty on the mingled hopes and fears, and the duties and sorrows of human life, he further said: “If even the preacher and the divine may claim any part in the domain of letters, they too look to the artist for the aid and inspiration which they in their turn lend to him. Which of us can ever read the words, ‘These are the wounds

with which I was wounded in the house of my friends,’ or ‘Behold, I stand at the door and knock,’ without being helped to realise their meaning in the pathetic allegories of Mr. Millais and Mr. Holman Hunt?”

For over four hundred years after Christ’s departure from the world, the early Christians were strongly opposed to the representation in art of the human Christ; and consequently no great picture of the Divine Man was given to the world. In those bygone centuries the followers of the Nazarene would have regarded it as lacking in reverence, if not as an instance of actual profanity, for any artist to have had the presumption to have painted Christ from a purely human aspect. This deep-rooted reserve manifested by the members of the Christian Church of the first centuries was based upon their intense reverence for that which was sacred, and their ardent spirituality of life. Another objection of theirs to the pictorial representation of the Christ was the outcome of their elevated conception of the Messiah, whom they regarded after the ascension, not simply as “the Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,” but as the enthroned, all-conquering King who had sat down on the Father’s right hand. With the dawn of the eighth century, however, the Christian Church had partially outgrown its reserve, and had unshackled itself from its prejudice; but it was not until the later years of the Renaissance period that any realistic picture of the Christ appeared.

Dean Farrar, in his book entitled, "The Life of Christ in Art," thus explains the aversion of the primitive Christians. He says: "The common and almost universal and exclusive custom of representing Him in defeat and anguish, in ghastliness and torture, was not only unknown to the Christians of the first four centuries, but would have been abhorred and repudiated by them. It was a revolution complete and absolute from the days when joy, abounding gladness, fervid exultation, an almost intoxication of inspiring enthusiasm, was as much a characteristic of Christianity as simplicity of heart. It was due to the gloom, despondency, and misery which afflicted later centuries, and to the exaggerated self-macerating Manichean asceticism which was only redeemed from being as unmitigated a curse as it was a frightful error by the sincerity of those who thought that thereby they were pleasing God. But under this influence the smile which irradiates the boyish face of the Christ of the Catacombs fades away more and more disastrously as the ages go on, and is changed into an expression of misery and wrath."

The numerous paintings of Christ before Annas, Caiaphas, Herod, and Pilate, have been recently augmented by the celebrated picture entitled, "Christ or Barabbas?" It is the production of Mr. Davenport Bates, of Stockport, and was publicly exhibited for the first time at the Exchange Buildings, Birmingham, in August, 1898. It is not only the largest of Mr. Bates' pictures, but it is pronounced to be larger in the actual size of canvas than any other production from the brush of a British artist. It is interesting to note that the canvas is twenty-two feet in length, and eleven feet in height. It includes a pictorial representation of nearly one hundred persons who are grouped around the central figures, and contribute to the general effectiveness and completeness of the scene. This beautiful work of art, which some have declared to be the greatest painting of the century, is the outcome of years of anxious thought, patient research, and careful reading on the part of the rising artist.

A connoisseur remarks: "As to the artist's possession of genius, those who look upon this picture will have no hesitation in saying that it is the work of no ordinary man; for there is a something about it which appeals to our higher nature. We are actually standing with the Jews and Romans in the Hall of Judgment; we can in imagination hear the clink of the gyves with which Barabbas is bound; we can hear the sobbing of the heart-broken Magdalene, and we listen for Pilate to ask the question, the answer to which changed the history of the world, 'Whom will ye that I release unto you, Barabbas, or Jesus, which is called Christ?'"

A minister who was privileged to see the gigantic painting before it was removed from the studio

at Stockport, referred to it in the pulpit in the following eulogistic manner: "When I entered the room and beheld this elaborate work of art, occupying the whole of one end of the room, and crowded with human figures, it seemed like an apparition that had sprung up in the night. I could not help standing in wonderment before it. And it is destined, I believe, to be viewed with wonder and admiration by many thousands. I think it a very remarkable production, and I prophesy for it the praise of thousands."

For the benefit of those who are interested in the outer life of the young artist, who has already won a place and name in the world of art, Mr. Geoffrey Penworth, of Manchester, has written a short biographical sketch. It appears that although the artist's family were connected with Stockport, yet Mr. Frederick Davenport Bates was born in the commercial city of Manchester in the year 1867. After leaving school he was indentured for a term of years as a draughtsman to a firm of Manchester engineers, who manifested a kindly interest in the artistic tastes of their aspiring apprentice. At the time and expense of his employers, valuable paintings, beautiful porcelains, and choice exotics were placed at the disposal of the youthful artist. He was early impressed with the importance of mastering all technicalities, and of acquiring a complete accuracy in the varied detail of drawing.

At the early age of twenty-one Mr. Davenport Bates became a student at the Academie Julien, Paris, and was favoured with having the leading French professors as his art teachers. From France he removed to Antwerp, and studied under the mastership of the distinguished Verlat. During his residence in this Continental city his genius was recognised by his being elected a pensionnaire of the celebrated Academie des Beaux Arts, Antwerp, which entitled him to the privilege of using a Government studio, and also of selecting his professors from any of the Brussels' Royal Artists. Mr. Bates was the first Englishman who secured these greatly-coveted honours in the realm of Continental art; and he accordingly selected MM. De Vriendt and Van der Oudera, the two leading painters of Scriptural subjects, as his masters.

Davenport Bates, during his residence in Continental cities, formed the determination to follow the early Flemish masters, and to produce works of art on a large scale. His "Pandora" and "Adrift," which were two of his early paintings, and which were exhibited in Antwerp, rank with the large canvas class, and were favourably received by the art-loving Frank. In 1889, he followed the example of Rubens' well-known masterpiece, and produced a series of pictures depicting the scenes in "The Stations of the Cross."

After returning to England, he determined to give to the world his great picture of "Christ or Barabbas?" which for some time had been simmer-

ing in his mind. In the year 1895, Mr. Bates started on a protracted tour through Eastern lands, for the purpose of familiarising himself with the stereotyped customs of the Orientals, so as to be enabled to give a faithful representation and true setting to the varied characters introduced into his great painting of the scene in the Judgment Hall. His wanderings in Bible Lands led him through Palestine, Egypt, Constantinople, the ports of the Black Sea, and the Mediterranean islands. Upon his return to Lancashire in 1896 he had a complete set of sketches of Eastern life, character, and architecture, which were utilised in his notable painting. Whilst staying at Cairo he painted "For Pity's sake," in which he represents a fine, brown-faced, blind Arab standing by a wall, and soliciting alms from the friendly passers-by. By his side stands, as a guardian angel, a childish, frolicsome, brown young beauty of the desert. Last year he painted "The Birth of the Rainbow," which is highly eulogised as being a "pictorial essay, and a purely imaginative invention."

This notable painting of the Divine tragedy depicts a great and well-known scene in the development of human redemption, rather than a mere pictorial likeness of the Christ of God. As a painting of Jesus Christ, the artist has faithfully striven to follow the historical narratives of the gospels, without attempting, as some Continental artists have done, to rob the Son of God of His Divine Glory, and to reduce Him to the ordinary level of mortal man. The picture is wider in its teaching than a mere representation of the sorrows of the suffering Saviour. Although the Christ is the central figure of the painting, yet He is not "the absorbing subject of the whole." The artist, without minimising the minor characters, gives due prominence to the Divine dignity of the Son of God. The entire conception is bold, and includes a faithful portrayal of the facial emotions and bodily gestures of the principal participants and spectators of the great trial at the Bar of Pontius Pilate, the Roman Governor of the province of Judæa.

The specific time is the all-important moment when the vacillating Pilate tries to shield himself from official responsibility by asking the Chief Priests, the Scribes, the Pharisees, and the crowd, whom he, in accordance with the old-fashioned custom of the yearly feast of the Passover, should release, "Barabbas, or Jesus, which is called Christ?"

The scene is the Prætorium, or Roman Judgment Hall, in which a motley concourse of people fill all the available standing space in the spacious portico, the hall, and behind the tribune. The crowd is pictured as being unusually excited, and expresses the anger which disturbs their inner peace, by shouts and shrieks, and with the waving of hands and the clenching of fists. Jewish women are being

jostled and put in peril of being trodden under foot, yet they are straining their necks, and eagerly watching the varying movements of the strange proceedings. A detachment of Roman soldiers clad in glittering mail and armed with sharp-pointed spears, are vainly trying to keep the people in check. The beauty of the picture, from an artistic standpoint, is increased by the artist causing the genial light of the glowing Eastern slanting sun to flash on the marble floor and steps of the Prætorium, to sparkle on the spears and helmets of the soldiery, and to give strength to the diversified countenances of the great throng. With striking effect, the artist has represented the side-door of the Judgment Hall as being open, through which may be seen the rough outline of the ancient city of Jerusalem, with its towers, minarets, and roofs mirrored with golden sunshine, and the background purpled with the deep-vaulted blue sky.

In glancing at the characters, an art-critic asserts "That Davenport Bates' figure of Christ is in many respects as beautiful as it is remarkable. It has about it none of the wild anguish of Dürer, and does not recall the painful characteristics of early German art. Though the feeling is strong, it is reverent and sincere." The Christ is represented as a prisoner clad in a long, loose, white, flowing robe, and standing upon the beautiful marble floor of the Judgment Hall of the Cæsars. The stalwart Roman soldiers protect Him from the howling Jewish mob who are wildly clamouring for His death on the Cross. "The central figure is a striking conception of the incarnate God. There is a beautiful pose, full of grand humility, and clothed with perfect grace. The slender shape, tall, stately in its very resignation, stands out from the crowd, as one calm, white soul apart from a heated, surging, mundane throng. There is something more than mortal in that simple shape; something suggestive of the Divine majesty within the half-bared breast; yet His sunken eyes, His poor, bound, emaciated hands, speak of the bodily pain and weariness He bore. Though His grandeur is unmoved, yet His humanity, it is plain, lies heavily upon Him, and the angelic majesty of the face shines through all its pain. The great, dark, deep-set eyes look out from under a high forehead, shining white in the light of the early sun. The eyes are fixed in a rapt gaze, half sad, yet bright and passionate, as if seeing through all the mean surroundings of His earthly person the nearing of a great Beyond. It is a clever suggestion of the Saviour's disregard of His persecutors' jibes at the time of His condemnation."

The second central figure is the robber chieftain, Barabbas. It is said "that from an artistic point of view his figure is probably the best of the principals. It is a splendid attitude that the artist has caught, and introduces to the picture a life and an excitement which few treatments of the subject have



"WHEN PILATE SAW THAT HE COULD PREVAIL NOTHING, BUT THAT RATHER A TUMULT WAS MADE, HE TOOK WATER,
AND WASHED HIS HANDS BEFORE THE MULTITUDE, SAYING, I AM INNOCENT OF THE BLOOD OF THIS JUST PERSON:
SEE YE TO IT. . . THEN RELEASED HE BARABBAS UNTO THEM."

ever secured by apt and legitimate means. Barabbas, a picture of dreadful apprehension, forms a powerful contrast with the white-stoled, untrembling Christ." Barabbas is being brought by two strong soldiers, and there is a look of inquiry upon his face as to the cause of his sudden and unexpected call from the prison cell. With the exception of a rude cloth hung around his loins, the body is nude. His breast appears to heave with excitement, his hands are manacled and severely clenched, his head is covered with unkempt and shaggy hair, and his eyes are blinking with the light of day.

Pilate is robed in white, and is represented as a young man of some dignity and will-power. In the foreground is the Virgin Mother in matronly grace, bravely supporting the grief-stricken Mary of Magdala, whose haggard countenance is centred upon the Divine Prisoner. The Apostle John and Nicodemus are standing near, with sad, inquiring eagerness stamped upon their intelligent faces. Judas the Apostate, horror-stricken, in his preparation for flight, takes a backward, lingering glance at the Master he has betrayed. The Scribes are represented as men of thoughtful distinction, two of whom are engaged in an animated discussion, probably respecting the traitor who has given back the pieces of silver. Caiaphas, clad in luxurious robes of office, stands between Jesus and the judge.

Over the shoulder of the High Priest appears the cynical face of Annas, the father-in-law of Caiaphas.

With marked effect, and most fittingly, the artist has introduced a child into his painting. Jesus was the friend of little children, they furnished Him with an object lesson on the nature of the Kingdom of heaven. The little child stands by its mother, on the inner fringe of the persecuting crowd, and almost at the feet of Caiaphas. A childish sense of wonderment is stamped upon its eager features. Its perfect innocence is a great relief and contrast to the craft and guile of the accusers of the Christ and the infuriated rioters.

The painting is a powerful sermon, and forcefully illustrates the doings of the first Eastertide, which has transformed the history of the world. The painting deserves a widespread public appreciation, and, doubtless, its silent message will appeal to the inner consciousness of thousands of devout beholders, and stimulate them to a deeper devotion for the Christ of Nazareth.

We have, for obvious reasons, found it impracticable to furnish our readers with a reproduction of the notable picture we have attempted to describe. Another work of art, however, of no mean order, though on a different medium, sets forth the same subject, and this we have pleasure in giving on the preceding page. ALBERT A. BIRCHENOUGH.

Primitive Methodism and the Temperance Reformation in England.

IV.—JUVENILE TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETIES.



THE first Temperance reformers were impressed with the importance of giving attention to the young. They felt that it was a grand thing to reclaim drunkards, but a grander thing to prevent young people from becoming drunkards. They recognised that it was good to give up drinking, but better never to begin. Therefore, in the early stages of the movement, some of the leaders gathered young people together, and talked to them of the evils of

intemperance and the blessings of sobriety, and here and there, societies composed exclusively of young people were formed.

Early in the year 1834, the Preston Youths' Temperance Society was established. Two Primitive Methodists, Mr. George Toulmin and Mr. Thomas

Walmsley, were amongst the founders. The inaugural meeting was held on the 18th of April, 1834, and 101 youths took the pledge of total abstinence for life. The Preston Temperance Society at its meeting on September 26th, 1833 had adopted total abstinence as an alternative pledge for one year, but it was not until 1835 that it became purely a total abstinence society. So that the Youths' Temperance Society, as a strictly total abstinence society, takes the priority. Mr. Dearden in his History says, "This was the first exclusive teetotal society in England."

"At this time," (April, 1834), writes Mr. Thomas Walmsley, "George Toulmin and myself were connected with the Primitive Methodist Sunday School in Lawson Street. . . . I and my beloved friend, George Toulmin, who was always filled with a desire to live an exemplary and useful life, and who was the secretary of the Sunday School, often talked over the temperance question, and felt that the great point which would have to be aimed at would be to train the young to lead sober and godly lives,

to instil into their minds the grave evils which befall those who take intoxicants, and to band them together in a society, where they should mutually exhort and help one another to steadfastness of purpose and pledge." They brought the subject before the school. There was no opposition, but all who were present did not speak or vote in favour, and no wonder, for total abstinence was at that time a rarity. A resolution, moved by Mr. Toulmin, and seconded by Mr. Walmsley, for the formation of a Juvenile Temperance Society in

connection with that Sunday School, to be based on total abstinence, was carried. A committee was appointed, and the work began under the leadership of the two young men just named. The young people became interested, and attended the meetings with great regularity, and the pledge was strictly enforced as a condition of membership. The meetings were not entertainments got up to amuse the young people, but meetings for instruction in the principles of temperance and godliness, and many who, when they became men and women,



MR. THOMAS WALMSLEY.

occupied respectable positions in life, were not slow to acknowledge their indebtedness to the teaching and inspiration they received at them. At one time all the teachers were abstainers, and the school was known as the Teetotal School.

"This, (quoting from a pamphlet, "The First Juvenile Temperance Society," published in 1892, by the President of the Preston and District Band of Hope Union), "I believe, was the first Band of Hope formed. Certainly it was the first Total Society started in connection with a Sunday School, and hence, I think, the fact deserves putting on permanent record." The society has been continued, and there is still a Band of Hope connected with the school, which was transferred to Saul

Street when the new premises were erected. Hugh Bourne attended one of its meetings when on one of his visits to the town, and entered his name in the pledge book, but some years since, some unscrupulous collector of autographs cut it out. Soon after an Adult Society was begun in connection with the Church, one of the first, if not the first, associated with a Christian Church.

Winskill, in his "History of the Temperance Movement and Its Workers," writes: "George Toulmin and Thomas Walmsley were two of the founders of the first Sunday School Total Abstinence Society, which met in the Lawson Street Sunday School, Preston. George Toulmin was present on the night when Joseph Livesey first

preached total abstinence (1832) in Lawson Street Primitive Methodist Chapel, and as a youth of seventeen years of age he went forward and appended his name to the pledge." He was brought up in our Sunday School, and, when quite a youth, became its secretary, and took a general interest in the welfare of the Church. From the offices he held, and the position he took, we infer that, like his friend and companion, Mr. Walmsley, he was a member. His wife was also a Primitive Methodist, and his sister was married to the Rev. Robert Hill, one of our ministers. He became the proprietor of the *Preston Guardian* and other journals, member of the Town Council, and Borough Magistrate. His tongue, his pen, and his journals were at the service of every good cause. He attained to great influence in the life of the town and district, and was greatly respected. He remained true to his temperance principles, and to his Christian faith. He was born October 11th, 1815, and died February 7th, 1888.

Thomas Walmsley was born October 10th, 1815. His father was a hand-loom weaver, and had sometimes great difficulty in keeping the family from want. Thomas had to go to work when he was eight, and his wages were twopence per day. All the education he received was in the Sunday School and in a night school. He afterwards became a shoemaker, and lastly, an estate agent. He was a scholar and a teacher in our Lawson Street School, and a member of our Church. Mr. Livesey, in his autobiography, speaks of George Toulmin and Thomas Walmsley as two of those who were "warmly devoted to the cause, and served it faithfully as speakers, visitors, tract distributors, or in any way in which they could make themselves useful." For some reason unknown to the writer, they left our Church, but never lost their affection for it, or their interest in it. Mr. Walmsley wrote in 1892: "The old Lawson Street School is full of

agreeable recollections to me. . . . It was in the Sabbath School where I and George Toulmin mingled our youthful voices in hymns of praise to our Maker; it was there where our moral character was formed; it was there where we were spoiled for the company and society of the drunken sensualist; it was there where we learned the great lessons of the Master; it was at that school we established the first Sabbath School Teetotal Society. In those days we used to meet in little parties and sing our hymns over and over again." They both retained their Christian faith and temperance fervour steadfast to the end. Mr. Walmsley departed to be with Christ on the 30th of May, 1896. Juvenile total abstinence societies became more general in the forties, and in 1847 began to be called Bands of Hope. When the Jubilee of the adoption of that name was celebrated, there were 23,000 Juvenile Temperance Societies in the United Kingdom with nearly three million members.

The Preston Youths' Temperance Society which began early in 1834, and which Dearden's "History" says was the first exclusively teetotal society in England, has ceased to be, but the Juvenile Temperance Society started in connection with our Preston Sunday School still continues, so that it has the honour of being the first Sunday School teetotal society, and the oldest exclusively teetotal society in England, being formed some months before the Preston Temperance Society abandoned the moderation for the entire abstinence pledge. This is an interesting fact; but let it not be forgotten that it is not by boasting of age, but by wise and earnest effort, and the blessing of God that the cause of sobriety is to be promoted. There ought to be a vigorous Juvenile Temperance Society in connection with all our Sunday Schools to so ground our young people in the principles of abstinence that it will be difficult for them to become victims to intemperance.

JAMES TRAVIS.

God's Righteousness.

STRONG is the air and pure around Thy throne,
Lord God of Righteousness, and hard to breathe
By sinful flesh, engendered from beneath;
Yet, with desire to thirst and hunger grown,
I pant to drink Heaven's pungent keen ozone,
I rise to Thee, trembling, lest Thou unsheathe
Thy couchant lightnings, where the clouds en-
wreath
The Eternal summit where Thou dwell'st alone.

Ah, could I live and move and be in Thee!

Thy Righteousness my natural element;
With robust spirit unseduced and firm
Dwelling in comfort where I strain to see,

Tread with firm step the road that angels went,
Beat with unslackening wing athwart the storm!

JOHN FORSTER.





"There's a Divinity that Shapes our Ends."

BY E. GALLIENNE-RÔBIN.



RACHEL LANGLOIS stood at the side of the road, shading her eyes with her hand. She was looking out for the van which left Saint Pierre Port every Saturday afternoon at five. She was expecting her husband, who went every week to the *marchi* (market), with more than usual eagerness, for to-day he was to bring with him a little grandson, the only child of the only son of Zacharie and Rachel Langlois. Years before, this son had left Guernsey to go, as a Methodist missionary, to Africa: there he had married, but when his boy was five years old, he and his wife had been attacked by fever, and after a few days' illness, both had died. The child, little Ernest, had been confided to the care of a man who happened to be returning to Guernsey, and who promised to place him safely in the hands of his grandparents.

Thus Rachel Langlois waited, with beating heart, for the van. Of course it seemed to her that it was later than usual; but at last she heard the sound of approaching wheels, and presently an unwieldy vehicle appeared; it was full of people, and laden with baskets covered with red handkerchiefs. Rachel could not see her husband; her eyes were misty, her breath came quickly, perhaps he had missed the van, perhaps the child had not arrived by the one morning boat from England. Closer and closer came the van: it stopped near Rachel, and, after all, the first to get down was her husband, a tall, gaunt, old man, towering above his plump, pretty, middle-aged wife. He carried in his arms a dainty boy, whose brown eyes and gleaming white teeth were the most striking features in the little face he turned, with a fleeting, radiant smile, to Rachel, as she took him from her husband.

Then he struggled to be set down, and looked on with interest as his grandfather collected baskets and bundles and exchanged *adis* (good-byes) with his neighbours, before turning away with his wife

in the direction of their home, a little cottage on the side of a wooded hill, not far from Pleinmont cliffs. The child trotted along by his grandparents, humming a little tune to himself, and darting off every now and then to pick flowers and ferns from the hedges, while Rachel questioned her husband closely as to the arrival of the boy, and as to what he had gathered of his disposition; but Zacharie, though he could give a satisfactory account of the way in which Ernest had behaved, shook his head over the question of disposition: the child had been good, that was all he could say.

"Ah, it's I'd like to know if he's took after his father," said Rachel, in a low voice, "a better boy than my Ernest never lived, but there! I'll soon find out! Well, here we are at home, and I'm sure you want your supper," she added, unlocking the cottage door and leading the way into a good-sized and comfortable kitchen, with sanded floor. After supper was over and the child in bed, the two old people sat silent, each pre-occupied with thoughts of the past, till suddenly Rachel said in an undertone:

"Zacharie, there's something I'd like to say; it's bin on my mind there's a long time, ever since we heard that the child was coming to us. We must settle it not to bring up the boy to chapel; already he's the image of his father, and if he goes reg'lar to the Methodist Sunday School and to the service, the end 'll be that he'll be wanting to go off and be a missionary too and die of the fever!" She spoke fast, in Guernsey *patois*, and waited impatiently for the reply which Zacharie mouthed out slowly:

"My good, then I s'pose you're right, Rachel, but 'tain't likely at our age we can give up the chapel, and the boy must go somewhere of a Sunday, and who will take him to church, say?"

His wife leaned forward and tapped the table with nervous fingers. "I have thought all about it. It will be like this. We will send him to the church Sunday School of a morning and of an afternoon: then one of us make the best of it and take him to church at Saint-Pierre-du-Bois once of

a Sunday, in the morning; and of an evening, when he is in bed, we can take it in turns to go to the chapel at Les Adams."

"Eh bien! (well)" said the old man slowly, "I s'pose you are right, but he'll soon be old enough to find out that we go to chapel, and there'll be those that will tell him his father was a minister."

"Bah," cried Rachel testily, "what's the good of meeting trouble half-way? When the time comes, if he's to know, well, the way 'll be made plain."

But though Zacharie did not seem satisfied, he ventured no further remark, contenting himself with an ominous shake of the head and a deep sigh, as his wife poured out the full elaboration of the plans which she prophesied would work excellently. At present, the child was too young to attend Sunday School, and therefore no religious difficulties marred the peace and joy that followed Ernest's coming to the cottage. He was a gentle boy,

sweet-tempered and obedient, and his little life was a continued flow of pleasure, for he ran wild all day long, and in the evening he sat on his grandfather's knee and listened to stories told in the Guernsey *patois* which he rapidly acquired.

But, at last, when he was seven years old, a change passed over his life: he was sent to the parish school. At first he resented the restraint to which he was so little accustomed, but gradually, as his mind opened, he developed an insatiable love of reading, which in a few months made him a fair scholar and eager learner. Then a deluge of questions flooded the evening hours at the cottage, but Rachel had an answer for every query, and the child, thus encouraged, never attempted to cover up the day's experiences, but told his grandparents every detail of his school life. As soon as he could read easily, he was sent to the church school every Sunday afternoon.

The vicar at Saint-Pierre-du-Bois was a High Churchman, and insisted on the careful and intelligent learning of the catechism; and that meant further questioning every Saturday night: at first the boy was too young to notice how haltingly he was answered on catechism and church questions, but soon he began to be puzzled at one or two facts in his life. Why was it, that at church on Sunday mornings, his grandfather always seemed so sleepy, yet why did he shake his head so often during the sermon? And why was it that *grand-mère* looked cross when she heard his catechism; and what did the boys mean when they told him his father had been a chapel minister? That could not be true, for the vicar said it was wicked to go to the chapel. Perhaps it would be as well to ask his *grand-père* about it. One evening as he sat by the *vraic* (sea-weed) fire on his little stool, he burst out suddenly—

"Grandpère, is it wicked to go to the chapel at Les Adams?"

Zacharie took his pipe out of his mouth, coughed, and looked across to his wife, who sat on the *jonquière* (green-bed), knitting a guernsey for Ernest.

"Wicked!" she repeated imperiously, "of course not, *mon garçon*, for them that likes it; but you, you've got nothing to do with Les Adams. You are brought up to the church, you."

"Yes, but, *grandmère*," pursued the child, looking up at her with large, clear eyes, "it was Monsieur Durande who told us last Sunday in the school that it is wicked to go to the chapel."

The first blow had fallen, and for a second Rachel quailed under it, then she gathered herself together and said, with a slight tremble in her voice:

"Well, well, Ernest, little boys must believe what they're told by the vicar, of course, but the people to Les Adams, they've been told a different way. There! it's time for your supper now."



ST. PIERRE PORT.

The boy was silenced, and was too young to trouble over religious questions when school and play demanded his absorbed attention. When he was twelve years old, a proud day dawned for his grandparents, for he won a scholarship which enabled him to enter the Secondary school at Saint Pierre Port, and every day he went into the town by a carrier's van, returning home in the evening. New fields of interest opened to him with new methods of teaching, and before long he was noted as the most thoughtful and diligent pupil in the school. After two years' work he won another scholarship, entitling him to an entrance into Elizabeth College, frequented chiefly by the sons of the "gentry" of the island. And now his manners, always refined, became insensibly polished as he mixed with boys moving in a cultured sphere; and he learnt rapidly under the direction of masters who were only too glad to push on a promising boy.

When he was sixteen, he developed a decided aptitude for Divinity, poring over dry treatises in theology and puzzling his brains with various disputed doctrinal points. His character, meanwhile, never gave any one cause to doubt the deep impression his Confirmation and first attendance at the Lord's table had made upon him. Long since he had found out that his grandparents were chapel members by preference, and that his father had been a chapel minister, but he had merely wondered that anyone should prefer a plain, barn-like building, rather than attend the beautiful old church of Saint-Pierre-du-Bois, dimly lighted and oak-pewed, with the tattered flags of bygone battlefields hanging from the chancel arch.

But now that his interests seemed centring round Divinity, it occurred to him that the difference between church and chapel might be vital, and he pondered the question till his brain reeled before the wide subject; then he plucked up courage to ask one of his masters to explain the mysteries that perplexed him. As it happened, the man to whom he applied was a strict High Churchman, and he told Ernest that he could not do better than consult the vicar of the parish on difficulties, which thus dealt with, would very soon vanish. The boy, being in dead earnest, followed this advice; and ventured to call on the vicar, Monsieur Durande, who entered into the boy's questionings and supplied him with pamphlets and books intended to still every anxious thought, and settle every doubt, but, in reality, which were full of pernicious untruths and intolerant nonsense. Ernest went through a course of entirely one-sided reading, unknown to his ignorant grandparents, who thought it a fine thing that their boy should be such an evident favourite of the vicar, and such a frequent visitor at the vicarage. But their awakening was to come.

One Sunday evening, Rachel was at Les Adams Chapel, while Zacharie and Ernest took a stroll on

the cliffs: the boy was unusually silent, and at length Zacharie said:

"Of what, then, are you thinking, Ernest, that you are so quiet?"

Ernest laughed nervously, and after a second, he said with some hesitation—

"Well, grandpère, to tell you the truth, I feel unhappy because grandmère is at the chapel."

"Bah, *mon garçon*, there is no need to be unhappy! She is yet strong enough to go."

"It isn't that, grandpère," stammered the boy, "it's that the chapel is not the place for good people like her and you."

The old man rubbed his eyes and stared at the boy; then he laughed. "Well, well, what rubbish is this you talk? Who's been telling you that?"

"I—I—read it, and the vicar told me."

Zacharie shrugged his shoulders and winked. "Bah! we all know the vicar! He's a good man, but rather soft, him; don't pay no attention this time."

"But, grandpère," cried the boy, his eyes full of vague trouble, "I must think about it, and read, for—for—I want to get a scholarship and go to Oxford."

"Oxford! Where's that?" questioned Zacharie sharply.

In a few eager words Ernest explained his meaning, and gave a hasty sketch of life at Oxford. "And I shall not be an expense to you, grandpère," he said, "for there's the money I've got from my mother, that you've often told me about."

Zacharie passed his hand over his forehead. Ernest seemed to have drifted away from the life of the cottage, within this brief hour on the cliffs; and very mixed were the old man's feelings as he looked at his grandson. He was proud of the tall, noble boy, with his loving, brown eyes and broad forehead. It was a keen delight to him that his grandson was hand-in-glove with the vicar, but equally keen was the pain with which he learnt that this dearly-loved boy regarded the chapel as a place where good people ought not to go. The Langlois' had been chapel folk for generations, and it stung the old man that one of his blood should turn from the old ways, and doubt the righteousness of chapel worship.

He had reluctantly consented to his wife's idea of bringing up the boy to church, but never had he expected such a result; and he was all eagerness to return home and tell Rachel about it. After supper, Ernest went off to the vicarage, and the old people were left alone; then Zacharie put down his pipe.

"Rachel, *ma garce*," (my girl), he said, "there's bin something happened between me and the boy. Listen, and I'll tell you." With many interruptions from his wife he told the story of the evening, and when he had finished and paused to rekindle his pipe, Rachel said not a word; she, too, appeared

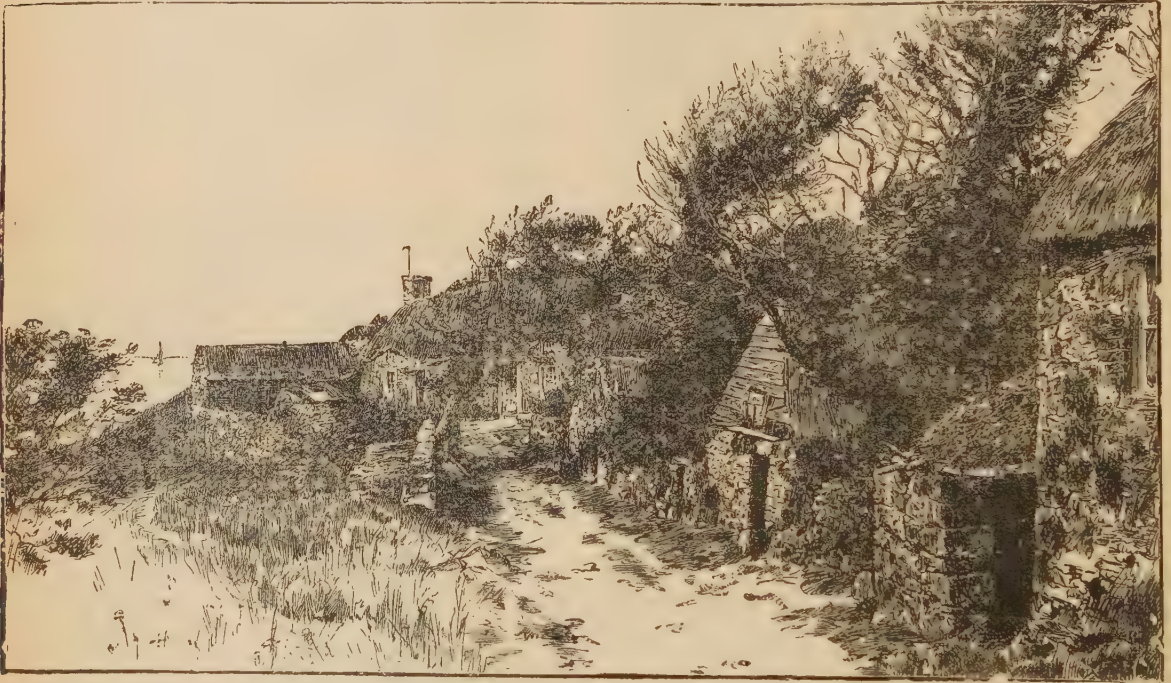
dazed, as if she could not grasp the gravity of the situation: but, at last, with a reserve and constraint in her manner quite new to her husband, she said slowly:

"Well, after all, it's quite right he should go to this Oxford. He's a little gentleman, Zacharie. He's like the church gentlemen. It's quite right, I tell you, we meant to bring him up like that, so that he wouldn't wish to be a chapel missionary like his poor father; and I don't see nothing to grumble at—me!"

"But, Rachel, it isn't right he should say them things of the chapel!"

The old woman waved her hand impatiently. "Bah, Zacharie, when he gets away from the vicar he'll be different, him. I tell you, he must go to this Oxford."

And to Oxford he went in due time, by means of the scholarship which he took with flying colours, and thus he passed away from the cottage and the old ways, and Zacharie and Rachel talked proudly and sadly of their boy, and never a misgiving crossed Rachel's mind, though Zacharie still shook his head when he sat alone, thinking of Ernest and the dear days of his childhood. Meanwhile, Ernest was pursuing a brilliant career at the University.



"A LITTLE COTTAGE ON THE SIDE OF A HILL NOT FAR FROM PLEINMONT CLIFFS."

He won distinction after distinction, and his character was developing and ennobling with his mind; and he did not neglect his grandparents. He was a devoted follower of the Christ, who is Lord of all hearts, who can be served through every creed, but he was also a passionate lover of the church, for he acknowledged but one, with its three branches—Roman, Greek, Anglican. When visiting his grandparents he avoided all religious discussion, though he ardently longed to bring the dear old people into what he called the "one fold." Zacharie openly lamented his grandson's extreme views when alone with Rachel, who, for her part, persisted in declaring herself well satisfied with the result of Ernest's training.

Time slipped rapidly away, and the day came when Ernest must choose a profession. His mind

had been made up for some time, and now it only remained to tell his grandparents of his decision; and this was done one Sunday evening, the quietest time for talk in the little cottage.

"Grandmère," he said, in the *patois* of the island, "I should like to tell you what I have decided to be."

"Well, *mon garçon*, and what then is it?" said the old woman eagerly, as she rose and laid her wrinkled hands on his shoulders, for he sat beside the *vraie* (sea-weed) fire.

"I wish to be a clergyman, grandmère, and in a few years I hope to go out to foreign work, it is the greatest desire of my heart."

Rachel took her hands from his shoulders, her arms fell to her sides, and a look of pallid death stole the colour from her old brown face. Two of

his words—*foreign work*—had stabbed her to the heart.

He was appointed to a mission station in the West Indies, and he had been out several months. He wrote to his grandparents that he was as happy and busy as the days were long. There was plenty of work to be done; a new church was to be built, he was doing his utmost to provide it with a beautiful ritual. His letters came regularly, and were read and re-read till they were dirty and torn; and they always brought such good news that Rachel began to forget the presentiment that beset her when he told how he desired to be a foreign missionary.

It happened that one mail the old people did not receive their usual letter: this was nothing, any trifling circumstance might have prevented their boy from writing; but when a second mail was due and no news came, they began to be a little anxious, though not unduly depressed.

"It's all right," said Rachel, the optimist, "I expect we'll have two instead of one next time; you'll see, Zacharie, if I'm not—"

A knock at the door interrupted her; "Come in," she cried, knitting quietly. The latch clicked, and the minister of Les Adams Chapel entered the cottage. He was a great favourite of the Langlois', and received a warm welcome. It was not long before Ernest's name came uppermost in the conversation, but the minister did not seem as ready and interested as usual.

"And there's two mails we've not heard from the boy, monsieur," put in Zacharie in a pause of the conversation.

"Yes," said the minister, standing up and looking out of the window, "doubtless you are anxious, there is always so much sickness in hot countries."

"But you don't think *he*—our boy—can be sick?" questioned Rachel hurriedly.

"My dear, dear friends," said the minister, after a pause, "I will not, I must not deceive you. I have heard from the West Indies that your grandson has been very ill of a terrible fever."

With one consent, the two old people rose and came close to the minister, who took Rachel's trembling hand in his strong clasp.

"Tell me," she cried, "ah, there is no need to ask; I know, I know, my boy is dead!"

The minister bowed his head. A bitter cry broke from the old man, and the tears ran down his cheeks, but Rachel's grief was dry-eyed agony.

"He's dead," she wailed, "like his father, of fever in a foreign land; and it's my fault, I tried to have it all my own way. Oh, Zacharie, if only I'd let him be brought up to the chapel, perhaps it would have been different."

The minister was mystified by her words, but he did not seek to discover their meaning till the old woman was calmer; then, of her own accord, she told the story of her scheming to prevent Ernest's following in his father's steps, "And now the Lord has punished me," she cried, "and my boy is cut off—my boy's child."

"Not so," said the minister gently, "the Lord has honoured you beyond words. Your dear son and your boy Ernest gave up their lives for the great love they bore the Master. Truly, can we say, dear old friend, that His thoughts are not our thoughts, neither are His ways our ways."

The Crisis in the Career of Jesus Christ.

"Father, the hour is come!"—ST. JOHN xvii. 1.



THESE words open the door upon the true Via Dolorosa, the sorrowful way, which our Lord and Saviour walked alone—all alone—and not for Himself, but to save us the weary, painful journey. It was a short, sharp, awful path, ending in the suffering and ignominy of the Cross. To change the figure, these words reveal the nearness of a great crisis. The

gracious life had been marked off again and again from all other lives by striking and decisive events;

but this was the supreme crisis in His earthly career. Possibly it was the most momentous and effective period in His service for men.

This dreadful hour cast its shadow before. Anticipating its loneliness, its pain and its horror, our Saviour exclaimed on the eve of His triumphal entry into Jerusalem:—

"Now is My soul troubled; and what shall I say? Father, save Me from this hour; but for this cause came I unto this hour."

The people who heard Him were strangely agitated. Some said it thundered, and others that an angel spake unto Him.

But now He is face to face with the terrible reality. The infinite burden is crushing down upon His heart, wringing from Him the startled cry—"Father, the hour is come!" What depths of pain

and horror these words disclose! But what heights of confidence and triumph they reveal!

Standing within this holy of holies, and looking upon the prostrate form of the Man of Sorrows, let us join in asking, in a reverent and prayerful spirit, what this hour meant to Jesus, and then, what it ought to mean to us.

I. IT WAS TO JESUS THE HOUR OF SUBMISSION THE MOST SUBLIME.

The whole of His life had been one beautiful, consistent act of obedience to the Father. His first recorded words—"Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business"—may be taken as an index of His subsequent career. Again and again He told the people that He had come from the Father, to speak the words of the Father, to do the works of the Father, and in all things to yield Himself to the will and purpose of the Father. Surely no careful student of His life and work and words can fail to notice how exactly everything corresponds with the Old Testament words, "Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is written of Me. I delight to do Thy will, O My God!"

But this unexampled submission is seen in its essence and glory in the garden of Gethsemane, and upon the Cross. Bathed in crimson perspiration, His soul exceeding sorrowful, we hear Him crying, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me. The wine is red, the ingredients are appalling; therefore, if it be possible, let it pass." We can never know all that prayer meant. It has been called the "prayer of prayers." In it we have suffering concentrated, manifold anguish compressed into exquisite agony. But the submission, in its rarity and sublime reality, equals, if it does not even surpass, the agony—"Nevertheless, not My will, but Thine, be done."

There is an incident in the life of Fénelon, the good Archbishop of Cambray, which may help us to understand and appreciate more fully the words and submission of Jesus.

In the year 1689, he was selected as tutor to the young Duke of Burgundy, heir-presumptive to the throne. He was in every way an excellent youth, and there grew up between teacher and pupil an affection almost passing the love of woman. But the young duke sickened and died. Fénelon was plunged into grief unutterable. But as he stood by the graveside he was heard to say, "In that grave lie buried the hope and joy of my life, but if the turning of a straw would have kept him with us, I would not have turned it in opposition to the will of God." So our Saviour—but in a matter infinitely greater in its nature and in its issues—said, "Not My will, but Thine be done."

"Death and the curse were in that cup,
O Christ, 'twas full for Thee;
But Thou hast drained the last dark drop,
'Tis empty now for me;

That bitter cup Love drank it up;
Now blessing's draught for me."

II. IT WAS TO JESUS THE HOUR OF SUFFERING THE MOST SEVERE.

He had suffered many things ere He came to this hour. But in it the veil was lifted from death and hell, and He entered the awful regions spoken of by the Greek Church as His unknown sufferings. His physical sufferings must have been intense beyond all possible expression. Think of the blow on the face in the Judgment Hall; of the painful scourging; of the cruel thorns pressed so roughly around His temples; of the heavy cross upon His bleeding shoulders; of the nailed hands and feet by which His quivering frame hung upon the tree of shame, and a scene of torture intense and saddening beyond expression, rises before us.

"They scourge Him, crown Him with a crown of thorn,
They smite His face with bitter mock and scorn,
They give Him gall to drink, they pierce His side,
The Crucified!"

But His mental and spiritual sufferings were more acute still. These were literally overwhelming. In Gethsemane He sweat, as it were, great drops of blood, and on the cross He tasted death for man. For Him it was not a walk through the valley and shadow of death, sustained and kept from fear by the Divine presence, but He met and passed through the awful reality. He tasted death. The lowest, farthest, uttermost stage was reached when He cried, "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani? My God, My God! why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Here we see a lonely, homeless, stricken soul, forsaken of all. No human plummet can sound the depths of that unique suffering. "He trod the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with Him." Never was there sorrow like His sorrow. "He tasted death for every man." "He came to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." "He became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross."

III. IT WAS THE HOUR OF CONFLICT MOST KEENLY CONTESTED.

This was not the first time that evil and good found themselves in conflict. From the beginning this war had been more or less fiercely waged. But this hour witnessed the supreme gathering of the forces. Here the decisive engagement must take place. Here the most momentous of all battles must be fought. On one side is Jesus Christ—the David of the race, and on the other, the Goliath of evil—the principalities and powers of spiritual wickedness. To all outward seeming the combatants are unevenly matched. But the issues are infinitely serious. If the Son of Man, the Second Adam, fails here, there will be failure all along the line of human hope and divine purpose. The door of hope and salvation will be forever closed. How goes the battle? Looking upon

this arena of the ages, this battleground on which the destiny of man is to be decided, we see several movements on the part of one combatant that mean victory for goodness, salvation for man, and the opening of heaven to all believers.

In the midst of the conflict He can turn towards some weeping women and tenderly say to them, "Weep not for Me, weep for yourselves and your children." He remembers His mother too, and arranges for her future comfort by commending her to the care of His beloved disciple. He can attend also to the appeal of the dying thief, and make him a remarkable promise. And He can close the conflict with the same holy, helpful, victorious word upon His lips, that rang from them at the beginning. "Father, the hour is come," was the exclamation with which He entered the conflict, and when it was over, He loudly and triumphantly said—"Father, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit." With confidence in His cause, in Himself, and in His Father, He pushed the battle to the gate and triumphed o'er His foes. Hence to Jesus this was—

IV. THE HOUR OF VICTORY THE MOST GLORIOUS.

There was apparent defeat. He died, and it seemed to His followers that the Sun of righteousness had gone out in the awful darkness of the Cross. Such was the view of those two men who were returning with sad countenances and with sadder hearts to their old life and home at Emmaus. "We trusted it had been He which should have redeemed Israel." Alas! alas! their hopes were blighted, and all the good things they had anticipated from His life and work seemed scattered like vapour clouds before the strong north winds.

"But soon the Victor rose
Triumphant o'er His foes,
And led the vanquished host in chains;
He threw their empire down,
His foes compelled to own—
O'er all the great Messiah reigns."

The Victor's own words are, "I am He that liveth and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen! and have the keys of hell and of death." It was a glorious, an enduring, and an eternal victory. By it He has obtained for us forgiveness of sin, fellowship with God, a new life, a better covenant, better promises, a better country, the liberty and riches of the sons of God here and hereafter an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

"The cross it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup."

But what ought this hour to mean to us?

To some people it appears to be a mere passing show. A formal, funereal pageant that comes but once a year, to be attended by fasts that are frauds;

by services and sacrifices that are extremely childish; and by interminable bell-ringing which is suggestive only of some kind of lunacy.

Brethren, Jesus Christ offered Himself a sacrifice for sin once for all. The priest of the old service went into the holy of holies once a year to offer sacrifice for himself and others; but Christ entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us.

Hence, when men pretend that He dies again every Good Friday, they are guilty of blasphemy, and of a sorry travesty of the most sacred event in the history of the race, and the career of our Saviour and Lord.

But it ought to mean—

First, that *our redemption has been achieved*, and that we need be no longer in bondage to sin and the devil. It was costly, but the price has been paid.

"Heaven poured out the price,
All price beyond."

He gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a people for His own possession, zealous of good works.

Secondly, it ought to mean that *our life has been fully provided for*. Every life has its crises; its crucial hours; its great decisive moments; its painful conflicts; its unutterable sorrows; its Gethsemane and its Calvary. Each soul must face its destiny alone, and with it no man to help, but the Man Christ Jesus. He has gone through all that He might succour and sustain us in our great distresses. In the keenest conflict, the bitterest sorrow, the severest suffering, we can be certain of His presence, sympathy, and help, and when our turn shall come to pass through the valley and shadow of death, we shall be able to encourage ourselves with the words, "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and staff comfort me."

But it ought to mean thirdly, *Consecration*—the unreserved surrender of ourselves and all we have in love and devotion and service to Jesus Christ. We are not our own. He has bought us with a price, hence the life we now live should be unto Him who loved us and gave Himself for us. How often people sing—

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

But how rarely the words are translated into thought and life and action. If we rightly and fully understood the meaning of this hour, Jesus Christ would become all in all to us. He would have at once what He certainly claims—the pre-eminence in all our thoughts and actions and aspirations. Alas! how far most of us are from such passionate, whole-hearted devotion. A lady has put this fact in a very striking way in a story called,

"The Dying Saviour and the Gipsy Girl." This girl is represented as talking with an artist, who is busy painting a picture of the dying Jesus. After several questions and answers about the painting, she says to the artist, "How much you Catholics must love Jesus, for doing so much for you; don't you love Him very much, seignior?" "No," replied the man, "I am afraid I don't care much about Him." "You must be jesting. You say you believe in Him, and how can you help loving Him if you know that He died for you? I thought you pretended to be so much better than a poor gipsy. But she would scorn to be so ungrateful, wild and untamed as you think her. Can you look at that picture, and see the patient dying man as He hangs there, with the blood trickling from Him, with His hands and feet pierced with those nails, and say He bore it all for you, and yet tell me you do not think you even care for Him. It is wicked to jest about such a thing. Yes, and to sit and paint His sorrow and pain, and not even to pity, or to love

Him!" Then she cried, "Oh, my sins! Who will save me? If any one had loved me so much, I would go to the ends of the earth on my knees. I would suffer tortures. I would die in my turn to show my love to Him."

O brothers, sisters, have you ever felt so? He has died for you and you believe, but with what result? Miss Havergal saw in a German professor's study a fine picture of the Crucifixion, underneath which were these words:—

"I gave My life for thee, what hast thou given for Me?"

Sitting down she wrote the hymn beginning:—

"I gave My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave My life for thee,
What hast thou given for Me?"

J. TEECE.

Browsings in My Library.

III.



TELL you what it is," said my friend the Political Parson, "what we want is ten years of old Oliver Cromwell again. I am sick and tired of this eternal shilly-shallying about reforms we have been working for this last twenty years. Parliament sits and sits, and does about as much good as a hen sitting on a plaster-of-Paris egg. We want

some 'still, strong man' to walk in to hurry them up, and if they won't be hurried up, then to hurry them out. Oh, for a man with an iron will, a true friend of the people, who should just legislate for us and govern us as we ought to be legislated for and governed, and should just snap his fingers at peers, and parsons, and directors, and colonels, and all the rest of them!"

"Gently, gently, John! You are talking flat treason. What has upset you now?"

"Oh, everything! This miserable Government of ours, and our divided Opposition, without a man since Gladstone went, who can make them all follow, or if they won't follow will shove them. We want a Cromwell, sir, and unless we get him things will go from bad to worse."

"Well, I don't see any sign of a new Oliver, but at any rate, we are going to see a statue of him in

the lobby of the House, and that will remind the members that there was once a greater than them all in Parliament, one word from whom made any tyrant of the Continent tremble in his shoes."

"Yes, and as soon as he was dead they all turned like fawning curs to lick the hand of the lowest of the Stuarts, and the country looked on and made no sign when his bones were dug up from their resting place in Westminster Abbey, and were carried to Tyburn and hung on a gibbet."

"The disgrace was the eternal disgrace of the contemptible king and his near parasites. It did not hurt Cromwell. His fame is safe for ever. His body, like John Brown's, has mouldered in the grave, but 'his soul goes marching on,' and to-day it is incarnate in British Nonconformity. We may not get a new Oliver. 'Take him all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again;' but don't you think that just because his spirit is now diffused through great communities of liberty-loving Free Churchmen, there is all the more likelihood of the ends he aimed at being permanently attained? One great man can do a great work even by himself, but if he attempts to drag or push an unwilling nation far in advance of where it wants to go, there will be a swing back again. The collective Cromwell permeates the nation, and carries it forward with slower steps, but the steps taken will not be retraced."

"We won't argue," said the Political Parson, "but it's Cromwell's birthday, his three hundredth



THE LATE DR. A. K. H. BOYD'S LIBRARY.

birthday, on April 25th, isn't it? Just hunt me up a few interesting bits. I mean to preach and speak about him till nobody in my circuit will ask, as a young fellow, who was educated at a leading college, asked me only yesterday, 'By the way, who was Oliver Cromwell? Wasn't he a great tyrant, or something, who didn't believe in religion or laws?' Just think of that now!" and the Political Parson almost snorted with indignation.

Now, the Political Parson is not an ignoramus, but he has so many irons in the fire that he can do but little extra theological reading, and his knowledge of general literature, and particularly of out-of-the-way books, is pardonably limited. He has a rough acquaintance with the main lines of the life of Cromwell, and a firm grip of the principles he and his party stood for, but about the details he is rather hazy.

"Just freshen me up about the Ironsides," he said.

I took out the first volume of "Milton's Prose Works," in that invaluable "Bohn's Standard Library." Milton was Cromwell's Latin secretary, but he was much more than a mere official. Partisans of the executed king at home and abroad poured contumely on the Protector and the Com-

monwealth as the murderers of what they were pleased to style the "royal martyr." Milton undertook the defence of the Commonwealth, and the great man at its head, and nobody can read such a work as the magnificent "Defence of the People of England" against the scurrilous Salmasius without feeling that there were then "giants in the land"

men of big heads and big hearts. Here, for instance, is the picture of Cromwell and his Ironsides, those brawny, Bible-reading yeomen of Huntingdonshire, who, in the championship of liberty of religion and a free Parliament, turned their plough-shares into swords:—

"Oliver Cromwell was sprung from a line of illustrious ancestors, who were distinguished for the civil functions which they sustained under the monarchy, and still more for the part they took in restoring and establishing true religion in this country. In the vigour and maturity of his life, which he passed in retirement, he was conspicuous for nothing more than for the strictness of his religious habits, and the innocence of his life; and he had tacitly cherished in his breast that flame of piety which was afterwards to stand him in so much stead on the greatest occasions, and in the most critical exigencies. In the last Parliament which

was called by the king, he was elected to represent his native town, when he soon became distinguished by the justness of his opinions and the vigour and decision of his councils. When the sword was drawn, he offered his services, and was appointed to a troop of horse, whose numbers were soon increased by the pious and the good, who flocked from all quarters to his standard; and in a short time he almost surpassed the greatest generals in the magnitude and the rapidity of his achievements. Nor is this surprising, for he was a soldier disciplined to perfection in the knowledge of himself. He had either extinguished, or by habit had learned to subdue, the whole host of vain hopes, fears, and passions which infest the soul. He first acquired the government of himself, and over himself acquired the most signal victories, so that on the first day he took the field against the external enemy, he was a veteran in arms, consummately practised in the toils and exigencies of war. He collected an army as numerous and as well equipped as any one ever did in so short a time; which was uniformly obedient to his orders, and dear to the affections of the citizens, which was formidable to the enemy in the field, but never cruel to those who laid down their arms, which committed no lawless ravages on the persons or the property of the inhabitants, who, when they compared their conduct with the turbulence, the intemperance, the impiety, and the debauchery of the royalists, were wont to salute them as friends, and to consider them as guests. They were a stay to the good, a terror to the evil, and the warmest advocates for every exertion of piety and virtue."

"I should like to have ridden with them," said the fiery Political Parson. "But isn't there a sonnet about Cromwell also?"

"Yes, I will read it." And from a dainty edition of "Milton's Poetical Works," that has on the frontispiece his full, noble face, with long, curling locks falling on to the deep, white neckcloth, I read the lines:

Cromwell, our chief of men, who thro' a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crown'd Fortune proud,
Hast reared God's trophies, and His work pursued,
While Darwen streams with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath: yet much remains
To conquer still; Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than War; new foes arise
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose Gospel is their maw.

"Amen to that!" growled the Political Parson. "But where did I see something like that 'Peace hath her victories' bit? Ah, I remember! It was in that Rudyard Kipling poem, just before his illness, to the American people:

Take up the white man's burden—
The savage wars of peace—
Fill full the mouth of famine,
And bid the sickness cease.

I wish we had a Cromwell and a Milton to talk to those rampaging Ritualists who are trying to 'bind our souls' in this very year 1899."

I take down a book by a man who was Milton's assistant Latin secretary—Andrew Marvell, in later days a fearless patriot in a servile Parliament, and a scourging satirist of the vices of the Court, whom neither attempts at assassination could intimidate, nor flattering royal offers seduce. Marvell, like Milton, was fascinated by the great mind and pure heart of Cromwell, whom he saw at the closest quarters day by day. In an ode on the first anniversary of the Protectorate, he wrote:

If in some happy hour,
High grace should meet in one with highest power,
And then a seasonable people still
Should bend to his, as he to Heaven's will,
What we might hope, what wonderful effect
From such a wished conjuncture might reflect!
But a thick cloud about that morning lies,
And intercepts the beams to mortal eyes,
That 'tis the most which we determine can,
If these the times, then this must be the man.

To be Lord Protector, Marvell declares, was no elevation to Cromwell:

For to be Cromwell was a greater thing,
Than aught below, or yet above, a king:
Therefore thou rather didst thyself depress,
Yielding to rule, because it made thee less.

On the death of Cromwell, Marvell wrote a long poem, in which he says,

I saw him dead: a leaden slumber lies,
And mortal sleep over those wakeful eyes;
Those gentle rays under the lids were fled,
Which through his looks that piercing sweetness shed;
That port which so majestic was and strong,
Loose and deprived of vigour, stretched along;
All withered, all discoloured, pale and wan,
How much another thing, no more that man!
O human glory vain! O Death! O wings!
O worthless world! O transitory things!
Yet dwelt that greatness in his shape decayed,
That still though dead, greater than death he laid,
And in his altered face you something feign
That threatens Death, he yet will live again.

The Political Parson was moved by such testimonies to Cromwell from such men, and would have kept me turning over pages and reading to him for another couple of hours, but he remembered he had a meeting to attend. Delia came in with coffee and bread and butter, and said, "I hope you have enjoyed yourself among these treasures. My book-worm is in heaven if he has a brother worm in the book-room." Picking up the Milton's Prose volume, she remarked, "I see the top shelf wants dusting." I groaned in spirit at the thought of the disturbance that would inevitably soon be effected.

As he rose to leave, the Political Parson said, "Good-bye. I shall be too busy to come again before Easter, but I mean to return afterwards and make some notes from those books."

Delia accompanied him downstairs, and returned to fetch the tray.

"Talking of Easter," she said, "is it not a happy coincidence that the season of the Lord's Resurrection, in this country at any rate, is the time of the great awakening of nature from the death of the winter? Look into the garden—the borders are filled with crocuses, and budding hyacinths, daffodils, narcissus and tulips, and some are already in flower. Our Lord's tomb was in a garden, and I love to think that when the great stone was rolled away, and He came out, the opening flowers sent out to Him their odorous incense, and the birds carolled joyously from their little, soft, downy throats."

"Well done, Delia! You are talking poetry without knowing it."

"And pray why not, sir? Do you consider that a woman is necessarily such a hopelessly prosaic person?"

I declined to be entrapped into pursuing this dangerous subject. Instead, I took down my beloved George Herbert, which opened almost of itself at the Easter poems. I read to Delia the honey-sweet lyric:

I got me flowers to strew Thy way;
I got me boughs off many a tree:
But Thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st Thy sweets along with Thee.

The sun arising in the East,
Though he give light, and th' East perfume:
If they should offer to contest
With Thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many suns to shine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but we miss;
There is but one, and that one ever.

In the taste of his age, the sacred singer of Bemerton sometimes exerted his ingenuity in the construction of a figure poem. Delia was amused with the imitation in "Easter Wings," which shall spread themselves here:

Lord, Who created'st man in wealth and store,
Though foolishly he lost the same,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Most poor.
With Thee
O let me rise
As larks, harmoniously,
And sing this day Thy victories:
Then shall the fall further the flight in me.

My tender age in sorrow did begin:
And still with sickness and shame
Thou didst so punish sin,
That I became
Most thin.

With Thee
Let me combine,
And feel this day Thy victory,
For, if I imp my wing on Thine,
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

"A pretty conceit," said Delia, "and it is better poetry than one would expect under such conditions."

"April is the poets' month, by the way. In the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, you will remember that Chaucer, our first great poet, who will have been dead five hundred years on October 25, 1900, is buried in a tomb in a niche of the wall, and in the floor, at the foot of his tomb, lie side by side our great Victorian poets, Tennyson and Browning. Now each of them has sung the praises of our English April. Chaucer begins the 'Canterbury Tales' by telling how

Whanne that April, with his showers sweet,
The droughte of March hath piercèd to the root,

then the 'small fowls maketh melody.' Amid all the loveliness, and the balmy sky of Italy, Browning longed

O to be in England
Now that April's here!

And you will remember Tennyson's pretty simile in your favourite 'Idylls of the King,' where in the castle court of Yniol, the knightly Geraint hears for the first time the voice of the as yet unseen Enid singing:—

So the sweet voice of Enid moved Geraint;
And made him like a man abroad at morn,
When first the liquid note, beloved of men,
Comes flying over many a windy wave
To Britain, and in April suddenly
Breaks from a coppice gemm'd with green and red,
And he suspends his converse with a friend,
Or it may be the labour of his hands,
To think or say, "There is the nightingale."

"Sweet, cruelly used Geraint," said tender-hearted Delia. "But I have other things than listening to poetry to do just now." And taking up the tray, she left the book-room.

LIBRARIUS.





Timely Topics for Primitive Methodists.

IV. OVERLAPPING: A SUGGESTION.



HERE is a question that has been exercising the minds of not a few of our people lately about which it is time somebody was speaking out. Let the truth be spoken in love, but let it be spoken, nevertheless. The difficulty of speaking it without seeming guilty of uncharity is uncommonly great, but an attempt must be made to overcome the difficulty. And if

the raising the question should result in removing the evil a great source of friction between different sections of the Methodist family will have been got rid of.

Methodist union is often advocated on the ground that it would do away with a great deal of overlapping, and so save a serious waste of labour. Well, Methodist union is bound to come sooner or later, but it will not be accomplished either to-morrow or the next day. The most sanguine can scarcely expect it in the immediate future. But if Methodist union cannot be secured at present, is that any reason why the evil of overlapping should constantly be allowed to assume more aggravated forms? Is it not possible for the Methodist Churches to take some steps to prevent this evil making its appearance in new localities? That is the question to be discussed in the present paper.

Let the evil be stated first of all. Several cases have figured in the papers lately with which the Connexion is tolerably familiar. As stated in the first instance, it seemed pretty certain that there had been some high-handed attempts to oust us from places to which we had established a clear right. Whether subsequent investigation has modified the aspect of the matter has not transpired. As these cases may be regarded as in some sense *sub judice*, it would scarcely be fair to assume that the charges have been fully established. But the very fact that disputes have arisen, and bitter complaints have been made on the part of some of our people, indicates the need for some effective method of dealing with such cases.

But if these charges are not yet proven there are

plenty of others about which there is only too little uncertainty. I am bound to say that, so far as my own experience goes, our Wesleyan friends are the worst offenders in this matter. It may be that my experience has been exceptional and unfortunate, but it has been painfully uniform. Let it here be stated that some of the pleasantest experiences of my life have been in connection with the old Body. Two of my happiest years were spent as a master at Woodhouse Grove School. There I received the kindest treatment, and the honour of an invitation to enter the Wesleyan ministry. But for the fact that by birth, education, and conversion I was a Primitive Methodist I should have accepted that invitation, and would, I suppose, have been to-day a Wesleyan minister.

It will readily be understood, therefore, that I have no prejudices against our Wesleyan friends, and that what I state here as my conviction is the result of a series of unpleasant experiences in the course of my work as a Primitive Methodist minister. That conviction is that Wesleyans carry their denominational zeal and loyalty to such an extreme that it becomes a species of selfishness and religious bigotry. It was so in my boyhood in my native Dale, and it has been the same in nearly every circuit in which I have travelled. Take the question of united Free Church action in a given neighbourhood. In two of my circuits this was what happened. A movement was set on foot for a united Watch Night service. The Wesleyans consented to join it on the understanding that the first meeting should be held in their chapel. This was readily acceded to, and the result was a magnificent service, in which all the Nonconformist Churches of the town took part. The following year, according to arrangement, the service was held in another chapel. The Wesleyans grumbled, but under pressure from a broad-minded minister, they consented to abide by the understanding. The third year they seceded, and held a service of their own. Precisely the same thing happened in another circuit. It will readily be imagined there was considerable indignation among the other Free Churches, and that the cause of union was not furthered by the occurrence.

These incidents are cited merely as examples of

sectarianism of the kind which tends to perpetuate our unhappy differences. In these instances all the Nonconformist Churches felt themselves aggrieved. The other instances to be cited affected our own denomination only. How many similar cases in other places have occurred I am, of course, not in a position to say. A few years ago we had a flourishing cause in the town of Barrhead. The place had been missioned in the ordinary way, placed upon the circuit plan, and regularly supplied with the services of ministers and local preachers. There came to the place a couple of Wesleyans, brothers, who joined our Society. They were smart men, a little too smart, as the sequel showed, and were soon placed in official position. In the most Jesuitical fashion, they set to work to wean the people from Primitive Methodism, and to induce them to go over to the Wesleyans. It was utterly folly to keep on sending their collections and quarterages to the Circuit Quarterly Meeting. If they would join the Wesleyans, a chapel would be built for them, and they would have a minister of their own put down. On a certain week-night one of our ministers preached as usual, and as he had to leave a little before the close of the service to catch a train, one of the brothers accompanied him to the station while the other concluded the service. Not a word was said of any dissatisfaction, and in the most brotherly manner the ex-Wesleyan bade the minister good-night. Yet he knew perfectly well that his brother was taking the names of those who were willing to go over to the Wesleyans. The next thing heard was that practically the whole Society had seceded to the Wesleyans, and we were locked out of the hall we had rented for our services.

But all this was due, it may be argued, to the treachery of two men. Possibly. But what of the Wesleyan authorities behind them who stepped in and profited by their treachery? Deputations were sent to the superintendent of the circuit that was taking over the cause. He heard their statements, and was so impressed that he gave them to understand that he would not favour the reception of the seceders when their application came before his Quarterly Meeting. Another Wesleyan minister, on learning the facts, went to this superintendent's house and left a message advising him "to have nothing to do with the dirty business." All this notwithstanding, the circuit took over the cause, got a minister appointed, and Primitive Methodism was wiped out.

Shortly afterwards a paragraph appeared in the public prints, stating how, in a place where three months before there was no Wesleyan cause, a new mission had been started and a church established with some sixty members, but not a word of how they had all been stolen from Primitive Methodism. Here was a striking instance of what could be done by the Forward Movement.

This was in a Scotch town, and where there was not room for more than one Methodist Church. In Scotland only a certain section of the people is readily accessible to Methodist influence, so that with existing Presbyterian agencies a single Methodist Church is often sufficient for the needs of a large town. Yet in spite of this, the Wesleyans will start rival causes. Take the town of Paisley, where we have had a fairly prosperous cause for many years, and one singularly evangelistic and aggressive in its methods. Instead of turning their attention to some town where no Methodist interest existed, the Wesleyans within the last three years have commenced a cause in Paisley, hired a building, and appointed a minister to the charge. I know nothing of this cause, which was started before I came to Paisley, except that out of the scanty membership with which it began, a dozen or more were Primitive Methodists; but I do know that the most shameless efforts were made to proselytise our people.

It goes without saying that these things do not make for union, either Methodist or Christian. The blame lies with the authorities by whose sanction such things are done. Is there no possibility of avoiding occurrences of this kind? Could not a Committee composed of representatives from each of the Methodist Churches be appointed to whom such cases could be referred? Such a body would have a much better chance of adjudicating in cases of overlapping and trespass than one directly interested and moved by a strong desire to push the denomination in its own locality without a due regard to the interests and rights of a sister Church. This would not prevent the spirit to which I am calling attention from manifesting itself in certain localities, but it might prevent people who act in this way from receiving the official countenance without which they could not do much harm. In the cases cited it was the action of Circuit and Connexional authorities that did the mischief, and a prompt appeal to an unprejudiced committee would have ensured that justice would be done.

It would, however, be in the moral effect which the mere fact of the existence of such a committee would have that its advantage would lie. The certainty that sharp practice and sheep-stealing would be attended by the risk of exposure would act as a wholesome deterrent, and rival causes would not be commenced either by Primitive Methodists or Wesleyans without due regard to what was fair and just. It is not desirable unduly to fetter the zeal and energy of any denomination, but care must be taken that the rights of others shall be respected, and that nothing be done calculated to throw back the cause of Methodist union. In many places the unhappy differences and jealousies of past times are being forgotten, and the various sections of Non-conformity are working with a harmony that must

advance the cause of Christianity. The various branches of the Methodist family, too, are being drawn more closely together. That this spirit of unity shall not be marred in any quarter, or anything be done to renew old rivalries, is most de-

sirable. Therefore it is that we urge the appointment of a representative Committee with power to adjudicate on all cases of attempted overlapping or trespass among the Methodist Churches.

JOSEPH RITSON.



ELY FROM PARK.

Oliver Cromwell.



None of the smaller rooms of the National Portrait Gallery there are two pictures of the Protector, taken at different periods of his life. In one he appears as a stern, firm, yet refined, type of man, while in the other, rough work and time appear to have left their marks upon his countenance, making it coarse.

His character is still a subject for debate among different classes in our British realm. To the hereditary monarchical and church

party he is still an ambitious hypocrite, who sought his own exaltation at the expense of the Constitution, while to the man of moderate ideas and the Puritan party he is a hero, who, amid great dangers, sought the freedom and the glory of his country.

His detractors describe him as a man of mean origin, engaged in low pursuits. The fact is, he was by birth a gentleman, and came of a family, to

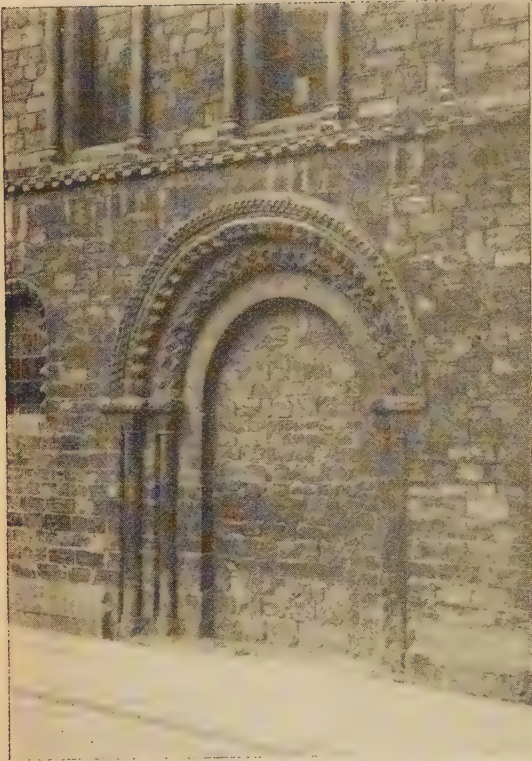
use his own words, "living neither in any considerable height, nor yet in obscurity." He may be fairly described as coming of a knightly family. His great-uncle was Sir Henry Cromwell, known on account of his profuse hospitality as "the Golden Knight;" his uncle Sir Oliver received as his guest his sovereign, James I., and his maternal grandfather was Sir Thomas Steward.

He was born 25th April, 1599, at Huntingdon, and was educated at the Huntingdon Grammar School by a famous Puritan divine named Dr. Beard. Thence he went to Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, and at the death of his father, after having received some training for the Bar, he took up the management of the family property, and eventually married Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir James Bouchier, and settled down to the life of a country gentleman. He acted as a magistrate, and became first M.P. for Huntingdon, and afterwards one of the members of the famous Long Parliament, being returned for Cambridge.

There was nothing in his position in life which



OLIVER CROMWELL'S STATUE, WARRINGTON.



NORMAN DOORWAY, GRAMMAR SCHOOL, HUNTINGDON.

could lead him to desire to give up comfort and ease to follow the profession of a soldier, which he did at the age of forty-three years, and take the perilous path to the height of power as Lord Protector, except deep love of liberty and high-souled patriotism.

His interest in public affairs appears to have arisen out of a strong and passionate opposition which he raised in 1630 against the new charter granted to Huntingdon, because it placed the property of the Borough at the disposal of the

Aldermen. In consequence of this opposition, he was summoned to London, and had to appear before the Council, but ultimately the matter was referred to Lord Manchester as arbitrator, who sustained his objections.

A few years afterwards his cousin, John Hampden, refused to admit the demand for ship-money made by an arbitrary writ of Charles I.; and in consequence of this, and other financial demands which the king made upon the people, an agitation was growing in the country against the conduct of the king.

Notwithstanding his victory over Hampden, the king was compelled to summon the Long Parliament, to which Cromwell was returned, and then commenced in 1642 the great war with his people which brought about the victory of the Parliament and the ruin of the king. At first Cromwell took small part in it, but seeing that the Parliament troops were beaten in every engagement, because most of them were old, decayed serving-men, and tapsters, and that kind of fellow, while the Royalist troops were gentlemen's sons, he endeavoured to form troops of devoted Christians who would fight for the great cause of the Parliament with all their hearts. The victories, memorable with Cromwell, of Dunbar and Worcester, and the reputation his Ironsides gained in Europe, will ever remain as a testimony to their valour and devotion.

Cromwell was essentially a religious man, and many of his letters which have been preserved and brought by Thomas Carlyle out of obscurity into the full light of day and modern criticism, show the true Christian spirit in which he lived and moved. Every act of his life he regarded as directed by Providence, and every success as the Lord's doing.

The political programme of the army which Cromwell eventually led is summed up by Mr. Frederic Harrison as Republicanism, Sovereignty of Parliament, Annual or Biennial Elections, Local Self-government, Codification of the Law, Complete Religious Liberty, and Equal Political Rights. Only one or two of these points have as yet been



BANKS OF THE OUSE, HUNTINGDON.

attained. The principal was the limitation of the power of the monarch, so that now the finances are absolutely in the power of the Commons of England, while the other is Local Self-government. We have yet to achieve the Codification of the Law, complete religious liberty and equal political rights.

Two great blots are said to stain Cromwell's memory. One is the treatment of the Irish Papists in Ireland; the other is the execution of Charles I. In dealing with the former he conceived himself to be executing justice and preventing an attempt "to constitute an independent government in the hands of the enemies of the religion and institutions of England." While in regard to the King (whom he had sought again and again to befriend), it is clear that Charles I. was utterly faithless to his country, his word was wholly unreliable, and that Cromwell looked upon the execution as an act of "cruel necessity," such necessity being to save Great Britain from the ruinous doctrine of "divine right" to govern as he pleased, which meant despotism.

When the Constitution was in ruins—the King dead, the House of Lords impotent, the people in perplexity, Cromwell was called by the voice of his Council of officers, and others who were tried and trusted, to be Lord Protector of the Commonwealth, and from that moment, December 16, 1653 to September 3, 1658, Cromwell was virtually the Sove-

reign of Great Britain, and he made the power of the country respected at home and abroad as it had never been respected before and seldom since. On September 3, 1658, after expressing the belief that



HUNTINGDON IN TIME OF COWPER.

"God will be with His people," this simple, humble lover of righteousness fell on sleep. The rest of the acts of this hero are recorded in the pages of his life written by Carlyle, Picton, Harrison, and last but not least, by Dr. Horton, who has dedicated to the Free Churchmen of England, "a study in personal religion." May his gifted strength serve "To keep you true to God, your souls, and men."



NUN'S BRIDGE.

The Cromwell Country.



VEN the most seasoned railway traveller must feel his interest gently stimulated as the Great Northern express whirls him past Huntingdon and St. Ives. For the moment the fit of drowsiness will leave him, or he momentarily lifts his

eye from his newspaper to catch glimpses of the

waters of the Great Ouse and the quiet towns on their banks. "Ah! this is Cromwell's country," he says, and what else he thinks will depend very much on the sort of man the thinker himself is, and the point of view he takes of past history and politics. By most of the readers of this Magazine, however, Oliver Cromwell will be regarded as "a king of men," and in no half-hearted manner will they take part in the celebration of his Tercentenary.

How some men have left their impress upon given

localities! In Stratford-on-Avon you feel that Shakespeare pervades the very place. You are reminded of him wherever you go, and his name meets your eye and falls on your ear almost at every step. Now, Cromwell has not stamped himself on Huntingdon as Shakespeare has on Stratford, but yet, this border of the Fen region is emphatically Cromwell's country, and a deeply interesting country it is. May we not say that the Great Ouse is as the genius of this country? Not only on its banks are Hunting-

don and St. Neots, where Cromwell resided, but Ely also with its memories of Canute and its fine cathedral borders the same river. And here, too, Cromwell lived for four years—from 1636 to 1640.

To the lover of liberty and to the Free Churchman, especially, no river of England—rich as our land is in historic streams—will call up more stimulating associations than does the Ouse. When we think of John Bunyan, Hampden, Cromwell and Cowper, whose names are linked with its dusky and



ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, HUNTINGDON.

slow-moving waters, we somehow feel that it is "our river," though we may have been born and bred on the banks of other and far distant streams.

The house where Oliver Cromwell was born on the 25th April, 1599, stood at the northern extremity of the town of Huntingdon, beyond the market-place and on the left or riverward side of the street. We say *stood*, for it has been twice rebuilt since that date, and "bears no memorial whatever which tradition can connect with him." Four days after his birth, as the baptismal register in All Saints' Church indubitably testifies, Oliver was christened. Over the entry, which is written in pedantic Latin, some one—probably a later Royalist incumbent—has penned the words, "*England's plague for five years.*" But some other person, with quite another mind as to Cromwell, has run his pen through this unfavourable judgment. Very significant is all this as showing how Cromwell has served to divide men. They have to this day, as Picton puts it, "wrangled over his name and fame."

One other brief glimpse we possibly get of the future Lord Protector when the little lad was four years old. To catch this glimpse we have to transport ourselves to the fair mansion of Hinchinbrook, which stands a distance of some half-mile from Huntingdon, where the elder and lineal branch of the Cromwell family then resided, not without some show of opulence and state. Hinchinbrook had formerly been a nunnery (hence the Nun's bridge of our picture), but at the dissolution of the monasteries it was granted as a reward to one Richard Cromwell, the great-grandfather of our hero. This Richard Cromwell, (if that were really his name, and not rather Williams), was an attached and zealous helper of Thomas Cromwell, the Earl of Essex, the *malleus monichorum*. Such biographers as Carlyle and Picton are not agreed as to whether there were any blood relationship between chief and underling. But, be this as it may, the close connection between them may account for the assumption of the name—Cromwell. In any case, Sir

Richard Cromwell reigned at Hinchinbrook, and was succeeded by his son, Sir Henry Cromwell,



CROMWELL CREST.

named on account of his open-handedness and munificence, the "golden knight." Of this Sir

Henry, the father of Oliver was the second son, and the more modest family property in Huntingdon fell to his share, while the eldest son, Sir Oliver, dwelt as Lord of the Manor in the ancestral mansion at Hinchinbrook. Sir Oliver seems to have inherited the high notions and expensive tastes of his father, "the golden knight"; for in 1627 he was obliged to part with the Manor House, and to take up his residence at another and humbler place that belonged to the family. This was at Ramsey, that lay farther in the Fen district. Probably one cause which helped to reduce Sir Oliver to these financial straits was his having had the privilege of entertaining royalty on two occasions.

The first occurred in 1603 when James I., on his way to take possession of the throne on the death of Elizabeth, was graciously pleased to accept his invitation to spend two nights and a day at Hinchinbrook. There were really high doings on the 27th and 28th of April, 1603, which Thomas Carlyle has described in his own graphic way in the recently posthumously published volume of his.* "Hinchinbrook, on Thursday, the 28th of April, 1603, was all in gala. Through the gulph of dead cen-

* "Historical Sketches of Notable Persons and Events in the Reigns of James I. and Charles I."



HINCHINBROOK AND GATEWAY.



HINCHINBROOK ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE CROMWELLS.

turies we can still behold it, after a sort; look on it as with eyes. Hinchinbrook, while it was a nunnery, never saw such doings. Hinchinbrook has been a Manor House for half a century and more; it may become a nunnery, an iron-foundry, before it see the like again. The gates of Hinchinbrook are thrown open; the dignified courts of Hinchinbrook are filled with multitudes of nobility, gentry, respectable commonalty; and far and wide hovers and simmers, through Huntingdon streets and all heights and open spaces of ground, an extensive fluctuating crowd of human creatures, come from far and near to see this reed shaken by the wind. These are facts of the past tense; indubitable as the newest of the present. Thitherward we also, for reasons of our own, will hasten to have a look. . . . Of these thirty thousand or so, all bustling, jostling here, with eager eyes, in and about the Manor House of Hinchinbrook, and Borough of Huntingdon, there are not ten persons known to me by face; not three whom I could wish any of my friends to know. Each of them truly *has* a face; face, for that matter, traced with cares, hopes, character, complete series of life adventures; but they are strangers to me and History; they belong to brown Oblivion and others than me! Solely, or almost solely, among that fluctuating multitude which floods all Hinchinbrook in such deray and gala, we will note one little boy of four years old gone Tuesday last; led by his nurse-maid, as is like, and bustling to and fro, with due convenience, to all

suitablest points of view, for seeing this solemnity; it is a nephew of Sir Oliver, the landlord; his own name is little Oliver, or Noll—poor little fellow! Mr. Robert Cromwell, from his mansion in the west end of Huntingdon; Mr. Robert Cromwell, next brother to the Knight of Hinchinbrook, and father to this boy; here a Dame Cromwell, who is a Steward from the Stuntney Stewards, and so of kin to this Scotch Majesty, are in the feast itself, I fancy, and Sir Thomas Steward, the Knight of Stuntney, and much other kindred, though unseen to me, are there; but this our little Oliver strolls about, I think, in a state of glad excitation, in the hand of his nurse-maid the while. Look at him, reader; him thou shalt look at. A broad-headed, bony-faced little fellow, with clear grey eyes; stout-made for his years; extremely full of wonder at present;—in what head-dress of leather or cloth cap, in what body-dress and breeches, doubtless his best cap and breeches, is entirely unknown to this Editor. O, Nolly-kin, my little man, how this unexpected sun-burst of the new Scotch Majesty has transported thy poor little incipient spiritual faculty, and thou art all one wide-eyed wonderment: was the like ever seen or dreamt of?"

It comes upon us almost with a shock of surprise to learn that on the very day when these festivities were going on at Hinchinbrook, good Queen Bess was being borne to her last resting-place in Westminster Abbey, amid the lamentations of thousands of London's citizens. Ever since the year 1627,



TRINITY CHURCH, WHERE THE DESCENDANTS OF
THE PURITANS WORSHIP.

Hinchinbrook has been the property of the Montagues, and it is still one of the most interesting mansions in the country—truly a “memory-haunted place.” Hanging in its rooms are fine portraits of Cromwell and his mother, painted by Walker.

One of the most interesting buildings in Huntingdon is the Grammar School. “The school as it now stands is the only remaining part of the institution entitled, ‘The Hospital of St. John the Baptist, founded by David, Earl of Huntingdon, in the twelfth century.’ It has undergone many changes, but still some of the original examples of Norman work remain.” One of these—an arch

closed up—is shown in our illustration on p. 296. Oliver Cromwell’s connection with this school is undoubted. He was educated here under the famous Puritan preacher, Dr. Beard, until he



JACOBIN DOORWAY FROM SLEPE HALL, ST. IVES,
WHERE OLIVER CROMWELL LIVED.

(Cromwell) was transferred to Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. Samuel Pepys, the immortal diarist, was also educated here, and a portrait of him, as well as two portraits of Cromwell, are preserved in the institution. Pepys, it should be observed, was born in the neighbouring village of Brampton. To Dr. Beard, his sometime preceptor, Cromwell seems to have been sincerely attached. The first letter of his in existence refers to Dr. Beard’s “Lectures,” and his first speech in Parliament was made in defence of Dr. Beard.

From 1631 to 1636, Cromwell resided at St. Ives, and then removed to Ely. By the death of his uncle, Sir Thomas Steward, a considerable



CROMWELL'S COAT OF ARMS.

change took place in his circumstances. Sir Thomas had farmed the tithes, and as his uncle’s heir he took possession of the house set apart for the tithe-farmer and became a man of substance and local repute until summoned to duty on a wider field. How manfully he did his duty it will do us all good, at this particular juncture, if we set to work to reconsider.

EDITOR.



Short Sermons from the Sage of Grasmere.

IV. ON DUTY AS DELIGHT.



ORDSWORTH was curiously deficient in the sense of humour; and perhaps one of the nearest approaches that he makes to the manifestation of that quality is in the note which he prefixes to his fine "Ode to Duty." After telling us on what examples it was modelled, he proceeds: "Many and many a time have I been twitted by my wife and sister for having forgotten this dedication of myself to

the stern law-giver. Transgressor, indeed, I have been, from hour to hour, from day to day: I would fain hope, however, not more flagrantly, or in a worse way than most of my tuneful brethren." Now comes the didactic mood again. "But these last words are in a wrong strain. We should be rigorous to ourselves, and forbearing, if not indulgent, to others, and, if we make comparisons at all, it ought to be with those who have morally excelled us." May I commend that last sentence to anyone "wagging his pow in a pu'pit" who wants to preach on "Judge not, that ye be not judged"?

But if Wordsworth lacked the saving grace of humour to quite a lamentable degree, he made up for that by sheer insight and by his capacity for looking at a moral matter precisely in its right relations. This "Ode to Duty," for example, which is our text to-day—how broad the balanced view, how perfect and supreme the art! It belongs to about the middle of the period of high productive activity to which Matthew Arnold rightly assigns all, or almost all, the poet's most enduring work. How clearly he envisages the moral ideal; the, as yet, unreachd goal of ethics, the joy of right living; the obedience which shall be glad, spontaneous, prompt and generous, when the conduct which is by common consent called good shall be sought and done with the whole heart; when righteousness shall be no longer a task but a song.

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot
Who do thy work, and know it not.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security

Who does not see in that the high vision of the Old Testament psalmist—not David, he never dreamed of such heights, but—some genius of the days following the exile? Read the first psalm, and parts of the one hundred and nineteenth. "Blessed is the man whose delight is in the law of the Eternal: and in His law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water, that bringeth forth its fruit in its season, whose leaf also doth not wither, and in whatsoever he doeth he shall prosper." "Oh that my ways were established to observe Thy statutes. With my whole heart have I sought Thee; O let me not wander from Thy commandments. My soul breaketh for the longing that it hath unto Thy judgments at all times. Thy testimonies are also my delight, and the men of my counsel. I will run the way of Thy commandments when Thou shalt enlarge my heart. Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage." Well may Montefiore write: "With the Jews after the Exile, the spiritual joys of the law crowded out the material joys of earth. What an enormous advance in the 119th Psalm—the hymn of the law—over the attitude of Deuteronomy. The lovers of the law had other and better things to rejoice about than that their wealth was great, or that their hand had gotten much. The spiritual satisfactions of the law were genuine and supreme. To the great bulk of the Jews the law was at once a privilege and a pleasure. It was the most precious and beloved gift of God's grace."

There are three chief stages of moral evolution. The first is that in which there is obedience to the

requirements of external, social, legal, or theological enactments, written or unwritten, with all sorts of penalties, mostly accidental and capricious, associated therewith. This is the stage of the average sensual man. The outside pressure of social opinion, or of positive law, is almost the only motive power of virtue. Obedience is of constraint, not of willinghood, so much. Then comes a second period in which these outward rules and standards become to some extent organised in the individual conscience, restraining and directing. But still, obedience is not automatic or spontaneous. There is conflict in us all the while. "We know that the law is spiritual; but we are carnal, sold under sin. For that which I do I know not: for not what I would that do I practise: but what I hate that I do. To will is present with me, but to do that which is good is not. I find, then, the law that to me, who would do good, evil is present. For I delight in the law of God after the inward man: but I see a different law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity under the law of sin which is in my members." How graphic, and how true! There is not peace nor joy, but struggle, with defeat again and again. Obedience is still by compulsion; but it is now self-compulsion, so to speak; the pressure has simply been transferred from the external to the internal; from society to the awakened soul. But it is, all the same, pressure: resistance has to be overcome. Obedience halts; it does not run. There is the state of the average, spiritual man. But then comes, or ought to come, the third stage, the highest, to which a few royal souls have attained, and they but partially, the grand ideal of the "Ode," the one goal of the Bible, that spontaneous *natural* obedience, which is rendered in unhindered freedom, and accompanied by consummate gladness—the sense of being ever at one with the purpose of God and the sum and meaning of things—the state called the Witness of the Spirit, which by our artificial theologies we narrow and demean so much. The sense and love of right become so strong that they get to be independent, both of external compulsion, and of the individual will—do their own work of themselves, and need not the smallest intrinsic assistance.

Yes, there is the ideal, but alas! who of us has touched it? Wordsworth confesses to lapses—who dares say he has none? It is very notable that in each of the stanzas I have already quoted he ends by a suggestion of possible failure. After speaking of the "glad hearts" who do duty's behests without knowing it, he adds significantly—

Oh! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arm, dread Power! around them
cast.

Or, again: (stanza 3)

And they a blissful cause may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,

Live in the spirit of this creed:

Yet seek Thy firm support, according to their need.

It is a timely and needed caution. For us, as yet, the air of those Alpine summits is rare and difficult. The poet is not sure of himself—as who could dare to be? He is no gross sinner, but saintliness he cannot claim.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control:
But in the quietness of thought:
Me, this unchartered freedom tires:
I feel the weight of chance desires:

I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live!

And here, in this confession of relative non-attainment, the psalmist is at one with the poet. The ideal state is still evidently an ideal unpossessed and unrealised. Like Paul he had been "apprehended" by it, but had not yet fully grasped it himself. He had a certain joy in righteousness, but it was not complete and absorbing. He walked more or less willingly, but he did not yet run, in the way of the holy law. "*I will run*," is his word, "*when Thou shalt enlarge my heart*." He had hid the word in his heart like a seed, but it had not yet burst forth into flower. His delight had been in spots, in isolated seasons, with long intervals of aridness, like the course of Australian rivers in times of drought. By snatches God's statutes had been his songs, but the night had not been so fully vocal as the day. "Quicken Thou me in Thy way," is his one passionate prayer. "Teach me Thy statutes. Give me understanding, and I shall keep Thy law, yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart. I have seen the end of all perfection, but Thy commandment is exceeding broad."

But, failure or no failure, the ideal holds. Like the snow-capped Jungfrau, it abides ever in sight, at once reproaching and inviting. And the distinction of it is that the latest science bids us aspire towards it, no less than the dreaming poet. Read Herbert Spencer's "Data of Ethics," and you hear the same clear high note. How he pours well-merited scorn on the conception that the mark of perfect ethics is only struggle and disagreeableness, and that these constitute the essence of the moral life. Struggle and strain are not the goal, they are but the temporary means. We tacitly worship the nasty, the nauseous, the unpleasant. We have a superstition that the more unpalatable the physic the more probable the cure. We think that this is a devil's world, organised on the principle that pleasures, *per se*, are baneful, and pains, *per se*,

beneficial. We think the Eternal has so ordained it that what a man likes is always wrong, and what he dislikes always right. "Pleasant, therefore wrong" is our ascetic but wrong-headed logic. "I have been too happy to-day," said once such a mistaken martyr. Many wrong things are pleasant, but not necessarily wrong because pleasant. True, "there is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." But in the end righteousness and blessedness will be found entirely to coincide. It is true that often, for the time being, the sense of strain and effort is the test of walking in the right. You must row against the stream when the tide makes for the sea of death. But we are not "ever to be climbing up the climbing wave." We can have the tide with us, or, as the dream of the Apocalypse promises: "There shall be no more sea." Is the right ever to be a cross, a burden, and a sorrow? To the scientific moralist already mentioned, one lady once said of another: "I really think she does things because she likes to do them." And why should we not do things because we like to do them—when the things so done are right? God means to give you and me satisfactions for right living: to make—to quote the sage again—"love an unerring light and joy its own security." And so Spencer also signalises the true ideal state—in which good conduct will ultimately be pursued because men gain delight in pursuing it. The moral conduct will become the natural, the spontaneous conduct, yielding its due amount of pleasure in its normal activity. "The things now done with dislike from a sense of obligation will be done with immediate liking, and the things desisted from as a matter of duty will be desisted from because they are repugnant." The sense of mere obligation dies away. "It retreats into the background of the mind." Conscience, so often a canker, or so often an unpopular protesting representative of the Highest and the Best, whom we would fain stifle or dismiss, if we could, becomes a boon companion, a welcome assentor, or shall I say, one diffused bliss. It is no longer a harsh-voiced raven, croaking condemnation and disaster, but a sweet singing nightingale, filling the heart with gladness, and making even midnight melodious.

Does it startle you that I say the sense of obligation will pass and fade? It is only another way of putting Paul's truth: that ye are not under law but under grace. We are delivered from the law (discharged from it), being dead to that in which we were held. The commandment ceases to be a commandment in the coercive sense of the word. It ceases to be an external compulsive thing. It becomes organised, ingrained, instinctive. What is your "obligation"? Literally, it is a tie or bond which binds to, or in front of, something or some one. "Religion" comes from precisely the same root. Now let that suggest a little homely illustra-

tion. When you mend crockery or glass with patent glue you use a band or ligament to keep the cemented pieces together until the two have come to coalesce by the very force of the cement. Then you remove the string or band. It is no longer needed. Or take the common expression, "tied to his mother's apron strings." In the life of every true and truly trained son comes the day when, though all unconsciously it may be, the formal tie is dissolved, the strings shred insensibly away, but the end has been attained—the reverence for the best remains, and has its vital strength within itself.

You remember Paul's "paidagogos," (pedagogue)—not the schoolmaster or even tutor, as our versions have it,—but the slave who conducted the boy to school, saw that he went, and called to take him home again. "Wherefore *law* hath been our pedagogue to bring us unto Christ"—now that faith is come we are no longer under a pedagogue. "So long as the heir is a child he differeth nothing from a bond-slave, though he be lord of all. So we, when children, are held in bondage under the rudiments of the world, but when the fulness of the time comes God sends forth His Son . . . that we may receive the adoption of sons. And because we are sons God sends forth the Spirit of His Son into our hearts. So that we are no longer bond-slaves, but sons; and if sons, then heirs through Christ." Recall Shakespeare's boy "creeping with shining morning face unwillingly to school." The "shining" is, of course, from the outward and not very welcome application of soap and water. But suppose some passion awakened, some spring of feeling touched in his soul, some revolution akin to that which Anthony Trollope describes in relation to himself when he felt as if something had burst in his brain, and his real intellectual life began. Then he runs, not creeps, and his "shining morning face" owes its light to an inward source which is perfectly independent of matutinal ablutions. "The bond-slave abideth not in the house for ever, but the son abideth ever. If, therefore, the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." "If ye love Me, ye will keep My commandments." There is an Incarnation even for us, and a baptism-voice, and the joy of sacrifice.

Though Christ a thousand souls in Bethlehem be born,
But not within thyself, thy soul will be forlorn:
The cross of Golgotha thou lookest to in vain,
Unless within thyself it be set up again.

There was a sound instinct, which did not quite know itself, in the demand of Persian monarchs that those who attended on them should wear a pleasant countenance. No man in sackcloth was to come within the precincts of the palace. And so when Nehemiah, bearing the cup, entered with a clouded brow, he was called to account and compelled to apologise for, and explain, his sad aspect. Service

should ever be glad, to be at its highest. To the proverb which says, "It is the first step that costs," I would beg to add the complement: "It is the second that compensates." Tennyson, who received, to use his own words, "the laurel from the brows of him who uttered nothing base," (Wordsworth was his immediate predecessor, as you know, in that honorific, if not always honourable, function), has sung, in strains that own a passion which Wordsworth knew not, the very burden of our "Ode."

Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He that walks it only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredde
All voluptuous garden-roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He that ever following her commands,

On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled,
Are close upon the shining table-lands,
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

The passion and the colour are all Tennyson's own, but none who reads the "Ode" on which it has been our delightful duty to write this month can doubt for a moment whence have come the chief forces of his inspiration.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace!
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds;
And fragrance in thy footing treads:
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong:
And the most ancient heavens through thee are fresh
and strong."

J. D. T.

The Methodist Minister's Wheel of Fate.

By REV. S. J. WALLIS.

III.—A TURN ON THE DAN-TO-BEERSHEBA DISTRICT.



HE turn of the wheel brings the minister to a station, which shall be nameless, on the well-known Dan-to-Beersheba district. Here he is surrounded by farmers and labourers as poor as the land they till, which (as our friends beyond the Channel would say) is all

stones, the most fertile parts of which are the hills—hills so stony and thinly clad with soil, that you could not raise even an echo on them.

No wonder when his funds and his spirits are equally low, sometimes he thinks that it verily must be the land to which God banished Cain.

Here in the homes of the people he no longer lives, like a candle, on the fat of the land. But as ever, his people give of their best, with hearts big enough to give the world. Thus, his daintiest joint is a scraggy neck of mutton, which he knows is *neck-or-nothing*, or the forequarter of a sheep, that is the part which always comes through the hedge first, from which he may learn a lesson on sermonising, by copying his poor but kind hostess, who in preparing it for the table, never dishes up the tongue without the brains. As for his bed, it is no longer made of the down of stubble geese, but simply of stubble, and nothing of the geese, and

upon which he might lie and read his Bible by the starlight through the thatch, but that he is compelled to sleep like a top, by turning round and round to ease his aching sides, until grey-eyed dawn, peeping in at the window, enables him to leave his bed to rest himself. As for the manse, it is a small, barely-furnished cottage, with low-browed ceiling, and low-browed windows. In a word, it is simply a little brick box, with a slate lid, and one of the best parsonages in England to—live out of.

Now that the Connexion is flourishing like a green bay tree, many of our people think that small, ill-furnished parsonages went out of date with the tall, sentry-box-like pulpit, straight, high-backed pews and seats that took a ladder to get into. Let us describe a manse in which we had to reside, within the last decade, and in which for thirty years our ministers often discussed tough mutton, and tougher theology on Sunday, and had to get through many a week-day with the parables and potatoes. We, with all our belongings, arrived at the house about tea-kettle time, at the sight of which our heart sank like water in the well at an earthquake's shock, for, sure, it was no place to dream in and write fairy tales. It was simply a labourer's cottage, weather-beaten and stained by the hand of time, and which seemed to suffer from agues in its constitution. This ancient habitation, which was too small to inhabit, and too big to hang to one's watch, had

three tiny rooms upstairs, the smallest being used for a study (there was one other room—the room for improvement).

Lord Bacon has a punning remark, that a small room helps a studious man to condense his thoughts. We were not without such intellectual help. Our sanctum sanctorum, which we found inhabited by flies and mildew, was seven feet by five, with a little window about a foot square, through which a small thread of sunshine would find its way on bright summer days. At other times we had to be content with a sort of half-and-half light, like a room with the blinds down. When friends came to stay the night, it was here we had to make our bed, which had this advantage, that we could not tumble out of it, seeing there was nowhere to tumble.

However, like Isaac of old, we had a more pleasant and spacious study in the fields and lanes of the country, which, next to the Book Divine, is to us the holiest teacher; for God writes the Gospel, not in the Bible alone, but on trees and flowers, on the clouds and stars, and this is a study we can all use, however small the one in our house may be. Downstairs, the sitting-room was so small, that as nature had made us too tall for one man, and not tall enough for two, we had to sit with one leg twisted round the other, fearing to occupy more space than was equitable. The front door of the breezy old dwelling was so full of chinks, that at times it seemed to be visited by all the four winds of heaven at one moment, causing loose papers to flutter about like butterflies, reminding us how

"The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decayed,
Lies in new lights, through chinks that time has
made."

When, as some hold, Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays for him, he made one of his characters say,

"List, list, O list!" To exclude draughts, and neuralgia, that is what we had to attend to. "The wind bloweth where it listeth," and man *listeth* wheresoever the wind bloweth. Had the village doctor lived in this ramshackle old building, the paint which stood up in huge blisters on the front door would have been a splendid advertisement for him.

Frogs which had lost their way, and taken the wrong turning, were surprised to find themselves in the midst of our parlour; but they seemed to be quite at home amidst the moisture of the place, for it was so damp that even *our sermons* would not keep dry in it.

But to check the murmur and the sigh when thinking of our poor diminutive abode, we remembered how one canvas tent sufficed to lodge Napoleon; how Nelson guided the fleets of England from one little cabin; how Milton, who sang with all the sweetness of a seraph, and discoursed with all the wisdom of a sage, lodged in a rustic cot at Chalfont, and how He who filleth immensity, and whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, dwelt in Joseph's humble cottage. Nor did we forget the fathers of the Connexion, who often had not only dinnerless days, but shelterless nights, who with the key of the street, and nothing else in the pocket, would sometimes turn into a hay-loft and find it Eden in their dreams, and who sometimes had to put up at the Hotel of the Beautiful Star, which is open to all comers, and were hungry enough to have given the great Bear for a slice of bacon, but who in all their wanderings and trials, felt that they were hidden beneath the hollow of the hand of Him, who is the Star of Jacob, and from whom all stars borrow their shining. Thus, with the green turf for their bed, and their only roof the blue bowl of the sky, they lay down to dream of heaven and the promised crown.

Connexional Biography.

REV. JOHN HIRST.

THE Rev. John Hirst was born at Barwick, in Elmet, a village about six miles from Leeds, May 11th, 1803, and died at Sheffield, September 30, 1898. It is not given to many to begin with a century and see almost its end. John Hirst saw the present century when it was only three years old, and he had the distinction of staying in it to within two years and a few months of its close. He was born before the Connexion existed of which he was afterwards to be a respected and useful minister. What a different England—from that we see to-day—was the England of the second decade of this century, when John Hirst toddled along the streets of Barwick, and now and again went sight-

seeing to Leeds; different in all respects, but chiefly in educational matters. The working classes in those days had few privileges, some hardships, and many difficulties. As soon, and long before they were well able, such as John Hirst had to earn their own living in the best way open to them. It is surprising how some faced and conquered difficulties, and by a process of training and discipline became ministers of the Word of God, meeting the requirements of the times, and ministering to the needs of men.

It was no ordinary advantage of our departed friend to have had industrious, frugal, and pious parents, who were decided in their convictions, and generous in their sympathies, and withal, staunch

supporters of the Church of England. Nevertheless, when Providence opened the way they allowed the pioneers of the Connexion to hold religious services in their house. A society class was formed, of which they were among the first members, and under pressure, Mr. Jas. Hirst, the father of this sketch, became the leader; and in this manner they, with others, formed the nucleus of our Church at Barwick.

In these circumstances, John Hirst was a subject of constant religious influence and serious conviction. He was confirmed at the age of fourteen years at Leeds Parish Church. At the age of eighteen, in a cottage prayer meeting, held in his father's house, he felt the uplifting influence of a regenerate life. The young man had a vision of the Lord Jesus, and was obedient to the heavenly call. On a confession of faith in the Saviour, he became a member of our Church. When twenty years of age he was made a local preacher, and entered the itinerancy in the year 1826. Toward the close of this year he left home for Hull, where he had the privilege of staying with the Venerable William Clowes, and to share his bed for sleep. John was delighted with the good man's conversation—chaste, pure, spiritual—and would have talked all night, but the old gentleman quietly reminded him that "he had come to bed to sleep and not to talk." Thus ended the conversation to the young man's great disappointment. One night only with Clowes, then off to Great Driffield, where John Hirst entered upon his life's work. Sweet were the memories, and precious indeed to him were these days. To the last, whenever Driffield was named, his bright and cheerful countenance would glow with delight as pleasant memories were awakened and dwelt upon in conversation.

From Driffield he removed to Bridlington, Filey, and Flambro', with other places sharing his useful labours. He was next appointed to Scotter, in Lincolnshire; afterwards he laboured with considerable success at Thorne, Westgate, Alston, and Leeds, until the year 1830. During this period he did real pioneer work, and at some of the already named places he formed societies. Subsequently he was stationed at Pickering, Barnard Castle, Westgate, and Alston, Kendal, Penrith Mission, Hull, Pontefract, Malton, Nottingham, Chesterfield, Boston, Horncastle, Nottingham (second time), Derby, Rotherham, Leicester, Belper, Chesterfield (second time), Rotherham (second time), Ripley, and Uttoxeter.

The most important social event of John Hirst's life took place when on June 13, 1830, at Leeds Parish Church, he was united in marriage to the only daughter of Robert and Sarah Howson, of Darlington, members of the Society of Friends, the young Quakeress having made her choice to serve God in fellowship with our people. At a proper age she carefully and prayerfully considered

and accepted the offer of marriage; and accordingly she was united in holy wedlock with John Hirst, in the firm conviction and belief that it was of God, and though the action was beset with difficulty and trial, yet the conviction remained with increased strength to the end of life that it was of God. Mrs. Hirst herself was a good preacher, a remarkable class-leader, specially useful in the sick-room, and equal almost to every condition of life. From the home of these two devoted servants of God have come sons and daughters for character, spiritual life, service to the Church, and loyalty to the Connexion, rare and honourable. There are nine children, all of whom are in Church fellowship, two grandsons are in the ministry, the Rev. J. H. Hirst, now of Burnley, and T. Graham, of Stewkley; and two grand-daughters married Wesleyan missionaries and are now in Jamaica. One of the early experiences in Mr. Hirst's married life was to entertain Hugh Bourne in his travels to promote and consolidate the young and growing Church. This he ever looked upon as a distinction and favour to have had such a servant of God in his home and fellowship.

In the year 1861 Mr. Hirst's health gave way, and consequently he was superannuated. It must have been a great source of comfort to him during those long years of retirement to know that, through the whole of his ministry, only one circuit had to report a decrease of members, and even that was accounted for satisfactorily. During these years of forced retirement, according to his strength and opportunity, he did useful work, and was a real help to his brethren in the full work of the ministry. He was always a laborious worker, a good and faithful preacher, an agreeable colleague, a fair business man, an affable friend, and one who thoroughly enjoyed the means of grace. He was a good man, deeply in earnest, loyal to the Connexion, and generous to a fault. In manner he was sober, bright, and cheerful. He possessed a most interesting and natural vein of humour. He had natural tendencies and was physically constituted to be good. He seemed from early life to have been one of those who had scarcely ever gone astray, yet he entertained no fallacy about the Christian life; he was satisfied the words of the Saviour, "Ye must be born again," were as applicable to him as to any one. The Rev. J. Slater says: "It has been my privilege and pleasure to be a personal and intimate friend of the late Rev. J. Hirst for over ten years. I have been in the same class with him for over five years, and as to his regularity of attendance I can bear my testimony. His words also at such meetings were pointed, unctuous, powerful, and mellow. His intense devotion to God and the cause of God, the tenderness of his conscience, his consideration for others, his generous sympathy in cases of need, his dignified and gentlemanly bearing, his influence for good upon his family and

others, I have seldom seen equalled, and never excelled." The Rev. J. Gair writes: "My knowledge of the Rev. John Hirst dates back to September, 1865, when I came to Sheffield First Station as a probationer. Mr. Hirst had been superannuated for a few years, and hence had taken root in Sheffield and become useful in many ways at Bethel Chapel, and in the circuit. He was a model superannuated minister. He attended the official meetings occasionally, and was an influence that made for peace and spiritual progress. Mr. Hirst was an excellent preacher. My experience with him enabled me to understand the power of our old preachers in dealing with the people and leading them to Christ. When I came to John Street as superintendent in 1885 I was pleased to find my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hirst, members of the society at John Street. I had to lift the heavy cross of being their leader. It was always a spiritual feast to hear the rich and mature experience of Mr. Hirst, and to know that never in extreme old age did he lose his child-like trust in God his Saviour. Mr. Hirst lived long, but not too long. In old age he gave a splendid illustration of the way in which God can keep a Christian sweet and wholesome, though he may live to nearly a hundred." The Rev. W. Barker, in a letter of sympathy to the family, says: "When I travelled in Sheffield Fifth Circuit I ever found your father and mother to be high types of all that is Christly and good. The influence of their unostentatious piety has been cherished as a precious memory for over twenty years." From the Rev. J. Bradbury, on behalf of the Sheffield Fifth Circuit, and the Rev. S. A. Baron, for the Ministerial Association of the Nottingham and Sheffield Districts, the following was received: "We rejoice that your father was spared so long, and came to his grave in a ripe old age. We remember with gratitude the years of faithful service he rendered to the Church of his choice during its decades of struggle and conflict, and laborious toil for the conversion of the people on the circuits on which he laboured. His godly life and consistent blameless character, his devoted zeal and earnest piety are a heritage treasured by all who knew him. It is our earnest prayer that the same distinction and zeal and godliness may come to all of us."

The last religious service at which our dear old, and now glorified, friend was present was the class meeting. This means of grace he highly prized and regularly attended until within a few weeks of his death. We heard his last testimony: it was radiant, full of unction, and told in a few choice words. It was a pleasure to see and hear him. He was, indeed, near heaven, without a doubt or fear to trouble him, full of faith and strong in God. By his side sat his faithful daughter Emily, who invariably accompanied him to his class, and since the death of her mother watched with incessant care his every interest.

Death came at last to put a period to those ninety-five years of life and service. Mrs. Stuart, his daughter, said, "Father, you have no fear, have you?" His prompt reply was, "Oh dear, no, to die would be heaven." To the last he found comfort in repeating God's Word, and parts of favourite hymns. When consciousness was failing him, these words were upon his lips:—

"I'll praise my Maker with my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures."

John Hirst had no need in his last hours to make haste. He had long been preparing for his Lord's coming. He had seen the salvation of God, and in peace he departed this life in sure and certain hope of life eternal.

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walks of life,
Quite on the verge of heaven."

Many sympathising friends were present on Monday, Oct. 3, 1898, when our friend's mortal remains was laid to rest in Sheffield General Cemetery. The Revs. Jas. Shaw, J. Bradbury, G. T. Chappell, W. Cutts, J. Slater, S. S. Henshaw, T. Campey, W. Tingle, and W. Barker were present, and took part in the service. On Thursday, November 17, a deeply impressive memorial service was held in John Street Chapel, conducted by the circuit ministers, assisted by the Rev. J. Slater.

JAS. SHAW.

MR. JOHN GIBBONS.

JOHN GIBBONS, whose loss we mourn, was born at Brampton on 14th March, 1829, of humble parentage. He had but little opportunity of gaining much education in his early days.

Speaking of his mother, to whose influence and training he owed very much, he has often been heard to say she was a good woman. On the death of his mother he appears to have lost to some extent the guiding influence of his life, but was mercifully preserved from falling into gross wickedness. When twenty-nine years of age he was convinced of sin. The text which ever after remained engraven upon his memory, was, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." On the following morning before partaking of food, he pulled off his cap as he sat on the boiler edge, and asked a blessing—the first prayer he had put up. The act attracted the notice of one of the workmen, who said, "Hullo, Jack, have you got converted?" To which he replied, "No, but I've got convinced." About a fortnight after this he realised the assurance of his acceptance with God in a class meeting held at Bro. G. Hodgkinson's, singing with all his heart, and realising the

truth fully, "My eternal choice is made—Christ for me." He at once joined the class and remained a consistent member of the Connexion ever since (thirty-nine years). From that time the Bible became his constant companion, for not only did he read it at home, but he kept a copy of the Scriptures in the Pottery in order that he might consult its sacred pages in his spare moments. He also at once took his place in the Sunday School, and, in spite of his lack of early education, by astutely employing the elder children in the class to correct the younger ones, and directing those who knew their letters to spell their own names in the alphabet, he successfully overcame difficulties until he gradually rose to the higher classes in the school. He has often said that when he first entered the school, he looked upon the post of superintendent of the school as a most honourable and dignified position, and resolved in his own mind that by the grace of God he would qualify himself to fill it at some time—which position at the time of his death he had filled most honourably and usefully for the long space of thirty-one years. His love for the school and the work of teaching the young was a love that stood second only to the love he had for his family and his home. Through the whole of the years he has not been known to be absent from his post except in the case of affliction, and the one Sunday in the year which he playfully used to call his holiday Sunday, but even on that day he would be with the teachers and scholars in spirit. The International lesson for the Sunday was always carefully read through many times during the week, and by the aid of the "Teachers' Assistant," notes were made on the lesson. His regularity and punctuality of attendance were such that it has been said by a person living on the road to the school, that he was accustomed to set his clock on the Sunday morning by Mr. Gibbons passing the window on his way to the school. The last occasion of his leaving home was a visit to the school about a fortnight before his death, and although suffering from the terrible pain of cancer in the mouth, he took his place as the superintendent, and opened the service of the Bourne League (the senior part of the school), and would have made the distribution of the prizes given for attendance, but the difficulty he experienced in speaking so as to be clearly understood, and the pain he suffered was so great that he was compelled to relinquish the task, and the secretary requested the son, Mr. John Gibbons, Junr., who was present, to undertake the work. The prize due to himself was handed to him by Mr. Henry Lowe, who made some touching references to the work he had done, and the deep sympathy the members of the League had for him in his affliction, and thus he fitly completed the work which had been the work of his life, the joy of his heart, and returned home to await the summons of the Master to the reward of the faithful worker which came a few days later.

Besides the work of the school, he filled many other offices of trust and usefulness in the church, having been school treasurer for many years, a successful class-leader for twenty-two years, and an active trustee of several chapels in the circuit.

In his business relations with men he was strictly honest, upright, and reliable. Some of the merchants with whom he did business have written letters of condolence to the widow and family in which they express their high appreciation of his integrity. Whilst the respect he had gained in the neighbourhood was amply testified to by the fact that Messrs. Robinson and Co., as a testimony of their esteem and respect, closed their large works for an hour on the day of the funeral to allow their numerous workpeople to attend the service held at the chapel.

But if it is true that a man is what he is at home, we find that our deceased brother's home-life bore ample testimony to the genuineness of his Christian profession. In his attention to Church matters he did not forget his duties as the head of the household. The family altar was no strange thing in his home, nor were his family prayers so long and tedious as to have an injurious rather than a beneficial influence on the children. He once said to me: "My children never had their knees ache because of my long prayers at the family altar." He had a good natural perception of the most prudent course to take with children, and well knew that a short prayer at such a time was most likely to effect its object. The 103rd Psalm was a great favourite with him, and was frequently selected for the Sunday morning reading, after which it was his custom to pray for his wife and his children by name until the grandchildren came upon the scene, claiming a share, when the general petition, "Bless the children" took its place; but as one of the family says, "He little knew that he himself was the greatest blessing they could have, and that the fear of giving him pain was the greatest restraint they knew."

He delighted in close meditation with God, and in the first half hour of the morning before opening his place of business, as he sat in his chair before the fire with his Bible and his God, he gathered the heavenly manna for the daily strength of his soul.

His generosity of heart was very great, and not even his dearest friends will ever know how much he gave to help the needy and the suffering. The poor, the widow, and the fatherless have been heard to say, "I shall miss John Gibbons." He undoubtedly had his faults and imperfections, which is but to say he was human; none knew of these more than himself, but his trust was alone in the merits of his Saviour, and the blood which cleanseth whiter than snow.

About a year before his death he was stricken with a severe affliction, but in answer to prayer and by the blessing of God upon the means used, he recovered. A short time ago cancer in the mouth developed,

and his sufferings were most excruciating, but he bore them all with the greatest patience and Christian fortitude, and frequently by the exertion of his great will power restrained the manifestations of suffering lest he should increase the pain of his relatives around him. The Lord in His great mercy, however, graciously took him to Himself before the full and terrible effects of the cancer had developed, and thus avoided the outward disfigurement of the face which must undoubtedly have taken place had he lived much longer, and have intensified his sufferings, and given increased sorrow to his relatives and friends. A few days before his death, speaking to his eldest daughter, he said: "Mary Ann, I am going home; I have won my prize." She replied, "I wish, father, I were going," when he answered, "You can't go yet, my lass, you must win the prize. It will take a lot of struggling for and praying for." On Thursday he wanted the window opening that the angels might come in, and would not be appeased until the door was opened, when he said, as his face lit up with holy joy, "They have come, and Jesus is with them." Having prayed earnestly for his wife and family, the last words he was heard to utter were a prayer for his loved Church, "God bless Mount Zion." On the Saturday morning, January 16, he passed away without a struggle or a moan, the spirit in its flight leaving a sweet smile upon the lips as they closed in death. Many are the testimonies to his worth, from which a few selections might be given. A former minister writes: "He was a good man, an earnest worker, a zealous supporter, and an efficient official." A friend, in a beautifully touching letter, says: "Looking at what he accomplished in a quiet homely way, we feel that life is worth living, and that the greatest happiness we can have comes from the joy of service."

On Tuesday, January 19th, the funeral service was conducted in the Mount Zion Chapel, which was filled in every part, the organist playing, "O rest in the Lord," as the coffin was borne in. The ministers taking part in the ceremony being Rev. M. B. Stamp, the superintendent of the circuit, Rev. J. Lockhart, of Chesterfield First, and Rev. S. Barker, of Clay Cross. At the close of the service, "The Dead March in Saul" was played whilst the coffin was removed, the Rev. M. B. Stamp taking the service at the grave-side in St. Thomas' Churchyard, where the body of our deceased brother rests until the morning of the resurrection. On Sunday evening, February 14th, the memorial sermon was preached by Rev. M. B. Stamp to a crowded and deeply moved congregation, from Acts xi. 24. "A good man and full of the Holy Ghost."

MISS MARY SALT.

PRESTON BROOK SOCIETY, in the Preston Brook Circuit, has suffered a severe loss by the death of Miss M. Salt. Her earthly day ebbed out on

November 14th. She had attained the ripe age of ninety years when her promotion to the higher service of heaven took place. Her connection with our Church at Preston Brook dated from about 1820, and for above seventy years she was an energetic and consistent member. She lived with her cousin, (Mr. W. M. Salt), who for over half a century was an indefatigable worker in the capacities of class-leader, local preacher, and circuit steward. He took great interest in aggressive work, and spared neither time nor money to extend the Redeemer's Kingdom among men. His death took place in 1882. The principal part of his estate was left for the benefit of his cousin during her lifetime, and at her death a considerable sum comes to the circuit for evangelistic work. The old home is quite historic. It was a constant resort of Hugh Bourne and William Clowes when out in the district on preaching excursions. Miss Salt had very vivid and correct recollections of the person, work, and sayings of those holy men of God. Her decease will appeal to a large circle of ministers and laymen, as hundreds have enjoyed her hearty and liberal hospitality. No tribute that we can bear to her memory will be too great. She was a fine specimen of womanhood. Her life was charged with a tenderness and gentleness which irresistibly enchained you. There was no parade or ostentation about her, it was a quiet, deep, spiritual life. You never heard complainings or faultfindings, she was always looking for the good properties, never trying to make life more difficult by carping criticism, but endeavouring to make life easier and better by kind words, sound wisdom, and the influence of a life hid with Christ in God. It would require the pen of a ready writer to adequately describe her life. The predominant feature in her life was pure-mindedness. Her mind was constantly occupied by exalted thought, and it was seen in the utter unselfishness, deep piety, transparent character of her life. Loyalty to the Church that led her to Christ stood out prominently. In this her life was exemplary in a high degree. She was not one to shirk responsibility, but ever ready to shoulder it. While she lived her generous hospitality was ever at the disposal of God's servants; and her liberality pure and unstinted. Our sister knew why she was a Christian. She had a settled hope in her heart. Her great concern was to carry out the Scriptural injunction, "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." In accordance with her own wish her mortal remains were conveyed and laid to rest in Ellaston Churchyard, Staffs. A memorial service was conducted by the Rev. W. Moore, and was largely attended. We pray God to comfort the bereaved relatives. May the preciousness of her memory incite us to emulate her saintly character.

W. MOORE.

Literary Notices.

The Starry Crown. A Sketch of the Life-Work of Harriett E. H. Urmiston. Edited by the Rev. George Everard, M.A. With portraits and illustrations. (5s.) Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

How varied are the fields of Christian service! To some it is given to cultivate but a narrow plot of ground, while to others the field is only limited by the limits of their far-extended travels. So it was with Mrs. Urmiston. As the wife of Colonel Urmiston, himself a devoted Christian, she spent five-and-twenty of the best years of her life in India. Beginning as a cadet in the East India Company's service, Colonel Urmiston was soon transferred to the civil department. In 1854, he became assistant commissioner in the Punjab, and until 1875, when he retired, he was in charge of various important districts. During the anxious times of the Indian Mutiny Colonel Urmiston was political commissioner at the court of the Maharajah of Kashmir, and, under circumstances of exceptional difficulty, succeeded in keeping the Maharajah loyal to the British crown. Mrs. Urmiston shared the experiences of her husband, and thus was "in journeyings often." We get many vivid glimpses of Anglo-Indian and native life in these pages, and although, in regard to the former, it may be true that frivolity and amusement largely prevail on the stations, yet it is cheering to find that true earnest religion has its witnesses amongst the officers, (civil and military), and soldiers and their families. And truly, Anglo-Indians, of all people, should take serious views of life and its responsibilities, if for no other reason than that their hold of life is, as these pages show, a very uncertain one. While in India, and especially while at Rawal Pindee and Murree between 1868 and 1874, Mrs. Urmiston did a good work amongst the soldiers as well as amongst those of her own class. In fact she became a preacher of no mean order. The impression she made upon her hearers and her influence were still further deepened by her more private endeavours to do good constantly carried on. She visited hospitals, military prisons, orphan asylums; she held drawing-room meetings, would talk about good things with a knot of soldiers on the road, and would arrange for the guest to be placed by her side at table whom she thought she could help into the light. No wonder that officers spoke of her with reverence and admiration, and that many of the private soldiers would willingly have died for her. Her enthusiasm in Christian service showed no abatement when with her husband she returned to England. Until she fell the first victim of the typhoid epidemic at Maidstone on Sept. 4, 1898, she was incessantly engaged in work for the Master.

Frequently she addressed upwards of fifty meetings in a single year in various parts on behalf of the women of India. Between 1878 and 1879 she gave thirteen addresses at Mile End Assembly Hall, each time to 1,600 people. She laboured amongst soldiers at Portsea, Gosport and Aldershot; she went on missions to the rural districts, and assiduously worked her own parish district.

Mrs. Urmiston's Christianity was of a very robust and attractive type. Though a true Churchwoman all her life, she had no sympathy with the errors and vagaries of ritualism, and on the other hand she was in heartiest sympathy with Evangelical Christianity wherever found. If one could but feel that the Church of England had an increasing number of adherents within her pale of the type of Colonel and Mrs. Urmiston, it would, in these ominous times, give us a better hope of that Church's future.

For the Lord's Table. A Book of Communion Addresses. By the REV. CHARLES JERDAN, M.A., LL.B. (5s.) Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier, Edinburgh and London.

IN Scotland Sacramental occasions continue to be, as they have so long been, solemn and inspiring seasons. In this goodly volume we have no less than fifty Sacramental addresses brought together. And yet we fail to notice any sameness or repetition. The variety and freshness so observable confirm the author's words: "It is not too much to say, indeed, that in the number and variety of its uses the Holy Supper stands pre-eminent among Christian institutions." We have read with interest the two addresses on "The Lord's Supper, a Seal," and "The Real Presence." Mr. Jerdan may not go as far as Drs. Dale or Forsyth in his explication of these aspects of the Lord's Supper. More than once Mr. Jerdan seems to insist that the Lord's Supper is a divinely appointed memorial of an *absent* Saviour; but, as he is careful to show, if there is in this ordinance "a real absence, there is also a real presence," it is clear that it is the corporeal presence of Christ alone that is wanting. Reality surely must be predicated of that spiritual presence of Christ which, as he observes, is "the glory of the Festival."

The Doctrine of the Lord's Supper Cleared from Certain Misconceptions. By JOHN JAMES STEWART PEROWNE, D.D., Lord Bishop of Worcester. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C. THE Bishop of Worcester's volume comes at an opportune moment, and is very welcome. It shows there are some Abdiels still left on the Episcopal bench who are not afraid to speak out in the present

crisis, and who unite learning with faithfulness to primitive and Protestant truth. Dr. Perowne's contention in this book—and the contention is supported by valuable Appendices, giving the views of the standard divines of the Established Church on the true nature of the Lord's Supper—is that “the doctrines of the Real Presence and the Sacrifice in the Eucharist, *as they are now commonly taught* by too many clergymen, by some men of learning and position in the Church of England, are contrary to God's Holy Word, have no support in primitive antiquity, and are at variance with the plain teaching of the Church of England.” Dr. Perowne deals also with such questions as the Eastward Position; Evening Communion; Fast-day Communion; Daily Communion and Non-Communicating Attendance. In each case he takes a common-sense and non-superstitious view. But such questions as these stir only a languid interest in the minds of Nonconformists.

A Commentary on the First Epistle of St. John. In the Form of Addresses. By ERNST DRYANDER, D. Th. Translated and Edited by Rev. W. O. E. Oesterley, M.A. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C.

THIS is a devotional commentary that may be unreservedly commended. The addresses are spiritual and searching. It is clear that Dr. Dryander is an eloquent preacher; it is equally clear that the book owes considerably to the translator, who has rendered it into admirable English. It is to be wished that the Commentary may fall into the hands of those for whom it is intended, viz.—to use the translator's words—“The serious-minded, the thoughtful, to whom religion—*i.e.*, the bond between them and their God—is the most important thing on earth, and who therefore read religious books with the *heart* as well as with the mind.”

The Holy Land in Geography and in History. (Two Volumes.) By TOWNSEND MACCOUN, M.A., Member of the American Historical Association, Fellow of the American Geographical Society. (7s.) S. W. Partridge and Co., 8 and 9, Paternoster Row, E.C.

THESE books have been especially designed to meet the needs of Sunday School teachers and religious instructors generally. The most striking and valuable feature about these books is the maps and plates, one hundred and forty-five in number, the accuracy of which is guaranteed by the fact that they are largely taken from the survey maps of the Palestine Exploration Fund, and which are exceedingly well executed. The text accompanying these maps is brief and suggestive, and in the book on geography the references to the latest discoveries, both scientific and archæological, are especially valuable. The many references to, and quotations from, other writers of repute will also greatly help

any one who desires to follow up certain lines of inquiry.

Light on the Weary Path. A continuation of “*Rifted Clouds.*” The Life Story of Bella Cooke. A Record of Loving-Kindness and Tender Mercies. Edited by the Rev. Joseph Pullman, D.D. (3s. 6d.) Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

IT is fifteen years since “*Rifted Clouds*” was given to the world, and abundant testimony is forthcoming as to the influence for good that story of conquest over pain and weakness has produced on many minds. Of the English issue we learn that four editions have been called for. “*Light on the Weary Path*” is the continuation of “*Rifted Clouds,*” and, so far as we know, Mrs. Cooke's life-story is not yet ended. But who is Bella Cooke, and wherein lies the charm and power of her life? The answer can soon be given. For forty-one years she has been confined to her room and bed; but though a confirmed invalid, and one of God's “shut-ins,” her calmness, cheerfulness and joy through all these years of chamber-imprisonment often accompanied with great pain have been such as would be remarkable, even in those who should possess unbroken health and all outward advantages. The shining of her countenance but manifests the peace dwelling within. Nor is this all: what makes her experience almost paradoxical is that, despite her physical suffering and helplessness, she has been through all these years a tireless worker for the good of others. Constantly and methodically she has distributed amongst the poor the money that has been sent her for philanthropic purposes. She has cared for poor children and for the unfortunate and distressed. To her bright room, as to a temple, people of all classes and of all creeds have come by many hundreds in the course of the year to catch inspiration from her words and presence. It is a wonderful story altogether, a story telling of the power of Divine grace in and over weakness and suffering. To most of us such a story will come as a rebuke as well as an encouragement.

A Handbook for the Methodist New Connexion, containing Information of its Doctrines, Ministers, Churches, Institutions, Legal Relations, etc. Prepared by order of Conference by W. J. TOWNSEND, D.D. (1s. 6d.) Geo. Burroughs, 30, Fumival Street, Holborn.

WE have for some time been acquainted with the late Rev. W. Baggaly's “*Digest of the Minutes, Institutions, etc., of the Methodist New Connexion,*” (1861 and 1876), and have often wished that as a Connexion we had a book of like character. Dr. Townsend's Handbook largely follows the lines adopted in the “*Digest,*” though, owing to the necessity of compression, some interesting informa-

tion has had to be omitted. Amongst the features of the Handbook which make it extremely useful are an Alphabetical Arrangement of Ministers and their Circuits; List of Deceased Ministers with the year in which they began their ministry and the year in which they died; Consecutive Conferences, with the names of the President and Secretary of each, and a brief record of anything for which the Conference was most noteworthy. We have also the names of those who have been Guardian Representatives since the year 1846, when the Deed Poll of the Connexion was adopted; also the names of those who have served on the Stationing Committee since 1803. In addition to this valuable historical information, all needful particulars are given as to the progress of the Connexion, its Committees, Institutions, etc. Lastly, we have information of a legal character, and various Forms of Service. We congratulate our New Connexion friends on having such a complete and handy compend, and wish that we could be similarly congratulated.

The Master's Blesseds. By J. R. MILLER, D.D. (2s. 6d.) Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

FRESH works from the pen of Dr. Miller are always welcome for the cheer and inspiration they ever contain. This devotional study of the Beatitudes is no exception. The reader will, in these simple expositions find comfort and help in his strivings to attain the true Christian character as set forth by Christ in these golden sentences. Special mention must be made of the excellent printing and binding of this book. Each page has an exceedingly tasteful decorative border in a pale delicate shade of mauve, which give a pleasing effect to the book.

Songs of Hope and Love. By T. W. PITT. (2s. 6d.) S. W. Partridge and Co., 8 and 9, Paternoster Row, E.C.

MUCH pleasure will be derived from these poems by any one who is fond of verse. They show depth of feeling and keen observation of nature and things. Their key-note is that of hope and faith. Many passages like the following may be met with, showing the writer's deep faith in the all-powerful goodness and Fatherhood of God.

"Thank God! We know that everything
Together works for one great good;
The nights of pain and sorrow bring
The morning's joyous plenitude."

Seven Strong Towers: The Refuge for Weak and Suffering Friends, to whom this little Book is dedicated. By LADY ALICIA BLACKWOOD. (1s., postage 3d.) Palestine House, Bodney Road, Hackney Downs, London, N.E.

THE self-righteous, and the strong and successful, may find little in this book to attract them, though

even they will meet nothing in its pages to repel. It is, however, specially designed for the weak and suffering who, perhaps, have for long "named the name of the Lord," but who now in the time of their depression and need, would fain find the Name of the Lord to be a strong Tower. Then in the chamber of sickness, or in the retirement of the closet, this book will point the way to strength and comfort. The "Seven Strong Towers" alluded to in the title are the sevenfold names of Jehovah, viz., Jehovah Jireh—the Lord will provide; Jehovah Rophi—the Lord that healeth thee; Jehovah Nissi—the Lord my Banner; Jehovah Mekaddish-Kem—the Lord that doth sanctify you; Jehovah Tsidkenu—the Lord our Righteousness; Jehovah Shammah—the Lord is there. The book is most copious in its references to Scripture, and every such reference is clearly indicated in the margin. A volume like this is not to be criticised, but to be used. It has its mission, and the thing is to get it into the hands of those to whom it will come as a blessing.

Echoes from the Old Evangel. By F. HARPER, M.A., Rector of Hinton Waldrist, Faringdon. John F. Shaw and Co., 48, Paternoster Row, E.C.

MR. HARPER here gives us seventeen very short sermons that are intensely evangelical in teaching and spirit; homely in style and abounding in illustrations borrowed, with due acknowledgment, from writers belonging to all the Churches. We might call them "sermonettes" were it not that that word somehow reminds us of a "preacherette." But probably it is a more difficult thing to write an effective ten minutes' sermon than one four times as long. In his preface Mr. Harper gives his views on preaching. With Alexander Macleod he holds that the sermon "admits the highest and the homeliest we can bring." He believes that "people were never so eager to listen as they are to-day," and that "from the human side, sympathy is the preacher's golden key." High, homely, sympathetic, are words that appropriately enough describe these talks on Gospel themes.

Robert Hardy's Seven Days. A Dream and Its Consequences. By CHARLES M. SHELDON. (1s.) S. W. Partridge and Co., 8 and 9, Paternoster Row.

GIVEN a Church member—free from all vices, but utterly selfish—who in a dream looks into the face of eternity and wakes with the conviction that he has but seven days to live—how will he spend these precious seven days? How far will his relations to his family, the Church and his employes, all of whom he has sadly neglected, be altered? These are the questions Mr. Sheldon sets himself to answer in a way that grips the reader. After his dream, or whatever it was, Robert Hardy be-

came a new man, as wife and children, pastors and railway-shopmen found out. The week was a crowded one. Robert Hardy put much into it, and God, by unexpected Providences, put still more. One thing we should like to know—Was Robert Hardy's presentiment realised? When the week was gone, and twelve o'clock struck, "he continued kneeling there, nearer God than he had ever been in all his life before." This is how the book ends. Does the ending mean life or death? It may mean either, for all, even those we call dead, "live unto Him." Still, we think Robert Hardy got up from his knees. There is a strong family likeness among all Mr. Sheldon's books, but in our judgment, "Robert Hardy's Seven Days" is nowise inferior to "In His Steps."

We have received from Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co., Warwick House, Salisbury Square, E.C., copies of Mr. Sheldon's popular book—*His Brother's Keeper*. We have already referred to the book in these columns, and, therefore, content ourselves with giving the prices of the various forms in which the book is presented by the publishers. It may be purchased in Wrapper, (6d.); Ornamental Cloth, (1s.); Large Crown 8vo, Cloth gilt, (1s. 6d.); Large Crown 8vo, Full gilt, Gilt edges, (2s. 6d.); and Demy 8vo, Full gilt, Gilt edges, (3s. 6d.)

Cressy and Poitiers; or, The Story of the Black Prince's Page. By J. G. EDGAR. Illustrated by Powell Chase and Others. Ward, Lock and Co., Warwick House, Salisbury Square, E.C.

A REPRINT of Mr. J. G. Edgar's famous historical novel of the days of Edward and the Black Prince, from the year 1344 to the death of the Black Prince in 1376. The story is vividly told by a page in the Black Prince's service. This page himself has a romantic family history, interwoven with that of many of the most famous personages in that famous reign. Stirring events follow each other in such quick succession, and are so vividly portrayed, that the reader is almost bewildered. Special attention has been paid to the printing and binding of this re-issue, and the result is more than satisfactory. The paper is of excellent quality, and the many illustrations good.

The Pilgrim's Progress. (1d.) E. Marlborough and Co., 51, Old Bailey, E.C.

AN entirely unabridged edition of both the first and second parts of "The Pilgrim's Progress" for one penny. It is moreover, enriched with one hundred illustrations.

The Pearl of the Antilles. By REV. GEO. LESTER. Charles Kelly, 2, Castle Street, City Road, E.C. A BRIEF but comprehensive survey of Cuba—its scenery, its people, its religion and its customs. Though the booklet contains only thirty-two pages, after reading it and studying the beautiful illustrations—taken from photographs—the reader will find that his knowledge and ideas of "the most beautiful land that eye ever beheld" have been considerably extended.

The Connexional Outlook.

BY THE REV. J. ATRINSON.

—The Hull churches are manifesting a considerable spirit of enterprise just now, and are working for the common good in closer union and association. There is a movement to make West Street a mission centre, in the working of which all the stations, through the Church Council, will take an interest. The Chapel Extension Scheme, too, is quietly making headway. This is an effort in common among the stations in Hull to meet the needs of the rapidly extending suburbs of the town. A United Communion Service was arranged for Good Friday, and on the last day of March the Hull churches belonging to the various stations gathered round the Lord's Table in the Old West Street Chapel. In furtherance of promoting a common fellowship it is proposed to institute a weekly prayer meeting in one of the central chapels for all the members of our churches in Hull. We regard these various arrangements for common

fellowship and work with much satisfaction. In the large towns where we have several stations, we suffer from isolation. In more than one town we could mention the collective and united energy of our churches might, if brought to bear upon aggressive and other aspects of our Connexional work, make our presence in these towns a greater power for good. The example our friends in Hull are setting of common fellowship in the churches of the various stations in the town for intensifying the power and influence of spiritual life, and promoting various modes of aggressive work, is well worth following.

* * *

—The Retford Station has experienced quite a Pentecostal visitation, and the churches have been quickened into enlarged life and power, and many have been turned to the Lord. For some time past a gracious work had been in progress, but on

February 19th, signs and wonders, such as had not been witnessed for years, were seen in Retford. After the morning service on that Sabbath, well-nigh the whole congregation remained for prayer and praise and personal consecration to God. A baptism of the Spirit, such as none present had experienced, fell upon them, and they rejoiced and wept together under the rich and powerful influence that rested upon them. A similar gracious experience was realised in the school in the afternoon, and some forty or more of the scholars were converted. The same powerful influence was felt in the P.S.A. meeting, and here again many sought and found the Lord. A large open-air meeting was held before the evening service, and people crowded to the chapel. At the prayer meeting after the usual service the chapel was insufficient to accommodate those who remained, and resort had to be made to the schoolroom. Many cases of conversion were recorded. During the day some sixty or more persons professed to obtain salvation. The good work has extended to Worksop and other places in the station, and the churches are rejoicing in renewed life and power.

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—The annual meeting of the Hull Young People's African Missionary Association has been quite a success this year. This result is largely due to the enthusiasm and energy of the local secretary, Mr. S. B. Whitby, who spares neither time nor labour to make this gathering a success. This year the Mayor of the Borough, a respected member of the Wesleyan Church, gave a luncheon and reception in the Town Hall, at which a considerable number were present. It is pleasing to find gentlemen in high civic positions recognising in this way the common value of Christian work, for the Mayor made it understood that it was the catholicity of spirit he cherished, and not regard for any special form of ecclesiasticism, that led him thus to welcome to the town those whose work was making for what was good and righteous and true in national life. The ladies' meeting in the afternoon was well attended, though the weather was rather unpleasant. Mrs. Smith, the wife of the President, occupied the chair, and directed proceedings with consummate grace and ability. At the evening meeting, at which every available nook and corner in Jarratt Street Chapel was occupied, the Vice-President of Conference filled the chief seat. The various speakers felt the inspiration of the large and sympathetic audience, but it was evident they were the subjects of a still higher influence, for their words were indeed at once powerful and persuasive. The financial result was £182; the highest figure yet reached in connection with this Association. But to this there has to be added the deeper sympathy with missionary work produced, and the intenser zeal and enthusiasm for its support evoked. The financial result, valuable as that may be, is not,

after all, the most valuable result of such meetings as were held in Jarratt Street Chapel on that somewhat unfavourable February Monday.

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—A splendid testimony to the excellent training received by the children in the Connexional Orphanage is given in the numerous applications for the services of the young people who may be ready to leave the Institution. Far more applications are received than can be granted. At the recent meeting of the committee it was reported that two boys had left for good situations. Both bore excellent characters. Applications are frequently made by persons who are anxious to adopt some of the children, but respecting this matter the committee have to move with caution. The law in relation to such adoptions is by no means clear and satisfactory, so that hitherto such proposals have had to be declined. Advice is being sought, both in relation to law and experience, but the prudence of permitting such adoptions is more than doubtful.

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—The Rev. J. Msikinya, who is expected to arrive in England this month from South Africa, and who will be present at the May Missionary Meeting, will utilise his visit, with the sanction of Conference, to raise funds for the erection of a new native church in Aliwal North. There can be little doubt about the Conference sanction, and we hope there may be no more doubt respecting the sympathy and support which Mr. Msikinya's appeal will meet with in our churches.

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—The Rev. N. Boocock, who with his wife recently left this country for the West Coast of Africa, has been greatly cheered, not only by the welcome he received from the natives at Archibongville, but by the readiness with which they have united in assisting him in the repairing of the Church. They have shown a willing hand for work. But he has been still more encouraged by the many applications he has received from attendants upon the mission services to be received into membership by baptism. This is a splendid testimony to the labour and service of his predecessors. Evidently they have not laboured in vain, nor spent their strength for nought. Mrs. Boocock has had her first experience of African fever, but has quite recovered, and is falling in admirably with the new conditions of life in which she finds herself, and proving a valuable helper to her husband in his work. To Mr. Boocock, of course, there is not much strange or new in the situation.

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—In Santa Isabel the effort that had been made annually in support of the Mission Fund has been in abeyance for a few years past. A new church has had to be provided, and the annual effort has

been devoted to this purpose. The church, which has cost for building and fencing some £1,143, is now completely paid for, and this year the special effort goes to the Mission Fund. The services were held early this year, the Rev. G. E. Wiles, of San Carlos, assisting Mr. Fairley, the resident missionary. The meetings were well attended, a gracious influence rested upon them, and the financial result was 960 dollars. This sum is in advance of the sum produced by the effort of last year. The amount suffers in value owing to the depreciation of the Spanish dollar. Prior to the war between Spain and America, five Spanish dollars were equal to £1 English currency. Now, however, it takes six to make £1, so that instead of reckoning, as it would have done before the war, at £192, it now reckons at only £160. Still, this is a good sum to be raised by this African Mission Church, and shows some considerable willingness to contribute by extra effort to the Fund by which the Mission is to some extent sustained.

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—Elmfield College maintains the high reputation it has won, and continues among the foremost colleges of its class. At the College of Preceptors' Examination last Christmas, Elmfield sent up forty-eight candidates—six in the first class, seven in the second, and thirty-five in the third—and they all passed. In twelve of the subjects the boys took fifty-seven distinctions, showing that in these subjects more than three-fourths of the maximum number of marks had been gained in each of the fifty-seven cases. Among the male candidates, thirty-eight gained honours, and of the thirty-eight, four were Elmfield boys, taking respectively the third, fourth, thirteenth and fifteenth places. In this examination seventeen prizes are usually awarded amongst the candidates, male and female, and of the seventeen, Elmfield took four, the first and second for Natural Science, the first for Mathematics, and the fourth for general proficiency. No other college obtained more than three, and no other college gained so many firsts. Since 1884, Elmfield has gained twenty-five prizes at the Christmas examinations of the College of Preceptors, and with this record it stands ahead of all colleges of its class in the Kingdom. With a record like this it is no wonder that members of other Churches send their boys to Elmfield. It would be a wonder if they did not. The surprise is that more of our own people don't avail themselves of this excellent institution for the education of their boys. The moral and religious influence exercised over the boys is quite equal to the attention bestowed upon their education.

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—There is great need of a fund for assisting our churches in many of the seaside resorts that are springing up on the Lincolnshire, Essex, and Kent

coasts, and along the Southern coast of the Kingdom as well. We could mention a score places and more, where our efforts are comparatively unproductive owing to the small and inconvenient places of worship we have. The Missionary Committee receive numerous applications for aid, but are compelled to reply to them by an acknowledgment of inability. This is greatly to be regretted, as these places are frequented by an increasing number of our friends year by year. If the revenue of the General Missionary Fund could be put up some six or eight thousand pounds a year, something might be done in the direction indicated, and there is no reason why the revenue should not increase by this amount. Surely, if in 1876 the churches could send £15,000 or more to the General Treasurer, there cannot be much difficulty in the Connexion, with its increased wealth, sending £16,000 or £18,000 a year to the Fund in 1899. There can be no question about the ability, all that is needed is the will to do it.

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—The rules prepared by the Registrar General for working the Marriage Act of 1898 are now ready, and may be obtained through any bookseller for some twopence halfpenny, or from the Book-room by post for threepence. It is very necessary that those who in any place will be responsible for working the Act should carefully consider these rules. The trustees or managing committee of the building in which the Act may be adopted will be required to provide a fire-proof safe in which to keep the register, books, and other documents, which can only be used for the one chapel for which they are issued. No such requirement as this is insisted upon in connection with State Church places of worship. Then there must be an authorised person who is responsible for attending at any marriage in any of our places of worship where the Act is adopted, and this person is required to fulfil his appointed duties subject to penalty in case of failure; and he must at his own expense provide the forms of marriage certificates, for which, of course, he can charge some two-and-sixpence. Before any person accepts this position he will need to make himself acquainted with these rules, for his work will be by no means easy, nor will his responsibilities be light. The Act as a whole is a very questionable gain, and does not by any means remove the difference between the Established Church and Nonconformists in relation to marriage which has been so objectionable. The proper and logical solution of the case was not to dispense with the Registrar, but to require him as the servant of the State, to attend all marriages in the Established Church and Free Churches alike. That would have made both equal—while this Act simply changes the form of inequality but does not remove it.

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—Young men ready to undertake the work of the ministry are by no means scarce in the Connexion. The Board appointed to conduct the preliminary examinations have held a session at each of the three centres decided upon at the last Conference. Sixty candidates presented themselves, eight of whom failed to satisfy the examiners. One was declined on account of health, and the other seven owing to their backward education. Stations would act wisely in exercising a little more prudence and care in recommending men. Fifty-one, however, go on to the second examination, the result of which will be known towards the end of May. It is not likely that more than some twenty will be needed by the Conference, certainly not more than thirty, so that a considerable number will have to stand over, and unless they give a fair degree of promise of fitness and suitability for the work, the greatest kindness would be to recommend them to abide by their employment. If a candidate is young and has capacity, why, let him apply himself to study and local work, and come up again; but the practice of permitting men to hang on year after year and then dropping them is by no means satisfactory. If age or inefficiency, or any other cause renders a man's chance remote, it will be better to tell him so at once. This preliminary examination is considered a little too easy. The minimum number of marks at present is fifty, the maximum one hundred. It is proposed to raise the minimum to sixty, and so make the first stage a rather stiffer test of what a man is.

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—The returns from the New Zealand District have reached the General Committee in good time. The District Meeting was held on Jan. 12th, and the returns have been promptly sent on. The increase in the membership is 152. Last year it was 185, so this district is evidently making steady progress. In all other respects, we understand, the district is reported prosperous. A step has been taken by the annual meeting of this district that will give rise to more than one opinion. It has been decided to make total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors a condition of membership in the Church. The proposal was not carried unanimously, which would certainly have been a great recommendation, but by a considerable majority, twenty-six to eleven. The Conference will be asked to sanction this proposal, and as the Colonies have in matters ecclesiastical practically Home Rule, and the proposal relates to the New Zealand District alone, it is probable the Conference will sanction it. Upon a question of this kind relating to a business which has the sanction of law, greater unanimity would have been desirable. There was certainly more than two to one in favour, but a three-fourths majority, or better still, a four-fifths, would have given greater promise of peace and permanency. A considerable minority upon such a question is by no means desirable. However, we hope all may go well. The result will be watched with some interest. New Zealand is certainly endeavouring on several questions to show the world the pace.

The Wider Outlook.

—Episcopacy appears to be making some headway north of the Tweed, though, of course, such is the irony of geographical ecclesiasticism, that in Scotland it is a Nonconforming body. A rather delicate question arises here. Nonconformity south of the border means to the Established Church schism: what then can Nonconformity to the Established Church north of the border mean? Evidently geography cannot be determinative of a true Church. However, be that as it may, Episcopacy thrives to some extent amongst our northern fellow countrymen. The report of this Church recently issued, shows an increase in membership of 3,905, and of communicants of 1,450. This is a curious distinction between members of the Church and communicants, and no light is shed upon the difference. Are these Church members in some sense on trial, and simply on the way to become communicants—a sort of catechumen body under training for the higher position of communicants? We give it up. The funds of the Church have also

improved by some £4,758, so that voluntarism in Episcopacy when free from State trammels works not amiss. Surely the Episcopal Church south of the Tweed need not tremble at the prospect of disestablishment and disendowment. An endowment based upon the affection of the people is better than one based upon subserviency to the State. It seems, too, that the ecclesiastical differences which divide Episcopalians in England divide them also in Scotland. A pronounced ritualism exists along with an outspoken evangelicalism in the Scottish Episcopal Church, and though some of the bishops have declared their purpose to suppress the irregularities of ritual which have crept into the Scottish Church, they have taken no effective steps in this direction. It appears as if both "schools" may be comprehended in a non-established Church, though it is probable that disestablishment in England might alter the relations of the two "schools" in Scotland, and lead them to drift apart.

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—The movement for uniting the two non-established Presbyterian Churches in Scotland proceeds steadily if slowly. The Joint Committee is making progress in adjusting the various details that require attention to make things move smoothly. The satisfactory arrangement of Presbyteries and Synods, and the constitution of the General Assembly of the United Church, as well as a multitude of considerations of less moment, are being carefully thought out by the committee, and it is anticipated that by the month of May matters may be so forwarded as to afford hope that the union may be consummated in 1900, and so make the first year of the twentieth century an epochal year.

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—There are better times in store for the children in the manufacturing districts, though no thanks are due to the present Government for this. At the Berlin Congress, when the question of child labour was internationally considered, this country, with Lord Salisbury in power then as he is now, pledged itself to raise the school age of children to twelve years. It was then ten, and some thousands of children were employed in factories, and in other ways, part of the day, and were at school the other part, though, as in the case of factory children, as labour had the first half of the day, the schooling was, of course, at a disadvantage. With some difficulty the age was raised to eleven. Now a Bill has been introduced to raise it to twelve, so that no child can be employed at an earlier age in any kind of work that interferes with attendance at school. The present Government, though pledged in the face of Europe to this, showed their interest in the measure by absenting themselves from the debate. Sir John Gorst and another unimportant member or two of the Government were present, but the leaders of the Constitutional party were conspicuous by absence. The House of Commons, however, by a sweeping majority, 317 to 59, passed the second reading of the Bill. Surely twelve years of age is soon enough for a child to begin work. If it is put to labour at an earlier age it is evidence that there is something wrong in the social system. Parents should not have to be dependent upon the earnings of their young children; nor ought they to be permitted for any reason to sacrifice the best interests of their offspring. That in the manufacturing and rural districts it is necessary for the children to contribute to the family fund, if true, is a disgrace to our civilisation. We hope this Bill, which has met with such acceptance in the House, and which is accepted also by a majority of the people, will become law before the session ends. This hope we entertain with fear, for already the Bill has been blocked by Mr. Banbury, the Conservative member for the Peckham division, and it will be well if the Government stands clear in re-

lation to this action, as it was taken immediately after a consultation between Mr. Banbury and the chief Government whip. The Government fear their Lancashire seats will be endangered if they in any way show favour to this Bill. This accounts for the bare condition of the front bench during the debate, and the block which now bars the way of the Bill. However, having been passed by such a majority, this greatly needed reform cannot be much longer delayed. Social reform which loomed so large in the election addresses of the predominant party has sunk down to nearly vanishing point. However, we have this consolation, the country cannot always be gulled by specious but meaningless addresses.

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—Death has removed a notable personality from the Established Church of Scotland, and the end came in a sadly tragic manner. There are few who have any acquaintance with literature but what have enjoyed the essays of A. K. H. B. Pleasant, genial, and gossipy, himself as the central figure, no better relief could be had than his somewhat egotistic productions. Dr. Boyd was a son of the Manse. He was educated for the Bar, but his personal inclinations did not lie in that direction, and after spending a short time in the study of law, he abandoned it for the higher calling of a minister of the Gospel of Christ. He has been a well known and much esteemed minister of the Scotch Church for many years, and, in fact, was one of the attractions of the old Scottish University town of St. Andrews. He was somewhat high in his ecclesiasticism, and had little sympathy with the bald form of worship favoured by the Scottish Church when he entered the ministry. He dearly loved a bishop, and admired all stately liturgies and ecclesiastical ceremonies, so much so that it was a wonder to many he did not go over to the Episcopal Church. Nine years ago he was Moderator of his Church, and it need hardly be said he filled the office with dignity. His strong point was not theology nor critical scholarship; his preaching was of the essay kind, but intensely ethical. He was a brilliant conversationalist, and could tell a story well. His books, however, are not of the kind that will last. In a few generations other men working on similar lines, and in keeping with the spirit of the age, will supersede him. His end, as we have said, was sadly tragic. In poor health for some time past, he went for a short stay at Bournemouth. He was under the necessity of using opiates to induce sleep, and had also to use a carbolic acid lotion for external application. His wife being threatened with influenza had to occupy a separate room. Mistaking the bottle containing the carbolic acid lotion for that containing his sleeping draught, he unfortunately drank from it. Discovering his error he went at once to his wife's room, and holding up the bottle,

he said, "Isn't this an awful thing? I have taken this in mistake." Medical aid was at once secured, but in a few hours he was dead. He was seventy-four years of age, and had resided in St. Andrews thirty-four years, and will be greatly missed in the circle in which he moved.

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—The sudden and unexpected death of Lord Herschell during his absence from home, and while engaged in America as President of the Commission for adjusting certain differences between Canada and the United States, is a national loss. In the frosty weather which prevailed on the other side of the Atlantic in February he met with a serious accident, slipping upon a side-walk, which reduced him to a helpless condition. Still, the fracture he sustained did not impair his general health, and his death came as a surprise. Lord Herschell was of Jewish descent; his father, the son of a Jewish Rabbi, was alienated from his people through embracing the Christian faith. After his separation from the Jews he became minister of John Street Chapel, Edgware Road, and in connection with that chapel the future Lord Chancellor was reared, and taught in the Sunday School as he approached manhood. Later in life he became a member of the Established Church, and was a worshipper at the fashionable Church of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, filling the office there of churchwarden. He rapidly made his way at the Bar. As a lawyer he had few equals, and was a remarkably efficient pleader. He entered Parliament in 1874, and soon made his mark, becoming Solicitor-General in 1880, and in 1886 he was elevated to the woolsack. He took the same high office in 1892. He was a steady reliable Liberal all through his Parliamentary career, and by his death the House of Lords loses one of its most accomplished debaters. Lord Herschell was not only an eminent lawyer and parliamentarian, but an earnest social reformer and philanthropist. He sympathised with every attempt to make the conditions of life better, and to deliver it from the evils by which it is so unfortunately afflicted. He was a determined opponent of the betting mania which has taken such possession of modern life, and tried to the utmost to lessen the plague. His labours on the Commission of Inquiry into the vaccination laws were a potent influence in bringing to an end the illogical and unsatisfactory form in which compulsion was enforced. The service he rendered in connection with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children when that Society was under painful accusation cannot be over-rated. Though at the time burdened with excessive labour, he conducted a rigorous examination of all details of the Society's work, and to his efforts the triumphant acquittal of the management was largely due. He was an eminent lawyer, but beyond that, he was a God-fearing man, whose faith influenced his whole life,

and who never tired of working for the good of humankind as opportunity offered and ability rendered possible. The nation can ill spare men of the character of Lord Herschell.

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—The English Church Union, of which Lord Halifax is President, is forcing the ecclesiastical pace in the Establishment somewhat rapidly. The most recent declarations of this body, comprising the most active section of the Episcopal Church, show plainly that they do not consider themselves under any obligation to conform to the law except in so far as it agrees with their high ecclesiastical assumptions. They deny that any new religious establishment was set up in the sixteenth century. All that took place then was, according to their view, the setting aside of the ordinary jurisdiction of the Pope as exercised in England by Henry the Eighth. All other things in connection with the Church continued as they were. There was no break of continuity. The general doctrine and practice of the Church continued the same as before Henry the Eighth superseded the Pope. History signifies nothing to them when it collides with their views. It is only so much the worse for history. They deny the right of the Crown or Parliament to exercise any governing authority over the Church, or to determine, in any way or any degree, the doctrine, the discipline, or the ceremonial of the Church of England, and they do this in face of the fact that the Prayer Book was, and is, the ritual prescribed by Parliament. It is, in point of fact, a Statute of the Realm. They claim, in fact, a privileged position, and the possession of national funds without control by the authority that has placed them in a position of privilege and decreed them support from national funds. This is a plain issue, and means either that Romanism in a thin Anglican disguise shall be the established religion of the nation, or that disestablishment must take place, and the privileges and emoluments granted under conditions that are repudiated be withdrawn. Lord Halifax and his friends have raised a clear issue that cannot well be evaded. Either they must be masters of the situation, or the nation must assert its authority and undo what the nation did when Episcopacy was established by law.

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—Their duty, Lord Halifax and the members of the English Church Union maintain, is determined by the obedience which the individual Churchman owes to the Catholic Church, and this duty can only be determined through the exercise of the spiritual authority committed by our Lord to the Episcopate. Of course it is a trifling consideration in connection with this matter that our Lord knew nothing of any Episcopate, and never invested any such body with spiritual authority. The line along which this authority proceeds to reach a final decision is very

simple. It begins with the Bishop of the diocese, but if the interpretation given at this stage is not sufficient, then it necessitates that the Metropolitan, acting in conjunction with the Bishops of the Province of which he is the head and representative, shall have the opportunity of interpretation. But even this may not be sufficient to determine what the duty is which the individual Churchman owes to the Catholic Church, and hence another step must be taken, and interpretation sought from a General Council, or from the Pope, as representing the general authority of the Episcopate. So that in the last resort, according to Lord Halifax and his friends, it is the Pope who decides what Churchmen must believe, and what ritual they must observe; in fact, determine what their religious life and practice shall be. It is clear that the aim of the English Church Union is to bring this country into subjection to Rome, or, as perhaps they would prefer to put it, to restore Anglicanism to the fellowship of the Catholic Church—a task which, unless we are seriously mistaken, will prove beyond their power to accomplish. However, it is well to have a clear statement of their position, and this, Lord Halifax, as President of the English Church Union, has given.

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—The two Archbishops propose to constitute a court at Lambeth for the consideration of such ecclesiastical grievances as may be submitted to them, and with which the bishops find themselves unable to deal. The Ritualists protest against secular judges' adjudication on ecclesiastical questions, and so the two Archbishops propose to supply them with what they demand—an ecclesiastical tribunal. Parties may plead in this court either in person or by counsel, and not until any rubrical question has been discussed by means of all the light which gentlemen conversant with canon law can shed upon it will a decision be given. And this is the remedy which the supreme ecclesiastical wisdom of the Episcopal Church proposes to provide in the crisis which has arisen in ecclesiastical affairs connected with the Establishment. There has been no parallel to this proposal since the travelling quack offered the British public pills to allay earthquakes. And his remedy for earthquakes was just as likely to be efficacious as the Archbishops' remedy for the crisis in the English Episcopal Church. The Lambeth Court will have no legal status. Its decisions may be accepted or rejected, as the parties concerned please. It will possess no executive authority by which to enforce them. All executive authority rests with the State, of which the Establishment is the ecclesiastical department. It is a farcical proposal, and simply means that by the delay thus interposed the agitation may possibly die out and things be permitted to go on as before. The situation is made more curiously interesting by the resignation of Lord Penzance, the old and

infirm judge who has had to decide ecclesiastical questions, but whose office has been a sinecure for years, and whose name and existence the public had about forgotten. His place as provided by law will have to be filled up in some six months, and it will be interesting to note the course that may be taken in relation to it. The one possible solution of the ecclesiastical imbroglio becomes more and more apparent, and sooner or later—and the sooner the better—it will have to be accepted.

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—The extravagance of the national expenditure has become a question of serious concern to all thoughtful people. No matter how the revenue increases, some mode of spending it is found. When the present Government came into power in 1895 they inherited a surplus of more than four millions. Since then the revenue has increased by some twelve millions. They have had all the advantage of the reform introduced by Sir W. Harcourt in his great Budget by which he secured for them an extra income of some five millions unencumbered by any corresponding expenditure. They have also had the advantage of an expanding revenue during a time of great national prosperity, and what is the result?—a prospect of some four millions deficit in the forthcoming Budget. No relief of taxation has been granted to the people. A few millions have been thrown to the landed interest in England and Ireland, the clerical party have had a good haul; and in other ways the nation's income, which should have gone far to relieve the nation's burden of taxation, has been recklessly squandered. In time of peace we are spending over fifty millions upon the army and navy, and it is very questionable whether we have the worth in national defence of the money spent. The expenditure for the next financial year is likely to exceed £120,000,000, and this in what is called a time of peace. All idea of economy seems lost, and the old watchwords of retrenchment and reform have become obsolete; but unless some arrest is put upon this extravagance there will be grave difficulty and disaster ere long. How is the prospective deficit to be met? Already we hear hints of increased taxation in one form or another upon the food stuffs of the people. The interests must not be touched. A tax upon corn, or sugar, or tea, or some article used by the people will meet the difficulty. Already the people pay some £55,000,000 in indirect taxation, and the burden of this falls most heavily upon the poorer part of the population. The party in power are friends of Protection. They are introducing countervailing duties on sugar in India—a violation of free trade principle—and if they can they will not hesitate to burden the people at home by similar means. The present prosperity is not likely to continue for ever, and a period of commercial depression would bring swift and sad retribution.



REV. FREDERICK SMITH.

Rev. Frederick Smith.



THE Rev. Frederick Smith, whose portrait we give this month, was born of godly parentage at High Barnet, Herts, in the year 1838. The piety and prayers of his parents did much to impress him for good when a child. In 1856 he was powerfully converted to God in Bethel Chapel, Sheffield, mainly through the prayers and personal efforts of Mr. Thomas Carter, now of Walkley Society in that town. As soon as he was saved himself he had a longing desire to save others, and immediately gave himself up to much earnest prayer, and by persistent personal appeals was soon made useful in winning souls for Christ.

In 1858 he removed to Manchester, where he became a local preacher, and in 1860 was unanimously chosen by the same circuit officials to be the third minister in the station. Anxious to have undoubted evidence of being divinely called to the ministry, he prayed that on the first Sunday of his labours God would give him two souls, or he would certainly go home. He had his request, and to this day cherishes in his heart and memory the names of those who were then converted.

He has since travelled at Knowlwood, Chorley, Southport (twice), Ramsey, Buckley, Haslingden First, Foxhill Bank, Chester First, Leeds Fourth, Oldham Second, St. Helens, Walkden (which was part of Manchester Third Station at the time he began his ministry there thirty-nine years ago), and by the Conference of 1895 was appointed to his present station, York Second, where he is engaged to remain until July, 1900. With the exception of four years in Leeds, and a similar time at York, Mr. Smith's ministry has been spent in the Manchester and Liverpool Districts, which were one for many years after his ministry began. Within these districts Mr. Smith is well known, and where best known he is most esteemed. Ever popular with the people of his stations, his labours are as sincerely appreciated as they are widely remembered.

The passion for soul-saving, which was engendered immediately upon his conversion, has grown and developed, and has been, perhaps, the most marked feature in his character. It pervades, and is the life of, his sermons, making them not only strongly practical, but piercingly severe. And few men can probe the depths of the unregenerate heart with more searching questions, or with more pungent appeals. In social intercourse, also, the same passion is still dominant, and to use his own

expression, he has often "hunted for souls with the keenness of a game hunter."

For anniversary services Mr. Smith is in good demand, frequently being called to visit the scenes of his former labours. His success has been great. During his first year in the ministry, according to his diary, he saw sixty souls saved at the services he conducted. At Chorley, fruit was gathered at nearly all the services, and among those brought to God here through his agency, two became ministers of the Gospel. At Buckley he reported the highest increase of any circuit in the district—seventy. At Southport his greatest successes were realised. During his first term the Branch grew into a circuit, and in the second term the station was divided. During the four years over which this term extended, the membership of the parent circuit rose until it stood at eighty above the number in both stations before the division; and most of the local preachers now on the plan in that station were converted during Mr. Smith's ministry there. Similar successes have been realised in his subsequent stations. Mr. Smith has also had his share of work in raising money for building new chapels and reducing debts, or altering old ones, and he has achieved considerable success, and has not a few monuments to his industry in this department of church work.

As an illustration of his success in these respects we give the following particulars of Mr. Smith's labours in the York Second Station, which are from the facile and veracious pen of the Rev. J. Atkinson, who is connected with that station:—"Mr. Smith is at present in the York Second Station, and is completing his fourth year, being invited for a fifth. His appointment was a providential circumstance in the history of the station, as it was at the time in a precarious condition, owing to accumulated debt and the state of the societies and properties. As the result of the four years' labour the churches have been greatly revived, congregations increased, and a very satisfactory addition made to the quarterly income, so that a much better salary than was paid four years ago can now be paid with comparative ease. £1,175 of debt has been paid off the Victoria Bar properties, £132 for renovating the property, which was in a dilapidated condition, and £55 raised towards a new organ. A circuit debt of £30 has also been liquidated. In addition to this the debt has been cleared off the Acomb Chapel, and the Heslington Chapel has been renovated at a cost of over £60, all of which has been raised. An additional plot of land has also been purchased in Albany Street, a rising suburban district of the city, where for a few years mission work

has been carried on in a small wooden building, and it is intended shortly to erect a chapel there, using the present structure as a schoolroom. The officials have, of course, worked heartily with Mr. Smith, but the main labour in all this work has devolved upon him, and but for his persistent and continuous effort it is not likely it would have been accomplished. The Insurance Company and General Chapel Fund, and W. P. Hartley, Esq., rendered assistance in the debt reduction, which contributed to encourage and create in the people a mind to work. The result is that our Church, which had fallen in public estimation, has been rehabilitated in public confidence, and is now regarded with a respect such as it has not commanded for some few years past. In all respects, the station now occupies a position such as it has not occupied since its formation."

In 1864, Mr. Smith married the eldest daughter of the late respected Rev. Thomas Jobling, at one time General Missionary Secretary, who has in every respect proved to be a helpmeet to her husband. Though somewhat delicate in health, Mrs. Smith has added to her home duties much earnest labour in various departments of Church work, in which she has been abundantly blessed. Nor have the home duties been light, for ten children have

been given to them. The home ministry of our brother and his excellent wife has not been a failure. All their children are on the way to heaven, and except two, are members of our Church. One of these resides a long distance from a Primitive Methodist Chapel, and is in consequence a Wesleyan. Three of their sons are local preachers, and one is studying with the view of entering our ministry.

Mr. Smith is not what has come to be called a "Connexional man," but he is a true Primitive Methodist, teaching unfalteringly its doctrines, maintaining faithfully its polity, and earnestly and laboriously seeking its best interests. Not many of its honours, either, have fallen to his lot, still he represented his District as a delegate to the Conference of 1882, and was unanimously chosen to be chairman of the Manchester District Meeting in 1889, the duties connected with which he very efficiently discharged. He has a good constitution. During the thirty-six years of the writer's acquaintance with him, he has never known him to be seriously out of health. Though somewhat past the meridian of life, Mr. Smith maintains a youthful appearance, and we pray that he may long be spared to serve the Connexion to which he is most devotedly attached.

W. G. L.

The Skylark.

On russet wing from grassy nest,
With dew-drops sparkling on her breast,
The gentle lark, morn's early guest,
Doth climb the blushing skies.
Over the steeple warbling shrill,
Over the waving wood-crown'd hill,
To greet the sun with tuneful bill,
The bird of dawning flies.

Pavilion'd from our aching sight,
In beams of golden-spreading light,
At heaven's gate of sapphire bright
She worships all alone;
Her music falling on the ear
Like stray notes from that shining sphere
Where angel-harpers circle near
The great sun-dimming throne.

Sweet bird! thou hast no heavy head
To nail thee to thy bloomy bed,
For ere young morn with banner red
Doth usher in the day
Thou'rt whistling up the tardy swain,
Who hears thee through his cottage pane,
And hies to labour till thy strain
Melts in the night-bird's lay.

Unlike the hooting hermit owl,
Who, rake-like, loves at night to prowl
When ev'ry other honest fowl
Save philomel doth rest,
And naught is heard to break the hush
But breathing winds and speckled thrush
Dream-singing in the breeze-rock'd bush
Within her clay-lined nest.

For ere the god of day has sped
To his blue-crimson curtain'd bed,
Thy parting hymn rings overhead,
And thou hast left the skies;
Retiring with the lamb to rest,
That vocal snowdrop (emblem blest),
Which young Spring fondles on her breast,
And children so much prize.

Though gifted far above thy kind
To soar and leave them all behind,
Such is thy modesty of mind
That thou dost not disdain
To build thy lowly nest and hide
Close by the meek-faced daisy's side,
Who, like thee, knows no purple pride,
Meet neighbour of the plain. S. J. WALLIS.



The Purple Robe.

*A STORY FOR THE TIMES.**

By JOSEPH HOCKING,

AUTHOR OF "THE BIRTHRIGHT," "MISTRESS NANCY MOLESWORTH," "ALL MEN ARE LIARS,"
"THE STORY OF ANDREW FAIRFAX," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BEGINNING OF THE STRUGGLE.



ALIZON NEVILLE looked forward with interest towards Duncan Rutland's visit to the Priory on the following Wednesday. The Christmas and New Year's festivities had long come to an end, and Lady Neville had postponed going to London for a few weeks, in order to fall in with Father Ritzoom's plans. For

although her ladyship generally went to town for the season, she was by no means a society woman. Neither did Alison care much for the ordinary round of London festivities. Her's was an intellectual, rather than a pleasure loving nature, and while by no means a pedant, she was fond of conversing with cultured people. Her life was rather quiet at the Priory, and so she welcomed the thought of meeting with Rutland, and of hearing him talk.

She was much interested in the Jesuit's scheme for the conversion of Rutland, but her faith in it

was not strong. Had she known the whole of his plans she would doubtless have felt differently, in all probability she would have refused to participate in it. Like all true Catholics, however, she believed that such as he remained Protestant because of prejudice, and because of ignorance concerning the great truths of her faith. And yet, as she remembered how he had torn Father Sheen's arguments to pieces, she doubted whether being brought into close contact with Catholics at the Priory would effect the desired change. True, she had great faith in the influence of her mother, while Father Ritzoom almost awed her. His strong face and unfathomable eyes led her to believe that he had entered into the secrets of power, and was thus enabled to achieve what to others would be impossible.

As a consequence she anticipated Rutland's visit with more than ordinary interest. There was something fresh and unconventional in his conversation, and he was utterly different from what she regarded as the approved type of Nonconformist ministers. While they had sat in the library on the previous Friday night, he had betrayed the fact that he was a lover of fun, that he enjoyed quick and witty repartee, and that he could laugh with the merriest. She enjoyed his criticisms of books too. Unlike Father Sheen, he seemed to have read everything, and was able to talk on subjects concerning which she thought he would be in entire ignorance. She had fancied, moreover, that when brought face to face with her mother and Father Sheen, after the debate, he would have been ill at ease, and have betrayed awkwardness, and perhaps

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with a want of tact, have referred to it in such a way as to make it hard to bear with his society. In this she was entirely mistaken. He had proved himself equal to the occasion, and had entirely ignored their former meetings. Besides, he was good-looking as well as interesting, and so on the morning of the day of Rutland's visit she felt exceedingly light-hearted, and when lunch was over, was more particular about the dress she wore than she had been for many days.

During the morning her mother had handed her a letter from Father Sheen, and when she had read it, a look of satisfaction came into her eyes.

"You see we shall not have his help in entertaining Mr. Rutland," remarked Lady Neville.

"I see," she replied. "He has gone to Manchester to meet Father Ritzoom, he says. I thought the Jesuit was to stay in Lynford for some time."

"I thought so too; but it seems that he has been called to Manchester. I suppose he goes to Ireland to-morrow, and then he will come back here in about a fortnight. I have invited him to stay at the Priory. He is a wonderful man."

"I am almost afraid of him," said the girl.

"Are you? Doubtless he is very clever, and is of immense power in the Church. I suppose he has great influence in Rome."

"He seems to know everyone, too," said the girl. "By the way, what shall we do to entertain Mr. Rutland when he comes?"

"Well, we must show him around the house, and then, perhaps, you can play at billiards with him until dinner."

"But supposing he can't play?"

"It doesn't matter. His interests are so varied that it will be easy to amuse him."

When Duncan reached the Priory he was received with a welcome smile, so gracious, indeed, was Lady Neville, that the young man remembered the advice of the old weaver, and wondered if it was of value. He dismissed it in a moment however. He remembered that he was dealing with a woman who, whatever her religious prejudices might be, would scorn to do an unworthy act. With the assurance of a young man, he believed that Father Sheen and his friends had accepted with the best possible grace the fact, that he, Rutland, had had the best of the debate, and to show that they bore him no ill-will, they had decided to be friendly with him. He could not help realising that it was not common for people occupying Lady Neville's social position to seek the acquaintance of a Protestant minister. But with the carelessness of youth he discarded the fact as of no value. He reflected that although he was not the equal of her ladyship in wealth and social position, he was not altogether her inferior in education, and was regarded as more than the equal of her spiritual adviser in mental attainments. Consequently, he was at ease in her society. He saw that she treated him as an equal, and so he

gave himself over to the pleasant sensations caused by his visit.

He did not seem at all chagrined at Father Sheen's non-appearance, indeed, the afternoon passed like a pleasant dream. Both Alizon and Lady Neville accompanied him in his tour through the house, and the young man was charmed. Old rooms, old pictures, old curiosities, delighted him beyond measure; he listened with intense interest to the descriptions given of events of bygone days, and spite of his beliefs, could not help sympathising with the men who in the reign of Elizabeth had been secreted in the Priory by the old Nevilles who had been true to their faith, rather than to the laws of their country. And yet no word was uttered about religion. Even when they visited the private chapel, and both Alizon and Lady Neville genuflected before the altar, no word was uttered; they performed their act of homage reverently but naturally, neither did they pay any seeming attention to the attitude of the young Protestant.

"Oh, it is glorious, glorious!" cried the young man, as they went from room to room, "simply glorious!"

"You like the house?" said Lady Neville with a smile.

"It is just a dream," remarked the young man enthusiastically. "All the houses I have visited have, almost without exception, been modern; they have had no history, no romance, no mystery. Here one is led to forget the prosy present. We live in an age before railways, before the advent of machinery. It is Arcadia."

"You like old things?" asked Lady Neville.

"I like everything that contains the elements of mystery," said the young man. "When I was a boy, my favourite author was Hans Andersen. Even now I am fascinated by every form of superstition. Wizardry, witchcraft, faith-healing—I simply revel in hearing about them."

"But you do not believe in them?"

"It depends upon my mood. If the critical faculty be uppermost, I, of course, laugh at them all. But sometimes I forget to analyse, forget to reflect, and then I believe in them as sincerely as a child of four years old believes in Santa Claus. I envy you beyond words, Lady Neville. To live at this Priory, where everything has a history, and is associated with romance, must be a continual source of delight."

"But one gets used to it," said Alizon.

"Naturally," replied Duncan, "but it has its influence all the same."

"Oh, I care very little for the house itself," replied the girl, "but I do love the park, the woods. I simply long for summer when I can lose myself among the trees. You say you forget yourself when you wander along dark passages, and visit gloomy dungeons; but I forget myself when I am out in the woods in the summer time. When I hear the

beck rippling, and the birds singing, I cease thinking, I simply give myself over to delightful impressions."

Duncan looked into her face as she spoke, and he knew that she felt what she said. And while he looked, he fancied her wandering among the woods where rays of sunlight filtered their way through the leafy trees.

Life was very sweet to him just then. For the time he had forgotten that he was the minister of a Nonconformist Church, forgotten that he had to do with men and women who did not dream, but whose lives were moulded and permeated by the money-making town in which they lived. He felt no disparity between himself and the girl who stood by his side. True, she might speak of her ancestors who lived in this very house before the dawn of that religious revolution which shook the very foundations of European life, while he counted nothing concerning his own ancestry; but they were akin in spirit. At that time, too, he forgot that she believed in what, to him, were so many fables, while he was an avowed enemy to the faith for which she was ready to die. He was young, and ardent, and romantic, and so he could forget the grim realities which would face him on the morrow; to-day he was under a spell, and without a struggle he yielded to it.

"Yes, country life is very beautiful in the summer," he said, "but I am content now with a dark murky sky, and stones of granite. You see," he went on presently, "a house is suggestive of home, and home is very dear to us English people. I have no home."

"No home?" said the girl.

"No," replied the young man. "My father and mother are dead. They left me just enough to see me through college, and a pittance for bread and cheese besides; but I am homeless. Neither have I either brother or sister. I was the only child, and so—well, I am practically destitute of relations."

"And what did you do during your vacations?" asked Lady Neville.

"Oh, I lived at the college."

"It must have been very lonely for you?"

"I don't know. I read very hard mostly, and when one has books, one forgets. Besides, I wanted to take my M.A. at the London University, and the examinations there are no make-believe."

"But did you not feel the need of friends at Christmas time?"

"Yes, and no. You see my college mates often asked me to spend my vacations with them, but I wanted to get my work done."

"But would you not take your degree in your ordinary college course?"

"Oh no. It is true we had a course of classics there, but our main business was to study theology, and those subjects which appertained thereto. My studies for the London University were practically

extra. No, I did not feel my loneliness as much there as I have felt it here."

"How is that? I know many nice people who belong to Tudor Chapel, and I suppose every one of them is glad to see you."

"Oh yes, they are very kind. In many ways, I think the Lancashire people are the kindest people I have ever met; but they are so eminently practical. They do not seem to care for beauty in the way I care for it, and they love to talk about things which have no interest for me. Of course, it is my fault, but the fact is none the less there. That is why my visit here to-day has given me so much pleasure."

"I am glad you have enjoyed being here," said Lady Neville graciously; "we shall be pleased to see you often. We see little society, and you will be always welcome."

He looked at Alizon, who seconded her mother's words, and the young man thanked them both, and promised to avail himself of their kindness.

The day passed away quickly, far too quickly for the young man, and when he left the Priory that night, his heart warmed at the remembrance of Alizon Neville's words asking him to come again soon.

This visit was the forerunner of others. They did not happen very often, because a large and growing Church took up a great deal of his time. Still he found his way to the Priory as often as he could, and each visit deepened the impression which the first had made. The atmosphere of this old home was so different from that of the other houses which he visited. Everything was so quiet, so orderly, so pure. He could not help comparing the conversation of Lady Neville and Alizon with that of his church officers. These men were kind and cordial, but in some of them was a taint of coarseness. They laughed at jokes which he did not like, and they did not care for some of the things which he loved. Besides, a minister's life is not a bed of roses. None but those who have had the care of a church can know of the thousand things which happen to wound a sensitive nature.

The excitement of the debate was over, and things had settled down to their normal state. The people were proud that their minister had borne himself so valiantly, but they held that he had only done his duty, and so no more need be said about the matter. Some few men who longed for publicity wrote letters to the *Lynford Observer*, but they were read by only very few, and with languid interest. The congregations at Tudor continued to be very large, and the increased activities of the church caused the minister a greatly added amount of work.

People with but few interests naturally live in a very narrow world, and as a consequence, grow jealous, and often fault-finding. They magnify

their own importance, and feel hurt if others do not realise it. Duncan found this to his cost.

Such conversations as the following were often taking place, and each one of them wounded the young man sorely.

"Hollo, Mester Duncan."

"Oh, Mrs. Bray, how are you to-day?"

"Only middlin'. Aw noaticed as aa tha wert baan to gi' me the goa-by, so aw jist spok. Aw've bin very poorly. Yo' 'eerd on, aw spoase?"

"No, I hadn't heard."

"Yi, but I 'ave. Why, I've noan been i'side Tudor for three week. Ain't yo' noaticed?"

"No, I hadn't noticed."

"Yi, aw thowt as much. That's all th' noatice yo' tak' ov foak been away fro' chapel."

"Well, you see it's difficult to notice in a large congregation who's present and who isn't."

"Yi, aw spoase so. Aw'm one o' th' poor people, and so no noatice is took ov me. I 'eerd as 'aa yo' were in aar street; yo' called to see Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Longley, but yo' noan comed to see me. Yi, but yo're noan like owd Mester Simpson when oo wur minister at Tudor, 'oo never neglected me. Good mornin', Mester Duncan."

This may seem but a matter of little importance, but such conversations made Duncan miserable for days. He did all the visiting he was able; but the church and congregation were large, and lived all over the town, and thus a great deal of time was taken up in visiting a few people. It took him a long time, moreover, to know the members of his flock, and the history of the various families became confused in his mind.

If he called at a house, however, and confessed his ignorance concerning any member of the family, it was often taken as an offence. In short, he soon discovered that try as hard as he might, there was a number of people who grumbled at him, and spoke as if he neglected his work. This fact came to him in various ways, and he was quick to interpret the hints which fell.

In fact, the minister does not exist who pleases everybody, and as men grow older they cease to expect it, but Duncan was young and sensitive, and so every approach to fault-finding hurt him more than some direct attack would hurt many others.

True he found joy in his work, a joy unspeakable. He loved preaching, loved to prepare for his pulpit work, and his heart rejoiced beyond measure as he saw that young men and women were being influenced by his work. On the other hand, he found no pleasure in many of the meetings he was called upon to attend. Committee meetings, mothers' meetings, sewing meetings, and a host of others, were to him weariness of the flesh. And yet he was expected to attend them, and if he didn't, the fact was hinted to him in some form or another. One society grumbled that he took no interest in its welfare, and another complained that its meetings

never made any headway since the last minister left them.

He discovered too, that although the Church was supposed to be free, it was bound by rules formulated a century ago, and often when he advanced something which he thought good for the working of the Church, he would be immediately met with a question as to what Rule 45 said about the matter.

Of course the great mass of the people was with him, and realised that never since the Church was formed had it been such a power for good, but many grumbled at innovations, and some would rather that work should be at a standstill, than done in any other way than their own. And so it came about that one jealous man stung him on the one side, and some conceited lad pricked him on the other, and he, because he was of a highly-wrought nature, felt pained beyond measure.

At some of the meetings he attended, men, who knew no more of the theology than of Sanscrit, aired their opinions with great confidence; while lads who hardly knew the A.B.C. of thinking, told him what he ought to do. He remembered the position held by the vicar of the parish in which Tudor was situated, and sighed. Sometimes when he was in a despondent mood, he wondered whether such methods of Church government were not contrary to the best interests of religion, and asked himself whether a minister could exercise a truly legitimate influence while he was regarded by the Church as simply a layman, with no more authority than themselves.

He reflected that he had spent six years of his life in studying the vital questions of church and religious life, and yet some weaver, or clogger, with the assurance of ignorance, treated his words as of the same value as his own.

Thus it came about that his visits to the Priory became trebly a pleasure to him. Here he met with people who understood him, people who were cultured, who had read the books he loved, and who enjoyed the thoughts that to him made life worth the living.

Several weeks had passed since the debate, and spring was fast approaching, the wide stretches of moors became less and less dreary, while, in spite of the smoke, the grass became greener, and the green leaves began to appear. Duncan had seen Father Sheen twice since the meeting to consider cab shelters, and on each occasion the old priest had been very cordial. He had been to the Priory four times, and on each occasion the influence of its inmates became greater.

Indeed, it became his delight to go to the old house, and thus when, one day, a letter from Lady Neville reached him, asking him to meet Father Ritzoom, a renowned scholar, who had brought with him some curious ancient manuscripts, he accepted the invitation with eagerness, and looked

forward to conversation with a man who was a scholar and a thinker.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW DUNCAN RUTLAND'S EYES WERE OPENED.

DUNCAN RUTLAND was much impressed by the learning, as well as by the geniality of Father Ritzoom. The manuscripts mentioned by Lady Neville proved to be some old parchments which had been recently discovered in one of the ancient monasteries in Palestine. They were said to be third century copies of parts of St. Paul's letters, and were of great value in proving both the genuineness and authenticity of the New Testament. Duncan, who was a very fair Latin scholar, entered eagerly into a debate with Father Ritzoom concerning their authorship, and presently the priest gave a very interesting account of the incidents which led to their discovery.

It appeared that an old man living in the monastery gave up his whole time to the deciphering and translating the various versions of the New Testament; dealing with the Epistles which Protestants declared to be uncanonical, as well as those which they had accepted. While busily searching among the vast collection of papers which were contained in the convent library, he discovered a crypt, and on further investigation, unearthed the precious writings on parchment which they were that night examining.

"Those old monasteries must be splendid store-houses of rare lore," remarked Duncan presently.

"Yes," replied Ritzoom, "and the Church has even been careful to treasure such riches. Throughout all the ages, even those when the clouds have been hanging heavily, she has always set apart her scholars to investigate, and thus to know the value of her great inheritance."

"Yes," replied Duncan, "and your position as the oldest Church has enabled you to have the greatest possible advantage in this direction."

"Naturally; no other section of the community *can* have access to our treasures," replied the priest, "that is, without our consent. The Greek Church has never been in a position to obtain these valuable relics of the past, while as for the Protestants—well, they are but of yesterday."

"That is true," remarked Duncan thoughtfully.

"Of course," went on the priest, "we have had to be careful of such MSS., it would have been a sin to have cast our pearls before swine. They have had to be guarded by the wise men in all ages. Had they been given to the ignorant, the thoughtless, the greatest riches of the Church would either have been destroyed, or turned to wrong uses. It would have been like giving ignorant quacks liberty to dabble with the mysteries of medicine."

"You do not believe in the old adage, *Vox populi, vox Dei?*" said Rutland.

"I believe it to be a device of the devil," replied the priest. "Why, just fancy the danger accruing from such a system. Think of placing power in the hands of the vulgar crowd. Supposing you gave over the government of your country to the mob; think of the anarchy which would result."

"And yet in a sense it is in the hands of the mob," remarked Rutland.

"In a sense! But what sense? This so-called enfranchisement of the people is only a plaything to appease the cravings of ignorant children. As a matter of fact, the government of England is in the hands of the few. The Prime Minister of the country, or the few who may be in league with him, formulate the measures which shall be brought before the House of Commons, which is itself only a debating society. In the end the members vote for the thing their leaders advocate."

"That is true in part, but only in part."

"A very great part. Why, how much do you or I know of what goes on in the Cabinet? I read *The Times* religiously every day; but I am in entire ignorance of what goes on in the councils of those who rule the land. Some time ago there were great naval preparations at Plymouth and elsewhere, there was much talk about the mobilisation of the British forces. I asked various members of Parliament belonging to the Government what was the meaning of it, and they were as ignorant as I was. Shortly after the Prime Minister spoke at a representative gathering, but he coolly told his hearers that he did not feel disposed to tell what it meant. Then we talk about the enlightenment of the British public."

"True again," said Rutland, "but, then, if a Government does not please the people, that Government is turned out at the next election."

"Yes, and another takes its place, which acts in entirely the same way. Of course, it sometimes appears as though the people rule; but they do not. It is the few who rule, and not the many. The newspapers raise a great hue and cry, and the people howl, but what effect has it?" and the priest laughed quietly.

"Mark you, I do not object to this," went on Ritzoom, "rather, I believe in it. A mob should never govern, a mob should have all its thinking done for it. This is true in all realms of life, it is the few who should control, and who, as a matter of fact, do control."

"Yes," replied Duncan, "but it is also true that these cliques have sown the seeds of revolution; they have legislated for their own class, they have kept all the power to themselves, with the result that the poor people have been oppressed and downtrodden, and the natural outcome of oppression is vice and ignorance."

"There you mistake me," replied the priest, "I

believe that the heads of any community should regard themselves as the protectors of the common people. They should treat them as a father treats his children. He should do the very best for their comfort and their happiness, but directly he gives them the government of a household, anarchy, misery follow. This is true in relation to the

placing of such valuable documents as these in the hands of the ignorant," and he pointed to the MSS. they had been discussing. "It can be dealt with only by students, by scholars, by those who know the value of such things. It is only scholars who can translate, it is only scholars who can teach the crowd the truths that they contain."



"DUNCAN ENTERED EAGERLY INTO A DEBATE WITH FATHER RITZOOM."

Duncan saw the drift of what the priest was saying; it was really an attack on the position he had taken when he gave his lecture on the Right of Private Judgment. He saw, moreover, that the Jesuit's words were full of fallacy, but at that moment the way to answer him did not appear. For one thing, he was influenced by the strong personality of the priest, he exercised a kind of charm

which made his words seem weightier than they really were, and for another, he realised that he was the guest of Lady Neville, and that both she and Alizon were listening carefully to every word that was said.

"For my own part, I do not altogether agree with you," said Lady Neville presently, "in some respects I am a socialist, that is, I believe that a fair chance

should be given to all. If there is a man in the mob who has intelligence, and who longs for culture, then by all means give him that culture."

"Your ladyship can have no more ardent supporter than I," remarked Ritzoom blandly. "In that sense our Church is the greatest socialistic force in the world. Is it not a fact that through all the ages, our priesthood, our scholars have come largely from the common people? In every town, in every village we have recognised genius, ay, anything of more than ordinary ability, wherever we have seen it, and that genius, however poor, has been given his chance. As you know, your ladyship, there have been Popes since St. Peter whose calling has been no higher than his upon whom the Church was built. But that is scarcely my contention. What I maintain is that the government of all communities should be given to the wise, and that the ignorant should not deal with those things for which they are utterly unfitted."

Rutland remembered the words of Goethe, who, when speaking of the Reformation, said that it had thrown back the civilisation of the world by centuries, because it had allowed the passions of the mob to decide on questions which could only be properly settled by wise men and scholars.

Under ordinary circumstances he would have been little moved by these things, but the influence of the old Catholic home to which he had been invited, the presence of two women who yielded their obedience to the Catholic system, and whose lives were pure and beautiful beyond reproach, seemed to make the priest's words appear in a new light. Besides, Ritzoom fascinated him. He felt that here was a man stronger than he, who had read more, thought more deeply, and whose knowledge of the world was infinitely greater than his own.

Moreover, as far as he could see just then, the conversation had arisen naturally out of the study of the manuscripts, and for the first time he realised how unwise it would have been to have placed precious documents in the hands of those who could not realise their value, or to allow ignorant men to interpret them. Well, and had not the Protestant Church done this, and were not the sects a rope of sand because every ignorant man had been allowed to use the Bible to support his own fads? After all, there was something in the Catholic position. In the presence of Ritzoom, it seemed to him as though it might be a dangerous thing to place the Holy Scriptures in the hands of the ignorant. He had often been ashamed of the numerous sects which existed, and which, while not now at war with each other, seemed to exist for no other purpose than the support of their own little Bethels.

But these were only passing thoughts. After all, his Protestant convictions were too real to be really shaken by this desultory conversation, and when

soon after the conversation turned into other channels, the influence of the priest passed away.

Alizon had scarcely spoken throughout the whole evening; she had paid great attention to what had passed, but had taken no part in anything. Several times when Rutland had turned his eyes in her direction, he had noticed that she had been watching the priest closely, and sometimes her lips parted as though she would ask questions, but she had evidently decided to be silent, much to the young minister's disappointment.

"I propose we have some singing," said Ritzoom presently. "Come, Miss Alizon, I am sure you will not refuse us."

Without a word the girl went to the piano and commenced singing. Duncan had never heard her before; indeed, he did not know that she possessed any gifts in this direction, he was therefore surprised at the brilliance of her performance. She had a rich contralto voice, and sung with great sweetness and power. She chose some of the old Catholic Passion music, and rendered some of the solos in such a way that Rutland's heart was stirred to the depths. As he sat listening he forgot all that the priest had said, and for the time became almost oblivious to his surroundings. It seemed as if he were in some old Cathedral, and that the whole atmosphere of the place was pure and uplifting, he felt as the old patriarch must have felt when he heard the words, "Take off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

Outside the wind made music among the trees, but no other sound disturbed the silence of the night, while within the old Priory walls the girl poured out her soul in the music of those who had entered that sanctuary which may not be defamed by the unworthy.

Rutland listened like one entranced. Throughout the day his feelings had been wounded by people who were kind but who did not understand his sensitive nature, but to-night everything tended to soothe, to heal. Father Ritzoom had appealed to the intellectual side of his life, while now this beautiful girl ministered to his deeper feelings. The words she sung seemed to be a prayer for him, and somehow life became sweeter, holier, as he listened. What if her faith differed from his? What though she regarded him as a heretic? They were both as one in the great prayer she breathed forth in song. Why should he repudiate those who professed the Catholic faith? Did we not owe to them some of the divinest music the world had ever heard? The Church which had nurtured those souls who had entered so deeply into the spirit of harmony, could not be base. Besides, he had always admitted that Catholicism had given to the world the purest of saints? And so he became swayed by the music as tree-tops are swayed by the passing breeze.

About nine o'clock in the evening another visitor

was announced. This proved to be a young man who lived about five miles away, and who was the only son of a Catholic squire. He was warmly welcomed by both Lady Neville and Alizon, while Father Sheen seemed to regard him as an old friend. When he was introduced to Father Ritzoom, the stranger professed great delight at seeing him, but he was cold and distant to Rutland.

It seemed that he had come to the Priory on horseback, in order to bring a message from his father, and Duncan was not long before he noticed the *esprit de corps* which evidently existed between the old Catholic families. The affectionate respect with which he treated Father Sheen also struck him. It was so different from the way in which the members of his own church regarded him. He knew that he was the target for every critical shaft which the discontented members of his congregation might see fit to send forth, while this priest commanded the respect of all.

Before long Duncan had the impression that Lady Neville was anxious for him to go. He saw that young Arthur Stanley had some news which he wished to communicate, and so soon after the young squire's arrival he rose to go.

"And I will walk back with you," said Father Sheen. "Ritzoom, I hope you will not be troubled by the Priory ghost."

"Nothing troubles me," replied the Jesuit, "I've seen too many strange things to be troubled by what Lancashire folks call 'a boggart;' but I'll call and see you to-morrow, so that you may be fully informed."

A few minutes later Duncan and the old priest were walking towards Lynford.

"It's been a delightful evening," said the young man.

"Yes," replied the other, "her ladyship is a model hostess, and Ritzoom is one of the most entertaining fellows I know. You don't know Mr. Arthur Stanley, I think?"

"No, I never met him until to-night."

"He belongs to a very old family, almost as old as the Nevilles. He will be wealthy some day, too. I suppose he is an aspirant for Miss Alizon's hand."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; I should not be surprised if he has not come on that errand. I think it would be a delightful arrangement. The estates of the two families join, and he is really a most estimable fellow. I thought she greeted him very kindly to-night, didn't you?"

"I really did not pay much attention."

"Oh, but she did. He has been in love with her for years. I must say it would give me joy to celebrate the marriage sacrament. She is a beautiful girl, and as good as she is beautiful. Arthur Stanley will be a lucky fellow if he gets her. Don't you think so?"

"She is very charming," replied Duncan, and the

priest noticed that his voice sounded strangely husky.

"Is Father Ritzoom staying at the Priory long?" asked Rutland presently.

"About a month, I think. It is possible he will arrange for a Retreat there."

"A Retreat?"

"Yes. I suppose you scarcely know the meaning of the term."

"No; but I think I can guess what you mean."

"Very likely. It is simply a means for devout Catholics to deepen their spiritual life. Put in plain words, a number of people will for a few days leave the excitements of the world for the purpose of prayer. Father Ritzoom will be the officiating priest. I suppose you would not care to attend?"

"I—I don't know. I think not."

"Oh, these retreats are blessed occasions of grace. They make the spiritual world a greater reality. We all need them. But here I am at home. Good-night."

The young man hurried on like one demented. When he reached his lodgings he threw himself in the arm-chair before the fire. Every member of the household was in bed, and so perfect stillness reigned.

The fire burnt lower and lower, and the air grew cold; but he sat still. Midnight struck, but he never moved a muscle. His face was as pale as that of a corpse, his features were as still as those of a statue.

Presently he heard a step in the street outside. It was simply a policeman on his beat, but the sound disturbed him. He sat up and stared around the room like one dazed.

"My God, my God!" he cried hoarsely. "I cannot bear it; no, I cannot bear it!"

The first part of the Jesuit's prophecy had been fulfilled. Duncan Rutland realised that he loved Alizon Neville with all the strength of his nature.

CHAPTER XV.

"MAN PROPOSES, BUT GOD DISPOSES."

"WELL, what do you think of Rutland?" asked Father Sheen of Father Ritzoom, as the two men sat together in the study of the former the day following the visit to the Priory.

"I think that which confirms my first impressions concerning him," replied the Jesuit. "I think it is a great pity that such a he should be a heretic, and I am sure we shall be rendering our Church a great service by leading him to accept the faith."

"You think you will succeed then?"

"I think the sun will rise to-morrow morning," replied Ritzoom, "and I think that two and two make four."

"I am not so sure," replied Father Sheen, shaking his head. "That is," he added, seeing the Jesuit laugh, "I am not so sure that Rutland will be converted."

"Did I not know that you were of pure Celtic origin I should believe you had some taint of Anglo-Saxon blood in you," remarked Ritzoom. "An Englishman is generally certain when he should be doubtful, and doubtful when he should be certain. He can swear to a material demonstration, but never to a moral certainty. He can understand that a piece of steel can be attracted by a magnet, because he can appreciate physical forces; but he cannot be just as certain that a man of a certain disposition will yield to certain influences. To me, one is no less certain than the other."

"But human nature is a very complex business."

"So is a piece of machinery to a man who doesn't understand it. Everything is resolvable into some primary motive or principle; once understand that and all becomes plain. Besides, I believe in Providence."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, simply that Providence sent that Arthur Stanley to the Priory last night. Providence caused Alizon to greet him heartily. It brings matters to a speedy climax."

"In what way?"

"Did you not see Rutland's face last night?"

"I saw nothing particular."

"Sheen, you *must* be an Englishman. You could not be so dense otherwise. The fellow is already in love with her. He may not realise it yet; but he will in a day or two."

"How—how do you know?"

"How do I know that a man will laugh when you tickle him? By the way, did he say anything to you about Stanley? Did he ask you any questions?"

"I really have forgotten; but I know I told him that he was an aspirant for Alizon's hand."

"Ah, did you? Well?"

"I thought he took it quietly; stay, though, his voice was rather husky. But he changed the subject immediately after I had told him."

"Just so. He asked questions about me, didn't he?"

"My word, Ritzoom! But to tell the truth, he did. How did you know?"

The Jesuit laughed quietly.

"I don't think he slept much last night," he said presently.

"You believe then that——"

"I believe you are the most simple-minded fellow in the world, Sheen. You are too good to live."

"And you are the cleverest fellow I know. I wish you had met him in debate instead of my poor ignorant self. You would have pulverised him.

Last night he said ditto to nearly everything you said."

"Yes, and saw the fallacy of it all. Had I uttered those sentiments in a public meeting he would have torn them to pieces. No, no. Things are better as they stand."

"Well, but what is the next move in the game you are playing for this man's soul?"



"MIDNIGHT STRUCK, BUT HE NEVER MOVED A MUSCLE."

"I shall make no move."

"And he?"

"Well, I am not sure; but I don't think he will make any move."

"Then what are we to do?"

"Wait."

"But—but——"

"We shan't have to wait long. As I told you, I believe in Providence. In the meanwhile I can do a great deal of work at the Priory, and there is that Retreat."

"Oh yes. I mentioned something about it to Rutland."

Ritzoom looked at Father Sheen steadily.

"I told him that you were to conduct it, and asked him if he would care to come."

"Upon my word, Sheen, you are getting on. Well?"

"He said he did not think he would come."

Ritzoom looked steadily into the fire as though he were thinking.

"I am not sure, I am not sure," he said presently, like one thinking aloud.

"Not sure of what?"

"Oh, nothing! Have you read that life of Manning?"

"No; have you?"

"Yes. It is a dangerous book, a very dangerous book. It should be placed on the INDEX. I daresay it will be."

"But that will not prohibit Protestants from reading it. We are practically powerless in that direction."

"True. But never mind, Rutland will not read it. He will not read anything for some time to come. Poor fellow, I almost pity him."

"Do you think Alison cares anything about Stanley, Ritzoom?"

"Difficult to say. I should judge not. But you ought to know."

"Well, I don't; but another question: Do you think she cares anything about Rutland?"

"In a way, yes. But her feeling is by no means dangerous."

"She knows nothing of your plans?"

"As far as she is concerned, certainly not."

"Nor her ladyship?"

"No. I saw as soon as I had met her that it was out of the question. Still it does not matter. Both are anxious for his conversion; and both are willing to render what service they can to bring around such a desirable state of things. Oh, I'm perfectly satisfied!"

Meanwhile Duncan Rutland sat alone in his lodgings. As Father Ritzoom had said, he had not slept a wink during the night, and now, as he crouched before the fire, his head resting on his hands, he looked worn out and ill. His face was very pale, while around his eyes dark rings had gathered. The revelation of his love had come upon him suddenly, and it had almost stunned him. He had been playing with dangerous weapons, and had not known it. Never dreaming of the plot of which he was the victim, he had gladly gone to the Priory, and at each visit he had yielded more and more to the spell of a young girl's eyes. He did not know of the subtle influence which was working in his nature. He had thought of Alison Neville as a beautiful, cultured girl, one who welcomed him kindly and made his every visit pleasant. In spite of the fact that she regarded him as an enemy to truth, or perhaps it was because she so regarded him, he was much interested in her; but the thought of loving her had never entered his mind. Her social position, her wealth, her antagonism to his faith, made it out of the question. He had felt no pang of jealousy when Arthur Stanley came into the room—it was too absurd; nor, perhaps, would his secret have been revealed to him

had not Father Sheen told him of Stanley's hopes.

Then the truth came to him, and stunned him. He knew he loved her, knew that his life would be barren and utterly dreary without her. She had kindled a fire in his heart which could never be extinguished, the whole wealth of his life had gone out to her, and without her the future seemed but a dreary mockery.

"Everything is against it," he cried, as at length he started from his chair and began to pace the room. "Everything, everything! I belong to a class which does not mate with that to which she belongs. She is an aristocrat, I am a commoner; she is rich, I am poor—and yet I love her! Even although it were possible for her to love me, she could never be the wife of a Nonconformist minister. She is the only daughter of Lady Neville, an ardent Catholic. No, no, I must fight it—kill it!"

He seized his hat and went out. He could not breathe in his little study, the air was hot and stifling. A few minutes later he was out on the moors, where the wind swept freely, and the air smelt sweet and pure. He walked for hours, but he did not grow tired, nor did his eyes cease to burn with an unnatural light.

Again and again did he declare that he would cast his love from him as a painful mockery, and as often did he find himself hugging it to his breast as the joy of life. It was the old old story. A man fighting against the dictates of his heart, and being defeated. The very habits of his life made his love more hopeless. He had not been accustomed to the society of women; he had had no love affairs. Had he, his present passion would not have been so strong, so overwhelming. From nineteen to twenty-six he had lived in his class-rooms and among his books. He had come to Lynford ignorant of the master-passion of life, and no member of his congregation had stirred his heart. Now—the flood-gates of his heart had been opened wide, and he was helpless.

He felt thankful for those wild, wide moors, and when he had got miles away from the town, so far that no signs of life were visible, he stood and looked around him. The sight was almost awe-inspiring; everywhere as far as the eye could reach the bare moorland stretched around him, rising and falling like great billows. Sometimes it seemed to him like a mighty sea, while he was alone, "all, all alone." Above, the grey sky spread itself, dull, gloomy, oppressive. Scarcely a streak of blue was to be seen. No sound was to be heard save the wailing of the wind, and an occasional cry of the moor birds.

"Of course she never dreams of such a thing," he cried presently, "it is absurd to think of it; it is worse than absurd, it is madness. Oh, I must kill it, I must kill it!"

He remembered the work he had to do, the great

congregations to which he had to minister, the meetings he had to attend. He felt thankful that his sermons for the next Sunday were already written, otherwise he would have to stand dumb before the people. He knew that his preaching would be a failure on the following Sunday; he felt afraid. Close by him was an old turf hedge. It had been built in some far back age, but for what purpose no one knew. There were no other evidences that the moors had ever been inhabited. Still, at some period there must have been men who lived there, and who had their hopes, their fears, their passions, just as he had. Who were they? What did they believe?

He knelt down on the soft, springy turf and cried aloud. "Oh God, hear me!" he cried. "Oh God, help me!" But the wailing wind and the shriek of the moor birds were the only answers that he heard to his prayer.

And yet his wild cry helped him. It made him realise the fact that he was not alone. The Spirit of God was on those wild moors, and that Spirit cared for him.

Hour after hour he stayed out there alone. By and by the rain fell, and the winds blew louder, but he did not heed. He partook of no food, but he felt neither faint nor hungry. He tried to formulate his plans, tried to think of means whereby his mad passion could be destroyed.

He remembered the words of old Matthy Bray. Yes, he would find a wife! That would be it. He would drive the thought of Alizon Neville from his mind. This was his manifest duty. When he married he must have a wife who would help him in his Church, and who would be received by the members of his congregation. Yes, the eldest Miss Ashton would make a suitable minister's wife. She was nearly his own age, she had received a conventional education, she was pious, and had been connected with Tudor Chapel all her life. She was wealthy too. She would receive £10,000 for her wedding dowry, and her position in the town was assured. Everyone would declare that his choice was wise. He did not think she would reject him; apparently she delighted in his company, and would not refuse to be mistress of his home. At least, he hoped not. As for the thought of marrying Alizon Neville, it was utter madness. Fancy her marrying a Protestant minister—it would outrage the religious life of the town. Yes, that must be his plan. He would drive her from his mind, and in order to do that he would call at Mr. Ashton's that very night.

He reached his lodgings about eight o'clock in the evening, and then, realising that his clothes were wet, he changed them, and afterwards went to Mr. Ashton's house. As he expected, he was met with a hearty welcome. The Lancashire people are among the most hospitable in the world; besides, Duncan was their minister, and was beloved by every member of the family.

He did his best to enter into the pleasures of the evening. He laughed loudly, he told stories, he sought the company of the eldest Miss Ashton, and did his best to make himself agreeable. The eldest Miss Ashton was evidently pleased at Duncan's behaviour; she sung the two songs she knew best, and reached a very high note at the conclusion of "Killarney"—a note which had never failed to draw a cheer at the concerts held at Tudor school-room.

Miss Ashton was renowned for this song. It was regarded as *her* song, and she had sung it scores of times with about as much feeling as an organ-grinder puts into the music which he grinds to order.

Duncan cheered the song greatly. He had heard her sing it several times before, just as the previous minister had heard it, but his applause was none the less hearty. Then she sung her other song, "*Ora Pro Nobis*," which she rendered in just the same way as she had rendered the other. He had heard it on every barrel organ in the town, it had been sung at almost every concert he had attended. Under other circumstances he would have felt like laughing. Miss Ashton was stout and florid. Her face was placid, there was no passion in her nature. She ate well, she slept well, and was as little able to sing such a song as she was able to sing that sublime music which Alizon Neville had played with so much feeling the night before. The picture of the young girl came back to him, and he could not help comparing her with this buxom young woman who went on woodenly repeating both music and words.

No, he could not carry out his plans. It would be sacrilege to try and pretend to love her. How could this commonplace girl, good and true as she undoubtedly was, drive from his heart that which had so completely mastered him?

He left Mr. Ashton's house early, and for several days after he was not seen except at the meetings he was obliged to attend. Every day, wet or fine, he went out on the moors, as though they fascinated him.

He did not go near the Priory; sometimes he climbed the hills and looked down at the old house which nestled among the trees; but he went no nearer, he dared not. He called to mind what Father Sheen had said about "A Retreat," and wondered what it meant. He fancied Alizon kneeling in the little chapel and praying amidst a great silence.

He never intended, nor expected to tell Alizon Neville of the love which she had inspired in his heart, neither, indeed, did he take any steps in order to see her. Indeed, nearly a month passed away, and he kept away from the old house, then when the spring had fairly come he went across the moors in the very direction he had gone when he had first spoken to her. He was passing through the farm-

yard where he had heard her talking with the farmer's wife, when he saw her coming towards him from the farm house.

The blood surged into his pale cheeks, and his heart seemed as though it would burst. Still he mastered himself, and when Alizon Neville held out her hand to him he seemed fairly cool and collected.

"You have forsaken us, Mr. Rutland," said the girl kindly. "Have you been especially busy?"

"No," replied Rutland, "no, I have not been very busy."

"Then why have you not been to see us? Have you been ill?"

"Yes—no—that is, I don't know."

She looked at him keenly. His manner bewildered her.

"Has anything been troubling you?" she asked kindly.

"Yes," he replied.

"I am so sorry; but your trouble has passed, I hope?"

"No, it has not passed."

He spoke roughly, almost rudely.

"I am so sorry," she said again, "but perhaps it will soon be gone."

"No, it will never be gone."

"Never be gone?"

"No, never."

He had not meant to speak in this way, but the girl's presence seemed to drag the words from him.

"Are you ill? Excuse me, I will gladly help you if I can."

He walked on by her side some time without speaking, while the girl wondered what ailed him.

"I must tell you," he said at length, "I did not mean to, and doubtless you will be angry with me, ay, scorn me, but I cannot help it. God knows I have fought against it, fought with all my strength—but it is no use."

She had no idea of what was in his mind. That he should dream of loving her had never appeared to her even as a dim possibility. She fancied that he might be worried about his church work. Of course it was that, or, (and her heart beat with joy at the thought of it), was the truth revealing itself to him? Yes, that was it. He had become dissatisfied with Protestantism, the truths of her religion had mastered him, even while he was a Protestant minister. She had prayed for this so earnestly, prayed that he might be led to stand up in the Industrial Hall and confess his error. It had seemed too good to be true, but God was good, and had answered her prayers sooner than she had dared to hope.

"Yes, tell me, Mr. Rutland," she said kindly, "tell me everything. Perhaps I can help you."

"You will be angry with me."

"Oh no, I will not; tell me. Perhaps I know more of what is in your heart than you think," and she looked up into his face with a kindly smile.

"Very well," said Duncan, his heart throbbing mightily at her words, "I will tell you."

(To be continued.)

Peter Drummond and his Tract Depot.



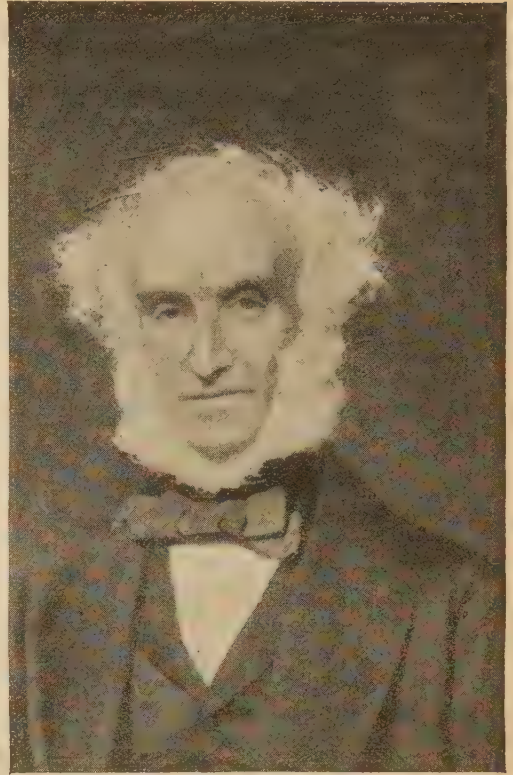
IT was no small gratification to be conducted in the autumn of last year over the celebrated Stirling Tract Depot by the Editor, Rev. Dr. Andrew, since, alas, taken from his work to his reward. It happened to be about the jubilee of its institution. "The British Messenger" had been a welcome paper to us from its start in 1853;

especially was it welcome in its early days, when it was conducted with remarkable vigour and freshness, so that it brought with it not only spiritual quickening, but intellectual stimulus and gain. As to the Tracts, we knew that they had been the means of reaching many whom a sermon failed to find. Accompanying Dr. Andrew through "flat" after flat, and room upon room, the capacity and

organisation of the "Stirling Tract Enterprise," (for by this fitting name it is called), excited our astonishment; printers, binders, packers, clerks, in their several flats or rooms, all busy at their work; but what most struck us were the large frames with capacious compartments for holding tracts of different kinds, sizes, and languages—European, Eastern, indeed we know not how many languages, aids to workers in the different mission fields. Who was the author and organiser of this great undertaking? Every one knows the name of Peter Drummond, Stirling. The portrait of the man given here shows part of the full-length portrait presented by the inhabitants of Stirling to their distinguished fellow-citizen in 1872, when he was in his seventy-third year, and was retiring from his work; it was painted by the celebrated Scots artist, Macbeth. This fine work of art hangs in the chief room of the Depot.

The dates indicated above show that Mr. Drum-

mond was born in the last year of the last century. The father, William Drummond, a fine specimen of the old Scots Seceder, dwelt at St. Ninians, not half a mile from the ever famous Bannockburn battlefield. In this historic village there were born unto him eleven sons and four daughters, only one of whom remains to this day, Mr. David Drummond, who went to Dublin to carry on the business there. One of the sons, Henry, was the father of the late well-known Professor Drummond. The business carried on at St. Ninians by William Drummond and his sons was that of land surveying and nurserymen; and so vigorously and prudently were their affairs conducted that the firm ultimately developed into a "Limited" concern. Peter, the fourth son, was deputed, when only a young man, to open and carry on a seedsman's branch in the town of Stirling. Peter was not of the weakling sort of men who do things by halves; what he did he did with all his intent and his might; when he became a seedsman he was all a seedsman, with the all but infallible result that the business prospered in his hand. No doubt that heredity, environment, and the personal factors of energy and religion, made Peter Drum-



PETER DRUMMOND.



TRACT DEPOT.

mond the man he was. It is no trifle to come of a good stock, as one's forbears are apt, more or less, to appear in oneself. The Drummonds had been a robust, godly, thrifty, and therefore, thriving people for generations; given to simple living and high thinking: one of them was worth more than a

dozen "fast" men. As to environment, the life at home, the scenery in the midst of which stands the town on the Rock—you will have to travel far and wide to match it for variety, grandeur, and beauty. Then, the inspiration of Scots patriotism by the proximity of the field where "Scots wha' hae wi' Wallace bled," counted for something; nor must we overlook the element of true religion. These things were the making of the man. As we have seen, before he was twenty-five he had to bear the burden of responsibility of an important business in Stirling, and in his hands it continued to grow until it became an important and flourishing concern, till his name became "well kent" in the town and the country around. "The Agricultural Museum" which he established was a great success. Farmers and gardeners coming into the town might see and examine the latest inventions in agricultural implements, and the rarest varieties of seeds, roots, bulbs, plants, etc. So valuable was this Museum that it won him the gold medal. With the acquisition of means he built a house for himself at Viewforth, and adorned the grounds with statues of such good men as Wallace, Bruce, John Knox, and Chalmers. His soul underwent a quickening to the things of God in 1839 under the preaching of that modern John the Baptist, Rev. W. Burns, of China fame;

the new life was fostered and fed by the ministry of one of the foremost champions of evangelical religion in Scotland, Rev. Dr. Beith. But how was he led into this famous Tract Enterprise? Not a mile from Stirling stand the ruins of the once splendid Abbey of Cambuskeneth, with grounds

and gardens all about. Here crowds were wont to spend Sabbath afternoons and evenings in mirth, if not revelry. Peter Drummond resolved upon a crusade against this crying evil. He wrote a Tract upon the sacred claims of the Sabbath, and got it printed, and went down, he and a few friends,



THE DRUMMOND TRACT DEPOT.

among the gay crowd, giving his tract and speaking to the people. This good work was continued till the evil was checked. His tract became so popular that a million copies were circulated, and one of the curios in the Depot is a copy of this first tract. The next assault was upon the desecration of the Sabbath by railway trains; except a single train for mails on the main lines, there are no Sunday trains in Scotland. Then came his successful crusade against horse-racing; numbers of men, mere

harpies, came to the town to trade upon the vices of the people. This movement was well organised, and even a band of boys (one of whom is now Provost of Stirling), were engaged to circulate the tract against the racing scandal. Following upon this was the tract against intemperance; this terrible evil awakened the opposite feelings of sympathy and indignation in Mr. Drummond's breast, and his tract was strong and his labour strenuous to abate the mischief. Then came other tracts against

profane swearing, promiscuous dancing, theatre-going, popery, infidelity; others again were written on some Gospel theme. Now came his first box of "pigeon-holes," with sorted tracts in each, so that when writing a letter he could reach a tract and enclose it. This box is another relic kept at the Depot. The pointing of the finger of Providence caused Mr. Drummond in 1852 to relinquish his business and give his life to the Tract Movement. To this his brothers generously agreed, giving him still his share of the profits of the business, which enabled him to carry out his "Enterprise" without fee or reward. The idea of a religious newspaper was new then; the first he saw was "The American Messenger," which so fascinated him that he resolved to follow the American lead, hence came the "British Messenger." There was not much of the "news" element in it, but its fresh and vigorous treatment of practical religious questions made it of value. Mr. Drummond's practical genius next started a large-type periodical, known as "The Gospel Trumpet," and this was followed by a Mission serial, "Good News." The vitality of this work is seen in the fact that down to this day about a quarter of a million of these three serial publications are issued monthly from the Depot. For lack

of space the seed warehouse was left in 1856 for larger premises in Murray Place. The spirit the man was of appeared in his collecting all his employes around him every Saturday afternoon for praise and prayer for a blessing upon the week's work. But by 1862 the Murray Place premises became too strait for the ever-growing business, and a removal was made to a larger place at the foot of King Street. In the new establishment not only was the Saturday afternoon service continued, but a morning family worship was instituted. This marvellously energetic man, in addition to his Depot work, found time to undertake evangelistic and temperance work in Stirling and the villages round about; his high character, his fervent spirit, his gift of forcible address, his apt and striking illustrations, made him an attractive and effective evangelist. By 1872 the excessive strain so told upon him that he had reluctantly to face the fact that his active work was done. It was then that the town rose up to testify to the greatness of the work he had accomplished. He lived for five years in retirement in Edinburgh, with his seven children; and in his seventy-seventh year went in perfect peace to his God and his reward. He rested from his labours, but his work still follows him.

A. B.

"A Little Cloud Like a Man's Hand."

(LAST REPORT.)

"Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand."—1 KINGS xviii. 44.



HE sea is the main reservoir of the clouds. From its wide waste of waters spreading out for millions of square miles, the sun is continually pumping up invisible vapour which collects as clouds and floats along the bosom of the atmosphere in masses driven by the winds, and then condenses into rain and distils upon the earth as so much creative wealth, as

grass and corn and flowers and trees in the making. One is delighted at seeing it rain after a protracted season of drought. One is ready to shout: "It is raining bread and meat and clothes: drink is coming for all thirsty things: food for man and beast is falling: life is flowing down in torrents from the skies."

And it is another instance, in addition to thousands that might be mentioned, which go to show the beneficence of the Creator, that the clouds be-

fore they dissolve are allowed to assume such fantastic shapes. He might have made them as uninteresting in their aspect as possible, resembling a dirty sheet drawn over the sky, the same at the middle and at the margin and throughout; nothing of beauty either in the shape or the colour of it; but everything on the contrary to repel the eye and to depress the spirits. He might have constituted them a necessary evil, as ugly as they are useful. But what is the fact? Why, that cloud-land is dream-land, that cloud-land is fairy land; that the clouds are a gallery of pictures of all kinds changing every moment; that they form a series of dissolving views, melting away as you gaze on them; that they are a region of poetry and romance where the imagination may revel for hours together.

I once saw, when at college, looking out of my study window early one summer morning, a piece of cloud-scenery which I have never forgotten, it was so enchanting. It resembled a mountainous country rising by an easy ascent, tipped and tinged with hues of bewitching beauty, and there were valleys and rocks and precipices; and there was actually the appearance of a pathway such as a pedestrian might follow, leading from the plains beneath up

to the summit. I called a fellow student of brilliant conversational powers to enjoy with me a sight which I well knew would in a few minutes pass away for ever, and as he stood there devouring it with his eyes, I remarked: "What a pity it is that we cannot have it painted!" "Paint God!" he said, somewhat severely. He meant to say that this work of God was so superior to any imitation of it that the skill of an artist could produce, it was almost as profane to think of painting God Himself as of putting upon canvas an adequate representation of a scene like that.

I dare say it was with some of us a favourite occupation when we were young to watch the clouds; to track some fairy ship as it sailed with flowing canvas across the azure deep; where they resembled beds of down, to imagine ourselves reclining upon them with an exquisite sense of repose; and, where they looked like a range of mountains, with summit sharp-cut against the blue sky, to imagine ourselves running along the level ridge with a feeling of buoyancy that was delicious.

When Elijah began to pray for rain, kneeling on the top of Mount Carmel, he sent his servant to look out towards the Mediterranean Sea, which washed the foot of the mountain, and from which, if from any quarter, the rain was likely to proceed. The servant went and looked, but brought back the discouraging report: "There is nothing." Elijah directed him to go again and again and again, until he should have been seven times if it were necessary. He did so, and up to the sixth time his report was always the same discouraging one, There is nothing. Perhaps he wore a very incredulous look as to whether there ever would be anything, and thought within himself: What a strange man my master is to think he can procure rain by means of prayer, and to keep me here running to and fro looking out for it when there has not been a drop of it for this miserable country these three years and a half, and perhaps never will be again. But when he came back from his outlook the seventh time he proceeded, we fancy, at a faster pace than before, and his sprightly countenance showed that he had got good news to tell, and he spoke in a quick, animated way as he delivered his report in these words, "Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand."

The description which Elijah's servant gave of the little cloud which he saw in the distance, and which soon overspread the sky and came down a teeming shower upon all the land that was so dry and parched, has since been used innumerable times to describe movements which were small in their beginning but which afterwards became great. It appropriately depicts the origin of Christianity—the tokens of coming changes for good—and the first signs of a revival of religion.

I. The language of Elijah's servant well describes THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTIANITY.

It is deeply interesting to trace up to their beginning—as we sometimes can trace up—movements which have altered the face of society, and improvements which have multiplied the resources of mankind, and discoveries which have widened immensely the boundaries of human knowledge. These advancements have sometimes proceeded from the active brain of a single individual, and that individual was once obscure and was once a little child just beginning to observe and to learn and to think. Could we have been introduced to such a one in his childhood, having a full knowledge of what he was destined to be and to do, we should have gazed on him with a feeling akin to reverence, because we should have seen his diminutive form invested with all the importance of the consequences he was going to produce. In the child afterwards known as Lord Bacon, we should have seen the vast discoveries of modern science: in young George Washington, the Independence of America: in Mazzini, the liberation and unification of Italy: and in little Walter Scott, a wide realm of noble literature lifted at one bound above the prevailing impurities of fine writing.

Or going to the Scriptures for our examples: Abraham, as he went forth from Chaldæa to Canaan a childless man, would have appeared the embodiment of the Jewish nation, and of that covenant with God which was the glory of their nationality. The babe Moses, floating in the ark of bulrushes on the River Nile, and weeping in the arms of Pharaoh's daughter, would have been surrounded to our eyes with all the majesty of the Dispensation of the Law which he was to inaugurate. And young David, tending his father's sheep, would have been seen followed by an illustrious line of kings, while all around him the air resounded with the melody of myriads of synagogues and sanctuaries chanting his inspired psalms. What, then, should we have seen while we gazed on the infant Jesus in the arms of His mother Mary? We should have seen a multitude which no man could number gathered out of all nations redeemed from their iniquities.

Christianity has sprung from Jesus Christ. All in it that illumines and blesses and does us good, all that disposes us to do our duty in this world, and at the same time prepares us for another and a better world hereafter, we owe to Him. Every true Christian has both an historical and a spiritual connection with Christ. He is historically connected with Him, for he has received his religion from those who were Christians before him, and they again from others, until if you trace up the succession of generations and of centuries, the number of Christians growing less and less, like a river which dwindles as you ascend to its source, you will find yourself at last in a disreputable village of Palestine called Nazareth, and in the home of a carpenter of that village, where you will see a young man who,

when He is addressed by any other member of the family, gets called Jesus. Within the breast of that young man the whole Christian Church of the future was contained.

But every Christian has a spiritual as well as an historical connection with Christ. The connection which the branch has with the parent tree from which it derives the sap by which it is nourished: the connection of every limb of the body with the heart is not more necessary to that branch and to that limb than the union of the Christian by faith and love with Christ is necessary to that new life into which he has been introduced. It is not with a dead Christ embalmed in history, but with a Christ who, though He once was dead, now liveth, and is alive for evermore, that he is in sympathy and in daily communion. "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

That is the character, and that is the position of every true believer in Christ Jesus. He is historically, and he is spiritually connected with Christ. Now let your eye take in the whole number of such believers. Except in some brief period, they have been continually increasing since the day His ministry began until now; you see them in imagination a grand procession marching past you in the order of their generations, all followers of the same Saviour, and all, notwithstanding their diversities of occupation and of opinion, animated by the same spirit of love and loyalty to Him. How vast and how beneficial has been the influence which He has exerted upon mankind! How immense the number of those who have owed to Him their deliverance from the worst evils and their introduction to the highest good!

But now when you have seen the whole number of His followers to be so great and His cause so mighty in the world, go back to that day on which He first emerged from His obscurity, when, on the banks of the Jordan, He was pointed out by John the Baptist to two of his disciples—probably John and Andrew, as the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, and these two spent the rest of the day with Him, and afterwards introduced to Him Simon Peter, and you will see the little cloud which has since developed into all this greatness, and which must go on expanding till the earth is deluged with righteousness. "For He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet."

II. The text appropriately represents THE EARLY TOKENS OF COMING CHANGES FOR GOOD.

The great changes that come over the face of the world—over its opinions, and over its institutions, and over its governments may be consummated in a very short space of time, but they are usually, in proportion to their importance and to their permanence, a long time preparing. The gossip of the hour occupies itself with the events that appear upon the surface: it knows nothing of the work of preparation that is going on beneath the surface, and nothing of

the undercurrent of thought that is circulating. But if you confine your attention to the particular event by which some great movement is wound up—such as the battle that settles in blood an international dispute—you will miss much of the impressiveness of the movement as a spectacle for observation, and what is more, you will miss the indications of an over-ruling Providence which he who watches it throughout will see in the feeble beginning of that which at the close is irresistible, and in its gradual growth and onward march in obedience to a hidden force working for the welfare of men.

Undoubtedly, great changes for good are now taking place—changes that will overturn institutions which have been in existence for hundreds of years—changes that will affect the well-being for time and for eternity of millions upon millions of people. The hand of God is in them, and though they have been feared by the timid, though they have been resisted with passionate pleading by those attached to the old order of things, they will be confessed hereafter to have been the glory of our time. Some of them are very palpable, and we hardly know whether to wonder most at those who cannot see them, or at those who see them plainly enough but think that they can stop them. Stop them! They might as well attempt to stop the tide when it invades the beach. Stop them! They might as easily stop the chariot of the sun when its glowing wheels roll up the heights of heaven. We have lived to see things accomplished which our fore-elders would have reckoned impossibilities, and the world is not going to stand still. We have seen doctrines which at first could gain no hearing except from a few choice spirits spread until they commanded universal attention and universal respect. We have seen schemes which were derided at first as arrant folly accepted at last as the profoundest practical wisdom. Let us devoutly acknowledge the hand of God in great social and political changes which improve the condition of mankind. Let us watch from the Carmel of calm contemplation the first tokens of coming revolutions, and take care that we do not come under the lash of that rebuke which was administered by Christ to the Sadducees and Pharisees of His day—"When it is evening ye say, It will be fair weather, for the sky is red; and in the morning, It will be foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowering. O, ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky: but can ye not discern the signs of the times?"

III. The text faithfully depicts THE FIRST SIGNS OF RELIGIOUS REVIVAL.

It is not God's way of working to affect all at once a great number of people with gracious impressions, but to begin with one or with a small company, and to use them as the medium for conveying the power of His Spirit to other minds until the sanctified influence has spread far away from the spot where it first appeared. A band of men

whose hearts God has touched instrumentally impart the truths which they have seen and felt, and the holy earnestness with which they have become possessed, to others and these to others again, until it may be the effects are felt in far-off lands.

It was thus with the great Methodist revival. It began with a small band of Oxford students, who, in the year 1729, agreed to spend three or four evenings in the week together to read classics on common evenings, and on Sundays some book in divinity. They were only four in number, and now twenty millions. The Methodist revival was not confined to those who bear the name. The Evangelical party in the Church of England, the Congregationalists and Baptists are largely Methodists without the name—indebted to Whitefield, rather than to Wesley, for the renewal of their youth, and for the baptism of fire which they received last century. It matters little about the name so long as they became partakers of the blessing. The Holy Club at Oxford was the little cloud like a man's hand, and like that other cloud seen by Elijah's servant, it has spread.

The Primitive Methodist Connexion, so remarkably successful in the work of evangelisation, originated in a day's praying, or a camp-meeting, on the top of Mow Hill, near the Potteries in Staffordshire. This circumstance has often been recalled by the people as they have witnessed the growth of their work, and has been expressed by a homely couplet:—

"The little cloud increases still
That first arose upon Mow Hill."

The class of ten members, which was all they had to begin with, has swelled to a multitude of classes comprising close on 200,000.

We have seen a recent instance of growth from little to large in the rapid spread of the Christian Endeavour movement. The first society was formed with this unpretending name by Dr. Clarke in connection with his own church in America some eighteen years ago; and now there is an extensive network of such societies both in America and in England containing three millions of members. It has proved to be a real revival of religion, and has supplied the link so long desired between the Sunday School and the Church.

There is a useful suggestion to those who long for revived life in their own churches in the fact that, when the servant of Elijah saw the little cloud rising out of the sea, his master was praying on the mountain, and had persevered in prayer all the time that the previous discouraging reports were being presented one after another. When the spirit of prayer is diffused the little cloud may be expected; nay, is not the very existence of such a spirit a harbinger of showers of blessing? It is a question by which we may test the sincerity of our prayers: Are we led to look out for answers to them? This, too, is a searching test: Are we impelled by them to do anything? Are they followed by effort where effort has a place?

The first thought of better things which comes into the mind, and comes to stay, prepares the way for others of like kind to follow, and has in it the promise of all the happy results to which it leads. Let us cherish, then, the beginnings of good, though small and feeble, seeing in them not merely what they are now, but what they will be, and so waiting and working till they are brought to perfection.

Z.

The Older Chapels of Metropolitan Nonconformity.

IV. TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD TABERNACLE: WHITEFIELD'S SOUL-TRAP.

BY REV. ALBERT A. BIRCHENOUGH.



URING the middle of the eighteenth century the far-famed Tottenham Court Road Tabernacle, which has been recently taken down on account of its insecure condition, and is being replaced by a more modern structure, was the scene of George Whitefield's eloquent

four to attend his Tabernacle discourses at five. I have seen Moorfields as full of lanterns at these times as I suppose the Haymarket is as full of flambeaux on an opera night. As a preacher, if any man were to ask me who was the second I ever had heard, I should be at some loss; but in regard to the first, Mr. Whitefield exceeded so far every other man of my time that I should be at none. He was the original of popular preaching, and all our popular ministers are only his copy."

istry. The devoted John Newton records: "bless God that I have lived in Whitefield's time. any were the winter mornings I have got up at

At the present time, Tottenham Court Road is one of the busiest and best known thoroughfares of the crowded Metropolis. At the dawn of the last

century it was fringed with an open space, on which were held annual carnivals, one of which was widely-known as the Gooseberry Fair. These yearly festivals were associated with much horse-play, rowdiness, drunkenness, and their accompanying vices. After Whitefield's separation from Wesley, on ac-

count of their theological differences, some of his friends belonging to the Calvinistic Methodists erected a large wooden shed in this moral "waste, howling wilderness" of Moorfields. It was built in the year 1741 upon a plot of ground that was lent for the purpose, and near to Wesley's Foundry



THE TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD OF LAST CENTURY, SHOWING WHITEFIELD'S FIRST TABERNACLE.

Chapel. The pulpit was in keeping with the building, and consisted of a grocer's empty sugar barrel. As the shed was only a temporary erection for the holding of religious services, it was called the Tabernacle, in reference to the ancient tabernacle that was

used by the Israelitish Church during the wilderness wanderings.

The foundation-stone of Tottenham Court Road Chapel, or Tabernacle, was duly laid in May, 1756, when the Rev. George Whitefield preached to a large congregation. The chapel was designed by Whitefield, and was built on a plot of ground leased from the Fitzroy family, which was then known as "The Crab and Walnut Field," and was described as being situated near to a pond called "The Little Sea." In writing to his patroness, the pious Countess of Huntingdon, Whitefield says: "I have taken a piece of ground not far from the Foundling Hospital, whereon to build a new chapel." The immediate cause of its erection was the determined opposition manifested by the vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields to the evangelical doctrines as taught by Whitefield in his ministry at a chapel in Long Acre. The original Tabernacle was an unpretentious double-lined brick building, seventy feet square, and capable of accommodating a large congregation; over the main doorway was a carved representation of Whitefield's coat-of-arms. There was nothing handsome or pretentious in its architectural appearance. It was one of those bald-looking conventicles that were regarded by our Non-conformist forbears as being a Puritan Paradise—a place of spiritual delights. The opponents of the eccentric evangelist satirically called the new chapel, "Whitefield's Soul-trap," to which Whitefield quietly replied: "I pray that God may make it indeed a soul-trap to many of His wandering creatures."

When the Tabernacle was finished, Whitefield was bitterly disappointed because the Bishop would not recognise it as a Chapel-of-ease in connection with the Church of England. It is said that Whitefield



WHITEFIELD'S PULPIT.



REV. MATTHEW WILKES.

made application to the Bishop of London to consecrate the spare ground adjoining the Tabernacle as a cemetery. His lordship having refused to perform the ceremony, Whitefield obtained several cartloads of earth from a churchyard in the city, which he had spread over the adjacent surface, and thenceforth he regarded it as being "sacred ground."

As one writer good-humouredly remarks: "How deep the consecration went downwards, was a question he did not even attempt to decide."

Owing to Whitefield's popularity the congregation so rapidly increased, that within a few years after the opening, the chapel had to be considerably enlarged, and an octagonal front was added, which gave the building a grotesque appearance, and caused it to be known as "The Oven." His numerous friends and congregation contributed of their wealth and enabled him to erect twelve almshouses for the poor, and also to build a spacious chapel-house.

During his ministry at the Tabernacle, Whitefield's occasional hearers included some of the most distinguished men and women of the day belonging to the realm of politics, literature, science, wealth and fashion. They comprised King George III., the Prince of Wales, and his Royal brothers and sisters; Lords Chesterfield, Halifax, and Bolingbroke; the Earl of Dartmouth, the Earl of Bath, and the Earl of Ormond; Sir Joshua Reynolds; burly Samuel Johnson, of dictionary fame, and Oliver Goldsmith, who wrote "The Vicar of Wakefield," Horace Walpole, David Hume, and David Garrick; the prelates were represented by Bishop Warburton; the distinguished ladies included Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, the Countess of Huntingdon, Lady Chesterfield, and Lady Fanny Shirley.

On one memorable Sabbath, Ned Shuter, a "prince of melodramatic comedy," ventured into the Tabernacle. At the time of his visit to Whitefield's Chapel he was engaged at one of the leading London theatres, and was playing the part of "the



FELCH THE SECOND TABERNACLE, CONDEMNED BY THE COUNTY COUNCIL AS A DANGEROUS STRUCTURE.

Rambler" in a popular drama. Whitefield, who "was instant in season and out of season," turned to Shuter and addressing him personally, expressed the hope that in the course of his "ramblings" he might be led to "ramble" to the Lord Jesus. For the moment Shuter was disconcerted by this unexpected personal appeal, and publicly remonstrated with the preacher for his unseemly liberty. Shuter, how-

ever, was religiously impressed, and became a despised Methodist.

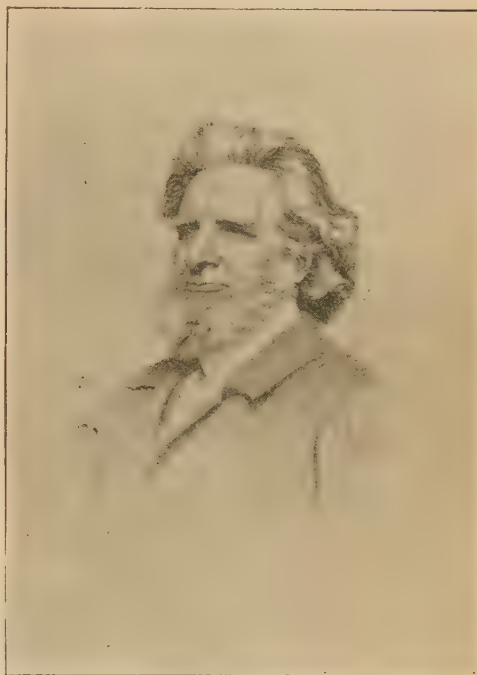
Occasionally the Tabernacle pulpit was occupied by such distinguished divines as Fletcher, of Madeley, Augustus Toplady, who wrote "Rock of Ages," and the godly William Romaine. In the autumn of 1766, Fletcher visited London, and frequently officiated in Whitefield's Tabernacle. He was de-

lighted with the help of the Madeley clergyman, and he wrote to the Countess, saying: "Dear Mr. Fletcher has become a scandalous Tottenham Court preacher!" Fletcher, in describing one of Whitefield's services, says: "When I was in London I went to Mr. Whitefield's Tabernacle, and heard him give his society a sweet exhortation upon love. He began by observing that when the Apostle John was old and past walking and preaching, he would not forsake the assembling himself with his brethren, as the manner of some is but upon little or no pretence at all. On the contrary, he got himself carried to their meeting, and with his last thread of voice preached to them his final sermon."

Whitefield was frequently burlesqued by Samuel Foote at Drury Lane Theatre in such popular plays as "The Minor" and "The Hypocrite." These attacks did not disturb Whitefield's peace of mind, for he smilingly remarked: "I am afraid Satan is angry." The epilogue of "The Minor" contained a farcical representation entitled, "Dr. Squinten," which was an attempt to ridicule Whitefield's appearance and mannerisms. During its run Whitefield died, and the epilogue was discontinued. On its being clamoured for by the audience, Foote came forward and magnanimously stated that he was incapable of holding up the departed divine to ridicule.

In briefly glancing at the life-story of the first pastor of Tottenham Court Road Tabernacle it may be stated that Whitefield, who may be regarded as one of the makers of Methodism, was the son of a licensed victualler, and was born at the Bell Inn, Gloucester, on December 16th, 1714. He was educated at Pembroke College, Oxford, and preached his first sermon to a crowded congregation assembled in Gloucester Cathedral. The impassioned earnestness of the young man, and his soul-stirring utterances, made a profound impression upon his hearers, many of whom had gone to the service through mere curiosity. After taking his B.A. degree, he preached in London, Bristol, Bath, and other important populous centres. When the parish pulpits were closed against him, he became an open-air evangelist, and he moved thousands to tears and a state of reflection by his irresistible impressiveness and his charming eloquence. It is computed that he preached on eighteen thousand occasions to ten millions of people during his itinerancy in England, Scotland, Wales and America. Whitefield made seven evangelistic visits to the United States, where he died somewhat unexpectedly on September 30th, 1770. Two months later, his funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. John Wesley at Tottenham Court Road Chapel.

In his appearance Whitefield was slightly above the average height, and of well-proportioned figure. He had dark blue eyes, which were disfigured by a slight squint. His voice was nature's greatest gift,



REV. JOHN CAMPBELL, D.D.

which was clear and bell-like. Without distressing himself he could make himself heard by an auditory of twenty thousand people gathered on a hill-side. His discourses often bristled with wit and pleasantry. His popularity was increased by his eccentric phrases and methods of expression. His published sermons appear to be commonplace, and they do not represent the spiritual magnetism of the preacher. They lack Whitefield's penetrating voice and dramatic delivery.

In the year 1779, Matthew Wilkes succeeded Whitefield at Tottenham Court Road, and he held the pastorate until his death in 1829. Wilkes was born at Gibraltar, was born again at West Bromwich, and was educated for the ministry at Trevecca College. He is said to have augmented his salary by selling coals on commission. His pulpit methods were as turbulent as the winds and waves that beat against his birth-place. In some senses, Wilkes was an extraordinary man. He was one of the founders of the London Missionary Society, and preached a preliminary sermon at Tottenham Court Road before the holding of its initiatory business meeting. He was one of the leading promoters in the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Tract Society, the Itinerant Society, and he assisted in starting *The Evangelical Magazine*.

Wilkes always obtained the best supplies for the Tabernacle pulpit. In May, 1824, the eccentric Edward Irving preached at Tottenham Court Road

for three consecutive hours from the text, "The Kingdom of heaven is at hand." There was a break in the middle of the discourse, when the huge congregation joined in singing a hymn. The collection amounted to £207 16s. 8d.

After Wilkes came Dr. John Campbell, who distinguished himself in the literary realm as the Editor of *The Christian Witness*, *The Christian Penny Magazine*, and *The British Standard*. In the early fifties, Mr. J. Ewing Ritchie, better known



THE NEW TABERNACLE NOW IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

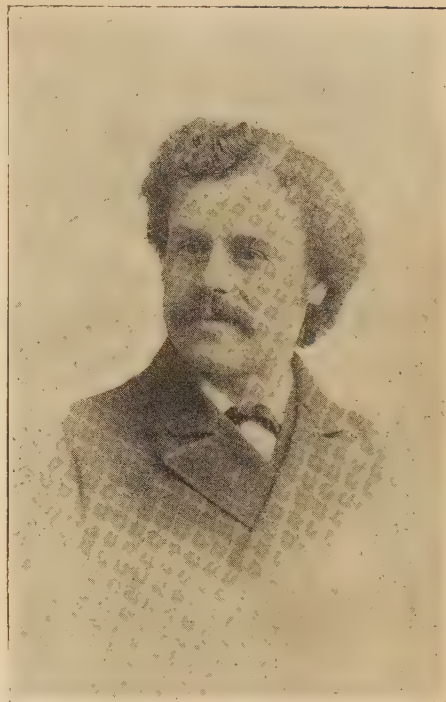
by his pen-name of "Christopher Crayon," published a sketch of Dr. Campbell in his "Popular Preachers," which for pungency of flavour resembles James Everett's "Wesleyan Centenary Takings." He says: "You can see what manner of man Dr. Campbell is in the twinkling of an eye. It is not often he preaches now, but if you chance to be at the Tabernacle when he does you will feel the description of him is correct. The memory of that

apostle in an age of sensualism and sin, George Whitefield, still sheds a fragrance round the dreary-looking chapel in which some few hundreds meet Sabbath after Sabbath. If you go, take with you a good stock of patience, for you will not find the service easy, or the sermon short. There, in the very pulpit where Whitefield, the persuasive, the silver-tongued stood—the Whitefield whom lords and ladies flocked to hear, who lit up with light and

life a wicked and adulterous generation, an age destitute alike of faith and heart and hope—you will see a big cumbrous man, of severe face and repulsive manner, with a voice harsh and rough as a mountain stream. The face is almost hidden between two uncomfortable collars, which create your sympathy for the unfortunate mortal in such an unpleasant fix. Continuing your search, however, you see piercing eyes beneath bushy brows, a nose of a decided character, a most firm chin, and a head of thick grey hair, the obstinate irregularities of which would throw a fashionable hairdresser into despair. In the pulpit he has it all his own way, he harangues with the air of a judge. His voice is husky and at times inaudible; his manner bad. The oratory belongs to the deadly-lively school, and consists of mild commonplaces, pumped out with a ferocity reminding one of the stern Puritans of the olden times, but rather out of place in the Tabernacle in which the doctor reigns supreme."

It is interesting to note that Dr. Joseph Parker, the distinguished minister of the City Temple, began his eventful public life by serving Dr. Campbell "as a son in the Gospel." Dr. Parker was twenty-two years of age when he became co-pastor of the famous Tottenham Court Road Chapel. In a humorous vein, Dr. Parker describes his first interview with Dr. Campbell at Tabernacle House. He says: "In half a minute my hand was in Dr. Campbell's, and there was comfort in the warm grip. Look at him! Broad, erect, with abundant grey hair standing up, as if it had been suddenly startled into disorder, and with linen enough around his neck to dress half a denomination. What a collar! I had seen collars like it in engravings, but until that moment I had seen nothing like it in actual linen. Then the voice—what nervous young man from the mountains could be quite easy under such gruff tones? Its very gentleness was a kind of muffled roar; what then must it have been when sounding in full compass!"

In a Parkeresque style he continues his interesting reminiscences of that ever-memorable Easter Sabbath morning in the year 1852, when he, the unknown Tynesider, and Dr. Campbell entered the famous pulpit together for the first time. It appears that the doctor, by pre-arrangement, was to give "a running comment" upon the Eastertide lesson, and Parker was to preach. "Friends at home" had seen the few sheets of paper that contained Parker's sermon, "and with too partial love had spoken well of them. But that morning the very ink had almost faded out, and the orthodoxy appeared to have got a twist." Neither that day, nor on any other occasion, did Dr. Parker regard Dr. Campbell "as a pulpit orator in the ordinary sense of the term. His pulpit, a very volcano in the days of Whitefield, seemed to be a mountain of ice, and his words like storms of hail." However, as Dr. Parker says, "After the hail could come the



REV. GEORGE A. SUTTLE.

dew, out of the terrible mouth could come the gentle and healing word." The sacred memories of Whitefield's pulpit, and the hallowed associations of Whitefield's Tabernacle, appear to have been a source of inspiration to Dr. Parker, and to have influenced his powerful ministry.

In the year 1828, at the expiration of Whitefield's lease, the famous Tabernacle was closed for two years. It was subsequently purchased by trustees, and greatly improved in its appearance. About the year 1860 the chapel was enlarged and re-fronted with stone. In 1868, Leonard Street Chapel was built, and the famous Whitefield pulpit was placed therein. The old Tabernacle contained monuments to the memory of Augustus Toplady and also to Whitefield, whose wife was buried beneath the floor of the chapel. The remains of John Bacon, R.A., a renowned sculptor, were buried under the north aisle.

As recently as 1889 it was discovered that Whitefield's Tabernacle was built on a foundation of timber laid lengthwise upon the bare mud. Having become unsafe it had to be taken down, and is being replaced by a new Tabernacle, the foundation stone ceremony of which was laid in October last, when the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker and others took part. The building will seat 1,150 persons, and the basement story, beneath which the author of "Rock of Ages" is buried, and which will be

known as "Toplady Hall," will accommodate 800 worshippers.

The present pastor, the Rev. G. A. Suttle, and his band of energetic co-workers, are "maintaining a brave fight against squalid heathenism and demoralising Ritualistic charities" in this crowded centre of the busy Metropolis. They have set them-

selves a formidable task in the erection of the new building, which will cost £12,000. Of this sum £5,000 is in hand, or promised, and £7,000 is still required. The congregation has given liberally, and now appeals to the wider Christian public. May the response be prompt and liberal.

Revivals: How to Make them Permanently Effective to our Churches.*



REVIVALS imply previous decline.

Now, however, the days of decline are past, and the breathing of God amongst the dry bones has brought a new life. The question before us is, how we shall conserve, or keep with us, those who have professed allegiance. That question presents us with an old,

important, and difficult problem.

A few years ago we were in Worcestershire, the land of orchards. It was springtime, the time of bud and blossom, and well do we remember a cherry-orchard lovely in its best of bloom. There is no misuse of words when we say "it was a thing of beauty." A few days elapsed ere we again saw it, and truly, a marvellous change had come over that orchard—the bud and blossom had mysteriously disappeared. "Whatever does this mean?" we inquired of a friend "Mean? it means a peculiar kind of blight has visited this orchard and destroyed seventy-five per cent. of promised fruit," was the sombre reply. That is our problem. We have our religious awakenings, bud and blossom seemingly in abundance; and yet when the days have passed by, we find a spiritual blight has visited us, and seventy-five per cent. of our promised fruit is gone. The business of the gardener is to cope with that orchard blight. *Your business and mine is to understand the cause or causes of the Church's blight, and, God helping us, to protect ourselves from its ravages.*

It may be, at the very outset, we shall find ourselves at a directly opposite angle to some, *when we question if that word "revival" should be in our Church vocabulary.* It is both a happy and an unhappy word. It means what? "That the spiritual tide has come in," you say. Yes, it does; but does it not also mean that, in other days, the spiritual tide had gone out and out? It is a word that means history. It has a past tense as well as

a present tense. It speaks of yesterday as well as of to-day, and while it speaks of the light of to-day it cannot keep silent about the darkness of yesterday. It speaks of present power, but in such a way as to disclose past inertia.

The other day we were flooded in the lower reaches of our town. It was a high tide among high tides, but relatively, it was but for the moment, and soon returned to its usual state. It is not such a tidal wave which soon backs to its old life that the Church needs. Not thus will the Church be able both to get and keep its converts.

To secure and keep its converts, the Church, we maintain, should rather be as that constantly supplied reservoir, ever full of the Divine life. Is this merely a Utopian picture of the Church? or is it possible, nay, more, is it enjoined? Or does God mean the Church to have an intermittent spiritual life acting like the intermittent spring? The secret of the intermittent spring, we are told, is that it is fed from an inner chamber in the rock in which the rains accumulate; but it is only when the water rises above a certain level that we have an outward flow. Keep the inner chamber full, and the outward flow will be constant. Thank God, the inner chambers can be kept full, and the Church that has its inner chambers full shall have a constant outflow of spiritual power. We heartily concur with Rendel Harris when he says:—

"I want to tell you that there should be no such word as 'revival' in the dictionary of the Christian Church: we want 'life,' not 'revival.' You hear people saying of certain religious movings, 'They are having quite a revival;' alas! and were they dead before? . . . Neither in earth nor in heaven has a Christian a right to go below 'par' in his spiritual life."

Take physical life. In health, is the pulse intermittent? Now a thud, then a rush, like the rush of cavalry, and later, pulsations that are scarcely perceptible. Nay! nay! healthy physical life means a regular, steady beat. Irregularity is indicative of mischief; it tells of impaired health; it gives a reminder that some part of the complex mechanism

* Paper read at a Convention of the Sunderland and Newcastle-on-Tyne District, October 8th, 1898, by M. T. Pickering.

is wrong. So it is in spiritual life. Our Church life should not be that spasmodic, uncertain thing it too often is. It should rather be deep daily communion with God, and that means for all time a vigorous spiritual life and much spiritual power.

Our first position then is: *The normal life of the Church should be as good if not better, than that of "revivals."* Our plea is for a continuous spiritual life as essential both to get and keep our converts. That life can be ours; should be ours.

"I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him; but ye know Him, for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." In His High-priestly prayer, Jesus prays, "And the glory which Thou gavest Me, I have given them; that they may be one, even as We are One: I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one, and that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me."

Paul tells us: "It pleased God to reveal His Son in me, that I might preach Him among the heathen." "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless, I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." For the Ephesians he prays: "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith."

It is that communion and union with God of which Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe sings:—

"As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All Heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.

Abide in me; there have been moments blest
When I have heard Thy voice and felt Thy power;
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion, hushed,
Owned the Divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons, beautiful and rare;
Abide in Me, and they shall ever be.
Fulfil at once Thy precept and my prayer:
Come, and abide in me, and I in Thee."

A Church with such an experience will see the glad some change from a dearth of conversions into the experience of many renewed and kept by Christ.

But some one urges:—"The Church has not reached that high level yet. We must assuredly seek to usher in a brighter day, but until that day dawns, we must use our occasional spiritual visitations, and have our revivals." Our plea, for a daily deeper life as the great essential, does not mean we are out of sympathy with true revivals; it only means we have a strong conviction that the other is the truer method. We must all recognise that there have been times of special Divine nearness, and at such times many have been born for Zion.

Certainly until the better day does dawn let us have revivals; but let us have true revivals. It may be a dissenting voice is heard here:—"The subject before us is not how to get, but how to keep." True, but there are revivals and revivals; and it is essential we know the antecedents of a revival, for the antecedents have much to do with its permanency. We make that claim, and it is by no mere play of words, or in caprice; it is vital to the subject in hand. We draw no caricature when we say we have known not one Church, but several Churches, that have lapsed into spiritual decrepitude, and they have sat in solemn conclave, and decided, "we must have a revival." So they order a spiritual stoker, in the shape of an evangelist, to poke them up to a better spiritual life. We speak what we know, when we say there are Churches that have been cursed by that kind of thing. Months before, with almost unfailing regularity, they have ordered a revival for the winter days. You cannot order a revival. You cannot poke it up; it comes down, as it came of old, by waiting. "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high." We speak reverently when we say: God is not fastened down to a man or to men. He can work if He will without His Church; but has He not taught us He seeks by His own to evangelise the world? We are to be His channels for conveying Divine power. The electrician tells us that certain substances are conductors of the electric fluid. Can such be a spiritual conductor? It fails; and its second state is generally worse than the first. The Church that seeks a revival must first, by a living faith and self-surrender, know the mystery and power of spiritual life. We protest against these so-called revivals, that are arranged in the councils of men, but have never been arranged by God and a consecrated Church.

A true revival will spring out of the life of the Church. In such a revival you can hope for permanency.

For personal enlightenment, and for the purposes of this paper, we have talked with labourers grey in the service of the Church. Said one: "We have had many so-called revivals in our Church, but I have pleasant memories of two that were deep at the time, and abiding in their results, and both sprang out of the life of the Church, and were carried on by the Church." Said another: "I have before me one revival that eclipses all I ever knew; and it burst forth from the life of the Church, and was sustained by the Church;" and the old man's eye glistened as he recounted name after name of those faithful to-day, and of others now serving in the Temple above.

These are not isolated testimonies, but our own experiences can be added, and there are myriads of others who can corroborate.

A true revival, for success and permanency, does

not depend on sensationalism, on fireworks and sky-rockets and other artificial means. It is a matter of regret that sometimes the Church has sunk so low that she has resorted to methods alien to her best judgment. We believe in a hearty expression of religious life, but noise and religious fervour are not synonymous terms. Power lies not in the rattle of the thunder, but in the flash of the silent lightning. We do not object altogether to somewhat unusual methods, if with these methods there is spiritual life; but sensational methods without spiritual power will mean ultimate barrenness. Then, if there be spiritual power, sensational methods will be but little used, because little needed. We join with the writer who says: "We

have little faith in any so-called revival that is not the natural outcome of the Church's life."

Then, how can we keep them? We repeat, it largely depends on how you have got them. Before we discuss how to keep them, let us be sure we have them. You may have them in name, but not in fact. Under the spell of excitement they may vow loyalty; but has that message been theirs, "Thy sins are forgiven thee?" If so, then, how can we keep them?

This question we will go on to consider in our next.

M. T. PICKERING.

(To be continued.)

Men Worth Remembering.

IV.—REV. WILLIAM SANDERSON.

BY THE REV. JESSE ASHWORTH.



MINENT piety, combined with remarkable usefulness, like the rose, retains its beauty and fragrance after death. If the Egyptians, with such great affection, and at such expense and care, embalmed the bodies of their departed friends, shall we not at least endeavour to

preserve the memories of our loved departed ones? Men like William Sanderson, as they ascend to the skies, seem to let fall the portraits of their character instead of their mantles, to be copied by the aid of memory into the heart and lives of those who survive them.

"Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear,
That mourned thy exit from a world like this;
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
And stay thy passage to the realms of bliss."

We are not proposing here to present a biography of our beloved friend; this has been ably done in a small volume by the late Rev. Charles Kendall, which those who possess will no doubt greatly prize. Neither is it our intention to write a lengthened eulogy on Mr. Sanderson's powers of oratory, this having been so ably done in a recent number of our *Quarterly Review*, by the Rev. J. Ritson. But, pleading guilty to fondly loving Mr. Sanderson, we shall be glad if we can make a younger generation somewhat better acquainted with him, at the same time we recall pleasing recollections to those

who had the honour and happiness of knowing or entertaining him.

Our earliest acquaintance with our friend began in the month of August, 1847, at the Yearly Meeting of the Itinerant Preachers' Friendly Society, which was held in old Jersey Street Chapel, Manchester. The late Rev. Thomas Ford attended as treasurer, and Mr. Sanderson as secretary. We retain a very vivid impression of the marked contrast between the two men. Mr. Ford assumed a commanding air, spoke in an authoritative tone of voice, and came down rather heavily on any defaulter; while Mr. Sanderson was mild, pleasant, and tolerant.

At the public meeting in the evening there were present such gifted preachers as the Revs. Thomas Batty, Samuel Smith, Robert Hill, Thomas King, John Oscroft, James Garner, William Rowe, and others; but the crowded meeting rose to its highest pitch of enthusiasm under the thrilling eloquence of Mr. Sanderson. By those present, the bursts of praise, and shouts of Halleluia, can never be forgotten as he rose to his climax in describing the glorious Redeemer mounted on His white horse of mercy, going forth from conquering to conquer. We also remember his able advocacy of the missionary enterprise a few years later, when he produced an equal effect on the large audience at the Annual Missionary Meeting in Spurgeon's Tabernacle.

It was, however, during our eight years' stay at Peterborough that we became more frequently and intimately acquainted with our departed friend. This was during a portion of the period when Mr. Sanderson was residing as a supernumerary at

Kirton Lindsey, when he often went as special preacher into the Norwich District. In those days there was only one parliamentary train in the day, and that generally early in the morning, so that if in performing a journey you had to change lines, the parliamentary train of the other Company would be gone. Consequently as a matter of economy, Mr. Sanderson would stay a night at Peterborough, in order to take advantage of the Great Eastern parliamentary train the following morning. Those were memorable occasions—really seasons of grace. Mr. Sanderson carried sunshine and heavenly influence into every family where he was entertained. Than he no one was more welcome to our humble home, or to that of the late Mr. and Mrs. Lee, of Peterborough.

On one of these welcome visits, our worthy circuit steward, Mr. Edis, kindly offered to drive Mr. Sanderson and myself to a week-day chapel anniversary at March, in the Downham Circuit, Norfolk. March, being twelve miles from the head of the circuit, and the chapel keeper living over a mile away, there was no one to meet us when we arrived about dinner-time. After a morning ride of seventeen miles through the bracing air, it will be readily believed that all three of us were prepared for a welcome repast; but no such treat came our way. There was a boy lounging near the chapel gates, who informed us there was going to be a "frolic" there that day, this being the name for a tea meeting. After lingering about for a time the chapel-keeper, who was of the gentler sex, arrived, and we entered the place of worship. Instead of a good dinner, we divided among us a few sandwiches which my good wife had placed in my pocket for my accommodation. Mr. Sanderson then said to the chapel-keeper, "Mrs., if you will borrow me a little soap, with towel, and water in a basin, I will wash and shave here in the chapel." So he was accommodated, but had no looking-glass by means of which he could adjust his toilet. No word of murmuring however escaped his lips; he walked about till service time in the afternoon, blessing and praising God. Then he gave us a splendid sermon, and an eloquent speech at the public meeting in the evening. This may help our readers to form some idea of what it was to be an anniversary preacher in the days of the past.

Not only were we favoured with these passing visits of Mr. Sanderson through Peterborough, but we had him also to a number of special services in the circuit, such as foundation stone layings, chapel openings, and anniversaries. When he opened our Crowland Chapel, the Wesleyan superintendent minister told us, that a number of their people asked him why he did not get them such preachers on special occasions as Mr. Sanderson.

We can never forget the effect upon the audience under his great sermon, "What is man?" at the opening of our Newborough Chapel. Although it



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is over forty years ago, we not long since met a Peterborough Congregationalist deacon who was present on that occasion, who spoke in the most glowing terms of his recollections of that sermon. The writer has had the privilege of hearing Dr. Adam Clarke, Dr. Jabez Bunting, Dr. Beaumont, Dr. Morley Punshon, Billy Dawson, Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Talmage, and others; but, we speak it respectfully, we would not place any of their sermons before the one we had the opportunity of hearing that day.

On another occasion, we remember attending with the Rev. William Garner, a week's missionary meetings in the Scotter Circuit. While we were waiting to cross the river for Westferry, Mr. Sanderson came in sight, when a lady present exclaimed: "Yonder he is—bless him! I have heard him at nineteen missionary meetings, and he will be as fresh to-day as ever." This was quite true; for there was always a remarkable freshness and power, both in his sermons and speeches. Yet, notwithstanding his varied gifts and extensive popularity, one of the most prominent features of his character was deep humility. We have heard the Rev. John Farr say that, when he was a young man he had often watched with admiration Mr. Sanderson walking down the middle of the street of Westferry with such a gentle, unassuming mien, as if he felt almost unworthy to walk on the side-path.

From what has already been advanced respecting our esteemed friend, a further acquaintance with him can scarcely fail to be desired. Let us, there-

fore, first take a rapid glance at the varied circumstances of his early days. He was born in the small and obscure village of Haswell, near Market Weighton, and consequently at that time of day he could not possess many educational advantages; early bereaved by death of a mother's tenderness, affection and care; apprenticed to an ungodly tailor and draper, who speedily added public-house keeping to his other businesses; so that in connection with the house of his master there was card-playing, cock-fighting, man-fighting, fiddling, and dancing to any amount. The only religious opportunities afforded him were occasional Methodist services held in the humble cottage of a poor widow. Here, however, he found a piously inclined youth for a companion, named Thomas Wood, who afterward became so distinguished in our far-famed Driffield Circuit. The seed of the heavenly kingdom sown in this humble cottage led these two youths to go out frequently into the fields, sit down on the grass, and talk together of their spiritual condition till they both profusely wept. One can but exclaim, "Who hath despised the day of small things?" And how desirable it is for youth to form excellent companionships!

Led forward by these early religious impressions, young Sanderson, in the year 1819, when our beloved Connexion was only nine years old, was attracted to a camp-meeting in Market Weighton gravel-pits, where he was greatly moved by the earnest prayers and powerful preaching carried on through the day. The following February he was so gloriously converted that he went home shouting through the streets, "The Lord has pardoned all my sins, I am happy! I am happy!" The reality of his change, and the boldness of his testimony, silenced the fiddlers and dancers, and caused them, while cursing the people called Ranters, to pack up their things, take their flight, and he saw no more of them on that occasion.

From the conversion of young Sanderson a glorious revival of religion immediately followed, in which about thirty were saved in the village. Surely those were days in which signs and wonders were wrought in the name of the holy child Jesus! Why not in the villages, towns, and cities of our own day should we not look, by prayer and faith, for equal and even increasing manifestations of divine grace and saving power?

It may seem truly remarkable that this youth, with all his unfavourable environment, should almost immediately become, even during the time of his apprenticeship, a laborious and useful local preacher. In this capacity he travelled many long journeys, and witnessed numerous conversions as the fruit of his humble toil.

Let us now follow the subject of our sketch on his entrance into the itinerant ministry.

Being filled with such spiritual and converting power, a few pounds were found somehow to induce

his master to give up his indentures. Thus released, he entered heartily upon his life-work.

We can scarcely forbear asking: Whence did he obtain his equipment for this momentous undertaking? There were no stimulating examinations; no collegiate training for two or three years under gifted professors; no access to great libraries containing stores of every kind of knowledge. These are priceless advantages with which young Sanderson was not favoured. Yet to what an eminence he rose, and what success he achieved! What a divine unction rested upon his labours! What may we not rationally expect from those young candidates for the ministry who, compared with him, have their lines fallen in such pleasant places, and who have come heirs to so goodly an inheritance? They will gather, no doubt, both courage, persistence, inspiration, and gratitude from the careful and prayerful study of such remarkable lives.

We can do little more here than briefly mention the places in which Mr. Sanderson exercised his ministry. These were:—Driffield (twice), Pocklington, Brotherton, Lincoln, Hull (twice), Whitehaven, Alston, Keyingham, Scarborough, Bradford, Halifax (twice), Scotter (three times), London, Ramsgate, Doncaster, Epworth, and Gainsborough. Those were evidently days of frequent removals; but some of the above-named places would be branches or missions of Hull or Scotter Circuit, the former having as many at one time as thirty-five, and the latter sixteen ministers appointed to it. At Brotherton, in those early days, Mr. Sanderson remained three years, which fact must be regarded as a very high testimony to his deep piety and ministerial ability. In 1824, Mr. Sanderson preached at the Halifax Conference with great liberty, which, says his biographer, "would mean a lucid exposition of the great truths of our holy religion, and a feast of eloquence for his hearers." On this occasion he became intimately acquainted with the founders of the Connexion; and it is easy to imagine Hugh Bourne devoutly praising God for raising up such a young soul-winning minister in those early days.

It was while in the extensive Lincoln Circuit Mr. Sanderson did his little bit of courtship, which led up to a happy marriage union with Miss M. C. Shaw. Of this he, in his own characteristic way, said, "It was a blessing to him and nothing else. I got her out of a pious family," he observed, "and found personally I had little more to ask the Lord for." How delightful were this the universal experience of all matrimonial alliances.

On his first appointment to Hull, Mr. Sanderson's residence was Chapel Court, by the side-entrance of West Street Chapel. Mr. Clowes, he says, came to live with us, and before the year was over, we had to entertain John Nelson and his family. Only think of it! The large town of Hull—head of the District—and Chapel Court and

three families therein! What days were those of overcrowding and self-denial! How do agreeable changes call for grateful recognition at the present day!

It will give some idea to our younger ministers and friends of the great difficulties of removing from circuit to circuit experienced in those early days if we notice that Mr. Sanderson's journey from Driffeld to Whitehaven occupied not less than two days and two nights, travelling as he did, partly by stage waggon for economy, and partly by coach. The second night Mrs. Sanderson felt as if she must be frozen to death. But, he remarks, they found much at Whitehaven speedily to efface the memory of their hardships on the painful journey.

Had Mr. Sanderson left a diary, extending over his thirty-two years of itinerant ministry, it would undoubtedly have sparkled with the record of great endurance, thrilling incidents, wonderful conversions, remarkable answers to prayer, providential openings, and triumphant death-bed scenes. The diary unfortunately he omitted to keep, but he has left the following highly satisfactory statement: "Beside filling up all deficiencies, I and my colleagues added one thousand three hundred to the Church membership. I had also the honour of numbering among my spiritual children three distinguished ministers, namely, the Rev. Charles Kendall, (who became his biographer, and who ably filled the presidential chair at the Hull Conference of 1881), John Holroyd, and William Lonsdale," both of whom were greatly esteemed.

It is noteworthy that during his itinerancy Mr. Sanderson had for his contemporaries such worthy men as the seraphic Clowes, the dispassionate and scholarly William Garner, the heroic and well-read in Puritan literature John Bywater, the pathetic and effective preacher, George Lamb, the mighty plat-

form speaker, William Harland, the gifted pulpit orator John Flesher, with many others, whose names are in the book of life. He was also, in the earliest days of his ministry, intimately acquainted with that distinguished man of faith and prayer, John Oxtoby, who was called Praying Johnny.

In those early days of the Connexion the power of prayer, and exercise of faith, were kept very prominently before the people. It was frequently asked in ordinary conversation, What is faith? What difference is there between faith and believing? Was it the faith of the man sick of the palsy, or the faith of the four who brought him to Jesus, or was it the faith of the whole five which secured the healing? These and similar questions would often excite useful and inspiring discussions on the great subjects of faith and prayer.

It is further worthy of observation that, in those earlier times there was frequently an understanding, both among ministers and laymen, that one should carry on the conversation while the others present should continue to wait on the Lord for a blessing there and then to descend upon them. By this method conversions were often witnessed round the tea or dinner table. We are informed that on one occasion, when Mr. Clowes, who had been thus waiting on the Lord, rose to ask a blessing, the divine power came upon those present in such a manner, that instead of sitting down to tea they knelt down for prayer. They prayed till the tea was cold, the toast was cold, the fire was out, and there was only time left to hurry off to the service. Surely those were days not only of waiting for, but also days of the descending of the Holy Spirit. And even now, "the ear of the Lord is not heavy that He cannot hear, nor is His arm shortened that He cannot save."

(To be continued.)

A Trio of Triolets.

PSALM cvii.

I.

They wandered in a desert way,
They found no place wherein to dwell;
Like witless sheep that go astray
They wandered in a desert way:
Uncomforted by night and day,
Cursed with the curse of Ishmael,—
They wandered in a desert way,
They found no place wherein to dwell.

II.

What hunger and what thirst they felt
Until they cried, O God, to Thee!
Till those hard hearts began to melt
What hunger and what thirst they felt!

Ere, sobbing in the dust they knelt
Sick of a vagrant liberty,
What hunger and what thirst they felt
Until they cried, O God, to Thee!

III.

The hungry heart He satisfies,
The longing soul He fills with good.
The heart that all the world denies,
The hungry heart He satisfies,
Where in the wilderness it bies,
Outcast, accursed, and faint for food,
The hungry heart He satisfies,
The longing soul He fills with good.

M. M. SHARPE.



Timely Topics for Primitive Methodists.

V.—THE FREE CHURCH FEDERATION.



IT is a common remark that criticism is *easy*. In the sense of merely finding fault that is no doubt true enough. Perhaps the only person qualified to criticise with advantage in this sense is the man endowed with the charity so beautifully described in the first Epistle to the Corinthians. It is certain that such will be slow to criticise: he will suffer

long and be kind. He hopeth all things, endureth all things. Nevertheless, he will long to cure the faults he sees, and when opportunity offers, will endeavour to do so. Probably in the eyes of the leaders of the Free Church Federation that remarkable organisation has no faults. It is their own child, and in such cases love is blind. I cannot lay claim to any such honourable relation to the great movement, and yet I yield to none in my admiration for, and my joy in it. All the same, I am not blind to its faults. But whether in this article I should be more concerned to point out these faults, or ask others to bear with them, I am not myself sure.

To begin with, I am painfully conscious that these faults are being complained of by others. Criticism has been heard in high places, and, not least, in one of the leading pulpits of Liverpool Nonconformity during the sittings of the National Council. It may be taken for granted that the critics have voiced a feeling that is pretty general in some quarters, and that their invective reveals a more or less serious danger. Whether any personal element enters into the question I do not know; but a writer who is removed from the area of the Council's operations may be taken to have no axe of his own to grind, and to write without any sort of personal bias.

So far as Primitive Methodism is concerned, the Free Church Federation movement has had no more enthusiastic supporters than the members of our own Church. Our people love their own communion, but they have always been singularly free from sectarian bigotry. They have ever been

ready to give other Churches a fair field, and therefore it was only to be expected that they would be prepared to welcome a movement which promised to make all branches of Nonconformity more effective. Keenly alive to the disabilities under which Dissent has laboured in many parts of the country, they were eager to welcome a movement which promised to remove these disabilities. In many a rural circuit there has been a bitter sense of helplessness under the iron rule of the parson and the squire, and the prospect of a union of all the sections of Nonconformity against the common enemy was heralded as the earnest of deliverance from a galling yoke. Moreover, as a people, we are, and have ever been, most thoroughgoing in our Nonconformity. From the beginning we have stood for religious equality. Our disestablishment principles are not of yesterday; they date from our birth as a Church.

Then our hatred of anything savouring of priestcraft or sacerdotalism is well known. Our Protestantism, at any rate, is beyond question. The priesthood of all believers lies at the foundation of our whole system of Church polity, and the share of the laymen in the affairs of the Church is unusually large. We may not be as democratic as some other Churches, but Luther's great principle, that "Ordination consists simply of this, that out of a community, all of whom are priests, one is chosen for the particular work of administering God's Word" has ever found hearty acceptance. The minister is simply the first among equals, and in our repudiation of anything like priestliness or Apostolic succession, we have even eschewed the laying on of hands in our simple ordination services. Is it surprising that in this national uprising against Sacerdotalism Primitive Methodists should be found willing and eager to join? And we imagine their activity in the work of the Federation is attested by the large number of their members who are elected as delegates to the Council from all parts of the country. We wonder how many Primitive Methodists have within the last three years been elected as Chairmen or Secretaries of local Councils. The number must be large considering the relative size of our Church.

Personally, I believe in the movement with all

my heart as being full of promise for the future of the Free Churches, and of blessing to the masses of the people. The spiritual side of the work is coming more and more to the front, and the united missions held in various parts of the country have already resulted in great good. For all the purposes for which the Federation was intended it is a potent instrument, and anything calculated to lessen its effectiveness is to be deplored. It is to be hoped, therefore, that our people will not slacken in their efforts to promote the success of this great movement.

At the same time it is useless shutting our eyes to the fact that there is a certain sense of grievance existing in some quarters, which, if left without redress, may seriously injure the usefulness of the Federation. The defect seems to centre somewhere at head-quarters. A certain amount of centralisation exists which is scarcely consistent with the democratic spirit of the time. It is true the Executive Committee is elected annually by the Council; but the initiative in certain important questions is limited to that executive. For example, the Executive practically appoint the President. Of course, it will be said that they merely nominate, and that the appointment rests with the Council itself. But it is not difficult to see that this makes it very awkward for any member of the Council to challenge the nomination. The unseemliness of such a course is manifest, and so far the nomination has been accepted unanimously. All the same, there has been a certain amount of dissatisfaction, and in regard to the last appointment there is considerable heartburning. I am not aware that anything is alleged against the gentleman appointed personally. He is probably highly esteemed and popular with those who most resented his appointment. Their grievance is easily stated. It has been assumed that the claims of all the Churches represented in the Federation would be recognised so far as possible in the election of the President. The Congregational Churches were honoured in the persons of the late Dr. Berry and Dr. Mackenral; those of the Methodists in the person of Rev. Hugh Price Hughes; those of the Presbyterians in Dr. Monro Gibson, and those of the Baptists in Dr. Clifford. Again the turn of the Methodists had come, and a Methodist minister was duly appointed. But there are several sections of Methodists, and it was naturally expected that as the Wesleyans had been recognised in the election of one of their ministers on a former occasion, one of the Minor Methodist bodies, as they are called, would have been honoured on the present occasion. This, however, has not been done, and the result has been that considerable dissatisfaction has been expressed in some quarters. It is felt that an un-

written law of the Federation has been violated, and wrong done to some of the most loyal supporters of the movement.

Of course, the mischief is done so far as the present is concerned, but it is well to let it be known that the error has not been unobserved. It is to be hoped that in future the claims of all the Methodist bodies will be remembered, and that when it comes to the turn of Methodism again, the chief honour of the Council will not be awarded to the Wesleyans, who have had their share for at least a decade to come. It is, of course, only fair to remember that we have not heard the defence of the Executive itself. There may have been very good reasons for their action that do not appear on the surface. But it is the opinion of many that they have not acted wisely or fairly. Nor must it be forgotten that Primitive Methodists may be themselves in some measure to blame in this matter. They have their say in the election of the Executive Committee, and should see to it that our Church is as well represented as possible. Then the Connexion will be heard when the President is nominated. We have both ministers and laymen who would do honour to this position, and so have the other Methodist Churches. If the unity of this great movement is to be maintained, the rights of all must be respected.

There is another point on which a word of warning is perhaps needed. The Federation is publishing magazines for the propagation of its principles. This is perfectly right, and there is ample room for literature of this kind. Nay, more, it is much needed, for too many Free Churchmen are lamentably ignorant of their principles, and could not give an intelligent reason for the faith that is in them. But there is just a danger that the Federation magazine may be pushed in a way to damage our Connexional literature. If a small and struggling cause is saddled with a number of Federation magazines which it must sell or pay for, the results may be disastrous to our own serials. We do not compel our people to take our magazines, or hold them responsible for the disposal of a certain number. We have difficulties enough in this regard already without any more being added. It is well that the Federation literature should be pushed with all due vigour; but the fact should not be overlooked either by the Executive or the local Councils, that many of the Churches have serials of their own, some of which—and this is eminently true of ours—are doing as yeoman service to the cause of Free Churchism as even the "Free Churchman" itself, and care should be taken not to interfere with the rights of individual churches in this regard.

JOSEPH RITSON.





“The Magic of Lonely Places.”



It is not always that the magic voices can be heard, the magic visions seen. The heart must be attuned to hear the sounds, the spirit must be pure to receive the impressions. As Olive Schreiner

says in that wonderful novel of hers: “There are only rare times when a man’s soul can see Nature. So long as any passion holds its revel there, the eyes are holden that they should not see her. For Nature ever cries out ‘Thou shalt have no other Gods before me.’ Only, when there comes a pause, a blank in your life, the Divine compensation of Nature is made manifest. When that day comes that you sit down broken . . . then, oh, with a beneficent tenderness Nature enfolds you. So surely as . . . desire, ambition, and the fierce agonising flood of love for the living . . . spring again, Nature will draw down her veil: with all your longing you shall not be able to raise one corner.”

It may be that you are something of an artist, and your thoughts wander off to that long August afternoon when you sat alone by the great lake, sketching the scene before you, in the breathless heat of an exquisite summer’s day. So hot that nothing seemed stirring—even the rabbits were asleep in the long grass. A mouse crept slowly in and out among the withered leaves; a wasp came whirling round your paints, the low hum of the gnats

dancing in the leafy shade but heightened the stillness. Only the coots and the moorhens and the wild ducks fought and cried, out on the lonely spaces of water, the grating “cr-r-oak” of the former jarring out upon the silence as now and again they splashed among the reeds. The sun, blazing upon the lake, glinted and scintillated with almost unbearable brilliance in the long strips of water between the stretches of floating emerald weed-beds. Afar off palpitated the soft summer haze, swathing the belt of dim trees that bordered an edge of the lake in pale ethereal gauze of opal hue. Close to the water, and below this beautiful faint distance, stood the dark, firm line of thick-growing rushes, at the foot of which glowed a deep, redly-golden streak of water-weed.

Your eyes are fixed upon this far-off line of reeds rising from the umber-coloured weeds. Your thoughts have wandered. The wind sighs round, in and out, among the upstanding reeds close by. Visions detach themselves from their surroundings.

Not long ago, when the winds were still as now, and the sun blazed scarlet behind those then leafless trees, reddening all the white still world around, you had stood alone on the frozen pool with a gleam of the dying sun in your eyes. You had shivered as you stood, gazing afar off to where the skaters were many, and the hum of the steel rang in your ears. The ice close around you was rough and poor among the frozen weeds—no one would be likely to disturb your solitude! The glorious sun shone on glistening twig and bramble at the lake-edge. You turned your face up to the wide and endless beauty of the far, blue sky. Dear God! what meant the sudden desperate throb of recollections that turned you faint and sick! It was all so like—and yet so unlike, a day in the past that was for ever engraven on your mind. The same lovely hues of sky, and wide sweep of rustling brown and



"BY THE GREAT LAKE."

yellow rushes stretching their russet tints into the dim and misty smoke-grey of the boundary trees. The busy whitened margin where figures were moving thickly to and fro like ants; the lonely expanse of blue ice beyond, where skaters were few and the surface smooth; the exhilarating air—all a counterpart of that other scene. The same—but with the pulsing fire of happiness extinguished.

The wind rises faintly and shrills over the bare, cold ice, losing itself in the sedges beyond. The stars come out and sparkle in pin-points above. The sky grows darker and deeper as you gaze up at it, and the words flash into your heart—

"deep as love,
and wild with all regret,
O Death in Life, the days that are no more."

You wake from your dreamings with a start, and then off they go in a fresh groove—to the smell of the pines coming delicately to your senses, the faint soft rush of the wind through the needles from across the purple moors where the torn mist hangs in wreaths and festoons. The overpowering weariness that was making your life a burden is, in fancy, dispelled once more by the tonic mountain air which is renewing the life within you. You contrast this scene with that of the small, close London rooms—the view of the boundless moors in their gorgeous mantles of indescribable colours and varying forms, with the little plot of withered leaves and green seen through a bead-blind;—the freshness of the mountain air with the stifling breath of the great city;—the rattle of carts, and the street cries, with the murmur of the wind, the mysterious hummings and faint, far boomings of myriad moorland sounds;—the sense of freedom and the breath of life with the cramp and staleness of London life. Great is the struggle there, poor its rewards. In the moorlands, day follows day smoothly, evenly, wholesomely. You lie down when night closes in and the stars shine, with the certainty of a sleep as calm and peaceful as a child's. In London, the petty cares and hopes and endeavours of each day extend themselves into the dark and the dreams. Here, the hours pass by without effort, uncounted, with healing in their wings. There, each minute brings its own grain of dust with which to score its passage upon your life's record.

You hear again, in fancy, the infinitely delicate rustle of the seaweed beds as they are lifted by the swell, and the voices of the shepherds as they hoist and scramble the meek-eyed Highland cattle into the ferry-boat and push off for the mainland. These are the only sounds that break the blue silence of those sleeping western isles. The sky is dim with sleep, the islands float in a sea as still and blue. The sepia and grey rocks, dipping their feet into the blue, are darker than the golden-tawny bodies of the long-horned, large-eyed cows. Flecks of yellow seaweed make lights of wondrous hues upon

the groundwork of grey-brown rocks. They are dark and sharp. The pale blue-greys of the distant headlands divide the ripples from the cloudlets. The glens and corries are marked by marvellously delicate shades of misty purples and indigoes. One cow stands out a deep, bright, red-brown against the green-brown seaweed-covered boulders.

All is very quiet. The words:

"And no sound was heard, save only
Distance-lulled the Atlantic roar,
Over the calm mountains coming
From far Machraharnish shore,
Like an audible eternity
Brooding the hushed people o'er,"

are the place—"audible eternity" brooding everywhere over the hushed refulgent land. The herons stand immovable in the water. The seals dip and re-appear, looking up at you curiously with their sad and human eyes as you sit on your heathery seat gazing out over the molten gold of the sea between the islands.

Is not that a scene to sink into your heart and there remain—a possession for ever? Has it not made a better man or woman of you to have, even once, seen such things?

But there is magic, also, in other kinds of solitudes than these—where peace and quiet are aliens. There was that January evening in which you fought your way home in the teeth of the raging north wind; when the strangely pathetic and eerie cry of the peewit rose up through the twilight while you crossed the lonely moor. And as it went past in the dark it seemed to contain the grief of a human soul. Now and again the moon-rays struggled faintly down from the clouds and the mist above.

But the spirit that lives in all winds entered into you and possessed you. You could not feel sad. The shrilling of it gave you a fictitious strength. You revelled in the battling elements. You felt that you loved the wild desolation that stretched out to the dim horizon. The solitary birds winging slowly through the dark above were not so solitary as you, nor so defiantly wild at heart. Why had you not been born a savage? you cried. Why was it that even our best friends bored us at times? For poor human beings there is no one who "understands" completely.

In contrast to this you conjure up another and far different set of emotions, evoked by the solitude of the place and the hour. A country lane in the midlands, widening out in a curve where the brooklet made a triangle of silt and mud by the roadside. A miniature island—a mere shock of coarse, grey grass—rising from the midst of this, and three big stones, moss-grown and deep-sunk in the mud leading to it, old rotten palings dividing it down its length, the boundary of fields the other side. The soft, grey dusk darkening towards nightfall as



"WHILE YOU CROSSED THE LONELY MOOR."

you linger, seating yourself on the broken rails. One solitary thrush in a field afar-off trying over the beginnings of his spring notes, soberly, sweetly. The road, winding uphill, losing itself behind a sudden curve. You sit on by yourself, listening to the solitary bird, and to the gentle purling of the brook which surrounds your island. A cow lows softly from some distant farm, and then a dog barks. A boy with a satchel over his back passes, calling to a hidden companion somewhere near-by. Very, very far away the bleat of a very young lamb steals through the silent gloaming. Time passes, and daylight wanes. That peace which is so infinitely sad because it is the peace of accomplished destiny—peace which is very near akin to pain—is settling around your heart. The present has slipped away; all the immediate, hurrying, insistent thoughts, all the life of action, eagerness, turmoil, and discontent, and only the vague remembrances and yearnings of childhood remain. You want nothing just now but the dear young hopes, the brothers and

friends of those half-forgotten years—the days of tadpoles and wildness, of dogs and ponies and lawless freedom. Where are they all? Gone like the dew in the sunshine, as fleeting and evanescent and glorious-hued as yon sparkling rain-drops on the nodding grasses. Gone are the joys and ambitions and cherished dreams, even as the colour is fled from your cheek, the lustre from your eyes. The struggles of the years have been in vain it seems to you, since nothing remains of it all but "one long disappointment." Nothing remains but the remembrance of days that once were full of happiness, faces and forms that have been loved very much, but which need you no longer. Does the devotion of years, then, count for nothing? Each of those dearly loved ones has his or her own interests now—they have forgotten.

A boy in a cart comes down the hill, cracking his whip, and the youth and joy that are in him burst into song, a song with senseless words, but with the lilt of pure delight in its shouted staves

echoing over the twilit land. Happy boy! Once you were his age, you reflect, and as happy as he!

It is very lonely here, but with quite another loneliness from that of the moors where the peewits cry. That loneliness is filled with the sense of a

great Spirit's nearness and protection. *This*—with the sadness that seems to haunt the land of man and his finite plans. The voices and the visions are but the ghosts of what once was.

VERNER FENTON.

Present-Day Prophets and their Messages.

By JAMES P. LANGHAM.

I.—JOHN PULSFORD, THE MYSTIC.

II.

HIS COMMUNION WITH, AND HIS OBEDIENCE TO, GOD.



THE strongest impression left on the mind after a perusal of Pulsford's writings is: "THIS MAN WAS SURE OF GOD." You may be unable to fully comprehend some of his statements; you may dissent from some of his conclusions; but you cannot resist the conviction that to him God was the one reality behind all phenomena. In God all his affections centred, to God all his aspirations tended, from God all his satisfactions were derived. Not that he lost interest in the *outward* realm through his living apprehension of the *inward*; but he realised in the outward the perpetual presence, immanence, and significance of the inward.

To him, as to Festus,

"Through all
A clear and tremulous sense of God prevailed,
Like to the blush of love upon the cheek,
Or the full feeling lightening through the eye,
Or the quick music in the chords of harps."

How did he come to this living apprehension of God? By what path did he travel? Were his experiences exceptional—granted to him by God for a specific purpose,—or were they typical of what, under healthful conditions, might be the normal experience of all men? Abnormal experiences awaken curious interest; but they do not inspire strong desire, nor nerve men for heroic action. The feeling that the experiences of Christ, our Great Master, lie outside the range of what is possible to men generally, has given birth to the thought that His example is not imitable; that He is so far removed from us that it is impossible to follow "*in His steps*." The controversy provoked by the publication of Sheldon's "*In His Steps*," is sufficient proof of the truth of this statement. Once let believers in Jesus Christ see that the IMITATION

of Christ, in a richer and fuller sense than is found in Thomas-a-Kempis, is the privilege and duty of all Christ's disciples, they will also discover that unity of experience between the Master and the disciple is the inevitable result of whole-hearted obedience. There has also been a feeling that the lofty attainments of close followers of their Lord are not possible for men generally. Hence the full worth of the experiences of great souls has never been realised by the bulk of Christian people. Men of the Pulsford order are often thought and spoken of as visionary and impracticable. Our own conviction is that the road our Saviour travelled, and along which Pulsford followed, is open to all who are willing to obey the laws of the road. The one demand made of all who would travel in this road is, ABSOLUTE DEVOTION TO THE PURSUIT AND ATTAINMENT OF GOOD AND TRUTH AS THEY EXIST IN GOD.

That Pulsford complied with this demand is evident from his self-revelment in his books. His books, like mirrors, reflect his own life, and, at the same time, like windows, let in the light of heaven, and reveal prospects of spiritual attainment stretching away towards the infinite.

His search for God was carried on under the conviction that *the realised will of God would constitute for him a perfect heaven*. Thus he sought God, and God was verily found of him; for God waits in the path of everyone whose heart hungers for Him. A book has recently been written, called "*Great Souls in Prayer*," which collects together the holy petitions of some of the most eminent of God's saints. Man reveals himself in his prayers. How few prayers are worth writing down! If men were compelled to listen to their own prayers, as we may now, by the help of the phonograph, listen to the voices of the dead, how frequently would they hide their faces in shame, as the selfishness, the pettiness, and the ignorance of the petitions re-echoed in their ears. Only prayers which are the echo of God's voice speaking within the soul can bear repetition. God mercifully buries our poor and foolish prayers in the bosom of His love, as the earth hides the fallen leaves in her

breast. Twenty years before he published "The Supremacy of Man," Pulsford wrote a very remarkable prayer. That prayer he, with some diffidence, put into the preface of this great book. This prayer is a notable example of what prayer becomes when the man who prays rises far above all selfish desire: it is a *breathing back* to God of the *thought, love, desire*, which God Himself *breathed into* His waiting and obedient soul. Here is what this humble child of God desired, and then wrote down.

"Father, Father, Holy Father, Thy name is too great, too wonderful, too high for me. And so high is Thy praise; I cannot reach it. Thou art Thine Own praise. I am Thy reproach. Yet is my origin hidden in Thy height. Therefore also my depth lifteth itself up to Thee. . . . Thy love moving in my darkness is my heart-ache for Thy Light. My self-loathing is my desire to be like Thy Perfect Son. My sin, which is my sickness unto death, is compassed about by Thy Life-warmth; and I shall be well again."

"Let Thy Life, as it is in Thy Son, open, and open, in me, that I may be conscious of Life in Thee. Thy Life is more than all knowledge, more than theology, more than nature, more than the Church. If I am in these rather than in Thee, they will be as scales to my eyes, and fetters to my feet. Let me freely use them, for all are Thy servants; but let me not receive the law of my growth from them. Let the law of my growth be 'Christ in me,' the unity of Thy Life welling up in my repentance, in my faith, in my reason, in my imagination, in my love, in my fear, in my praise, in my prayer, and in sensibilities and instincts which cannot be expressed, but which are like the latent pulse of Thine unutterableness in the Spirit of Thy Child."

"If it be for Thy glory, and for the good of all, that I be kept watching daily at Thy gates, and waiting at the posts of the doors of the least and outermost mansion of Thy Eternal House, then my only prayer is, Father, Thy will be my heaven. Amen."

This thought that heaven for man is God's will realised in man is a dominating thought in the mind of Pulsford, and gives colour to many striking passages. This is how he speaks of

LOVE'S PERFECT HOME.

"Imagine a world in which there is no self-will, every individual being blended together as one soul in One Will—the Will of Perfect Love. There is now forming out of the human race, precisely such a world, under our Lord Christ. The loveliness, the order, and the blessedness of it must be inexpressible. It has not entered into the heart of any

man to conceive the exquisite delightfulness of a world in which there is no contrariety of will, nor of operation: but where the Will of Infinite Love prevails in every soul, and is carried out in every arrangement. Think of the One All-Beautiful Will sweeping as a Force of Love, unobstructed Love, through every member of Society, and all conspiring together to make one common joy. That is heaven indeed, where everyone is in the service of all, everyone gathers honey for all, and everyone contributes to the harmony, wealth, and happiness of all. If we do Love's Will, Love will qualify us for such society; and the hour of our awaking in Love's Perfect Home will surely come."

From passages like this we learn the character of the life he lived, and the communion with God which he enjoyed. His consciousness of God was very real and abiding. Yet there is little in his books of what is commonly called "testimony." Nevertheless his books testify most unmistakably to the reality, the fulness, and the divinity of his spiritual experiences. The artist who paints a picture of some lovely sylvan scene testifies by the production of the picture to his love and knowledge of nature. So the man who shows God to his fellows thereby testifies that he knows God. Pulsford's books reveal on almost every page the reality and constancy of his communion with God. Although he does not say, This is my experience; yet it is self-evident that he never could have written such books as "Loyalty to Christ," and "Morgenröthe," without having entered into an experimental knowledge of the higher planes of spiritual life. With clean hands and a pure heart he went up into the hill of the Lord, and stood in all humility and self-abnegation in the holy place of the divine self-manifestation. His soul continually cried out for the Father, and the Father constantly manifested Himself to, and within him. Moses, waiting in the cleft of the rock, beheld a *shadowed* manifestation of the Divine glory; Pulsford, withdrawn into the depths of his being, heard the Divine voice saying, "I am thy Father, the fountain of thy being, the reward and crown of thy highest and holiest endeavour." What Carlyle realised in his old age as the ineradicable need of the human heart, he rejoicingly acknowledged every day. Carlyle's testimony may here be quoted.

Carlyle, on Feb. 12th, 1869, wrote thus to Erskine:—"The other night, in my ceaseless tossings about, which were growing more and more miserable, that brief and grand prayer, 'Our Father, which art in Heaven,' etc., etc., came strangely into my mind, with an altogether new emphasis: as if *written* and shining for me in mild and pure splendour, on the black bosom of Night, when I, as it were, *read them there*, word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wanderings—with a sudden softness of composure, which was much unexpected. Not for perhaps thirty or forty years

had I once formally repeated that prayer; nay, I never felt before how *intensely the voice of Man's Soul it is*: the inmost inspiration of all that is high and pious in poor Human Nature; right worthy to be recommended with, 'After this manner pray ye.'

That hour of restless tossing was to Carlyle an hour of revelation, when he saw, felt, and knew

indubitably that *God is indispensable to the being and bliss of man*. So whenever man detaches himself from his sensuous moorings, and floats out upon the sea of being, he feels that the haven of rest and delight which he would fain discover, must be found in God. The inmost man, the soul of man's soul, came from God, and can never be satisfied until it finds its everlasting home in the many-



INTERIOR OF GEORGE STREET BAPTIST CHURCH, HULL.

mansioned house of the Father's perfect love. Many people seem to think that the mere taking down of the earthly tabernacle will be sufficient to introduce them into the home-life of the Heavens. But death, the child of sin, the enemy of man, and the grief of God, can never transform the self-loving and self-serving man into a happy dweller in the eternal home, where unselfish love is the controlling motive in every action. *Only the full reception of the life of God can do this.* If men will open themselves to the inflowing life of God now and here, they may now and here become inwardly conjoined with the great family of God which dwells, with endless variety of style, occupa-

tion, and delight, in the great house of the all-embracing love of God. Some people are conscious now, and here, that they are members of that family, that its life and love fills and encompasses them. Of this number was John Pulsford. He writes as one who knows, not as one who speculates. He does not often say, I know; but the evidence of his knowledge is abundant.

The action of Christ upon his soul was to him the fact of facts, the one fact which coloured all his thinking and dominated all his life, both conscious and unconscious. Thus, with the daring born of absolute devotion, he dedicates "Loyalty to Christ" to Christ Himself. In most men such

a course would seem presumptuous; but this book is so full of the Christ-spirit, that its dedication to our Lord seems perfectly natural and proper. Here are the opening sentences of one of the most remarkable prefaces ever penned:—

"In the worship of Love, with unutterable thankfulness and humility, I inscribe and consecrate this work of my old age

TO MY LORD AND CHRIST:

whose words fill me with warm, reverential silence,

brooding silence; and whose Spirit kindles in me the delight of Innocence, Wisdom, and Holiness."

Further on in the same book, he testifies to the reality and intimacy of his fellowship with Christ:—

"Yet in the whole world there is no relation so real, or so close, as His relation to us. Our life plays a part between ourselves and Him. We cannot say, We will break away from Him, and have nothing more to do with Him; nor can we break away from our unbeautiful and sinful selves. The



SOUTH STREET BAPTIST CHURCH, HULL.

world attracts us, and He attracts us. We are wonderfully under the dominion of our fallen souls; and yet we have the secret feeling that His dominion over us will in the end be irresistible. We cannot yet live His High Life of pure heavenliness; nor can we cease to look up to it. Adoringly we turn again and again to Him, and silently bow to His beautiful reproof. *And many of us know that the influence of our own flesh and the world are decreasing, but His influence over us is steadily increasing.* Now, this is salvation. . . . To be drawn to Him, and open to the touch of His

Spirit, is the way of salvation. 'I am the Way;' and everyone who is attached to Me is in the Way."

We referred in our first paper to the troublous times he had in Hull. His first pastorate in Hull was George Street Baptist Chapel. His ministry there was brought to a painful close. He never attempted to keep to the beaten track of pulpit utterance, but spoke to the people the message which he believed the Lord gave him. This message fell upon unprepared soil. His hearers had not the insight and sympathy necessary to appreciate his teaching, and grew first restless, and then

openly hostile. The misunderstanding, at last, became so acute that the deacons requested him to draw up a declaration of his faith. This request he complied with; and the Church from which he went out, because that Declaration of Faith was not acceptable, has since discovered how truly great was the man whose message it then declined to listen to. From George Street Chapel he went to South Street Baptist Chapel to continue his ministry amongst those who were prepared to follow his leading. South Street Chapel was built about 1840 for the Rev. John Stamp, who had left the Primitive Methodist Connexion on account of his peculiarities of dress and conduct. Here, for the rest of his time in Hull, Pulsford found a sphere of usefulness, and through that useful ministry left behind him an imperishable name. Through the kindness of Mr. Hodge, Junr., of Hull, I am able to give views of the interior of George Street, and the exterior of South Street Chapels.

Reference to Pulsford's Spiritual Science, and his views on Christ's Coming Kingdom, must be left for another paper, and I will close the present one with a copy of the Declaration of Faith before referred to.

PULSFORD'S DECLARATION OF FAITH.

"I believe in the Divinity or Godhead of our

Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I believe that as to this Divinity He is the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Only wise God. I maintain that there is no other Divine Person but one God, and that that one God was manifest in the Flesh.

"I believe that man is saved wholly of, and by, Divine mercy; and that works of righteousness are the fruits, and not the cause, of salvation.

"I believe that man's salvation consists in his being regenerated and renewed by the Holy Ghost.

"I believe that the Incarnation, Work, Sacrifice, Resurrection, and Glorification of Christ were necessary as the means of securing to us the Holy Spirit, and therefore absolutely necessary in order to our reconciliation with God. Reconciliation and Atonement mean the same thing.

"I believe that Christ is the only way to God; and the only channel through which Divine mercy is communicated to man.

"I believe that man receives the salvation of God by faith in Christ. Jesus said that, 'They that believe on Him would receive the Spirit;' the Spirit enlightens, renews, and saves the soul.

"I believe that persons regenerated and renewed by the Holy Ghost are justified persons, and therefore at peace with God and heirs of eternal life. See Titus iii. 4-7.

"J. PULSFORD."

"In His Steps."

THE BOOK—ITS AUTHOR, ITS HISTORY AND TEACHING.



REV. C. M. SHELDON.

AT a small supper-party recently, a lady, speaking across the table, interrogatively remarked to the writer: "I thought the public would not purchase religious books?" "As a rule that is so," was our reply. "How then," rejoined she, "do you account for the remarkable sale of Mr. Sheldon's book, 'In His Steps'?" The

answer to this question is not easy to give, but we think it lies in the fact that this is not a book *about* religion—religion as a theory; but a book of applied religion—religion considered in its personal and practical relation to every-day life; religion exemplified in its truest aspects; it is a book that challenges the professor, calls a halt, and bids him think upon the vows he has so often made yet failed to fulfil, and then directs his attention to the example of Christ, and bids him follow in the Master's steps wheresoever they may lead.

From some cause or other, there seems to be a growing idea in the human mind, at any rate, among Western nations, that any amelioration in the social and moral condition of the masses is to be looked for only in the teaching of Christ. Consequently, when some one more gifted than the average among his brethren, takes his pen and boldly writes of Christ in a manner that appeals to the hearts of the multitude, his words are eagerly read. The Christ-life he depicts and sets in its new surroundings is examined to see what real, living, practical help for every-day life it affords; and if so be the soul is stirred, the heart warmed, and the reader sent away inspired with a nobler ideal and a more earnest purpose in life—shall we not say that the writer is blessed indeed?

Is the secret of the success of "In His Steps" to be found in the fact that it meets this requirement? The title is, of course, a good one; the very words strike a chord to which the Christian's heart cannot but respond. Sometimes a title is by far the best thing about a book; but here the title is merely the key to the contents—the index of the

volume. To-day so many Christians are longing for a full consecration of themselves to God—do they here find stimulus and help? or is it the trumpet-call to Christians to practise in daily life what they profess, and hold themselves and their possessions at God's disposal? or is it the startling exposure of the inconsistencies in the lives of some professing Christians that has led to the enormous demand for the book? Whatever the actual reason may be, we are inclined to think there is much in the clear, short, striking, definite title to arrest the attention and tempt the curiosity. The fascinating story holds the reader and fires his ambition, or else leaves him with a feeling of unrest that can only be satisfied by the endeavour to come up to the ideal set forth.

"In His Steps" is really a series of sermons that were written in the winter of 1896, and read, chapter by chapter, to the author's congregation during evening service.

We propose to spend a few minutes with the author, then follow the history of the book, and conclude with an examination of its teaching.

THE AUTHOR AND SOME OPINIONS HE HOLDS.

As yet there seems to be little known in this country of this now celebrated author. Continuous and persistent endeavour to procure some biographical matter concerning him seemed only to accentuate the fact that he was entirely unknown to the English public. All we could glean was that he was a Congregationalist minister, with a small church at Topeka, Kansas. Still, being desirous of securing what information we could, we ventured to apply to the two leading press agencies of this country. One of them at once told us they had absolutely no information whatever to give, but on payment of a special fee of one guinea, they would endeavour to trace some biographical facts that might be of use to us. The other agency favoured us with a very different story. Their reply was to the effect that they had parted with all their information to a certain company, who had since gone through the Bankruptcy Court, and that the facts thus supplied had been lost; but they would make further search and see what could be done. They also went on to say they very much regretted it was impossible to get us an interview with the Rev. gentleman, as he had recently died. Communication was therefore impossible. They should, however, be pleased to give us an introduction to his widow, who was now residing at Twickenham, England. It need hardly be said, we declined the proffered introduction, and ventured to suggest that some mistake must have been made. This suggestion was met by an indignant denial. Is this a specimen of the authentic news served up for the daily press?

"Great Thoughts," however, has come to our

assistance, and to it we are mainly indebted for the following facts. The Rev. C. M. Sheldon is still a young man, of fair complexion and moustache, and would, but for a tendency to baldness, be taken for about thirty years of age. He is retiring and modest in disposition, and gentle, though in speech he is forceful and deliberate. That he is a man of original ideas is demonstrated, not only by his writings, but by the departures from the conventional he has made in his pastoral work. For instance, he believes that a majority of the church-going people of to-day know a good deal more Christianity than they practise. Acting upon this thought he has given up the second Sunday service in his own church, and insisted upon his people getting out and doing some practical Christian work among the weak and erring of Topeka. "What is the use," he said to his congregation, "of my preaching to you twice on Sunday? You already know a great deal more Christianity than you practise. Jesus said, 'If you know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.'" He believes that Christian work is necessary to keep Christianity alive, and he deprecates the fact that many of the churches of to-day are merely meeting places, while all about them in the great cities the sinning and the suffering and the dying are neglected.

Mr. Sheldon prefers to write in the open-air. "In His Steps" was written almost altogether on the porch of his home, with the thermometer about 104 in the shade. Now he has a little study on the side of the Rocky Mountains in Colorado, and there he writes in the shadows of a great spruce tree, the birds sometimes lighting on the table, and the squirrels chattering in the trees. There, in the heart of nature, with the atmosphere redolent with the fragrance of the pine, he writes his books.

A fair idea of the spirit of the man may be gathered from the reply given to a representative of the "Toronto Globe," who commenced his interview by asking: "What would you have said had I sought an interview on Sunday?" "I would have refused to grant it," answered Mr. Sheldon; "not because of any disrespect to the press, but to protect the reporter as well as myself. Why should a reporter who labours hard all the week not have a day of rest?" Mr. Sheldon explained that he never willingly permitted a newspaper man to work on the Sabbath over any report of his sermons. He arranges for them to come to him beforehand if they want a report, and, although he does not usually write out his sermons, he does it for them, and hands it over to a typewriter to make plain copies. Then the reporters can do what they like with the manuscript.

He considers it time the intelligence of the world should be putting itself to work to solve the question of Sunday labour, not only on the press, but on the railroads, both steam and electric. Given a Christian staff of reporters and editors, Christian

business managers, and Christian printers, he feels they could get together and invent some means of doing away with Sunday work. It is an ideal condition, he admits, but not impossible were they supported as they should be by Christian people. He hopes to see the time when such a paper will be produced, and he feels it could be made just as interesting, just as enterprising as the present journals, and be absolutely clean. In discussing the Theatre question, Mr. Sheldon speaks of a prominent clergyman, who with his family, used to act "The Pilgrim's Progress" most interestingly.

"Now, this is an ideal theatre perhaps, but I take it that the word 'ideal' does not mean impossible," he added. "The word 'ideal' means what ought to be, and what ought to be, can be. The world is in the habit of thinking that good things are stupid, but they are not so necessarily. It seems to me that they could be made just as interesting as bad things are. We have been afraid sometimes of making good things interesting for fear they were not orthodox."

Referring to the progress of Christianity, he says, "I like to think that after 2,000 years of Christianity there are a good many Christians in the world to-day. I was saying to some one only to-day, that if a persecution should arise, and church members and Christians were in danger of going to the stake for their religious faith, they would be surprised to find how many would be willing to go."

THE BOOK AND ITS HISTORY.

Of the history of the book in America we know but little; suffice it to say that this was the latest of a series of issues of a similar character, all of which were first read as Sunday evening sermons. The writer, feeling the need of something different from the usual sermons in order to draw his congregation from their homes, hit upon the plan of these sermon-stories, and they, having been from the first successful in their purpose, were continued, and afterwards published in book form.

The introduction of Mr. Sheldon's books into this country was marked by experiences of a somewhat chequered character, and for a time it seemed as though they would remain practically unknown here. Some two years ago a business acquaintance of the writer, while travelling in the United States, had his attention called to this latest work of Mr. Sheldon's, and knowing his books were meeting with so much approval there, sent a copy to his partner in this country, with an urgent request that he would give it a careful perusal and be prepared to discuss the question of publishing an English edition on his return. His partner evidently was not impressed with its commercial value, thinking it "too American" for the English market, and being very pronounced in his opinion, the issue was abandoned.

About the same time the book was offered to another house, one of the foremost publishers of religious literature, they also declined to issue it to the English public.

A little later, the work was brought to the notice of another firm, one of the most enterprising publishers of this class of fiction. They also gave it a careful perusal and were impressed by its powerful setting, so passed it on to their reader for his judgment. He carefully and thoughtfully pondered the question, was struck by the many gems of beauty it contained, and the great power for good it might become if it "taught on" with the English public. But he had to consider the financial as well as the literary and moral side of the question, and at length, maturing his judgment, reported that the book in his opinion would be either an immense success or a startling failure. On the whole he was inclined to the idea it was unwise to publish. So again it was passed by.

It now fell into the hands of one of the youngest publishers of the day. He, like the others, was uncertain, irresolute, believing in the book, but afraid to embark much capital in putting it on the market. In the end, unlike the others, he did not put it aside, but sent across to America and purchased a small number of copies, asked the Rev. F. B. Meyer to write a dedicatory preface, and sent the book forth to the English public in a somewhat timid and hesitating manner.

Just about this time another publishing house was somewhat favourably impressed with the book, and proceeded to print an English edition which met with a moderate reception. Six months later a third firm printed an edition which also met with a fair amount of attention; but success was still in the future.

About November, 1898, the book was brought to the notice of another publishing house, a house full of restless energy. The leading partner purchased a copy one evening on his homeward journey and began the perusal of it about eleven o'clock, so fascinated was he that he could not leave it till he had completely devoured it. The book made such an impression upon him that the next morning, as soon as he had cleared his morning's correspondence, he proceeded in the most deliberate manner possible to write out a printing order for one hundred thousand copies of an edition to sell at sixpence, paper cover, and one shilling, cloth. Here, then, we have the commencement of the boom. The book, after having been refused by two Congregationalists, an Oxford professor, very tenderly handled by another Congregationalist, and a Bible Christian, and yet again by a Baptist, it was left to a shrewd business man of the world to judge of its real merits, and make the first genuine attempt to scatter it broadcast. Now commenced the enormous demand that for a time taxed to the uttermost the

energies of several publishers. So great was this demand that in a few months there were placed in the market no less than forty-three editions, published by some twenty-one different publishers at prices varying from one penny to five shillings. The total English sale up to the end of March was close upon 2,000,000 copies, to which may be added the American edition, reported to total 3,000,000 or thereabouts. Here, then, we have a power operating for good or evil on the lives of some five million readers, or, if we take the modest estimate that each copy has been read by two persons only, then 10,000,000 lives have been influenced by the most powerful book of the present century; and still it goes on its mission, arresting the attention, and proclaiming its message, and enforcing its question:—"You profess to be a follower of Christ—are you living the life?"

Nothing in the publishing world has achieved so much success, or caused so great a sensation during the past quarter of a century. In fact, it is questionable whether any other book has had such a phenomenal circulation in so short a space of time as that bearing the now well-known title, "In His Steps; What would Jesus Do?"

ITS TEACHING.

A book which has called forth criticisms so varied, and opinions wide as the poles asunder, evidently requires and demands very careful consideration on our part, if we are to elicit its true meaning and discover the ideas actually intended to be conveyed by its author. Let us first of all, then, select a few examples of the varied and divergent judgments which have been expressed on "In His Steps" by particular readers and the public press.

The book, while presenting to the average reader clear and distinct teaching and genuine stimulus, shows to others a scene of danger and abounding with pitfalls. The one sees nothing but beauty, the other scarcely anything but barrenness. One finds in it a grand incentive to a nobler life; the other, only a phantom that is unattainable.

The Rev. C. F. Aked, of Liverpool, says: "I object to it because of the black and irremediable pessimism it tends to create;" while Dr. Clifford tells us: "Few will read it without being fired with the resolve to walk 'in His steps.'" A gentleman well known in certain religious circles, and signing himself "H.D.B.," says: "We boldly affirm that this is one of the most dangerous books that has appeared in the present day;" while the Rev. W. Cuff says: "Its aim is pure and beautiful—the book works for the highest good." Rev. Silvester Home, in the *Christian World*, says: "It is unconsciously, and unintentionally perhaps, but none the less really unjust to the Churches;" while the Secretary of the N. E. London Settlement says: "My free-thought friends say if the book is a pre-

sentation of the practical religion of Jesus Christ, and it had been lived by His followers, our crusade would not have made many converts." "H. D. B." again says: "The Jesus of this book is not the Christ of God, but the mere phantom of man's brain;" while G. R. Sims, in the *Referee*, says: "Every thoughtful reader of this delightful book at once tries to apply the idea to his own life. . . . I can imagine no life more supremely beautiful than that of a true follower of Jesus." Mr. Clement Shorter sums up the book as "highly immoral;" while the *Daily Chronicle* says: "To lead men to act on the principles of Christ in our actual life is the object of Mr. Sheldon, and the revolution is not postponed to an indefinite future or another world; it is urged here and now." These are a few specimens of the criticism the book has evoked, many more examples of which might be given. With these we cannot now deal, neither have we time nor inclination to consider the articles appearing in a well-known religious weekly, where whole columns are occupied by the writer in successfully hiding his opinion of the merits of the book. We will now look at some of these criticisms, and, if possible, find out wherein the truth lies.

If we commence with Mr. Aked's "black and irremediable pessimism," the question naturally arises, Is asking Christians to follow Christ pessimism? If so, then every Christian must be a pessimist; but is this so? We boldly answer "No." Then where is Mr. Aked at fault? Is it not here: he says, "'What would Jesus do' is a good rule of thumb (whatever that may mean), but it is very faulty; as an unfailing standard of life it breaks down. What would Jesus do if He was in my place? He would not be in my place. He would leave it and be a preacher." If these are really Mr. Aked's beliefs, no wonder he calls the book pessimistic; for what, then, does he preach? He gives us the answer in his letter—to get people "to join the Church." That seems to be his supreme aim, and not the endeavour to bring them to Christ. Yet we venture to think it is of far more importance to get people converted and brought into living contact with Christ, than to get them to join the Church. Let us aim at the former, but not neglect the latter!

Does he forget the first thirty years of Christ's life—the life in the home and the carpenter's shop; did Christ leave these? Oh, but he says, "You have not to walk in His steps—that is too mechanical—but live in His Spirit." Yes, just so, but can we possibly be living in His Spirit without walking in His steps?

The author of "The Social Horizon" says, What people want to know is how in that spirit they are to make it possible to earn their living, to run their businesses. The answer to this question was beautifully given by "a working man" the other day in a letter he wrote to the *Christian World*:

"What I learn is that by living in His Spirit I shall know His mind and will better, and knowing them, be able to follow in His steps. Thus I am enabled to do what I consider Jesus would do if He were in my place." This, we submit, is the actual teaching of the book, and hence Mr. Aked misses the entire meaning and intent of the author.

It has been well said: the mission of Christianity is not to propagate orthodoxy, but to work out spiritual and moral reformation. In this book you have so many concrete examples of Christians who have set themselves the task of assisting in working out a moral reformation. We may not approve of all their methods, and might possibly work on somewhat different lines, but we must not overlook the personal element in the question. It is *my* conception of the Christ that is to guide me, and *yours* to guide you. If we cannot approve all that is done by others in their work for Christ, let us not blame the others. They are, perhaps, following out their idea of Christ, and may be, they are on truer lines than we.

Do not the majority of the adverse criticisms of the book spring from a misconception of its purpose? It is again and again urged that the teaching of the book is so high that people are heard to say: If that be Christianity, I can never be a Christian; that people of all classes are "taught not the Gospel, but to ask themselves in every conceivable condition of life, 'What would Jesus do?'"

Now is this a correct statement of the scope of its teaching? We unhesitatingly say, "No." The whole idea underlying the story, so far as we understand it, is that it is a call to Christian men and women who have found Christ and are professing to live a Christian life; to these the appeal is made, and they are forced to listen to the appeal: "You say you are Christ's; are you living the Christ Life?" It is not a book intended for the unregenerate, unconverted soul, though it will, of course, fall into their hands, and we can conceive some such persons, timid and half-hearted, who may be desirous of becoming Christians, but on whom the world has too strong a hold, being daunted in their quest of Christ. Yet for each such case, we are acquainted with scores of others who have received direct benefit and stimulus to pursue a life higher and nobler than they have ever previously attempted.

Is the author unjust to the Churches? It may be that we may find incidents and characters in this book not to be easily paralleled by what we meet with in this country. But then it must be remembered it was not written for English readers. It is an American book, written by an American author for American people; and therefore must not in every case be judged by English standards.

The leader writer in the *Daily News* well points out that "the book is not to be criticised; it is rather to be taken as a portent of the times, and is not to be understood without some knowledge of

America, the America of the Yellow Press, the America of the Social problem;" but whether it is unjust to the English Churches or not—and we do not believe it is—if it has pointed out dangers that may be in store for us, and riveted attention on those that already exist, and aroused the Christian conscience, and sent forth the professed followers of Christ with a more earnest purpose to do as Christ would have them do, it has not been brought across the water in vain.

If the Churches are to be the witnesses of Christ to the world, showing a living example of the Christ-life, "why, then," asks Will Reason, of the Mansfield Settlement, "should we whittle down the demands of Christ in order to make it easy for men and women to enter the Church. . . Let us put aside the stupid lie that it is unspiritual to apply the teaching of the Master to the real things of life, and spiritual to revel in unapplied emotions." It is not so much for us to put ourselves in His place—the place of ecstatic meditation and communion so commonly found in the lives of the Saints, but put Him in our place, the place of daily duty, toil, and care, and by doing so learn the lessons taught there, and, strengthened by the breath of private communion, go forth to act out in daily life the principles of the cross of Christ, while always remembering that Christianity does not consist so much in believing certain dogmas and giving expression to certain feelings, as in putting into practical use in everyday life the teachings of Christ.

A great deal has been said about the Atonement's being almost entirely ignored in the story, and even where it is introduced, that the teaching is so unscriptural as to be the great leading error in the book; but among the various phases of Christian thought, and the many subtle theological distinctions, and shades of teaching on this subject, who is to decide just what is truth and error? and it is quite possible if we had the whole sermon before us, the barest outline of which is given in the book, we might find the less to criticise and the more to admire. Of this we may be assured: If the ministry of the Rev. Henry Maxwell resulted in such a remarkable manifestation of the work of the Spirit in the lives of the members of his church, and led them to such heroic work for Christ, in which he joined with such utter abandon, it is evident the hand of God was upon him, and that he was being led by His Spirit. It must also be borne in mind that the idea of the author is not to teach doctrine, but to enforce practice. You have found the Atonement, then live the life.

To our mind the book is exactly summed up in the following statement: "The teaching of 'In His Steps' is twofold. I. The Social problem of to-day can only be solved by the Christian Church. II. That the problem will be solved when each Christian asks and answers for himself, what would Jesus do if He were in my place?" It is all very

well for some good folk to tell us, as they do, that the idea of bringing the blessed Master into the factory and workshop, and asking what He would do there, is lowering the idea of God, and that we are to "seek in the power of the Holy Spirit to follow more and more in the steps of our Lord and Saviour, but that it is only by sitting at His feet, by studying and meditation upon His holy word, and abiding in Him, that we shall ever know what the Lord Jesus has done, what He is doing, and what for us and for others, in His grace and glory, He yet will do." We do not at all object to the close and constant intercourse with God, but we do say, unless what we learn there is put into daily practical use by the members of the churches, we are not serving the Master to the best of our ability. Does anyone doubt that the greatest moral and spiritual force in the world to-day is the Christianity of Christ? The churches may not be living up to their highest privileges, individual Christians may not be all they should be, but that is not the fault of the Christianity they profess; it is still as powerful as of old, and to them has been committed the high privilege of displaying to the world the example of Christ. Wherever the Church has been faithful and in dead earnest, wherever it has been in close communion with Christ, and been filled with deep spiritual power, the social problems of the world have been faced and fairly solved. On the other hand, where the Churches have become lax and self-satisfied, the same problems have risen again in renewed vigour. Mr. Sheldon, realising this, and being impelled by the Holy Spirit, sends forth his challenge to the Churches and to individual Christians; and with a trumpet voice, calls upon them to consider their ways, to ask themselves the questions: whether they think Jesus will approve all they do; whether they have ever given careful consideration to the injunction to walk in the steps of the Master, and if not then to take the matter to heart, and follow the teachings of God's Spirit to the end, whatever that end may be. Mr. Sheldon has in his book shown how some Christians lived the Christ-life, and what a power they became in the various spheres they occupied. These characters may all be fictitious, we do not know, but it is asserted that Mr. Sheldon has well provided himself with real experiences, and that the characters drawn and the experiences depicted are faithful reproductions of scenes and incidents he has met with in real life. Be that as it may, we do not in any way consider them overdrawn, and if they result in the arousing of the Christian conscience they will have fulfilled their mission.

It is often confidently asserted that the idea expressed in this book, and the teaching of the sermon on the mount cannot be applied to the everyday life of the present time. Are we then to assume that

the Christianity of Christ is out of date and unsuitable to nineteenth century civilisation? We do not know why it should be thought so; true it is a very lofty ideal that is brought before us; are we, therefore, to abandon it as beyond our reach, even when helped by the grace of God? If the civilisation of to-day makes it impossible to carry out the principles so clearly put by our author, so much the worse for the civilisation. No thinking person can, however, shut his eyes to the great, the almost insuperable, difficulties thrown in the way of any attempt to carry these principles into practice by the worldliness and materialism of the present day; but are not these part of the cross we have to bear, just as much as the rack and stake were to our forefathers? Still, may not the ideal become the real? Are there not men and women on the world's roll of fame who have lived the life? are there not men and women to-day who have deliberately set themselves to follow this call and who are here and now working it out in their lives? We call them eccentric, enthusiasts, etc., but whatever we call them, they have set before them a high purpose, and, faithful to their convictions they are, as they understand the injunction, walking "In His Steps," and should the conscience of the country be aroused, and the whole church of Christ resolve to be as faithful as they, who would dare to predict what the future has in store for us?

"That the coming century will bring changes of a tremendous nature none can doubt; there are abundant signs that our existing civilisation cannot continue unless on the condition of some renewal of its framework."

"If the tree is known by its fruits, then the tree of secular civilisation, bearing such fruits as our slums, our weary labouring population, our noisy vulgar crowded life, which gives us no leisure to grow wise, our armaments, our International snarling and cheating, military and materialistic Europe, must stand condemned, at least from the Christian point of view, and the condemnation is not less real because the civilisation bears as it were, in the spirit of irony, the venerable Christian name."

Once more, to quote the author of "The Social Horizon," "Of this, I think, we may be quite certain, that if 'In His Steps' represents the true principle of life it must be possible somehow to bring the world's business into harmony with it. That this is the true principle, and that this harmony is slowly coming about, seems to me as certain as that to-night is slowly wearing away towards the day."

A friend of the writer's reviewing the book the other day, summed it up thus: "Christ and a crust." Yes, that is just the true underlying truth, the man or woman who has Christ and a crust has all that is needful for this life and for the next. All beyond is luxury, but we *like* something in addition to the crust.

T. C. FAMER.



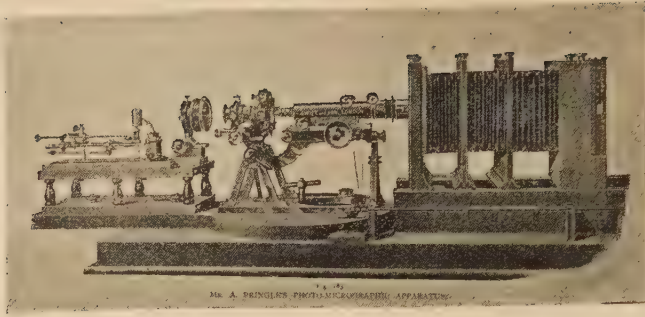
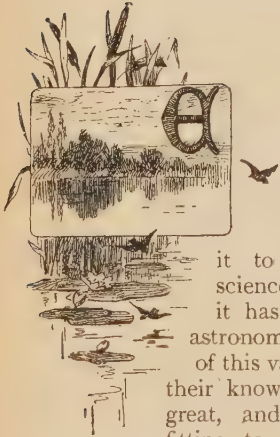


FIG. 3. MICRO-PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS IN POSITION.

The Infinitely Small—How it is Photographed.

Illustrated by Original Photo-Micrographs.

BY ARTHUR E. GOODMAN.



how photography may assist in the understanding of the minutiae of creation.

As far back as 1844, a scientific work was published in France, in which the illustrations were designed from daguerreotypes. The taking of photographs of ordinary objects by this method was a slow process at best, but when applied to the photography of objects which had to be magnified in order to be rendered visible, and where the light available was diminished proportionately as the magnification increased, the process became exceedingly tedious, and only such as were endued with the proverbial "patience of Job" had any chance of obtaining any result at all.

By the introduction of the present photographic dry-plate, which is very much more sensitive to the action of light than its predecessors, most of the great difficulties of the photo-micrographist were overcome; and now, with moderate care and precision, practically everything, with the exception of colour, which can be seen by the eye direct through the microscope, may also be photographed. In fact, a photo-micrograph, as in the case of a cele-

tial photograph, often reveals details of structure which are invisible when viewed through the microscope for the reason that the photographic plate is more sensitive to differences in the amount of light falling on its surface than the human eye, as well as to the fact that by lengthening the exposure the effect is increased. Looking at the flame of a candle for a space of time does not increase, but rather tends to decrease its apparent brilliancy, owing to fatigue of the eye, whereas the longer a photographic plate is exposed to such a light, the greater is the effect.

Whilst the discovery of the dry-plate is a great consideration, there are many other difficulties which beset the path of the novice. They are only, however, of such a nature as may be mastered by anyone willing to exercise patience and perseverance.

The apparatus consists essentially of a good microscope, and a specially constructed camera. To this must be added, in the majority of cases, a lamp of some description, or some other means of illumination. In Fig. 3 is shown the general method of arranging the parts of the apparatus, the most important point being the position of the light. This must be so arranged that a beam of light may pass in a horizontal direction through the object and body of the microscope on to the photographic plate—the microscope being swung round into the horizontal position.

The source of light should be brilliant, as white as possible, and small in size; in fact, the nearer it approaches a point of light the better. Sunlight is by far the best, but its use, owing to the apparent motion of the sun across the heavens, involves the employment of a special mirror (heliostat), which is capable of being revolved in a contrary direction

to that of the sun, by means of clockwork in order to render the reflected beam constant in direction. For the amateur, therefore, sunlight is unsuitable. The other sources of light which are available, given in the order of precedence as to intensity, are:—electric arc lamp, electric incandescent lamp, oxy-hydrogen limelight, oxy-ether limelight, and the oil lamp light. Of these, the oil lamp is the only convenient method for illuminating the objects for those whose work, as in the case of the writer, is more or less interrupted in character. Along with the lamp should be a plano-convex lens mounted on a stand, and known as a stand condenser. This lens is similar in shape to the glass in a bull's-eye lantern. According to its distance from the light it converts the diverging rays of light, either into parallel rays or converging rays. In either case, the amount of light sent through the microscope is considerably increased.



FIG. 1. MONOCULAR MICROSCOPE.

The microscope cannot be of too good a quality, and good work cannot be done by an instrument of less value than £5; whilst one similar to that shown in Fig. 2, together with a proper set of lenses, might cost anything from £30 to £100, according to the number and quality of the lenses. The great cause of the costliness of good microscopes lies in the extreme carefulness with which every part of the workmanship has to be performed. That this care is essential will easily be understood when it is remembered that in viewing any object through the microscope, not only is the object it-

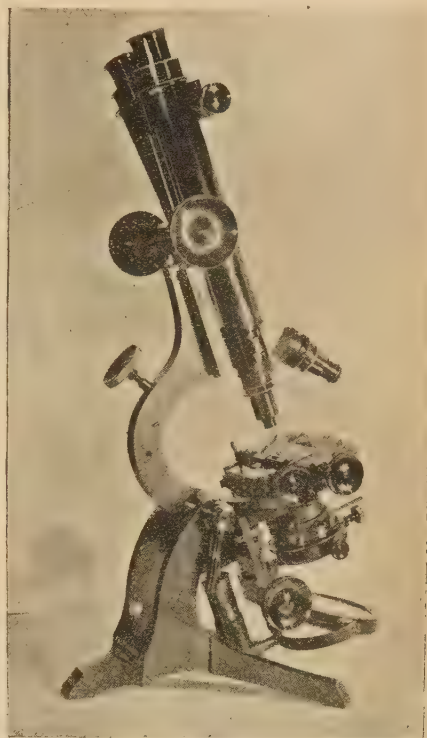


FIG. 2. BINOCULAR MICROSCOPE.

self magnified, but any movement or vibration imparted to it is likewise equally amplified. For this reason, not only must the microscope be perfectly rigid, but the table on which it stands, as well as the floor of the room, should be of the most solid nature. Even when these conditions are fulfilled, images which are highly magnified, and which require a prolonged exposure in order to be photographed, have to be taken at night-time when everything is quiet. The walking about of people in the same house, and especially the passing of vehicles, give rise to sufficient vibration to spoil the sharpness of such photographs.

In taking photo-micrographs the microscope takes the place of the ordinary camera lens. In the microscope there are two sets of lenses, one set being placed at the top of the tube near the eye, and known as the "eye-piece," or "ocular," and the other set at the bottom of the tube near the object under examination, and known as the objective. Either the two sets of lenses may be employed simultaneously, or the objective may be used alone; some workers preferring one method, and others achieving better results by the second method.

The camera is the simplest part of the apparatus, and as already indicated, contains no lens. The body of the camera should be capable of extension to some considerable distance, and hence the "bellows" form is the most convenient. The



FIG. 4. SIX MICROSCOPIC SLIDES.

writer's first camera for this purpose, however, was home-made, and consisted of two square tubes of cardboard, one fitting fairly tightly within the other, and so capable of extension like the joints of a telescope. The end next the microscope had in its centre a tube to receive the eye-piece end of microscope, whilst the far end was made so as to receive the ground-glass focussing screen and dark slide containing the photographic plate.

Having arranged the apparatus, the only thing now requisite is a suitable microscopic preparation (Fig. 4). The image of this object is carefully focussed on the screen, and the photograph taken in the same manner as in an ordinary case. The exposure necessary is the one great difficulty, and this can only be learned by experience. By using a very slow developer, however, a moderate error in the length of exposure is immaterial, and even in the case of a big error, the negative is not completely spoiled.

Such, then, is a brief outline indicative of the

modus operandi of taking the photographs of minute structures such as has been employed from time to time to illustrate these articles.

Like all other forms of photography the work is engrossing, but it has the advantage over all others in that it can be carried on indoors, and is independent of climatic conditions.

But photo-micrography is more than a mere amusement or a hobby. It is as important a factor in all forms of microscopic research, as we endeavoured in our last article to show that photography was to astronomers. By its means the researches of one man are made known to his compeers at the other end of the world, and to the medical profession alone this is of vast importance. The study of infectious diseases affords a case in point. The majority, if not the whole, of the serious ailments of mankind are now known to be caused by the presence in the organs of the affected person, of micro-organisms, which may be referred to here under the general term of bacteria. All of these pass through many forms of structure during their lives, so that half-a-dozen apparently different organisms, as dissimilar as a caterpillar and a butterfly, are really so many different phases in the life-history of one organism. It is evident, therefore, that to fully know the cause of a particular disease, a medical practitioner must now-a-days have a complete knowledge of these organisms in all their various conditions. But to be able to do this from his own microscopic observations would take so much of his time that the other and equally important branches of study would have little chance of being as thoroughly known as they are required to be. Here photo-micrography comes to his aid, and presents him with photographs of these injurious organisms, so that he may see them and familiarise himself with them in a tithe of the time the other process would have taken; whilst the specialist is enabled to devote the whole of his time to this particular phase of medicine with the result that the work is much more thoroughly done than the average doctor could have done for himself.

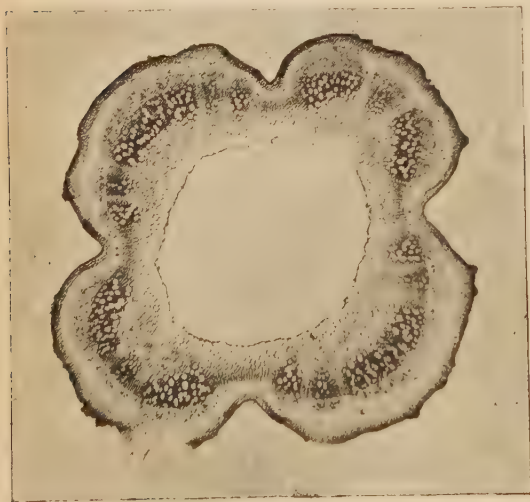


FIG. 5. TRANSVERSE SECTION OF STEM OF NETTLE.

If for no other reason than this, and this is merely one of its many applications, photo-micrography may claim to rank higher than a mere pastime.

A few specimens of photographs are here reproduced indicative of the diverse nature of the subjects which may be photographed.

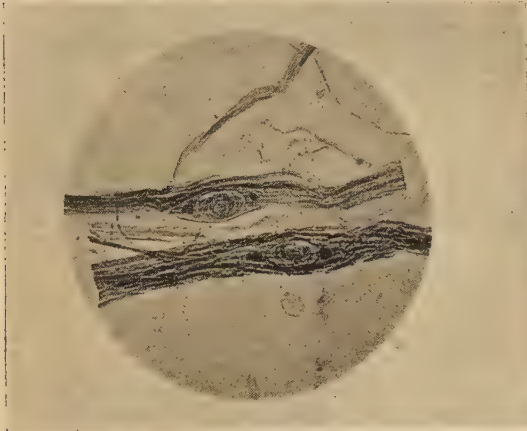


FIG. 6. *TRICHINA SPIRALIS* IN HUMAN MUSCLE ENCYSTED.

In Fig. 5 is seen a section across the stem of the nettle in which may be clearly traced the various tissues which go to build up a stem of this nature.

The structure shown in Fig. 6 is a small portion of human muscle into which the parasitic worm, *Trichina spiralis*, has eaten its way from the stomach and encysted itself. This worm is introduced into the body by eating raw or under-cooked pork, ham, or bacon, in which very frequently the encysted form may be found. By thoroughly cooking the flesh of pigs these parasites, should they be



FIG. 7. GROUP OF DIATOMS.

present, are killed, and no danger ensues on eating them.

The nine discs in Fig. 7 are nine halves of so many diatoms. Diatoms are minute water-plants which deposit in their cell-walls pure flint. As the name would suggest, each diatom consists of two halves, which fit inside one another in exactly the same way that the bottom and top of a pill-box fit together. On the death of these plants the vegetable part decays and the deposit of flint remains like a skeleton of the plant. The skeleton in each species has its own distinctive markings, and in these "spider's-web" diatoms they assume a very striking resemblance to the object after which they are named. In order to give some idea of the real size of these diatoms, it may be pointed out that the whole of the nine form a spot only just visible to the naked eye, and that they would find ample room arranged as they are in Fig. 7, within the smallest of the white dots in the centres of the diatoms. In Fig. 8 is shown the central diatom of Fig. 7 very

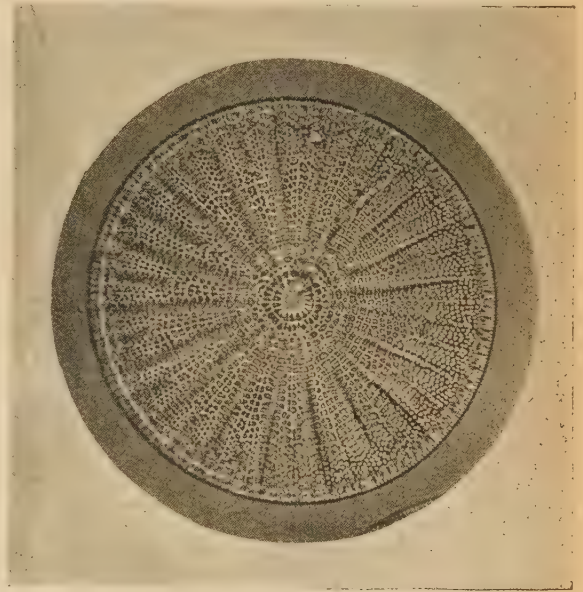


FIG. 8. A DIATOM, THE CENTRAL ONE IN FIG. 7.

much more highly magnified, and in which the markings can be more easily distinguished.

The markings on this species are, compared with those on many other species, very coarse.

To show the beads on one of these skeleton plants named *Amphipleura*—in which there are no less than 100,000 to the inch—forms the *ultima Thule* of the microscopist, being the severest test that can be applied to ascertain the capabilities of a microscope, as well as the skill of the microscopist, whilst few have succeeded in photographing them;



Primitive Methodism and the Temperance Reformation in England.

V.—SUPPRESSION OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

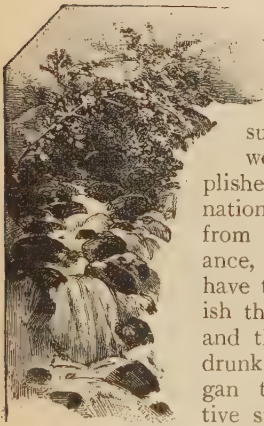
"November 19th, 1896.

"MY DEAR FRIEND :

HALF a century ago some temperance men became convinced that while moral suasion was a mighty weapon, and had accomplished great things, if the nation was to be delivered from the curse of intemperance, the aid of the law would have to be invoked to diminish the temptations to drink, and the facilities for getting drunk. Therefore they began to discuss the legislative suppression of the com-

mon sale of intoxicating liquors. Our friends on the other side of the Atlantic were first in the field on the lines of prohibition. The State of Maine has had a prohibiting law since 1851, and some other states have gone a long way in the same direction. Many of our own Colonies are far ahead of us on this question. A majority of the votes of the people of Canada has been recently recorded in favour of the prohibition of the liquor traffic throughout the dominion. However, we are thankful that the question has been brought within the range of practical politics in the United Kingdom. It has taken nearly fifty years to do this. The following letter from the Rev. James Macpherson, respecting the first days of the movement, will be of interest to some who may read it. Mr. Macpherson has been a Primitive Methodist minister for fifty-seven years. He has been Connexional Editor, Theological Tutor, and President of Conference. He is eighty-five years of age, and hale both in body and mind. We ought to say that it was only by great pressure we induced him to write this letter.

"It is not worth your while to give any publicity to the incident to which you refer. However the facts are these. I travelled in Stockport in the years 1851-54, and was known to be a strong abstainer. I signed the temperance pledge in 1828, before teetotalism was agitated. Perhaps this fact accounted for my being waited upon by the gentlemen whom I now name. Mr. Nathaniel Card and Mr. James A. Nelson called one evening after tea. They were both ardent workers in the temperance cause. They informed me that they had come to Stockport thinking of what further steps could be taken for the advancement of temperance. They said they had long worked on the moral suasion principle, and thought it was time to adopt political action. If ever such action were taken it must have a beginning, and there must be some place where it should begin, and some time when they should make a start. In fact, they said, We have come to Stockport now in order, if possible, to make a beginning. They then said, Can you tell us where we might have a place in which to hold a meeting? I replied, I am planned to conduct service to-night in our chapel at Lancashire Hill, and I shall be very pleased to give place to you. They accepted my offer, and then asked me to preside at the meeting, and I consented. The meeting was opened in due form, and a resolution was passed to the effect that in addition to moral suasion it was now high time to take political action for the prohibition of the liquor traffic. The gentlemen returned to Manchester rejoicing that the movement which eventually became the United Kingdom Alliance, had begun. I cannot give the exact date of the meeting. I believe, however, it was in the autumn of 1852. During the following summer, at the request of the General Committee, I forwarded my thoughts on this important subject."



Dr. F. R. Lees, in an address delivered in Exeter Hall, London, in 1862, made this statement: "I recollect the first meeting of the United Kingdom Alliance nine years ago, when I came from America to bear my testimony to the working of prohibition there. What took place before that? A Quaker, an honest, humble servant of his Master, now gone to his rest, was impressed with the conviction that this country was groaning under a tremendous burden which was opposing all that was good. He, the late Nathaniel Card, consulted his friends respecting a meeting for a Maine Law, and was told that the scheme was a wild one. Only in one person, our brother Thomas H. Barker, did he find a sympathiser. They formed a committee and inaugurated the movement." The United Kingdom Alliance was formed June 1st, 1853, and held its first annual meeting in October of the same year. The Primitive Methodist Conference was held in 1854, in the Rosamond Street Chapel, Manchester, and a deputation from the United Kingdom Alliance attended, and Samuel Pope, now Q.C., addressed the Conference on the question of political action for the suppression of the liquor traffic. The letter from the Conference in response to the Deputation, is entered on the minutes of the United Kingdom Alliance, and reads—

"June 12th, 1854.

"GENTLEMEN,

"The Conference of the Primitive Methodist Connexion, now sitting, have determined that the following resolution be respectfully forwarded to you:—First, That the gentlemen of the Deputation from the Executive Committee of the United Kingdom Alliance, who waited on this Conference at twelve o'clock to-day, shall be respectfully informed that we cordially approve of the benevolent object of the committee, being deeply convinced that the traffic in intoxicating liquors is prolific of many and various evils to vast numbers of our country people, young and old. And second, That we desire each of our members, official and unofficial, to become acquainted with the nature and design of the work undertaken by the said Alliance, to consider prayerfully the benefits likely to accrue to society should the objects of the Alliance be realised, and to render it such support as conscience may dictate.

"THOMAS RATCLIFFE, *President*.

"JOHN DAY, *Secretary*."

The substance of this resolution was printed in the Conference Minutes for 1854. In the second Annual Report of the United Kingdom Alliance presented to the Annual Meeting, October 25th, 1854, there is the following reference to the visit of the Deputation to Conference:—"On the 12th of June last, a Deputation from your Committee waited upon the Conference of Primitive Methodists assembled in Manchester. The greatest courtesy



DR. F. R. LEES.

was experienced, and the statements of the Deputation were listened to with marked attention by a large assembly of ministers and laymen." It seems that the first public meeting held in England for the advocacy of the legislative prohibition of the liquor traffic was held in a Primitive Methodist Chapel, and was presided over by a Primitive Methodist minister of high standing, and that the first public representative body that received a deputation from the United Kingdom Alliance and commended its objects was the Primitive Methodist Conference. The Conference has never halted in its support of the principle on which the Alliance is founded.

While the Conference was sitting at Norwich in 1892, Parliament was dissolved, and the Conference passed the following resolution without a discordant word, and without one opposition vote:—

"That this Conference, representing our churches now numbering nearly 200,000 members, and acting in harmony with the traditions of our Connexion, which has always been foremost in the van of Temperance reform, and believing as we do that the drink traffic is the fruitful source of crime, pauperism, immorality and religious indifference, demands of the Government of the country immediate legislation for the absolute closing of public-houses on Sunday, popular control of licences, and the placing of clubs where intoxicants are sold under police supervision."

A representative meeting of Temperance Reformers was held in Exeter Hall shortly afterwards to consider the policy to be pursued in the general election. The President of our Conference was called upon to address the meeting, and closed his speech by reading the above resolution. The audience cheered again and again. The late Mr.

J. H. Raper followed, and held up the Primitive Methodist Conference as an example worthy of being followed on this subject by other denominations.

The Manchester Conference of 1897 received a deputation from the Alliance. The Rev. Canon Hicks, M.A., one of the deputation, said: "The deputation from the Alliance had come to thank the Primitive Methodists for what they had done in the past, to salute them gratefully and joyfully as comrades in a great cause, and to ask them to continue their labours with increased zeal, so that, thoroughly understanding the bearings of the question, they might fight all along the line, and bring their labours to a triumphant issue." The Conference passed a resolution recommending sermons to be preached on some given Sunday to explain and enforce the principles of the United Kingdom Alliance. This is referred to in the last Annual Report of the Alliance as the chief event of the year.

These papers have gone beyond the limits we intended, or we would have made some reference to the part which our Church has taken for the closing of public-houses on the Lord's Day. It has always been in the front rank on this question. It has sent two monster petitions to the House of Commons, and thousands of smaller ones. The late Mr. John Bright, in presenting one of them, which was nearly one mile long, said that no people in this country could speak with greater authority on behalf of the working classes than the Primitive Methodists, for whom he was proud to act on that occasion. Mr. Stevenson, late member for South Shields, and who for many years had charge of the English Sunday Closing Bill, frequently expressed his thanks for the help he received from Primitive Methodist ministers and churches. Perhaps the present writer, or some one else, at no distant date, may show how hosts of our ministers and laymen helped to build up the temperance cause in different parts of the land, and how successive Conferences, almost from the beginning, have countenanced and helped the work. So far back as 1840, the use of unfemented wine at the Lord's Table was recommended in the Connexional Magazines, which shows that temperance sentiment had a great place in the Connexional life at that early date.

Mr. P. T. Winskill, in his book, "The Temperance Movement and its Workers," writes:—"From the beginning of the temperance reformation there have been warm friends and supporters amongst the Primitive Methodists, and as a denomination they come next to the Society of Friends in their zeal for the cause of temperance. The venerable

Hugh Bourne, one of the founders of Primitive Methodism, was a practical and avowed abstainer before the formation of teetotal societies; and the Rev. Samuel Smith, of Preston, then resident P. M. minister, is said to have been the first minister of the Gospel to identify himself with, and become an advocate of the new doctrine—teetotalism. . . . When the persecuted temperance advocate needed a friend and counsellor in time of trial and difficulty, he invariably found one in the Primitive Methodist minister of the locality in which he was labouring, especially in the country districts. . . . There were no better nor more acceptable helpers than the hearty, enthusiastic, and fearless lay and ministerial workers found amongst the Primitive Methodists." We close by quoting an article by that veteran of temperance, Mr. Thomas Whittaker, J.P., which appeared in the *Scarboro' Mercury* of June 16, 1877:—"How much the temperance cause owes to the Primitives can perhaps be best reckoned by getting to know how much the Primitives owe to it. They have run well together from the first. Men reap what they sow, and the advantage and gain has, no doubt, been mutual. Other sections of the Church were, as a rule, not only not with the Temperance movement, but opposed to it, and this did much to beget that indifference to their religious teachings amongst large numbers which continues to this day. The Primitives stood first as an exception to this rule, the Wesleyan Association—now the Methodist Free Church—and the Society of Friends followed; and had it not been for these three societies, the lot of the early workers in the Temperance cause would have been much worse than it was. The Society of Friends found the money with which to work, and the Primitives the platform on which to stand. The former often, in quiet, devising means, and drawing plans, while the latter, with that warmth of heart and earnestness of purpose which have ever characterised their work, went to the front battling with the foe, giving no quarter to the enemy of both God and man. Verily, they have their reward; and we have the conviction that if they only hold fast the beginning of their confidence, they will be made a hundred-fold more powerful than they now are." We cannot, however, live on our past. Much has been done, but the decisive battle of sobriety has yet to be won, and now that all sections of the Church are coming into line, let us not retire or suffer ourselves to be pushed into the rear. Our historic position is in the forefront of the battle, and in the thickest of the fight. Men of God, help.

JAMES TRAVIS.





GUISBRO' PRIORY.

The Garden of Yorkshire.

V.



BEFORE great Cæsar's day, the most powerful of the British tribes, the Brigantes, along with the smaller tribe of the Parisii, swarmed on these hills. And, from relics found, before the advent even of these, Neo-lithic, and even the river-drift, man had here his home and last resting-place. The etymology of Brigantes—the free, the hill men—indicates their political and geographical status in relation to the other British tribes. On this very Highcliffe they had one of their great towns, if not, as some have said, actually the Metropolis. Signs of hundreds of their dwellings have been found back on the moors, running along the edge, and sometimes along the face of the hill on to Roseberry, around which they passed like a girdle. Their houses were constructed by digging a hole from six to twelve feet deep and piling the earth dug out around the edge. Some have been dug through the upper shale stratum, and must have cost a considerable amount of labour in those days. Occasionally the floor was flagged, and the sides walled

around. Branches fixed on the edge of the hole and meeting in the centre formed a conical roof, which was then wattled and thatched. Ord, who was a great authority on Cleveland archæology, states that, "on one level piece of rich, alluvial soil, right off the Kildale Road, near the only accessible glen through which an invading army could reach the heights, these habitations are exceedingly numerous; indeed, the hill is completely scooped out like a honeycomb, sufficient to afford room for a whole tribe of Brigantes." Long lines of trenches and fortifications can also be intermittently traced from Roseberry, across the Hutton Moors, Highcliffe, and on to Belmont Bank, where they now terminate in the old alum quarry. It must have been a fearful business living up here in such holes in the winter. Hardy as they undoubtedly were, a long, severe winter would bring death to many in its train. The crumbling homes of the living and the dead are here inseparable. Time has dealt more gently with the latter than with the dwellings of the living, as if it regarded them as a sacred, precious trust. All these mounds, barrows, tumuli, howes—as they are variously

named—are the tombs of Britons whose sons withstood longest and most successfully the fierce onset of the Roman eagle. They were vanquished and scattered at last in order that a new era might dawn. Earthenware urns of various sizes, holding the ashes of the dead, have been found in some of them. The fact of the preservation of even one during all these centuries in this exposed situation is a marvel. We muse and wonder if the larger urns held the united dust of husband and wife, or parent and child. Probably they did. The same human instincts and affections influenced these rude dwellers on the Cleveland moors as those of whom Sir Thomas Browne writes:—

“The ashes of Domitian are mingled with those of Julia; of Achilles with those of Patroclus. All urns contained not single ashes. With confused burnings they affectionately compounded their bones, *passionately endeavouring to continue their living unions*. And when distance and death denied such conjunctions, unsatisfied affections conceived some satisfaction to be neighbours in the grave, to be urn by urn, and touch but in their names.”

North, East, and South, and on almost every hill and Nab for miles around, numerous tokens of British towns and camps are to be found. Glazedale, Egton Grange, Danby Dale, Little Fryup, Crown End, near the ruins of Danby Castle, Smathorne, Gerrick Moors, Crofton, and Sleights Moor, have all been examined and relics found. Before the advent of the Romans, the great camps on Highcliffe, Roseberry, and Eston Nab would be strategically one and impregnable. Dimly, and in a broken manner, we get a notion of life as it then was. These remains tell us of the hunter, the warrior, the religion, the home, and there on the banks of the Tees is the unspeakable contrast spouting out millions of tons of liquid iron, and covering the Briton of the nineteenth century and all his concerns in a murky canopy of suspended soot.

Often have the old dwellers up here seen the beautiful, golden shimmer of the setting sun on the Tees as it is this evening; the same, and yet so widely different. To them it was the river of nature, perhaps valued mainly as a barrier against their foes; necessity and knowledge have restrained and educated and made it to us a highway of fellowship and world-wide commerce. Need has revealed its capability. It is the same river and land that supports its larger burden of humanity to-day. A number of stone instruments have been found in a cleft of the rock on Roseberry, along with some copper, brass, and jet. A rude inscription was observable on a brass plate, but upon exposure to the air the corroded brass crumbled to pieces. What secret, what message long expected, what hope in life or death, or affection unreturned did that little brass plate speak about? Its words, which some one thought were of sufficient importance

to be engraved thus and perpetuated, are gone for ever. It has been carefully preserved all these centuries to perish just at the moment of discovery. It was probably the last articulate word of a human life; the last cry of a heart that none but God may know. Roseberry to-day has many engravings, but not in brass; some thousands of Anglo-Saxons and people of other tribes have written out with knife and chisel their names, addresses, and dates on the rocky surfaces of the old peak. If their owners still wish them to remain for future ages to gaze upon with wonder, many of them will have to see to it quickly, for the remorseless tooth of time is fast gnawing them out.

Nearly eight hundred years ago the famous and beautiful Guisbro' priory was built by the De Brus already mentioned. The east window is now the main relic. Even in its isolation and decay it is a fine piece of work, and the complete building must have been a noble structure. A capital view may be had of it from the Applegarth, but it is better still to get a permit for the Hall gardens, then you can examine it thoroughly and ascend the narrow spiral staircase of the left pillar of the window. Here you will also see stone coffins, the wine cellar, the little spring in Bow Street which has probably never been dry since the monks drank from it—on the hottest day in the year it is said to be as cold as ice and as clear as crystal; the arches of one of the priory gateways; and the grave of a giant, beside whom Goliath would be as little David was to him, at least some folk have said so. But there is some little doubt about the matter, as no one has dared to open the grave and measure his bones. One of the largest and most singular chestnut-trees in the kingdom is to be seen close to the priory window. Its branches have dipped into the earth, taken root, and sprung up around the parent in an affectionate family manner. The girth of the trunk is about twenty-seven feet, and the size of the whole is enormous. In the monks' days there was a chestnut garth, and this noble patriarch was probably planted, or grafted, by the grey old fathers of the priory. Ancient documents tell us how these cunning monks lived and feasted upon the best that air, land, and water could give them in spite of the stringent dietary rules of the house. The grandfather of the great Robert Bruce was buried here, and some slabs from his tomb can still be seen in the entrance of the parish church. I have examined them and find they are fairly well preserved; some of the members of the carvings have been chipped here and there. Crowns, eagles, cocks, scallop shells, lions rampant, winged lions, angels of peace, a rayed face and a crescent face, apparently representing the sun and moon, a vase, soldiers and ecclesiastics, all these and other symbols are carved upon the slabs. Who can tell, with certainty, what their separate significance was? I noticed the soldiers were twice the size of the

monks; had this any special meaning? Some have contended that the great Bruce himself was buried here, but that, of course, is not correct. Here, nevertheless, the Bruce family first took root on British soil. Carved and moulded fragments of the priory have been found in various parts of the town, and some of them put to such ignoble uses as to justly excite the indignation of lovers of the great past. Doubtless, a considerable amount of the stone in the houses contiguous to the abbey belonged to it. It has often been said, and as firmly believed, that there is a subterranean passage from the abbey to Tocketts, and even to Skelton Castle. But suppose we take the Tocketts route and tell its inevitable weird legend. Half way along it is an immense chest of gold guarded day and night, and year after year, by a raven. How they got there is not explained. Of course, they were much talked about until at last one man, more daring, and perhaps more avaricious, than his fellows, thinking to

become rich at a stroke, and ridiculing the idea of a raven preventing him getting the prize, pushed his way along the passage until he came to the box and its warder. Yes, sure enough, they were there; the great square chest full of the glittering treasure, and the dark-plumaged raven with bright flashing eye on guard. There was nothing to be done but stretch forth his hands and fill his pockets. But before he could take a golden coin the very marrow froze in his bones, and

"each particular hair stood up on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

The raven had been suddenly transformed into the devil, who gave the poor wight such a belabouring, that neither he nor any one else has ventured to explore the mystery since.

THOS. E. CURRAH.

(*To be continued.*)

Shall It Be?

The winds are full of whispers:
The air is charged with strife:
An awful shadow stalks abroad,
And haunts the paths of life.

The wheels of time roll backward,
By zealous bigots turn'd:
Who seek to reinstate the lies
Our martyr'd fathers spurn'd;

To veil the searchlight of that morn
Which dawned o'er high and low:
And shake the faith by Britons found
Three hundred years ago;

To stunt the spread of truth and light,
And sow foul cank'rous weeds:

And hold from man the precious food
His craving spirit needs.

And shall this heinous thing prevail?
Shall *wrong* o'erpower *right*?
As soon expect this world of ours
To stay his onward flight!

No! truth *is* truth, and lies *are* lies:
The dark has pass'd for aye;
Never again shall British hearts
Be under Roman sway.

For staunch and true we take our stand,
With God's word for our guide:
Ready to guard our cherished faith,
Or die as our fathers died.

THOS. J. B. CASEY.





Short Sermons from the Sage of Grasmere.

V.—THE PURIFICATION OF PRAYER.



S mothers of-
ten love most
the children
who are least
worthy of
love, so poets
are not sel-
dom similarly
perverse with
respect to
their estimate
of their own
producti o n s.
Wordsworth's
valuation of
the "Excursion"

is a case in point. It is, in his own view, his *magnum opus*; and he somewhat magniloquently describes it as a Gothic Church, to which the "Prelude" (to my mind a much finer poem) is as the ante-chapel, while his minor pieces may "claim to be likened to the little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses ordinarily included in those edifices." If the poet's fame were made to rest only on the "Excursion" it would be ephemeral indeed. Byron's criticism may be too summary:

"A drowsy frowsy poem called the 'Excursion,'
Writ in a manner which is my aversion,"

but there is not a little to give it point and justification. Dreary and didactic to a degree are large tracts of the work. As Myers well says: "Judged by ordinary standards the 'Excursion' appears an epic without action, and with two heroes, the Pastor and the Wanderer, whose characters are identical. . . . Wordsworth compares the 'Excursion' to a temple of which his smaller poems form subsidiary shrines; but the reader will more often liken the small poems to gems, and the 'Excursion' to the rock from which they were extracted." All who know will agree with him, however, when he adds: "The long poem contains, indeed, magnificent passages." It is one of those passages which I make my text to-day. It stands near the opening of the poem, and serves to lure the reader on—often, alas!

to his serious disappointment. But in itself it is superb. It is part of the description of the earlier life and spiritual development of the Pedlar.

' For the growing Youth,
What soul was his, when, from the naked top
Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
Rise up and bathe the world in light! He looked—
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth,
And ocean's liquid mass, in gladness lay
Beneath him:— Far and wide the clouds were touched,
And in their silent faces could be read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy: his spirit drank
The spectacle: sensation, soul, and form,
All melted into him; they swallowed up
His animal being; in them did he live,
And by them did he live; they were his life.
In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not: in enjoyment it expired.
No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request;
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the Power
That made him, it was blessedness and love."

The sublimation, the metamorphosis, the transfiguration of Prayer—there is our present topic. If duty may be delight, prayer may become a still and holy passion; an abiding mood and attitude; a soul-habit indistinguishable from the form and texture of the soul itself. Of that high estate I do not conceive that there can be, within the range of literature's possibilities, a more exquisite or perfect expression than that contained in the last six lines quoted above. Once for all Wordsworth has said it, and has left no room or need for a second attempt.

I am always reminded when these lines croon themselves over in my mind—as, indeed, they do oft—of the words of Jesus, according to John, "And in that day ye shall ask Me nothing. Verily, verily, I say unto you, If ye shall ask anything of the Father, He will give it you in My name. Hitherto ye have asked nothing in my name; ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be fulfilled." At the first reading these verses look like a tissue of contradictions. Interpreted hastily and unsympathetically, they sound like a bare, empty play

upon words,—a mere tripping catch upon “nothing, something—something, nothing.” What is the key to it all? There is here the true mystic’s note of paradox, of apparent intellectual inconsistency—a grand carelessness as to logical sequence. Are we to ask or not to ask? to pray or not to pray? is the question. Is prayer a duty or a superfluity?

And yet if we look steadily at these statements, and seek to see them whole, they quickly take on a coherent meaning, and arrange themselves in a logical order, which leads us straight to the ideal of Jesus, and of the poet of Grasmere. It is the idea of time which is the reconciling, illuminating idea—the thought of a spiritual evolution. Note the words “hitherto” and “in that day.” What we have here, really, is the Natural History of Prayer; or, perhaps, more properly, the stages of the evolution, the purification and progress of prayer—prayer in the lower, higher, and highest stages—in the positive, comparative, and superlative degrees. Looked at in that light, these apparent contradictions become at once luminous and logical. Prayer is represented *in its infancy*—“hitherto ye have asked nothing in My name;” *in its adolescence*—“If ye ask anything of the Father in My name, He will give it you;” *in its maturity*—(prayer sublimed, spiritualised, exalted)—“In that day ye shall ask Me nothing.”

In the crude and childish beginnings of prayer we ask nothing in the name of the Best; everything in our own name. The Hebrew use of the word “name” for inmost nature, for personal quality, character, and spirit, is well known. Among early races the name is the man, and hence the reluctance to pronounce it lest the man should suffer injury thereby. The punishment of “naming” a gross offender against the rules and conventions of the House of Commons is a survival of that idea. Prayer is ever the secretion, the essence, the exhalation of character. As a man is, so he prays. Some prayers are, hence, all fume and fetor; others, all grace and sweetness. Prayer, in its origin, is mostly selfish. We ask for what *we* like, regardless of the rights or the requirements of any one else. And, relatively, that is right. It is but natural. Fear, the instinct of self-preservation, self-interest, self-enrichment, are the great master motives in the earlier stages. Our wishes are to be the law of the universe. Self is the centre, the axis, round which the whole system of things is made to turn. Let me here say a word, not *in favour* of the “cursing psalms,” as they are called, but *in mitigation* of the unintelligent censure often pronounced on them. They appear to be full of mere selfish imprecations—such Psalms, for example, as the 35th, the 54th, the 55th, and others. So long as we were accustomed to regard them as only personal outbreathings, no words could be strong enough to condemn them; but when they are interpreted rather as the expression of the church-consciousness

of Israel, in which private malice is swallowed up in the sense of membership in a great corporate life, they take on a slightly different aspect. Not that they are even then blameless, by any means. Too easily has Israel caught up the bitter spirit of its persecutors. But personal spite is one thing, communal resentment is quite another. The latter is, after all, the faint adumbration of the second and higher stage of prayer—prayer for other ends than those of the little personal self. I am afraid our modern hymn-books contain many hymns with this exclusively personal note. “When I can read my title clear,” etc., is one of that class; and so is the verse,

“What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.”

Without staying to query how a “void” can possibly “ache,” we may well ask if such pre-occupation with self and its changing moods is at all the symptom of a high or healthy spiritual life. Prayer has been defined as the “desire to get good as far as we can see.” In the lower reaches we see only a short way. Self bounds the circle of our vision. We ask in our own name.

But see prayer in process of refinement. “If ye shall ask anything *in My name*, I will do it.” “In My name”—and yet how we have materialised even that! No fetish is meant—no charm-word, no formula of magic—or “open sesame,” as in the children’s story, where the poor fellow who forgot the key-word is found in the treasure cave and slain by the angry robbers. “In My name” means:—in sympathy with My spirit, in conformity with My great purpose of love and grace. “Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks unto God and the Father by Him.” Do all, that is, in the spirit of charity, brotherhood, peace, love, joy—which are the great ideas and forces for which the name of Christ stands. “In My name” means:—for the sake of My love, the brotherhood I have founded, the humanity I came to save; the great work of uplifting I have in hand; the growth of human goodness, the triumph of the Spirit of truth. Christ’s name stands for all that is highest and best in the world. Ask anything for the sake of that, for the furtherance and victory of that, and you cannot ask amiss. You must get your answer surely some time. There is deliverance from all petty regard. “*Thy* kingdom come: *Thy* will be done.” Such prayer must, in the end, be successful because it is in a line with the great purpose which runs through the ages. There can be no ultimate disappointment here. The whole universe is pledged to it. Christ’s name represents all that really *is*, and endures: Life, Truth, Love, the Supreme Good. When we learn to pray thus in Christ’s name rather than in our own, a new period

dawns in our life. We pass from infancy to nascent manhood. "How is it," said Cromwell once to noble John Howe, "how is it that you ask everything for others and nothing for yourself?" It was because Howe had put away childish things, and had become a man. His prayers were not petty breathings for personal profit, because his life's ends were his country's and his God's. In the presence of the larger the less could not live.

But prayer passes to its highest pitch and measure when there is no formal asking at all. It "proffers no request," but in still communion rests in the ever-present sense of "blessedness and love." It may seem odd to say, and yet it is a paradox profoundly true, that prayer reaches its richest, noblest form when it sublimates into something else, into the happy sense of perpetual possession—potential or actual—into a glad resignation. "In *that* day"—the day of direct spiritual seeing, of face-to-face communion, of inmost abiding—"ye shall ask nothing"—because ye have already all things. That is the higher Christian consciousness, and the Gospel of John, especially these later chapters, is full of it. We have heard of the art which conceals art: so there is a prayer which supersedes prayer. Set asking is but the scaffolding of the spiritual temple in the soul of man. When the building within is finished—strong, and firm, and good—the outer planks and props may disappear. So Corn Law Leagues and Wordsworth Societies disappear when the ends they were framed for have been answered. Some of us think the time has fully come for reforming the House of Lords by ending, not mending, it; absorbing it in one chamber, because its function in the national development has already been fulfilled, and all the good of it taken up into the organism of our national life. In a beautiful essay, Prentice Mulford suggests the building of a Church of Silent Demand or Prayer to the Supreme Power. "When prayer," he writes, "to the highest, and to an ever ascending highest, prayer for the most enduring good—and good ever becoming greater—when such prayer becomes habitual involuntary 'second-nature,' it is then that a life may become a never-ending prayer, a joyous prayer, a poem without end of gratitude for joys and good received. . . . Our best prayer will always be qualified with the sentiment, 'Thy Will be Done.' The more the mind is led into the habit of so dwelling in the highest and purest thought, the less mechanical, in a sense, does the effort for prayer become. It merges at last into a delight and a never-ending poem whose sentiment is the reflection of all that is best, brightest, purest in creation."

No, it is not that there is no asking, but that there is more of the highest and most unselfish sort. The whole life is an asking.

"Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure?
Or is there blessedness like theirs?"

Do you know this sweet little story? There was a nervous clergyman who could only compose to advantage when absolutely alone and undisturbed; but he had thoughtlessly left his study, door unlocked, and his little three-year-old child softly opened the door and came in. He was annoyed and, a little impatiently, asked: "My child, what do you want?" "Nothing, papa," she said. "Then what did you come in here for?" "Just because I wanted to be with you," was the reply. There is a world of both philosophy and feeling in that answer. The best prayer is just an unuttered and unutterable communion. Kant, in his last hours, would not pray. He simply folded his hands, it is said, to express the attitude of his spirit.

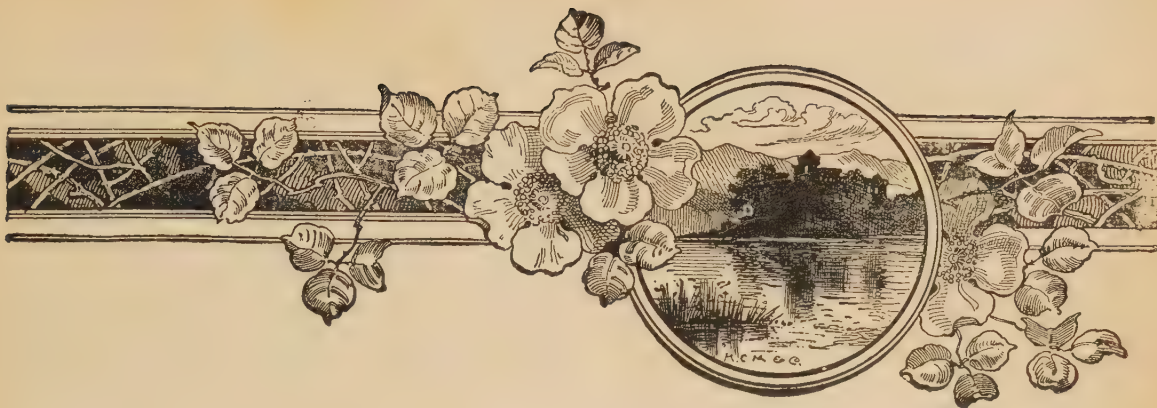
Or, have you read Browning's "Pippa Passes"? She spent her one holiday of the year—New Year's Day—in being just herself. Singing spontaneously and simply to please herself; yet with her sweet, innocent freshness touching more lives than she knew of. The guilty lovers are shamed; the artist resolves to be true to his wife; the hesitating youth goes forth to act the part of the patriot; the bishop refuses the tempting bribe offered him. When she comes to lie down at night she breathes, "God bless me; I can pray no more to-night." No, naturally, for her day had been one of fragrant and fruitful prayer, unwittingly to herself, all through. To lives like hers the sometimes intermission of set forms and hours of devotion may well be forgiven.

Where, then, are *we* in relation to these several stages of the purification of prayer? Are we yet in the infancy of asking, praying zealously, but mistakenly, in our own name—which means all that is narrow and poor—or have we reached the point marked by the word "hitherto"—the parting of the ways—the passage to the higher form—"in Thy name"? I dare not ask how many of us are in the highest grade of all. The man who confidently says he is in it, mostly isn't. He who is, hardly knows that he is. Do not let us wind ourselves too high; aspiring to fly before we have learnt to walk. But let us take courage—"the holy to the holiest leads." The way of the unselfish is ever skyward. On certain main lines of railway there are long stretches of water lying between the lines so that the express engines can replenish their supply without undue waste of time at stations on the route. So our souls in the very hurry of duty may drink up the waters that renew their flagging strength.

"Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought,
As Thou would'st have it done;
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one."

But we shall need still the quiet hour of retired and separated thought—in the which, whether by direct asking or by an unanxious and resigned communing, we may come into touch with the Infinite, and know that healing force has passed into our jaded life.

J. D. T.



The Methodist Minister's Wheel of Fate.

BY REV. S. J. WALLIS.

IV.—DRAWBACKS AND COMPENSATIONS.



BUT changing time means pain in another sense. We cannot always take with us all our belongings. Others, with each returning spring, will water with their tears the daisy—Death's Forget-me-not—as it smiles like Hope on the graves of their

dead, but we must leave ours to the care of the sexton, for we have no family burial-place, and we cannot come from all points of the compass to weep over the graves of our loved and lost, and pluck the ragged moss away, and weeds that have no business there. Hence, when the hour of our departure comes, our last visit is not always to the homes of the living, but sometimes to the long homes of the dead, in the silent city. It may be to the grave of the little lamb who went home early to the fold of the Good Shepherd, reminding us of the fair wee face that met us at the door with all its little news, and of the sad night when we ran for the doctor, telling him to be quick, or the angels would be there before him, returning, to find from cheek and lip the hue of the ruby faded, and the eyes, (which taught us more of the blueness of heaven than any star-gazing whatever) had closed like flowers at set of sun. Some have had to leave their hearts behind them in more than one little grave. It may be, no white stone tells the name or age of those little spirits to glory gone. What need of such? the angels have their record of these little ones.

"They grew in beauty side by side
They fill'd one home with glee,
But now they're scatter'd, far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and tree."

Or, it may be the wife of our youth, the good

angel of our pilgrimage, whose mortal remains we leave behind to melt into their kindred clay. True, nature weeps, but then our tears, like rain-drops in springtime, are shot through with sunbeams, for we know they are Homed with the angels far beyond the clouds of time and care, and when our travelling days are done, we shall meet them again in a land of peace and beauty, where all who were pilgrims once will be pilgrims no more.

But there are two sides to the shield. The itinerancy has its advantages as well as its disadvantages to both ministers and people. To the former it sometimes means a better manse, and a better salary. One such lucky brother, when preaching his farewell sermon, took for his text, "And now I go bound in the spirit to Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there." One of the officials of the church said to the other, "Figs, he knows very well he is going to get £20 a year more salary than he has had here." And why not? Oxen that tread out the corn must have more than straw allowed them. As coke to the locomotive, so is mutton to preaching. The greatest things depend upon the least. Milton's "Paradise Lost" could not have been written without bread. Keep the minister as poor as a skim-milk cheese, and the poverty of the parsonage will be reflected in the pulpit. Another advantage is our frequent change of air, which is, of all things, that which most conduces to health and long life. A good many of our ministers have been distinguished for their longevity. Some are living now, who seem to have some talisman or other that keeps grim death at bay, and are as wonderful specimens of winter-green as can be found in any church. The suns of ninety-six summers had marched over the head of one old veteran, who only the other day exchanged his sil-

ver crown of hoary hairs for the unfading crown of glory. It is eighty-five years since another one came into this world of sin, sorrow, and post-due bills; true his reasoning faculties are rusty, his joints creak, and he carries a weather-glass in his bones, but a merry heart still nestles in his tottering frame, like a swallow that builds in the tumble-down chimney. Another young old man eloquent, whose white locks are but the thatch of an intellectual tenement in good repair, is still preaching all the country over, although he set out upon his journey from the cradle to the grave seventy-six years ago. Evidently he intends the wheel to go round to the last. Like Hoary Father Christmas, he never seems to get any older, and looks as if going to sit up till the morning of the resurrection. There is a slow-growing beauty that only comes to perfection in old age, and we like to see the sun hang golden in the West when his hours of hot shining are over.

Again, ministers are not only like fish, in that none are so welcome as the new-come, but, like potatoes, which sooner or later are apt to get into hot water. And when leading officials sit under their pastor on the Sunday, and sit on him the rest of the week, it is a very agreeable change to move off to a station where there is neither cold water nor hot between minister and people.

Even the "farewell meeting" like an April day, has its sunshine as well as its showers. As presents endear absents, often tokens of friendship are given to the parting minister. It may be a set of books, which bring sunshine to the heart and drive moonshine out of the brain. Perhaps it is simply a travelling bag, which is all his poor flock can give. But a flower shows the heart as much as a diamond. The high heaven may be seen through a little cellar window, and so may a large heart in a little gift. Or it may be a bicycle, for every minister now is an Ezekiel, and has his vision of the wheel. Sometimes it is a purse well lined with yellow boys, or their shirts, in shape of bank notes. The golden age of the Church is when it thinks least of gold, and so presents some of it to the minister, who will think so much about it that neither time nor space will ever dim the memory of such kindness.

As for the young minister who has not yet lost his heart, like a cabbage run to seed, he actually receives so many slippers, that if he had as many feet as a caterpillar he could not wear them all, and so many handkerchiefs hemmed and given him, that, like the Psalmist, he is *hemmed* in on every

side, that he will have no need, like the Gibeonites, to wear "old shoes and clouted," or, have handkerchiefs resembling what Holy Writ says our righteousness is, and all of which are presents from the pretty young *spinsters* of the church, who are all spinsters now, not that each maiden stays at home with her spinning-wheel as in the brave days of old, but rather that they all go spinning abroad on two wheels.

Once upon a time, as the story books say, we used to receive such gifts, but that was in the green goslinghood of our ministry, and when we belonged to the "Odd Fellows' Society," but Cupid with his bow and arrow suddenly stopped supplies. Let us explain by a reminiscence. In taking a mental journey through the mellow romances of the past, we remember well, one lovely, dewy night, when every leaf lay sleeping, and only the nightingale kept watch, how we popped the question by starlight, and got an answer in a twinkling, which was what the cabbage said to the cook, "My heart is thine," and from that hour our gifts and our popularity with the fair ones became like the moon in the wane, when there is no longer a man in it.

And why should not our pious maidens *sew* that they may reap, and spin webs to catch a minister? for the hope of a cosy nest of her own, a fond husband, and the touch of a baby hand, stirs early in every maiden's heart.

Nor is it always with dry eyes we leave our friends behind us. Byron says: "In leaving even the most unpleasant people and places, one keeps looking at the steeple." How much more so when the place and people are pleasant. Nor do we forget them when in fresh fields and pastures new. The heart retains its old memories like some worn sea-shell filled with the music of the deep. And sometimes we have seen the diamonds of the eye glittering on the cheeks of those who have said, "Good-bye."

A young probationer, whose trumpeter was dead, said to the steward of his new station, "I assure you, sir, I never left a lodging but my landlady shed tears." The answer was, "I hope it was not, sir, that you went away without paying." Of course there are tears and tears, some of them are genuine drops of grief, others are not worth a farthing a gallon. Occasionally we have bid adieu to those whose dewy eyes reminded us of an epitaph a French husband inscribed upon his wife's tombstone—"Tears cannot recall her, therefore we weep."



Connexional Biography.

REV. WILLIAM LEA HARRIS.

WILLIAM LEA HARRIS was born at Swansea, May 7th, 1844. Being the child of pious parents, he was surrounded from his infancy with godly influences and Christly example, and was early taught to fear the Lord as well as to respect and reverence His people.

His education was conducted with great care, whilst every precaution was taken by his parents in the selection both of school and teachers. Finally, he was sent to Dr. Aldom's Academy, Selway House, near London, a place that his father and mother thought would be conducive to his well-being. There he distinguished himself by becoming a member of the Royal College of Preceptors, which title he sometimes used, but in the later years of his life discontinued.

His conversion took place when he was young, and he became a member of our Church.

Some years after his conversion he was put on the plan as a local preacher, and finally called into the ministry. He travelled in the following circuits:—St. Ives, Torquay, Pontypridd Branch, Redruth, Hereford, Barrow-in-Furness, Birkenhead, Bottesford, Pickering, Hay, and Portland.

In most of these circuits he laboured as hard as his strength would permit, and was successful in leaving them better than he found them.

As a preacher he was evangelical, earnest, and intelligent. His sermons were well prepared and well delivered.

In 1869 he entered the marriage state with Miss Sarah Emily Candy, of Charlton, Somerset, who became a great help to him in his work, and who now mourns his loss. Two sons and three daughters were born of this marriage, all of whom are living.

For some years Mr. Harris's health was feeble, and his sufferings great. In 1889 he was given a year's rest, and it was hoped by his family that he would be completely restored, but it was not so, and hence, at the Conference of 1890, he was finally placed on the superannuated list, and came to reside in Hereford.

During the first part of his retirement from active work he preached occasionally, and rendered good service to the Church in various ways. But his health continuing to fail, he was compelled to keep to his room, and had even to be fed. In this state he continued for nearly two years, during which time he suffered severely, and was a great anxiety to his family, who rendered him all the help that love and money could provide. His sufferings were patiently borne, and he felt that he was gradually losing his hold upon life and all things therein.

I frequently visited him, and always found him

calm and peaceful in mind. There was no rapture but solid peace and confidence in a Living Christ.

On Sunday, October 2, he was suddenly taken worse, and for a while it was thought that the end had come, but he rallied somewhat, and his family hoped that the danger was passed, but on the following day he ceased to live, and went to be with Jesus, which is far better.

On Friday, October 7, his remains were laid to rest in Hereford Cemetery. The funeral was largely attended by members, officials, and ministers. The Revs. E. Ball, W. H. Nicholas, and J. W. Normandale were the officiating ministers.

On Sunday evening, Oct. 16, the writer improved his death to a large and respectable audience in St. Owen's Street Chapel, from Romans viii. 18; while the choir rendered Pope's Ode at the close.

Many letters of sympathy have been received by his wife since his death, and we give a few selections.

The Rev. T. M. Lakin writes: "We were much surprised and grieved on opening your letter this morning to learn that dear Mr. Harris was dead. I do assure you that we all feel for you most sincerely. Though we have, in a sense, been expecting this event to come almost at any moment, yet I am sure the blow is a very heavy one for you and all yours. May God graciously sustain and comfort you all in this great trial."

Rev. B. Walton says: "It is more than twenty-four years since we had the pleasure of labouring together in the Master's service. I still remember with gratitude his great kindness to me. But for the Rev. C. T. Harris and your dear husband I might never have been in the ministry."

The Rev. J. H. Best says: "I have been closely associated with him in the years gone by, and feel that another link with the past is broken."

Rev. J. W. Coad writes: "Many years ago I made the acquaintance of your husband, and to know him was to love him, he was so frank and good-natured."

The Rev. A. Johnson writes: "I first knew your now sainted husband when you were stationed at Pickering. His kindness and courtesy to me very favourably impressed me, and convinced me that there was a noble future before him, and that he would worthily tread in the steps of his father. But man sees not as God sees. It was appointed unto him to suffer for his Lord and Master, and to serve Him in the furnace of affliction."

Rev. D. S. Lees says: "I trust that the great Father, who has helped you to bear the other troubles, will comfort you now. Your poor husband suffered much, and the burden he was called to bear was a heavy one, yet he showed Christian fortitude beyond the strength many of us possess, and after weary waiting has been called home."

The venerable William Harvey writes: "Words cannot express the deep sympathy we feel for you in your irreparable loss. We fervently pray for you, and wish for you strong consolation in Christ Jesus."

E. BALL.

MR. JOSEPH DOBINSON.

JOSEPH, the son of William and Mary Dobinson, was born at Earsdon Square, in the County of Northumberland, in August, 1825. His early home training was of a religious character. By precept and example his parents endeavoured to train up their family for God. Oh! what an inestimable blessing is a Christian home!—a home where God is acknowledged, worshipped, and honoured. Such a home was his.

From a very early period he was the subject of good desires, was steady, thoughtful, and sedate. When in his teens, he was converted to God in a cottage meeting at Earsdon Square, and joined the Society at Earsdon. About that time a blessed tide of spiritual benediction swept over the district. Many found themselves in the current, and declared themselves for God. The fruits of that spiritual upheaval were apparent; the societies were quickened in their spiritual life, and the young converts were attentive to their Christian duties; not only in connection with the regular services of the sanctuary, but at their daily employment they witnessed for God, and sought to bring others to Jesus.

As we had no Sabbath School at Earsdon, our late brother, with other members, joined the Church School, became teachers, and in the course of time Brother Dobinson was appointed superintendent. During the enlargement and cleaning of the school-room the school was held in the parish church, where he had to perform the duties of the office at the request of the vicar of the parish. He continued in association with Miss Taylor and others in that school, and only resigned his position when it was thought the time had arrived that a P. M. Sunday School should be commenced in the village. When the school had been formed he was appointed superintendent, which office he held for some time.

In 1847 he was married to Elizabeth Clough, who was also a member of the choir and society, and held in great esteem by all who knew her.

After his conversion he gave attention to reading and mental improvement. He was not long a member before he was made a leader. In addition to attending to his work as a miner, he had a night school where he did his best to help the young men who were not so highly favoured with educational facilities as we now are, and was fairly successful in that capacity.

During the Rev. Thos. Southron's term in this circuit, our late brother was recommended to the Quarterly Meeting held at North Shields, June 18, 1859, for the preachers' plan, and after the usual course of probation, he was moved for full plan,

June 3, 1860, and took a fair share of work in the circuit.

On June 28, 1872, he sustained a severe loss in the death of his dear wife after twenty-five years' happy union.

When co-operation was in its infancy, he left the pit and became manager of the West Holywell Co-operative Society, which necessitated his removal to W. Holywell. He identified himself with our interests there, and eventually was appointed leader of a society class. In 1877 he was married to Mrs. Margaret Heslope, of Howdon, a person of amiable Christian character, and greatly beloved by our Howdon Society.

Shortly after his second marriage he removed to Boldon Colliery to take the management of the Co-operative Store. Being credentialled, he became a member of our society there, and was duly placed on the preachers' plan, and assigned work in the circuit.

After a brief stay at Boldon he left and came to Shiremoor and commenced business on his own account. He then became associated with Shiremoor Society, and took his figure and place on circuit plan according to rule.

In 1881 another cloud came over his dwelling and the partner of his bosom sweetly fell asleep in Jesus on Oct. 18, leaving him again in loneliness and sorrow. Subsequently he transferred his membership to Earsdon Society, and continued the same up to the time of his decease.

During the latter years of his life, he suffered much from bronchial affection, and was thus in some measure incapacitated for preaching. As long as he was able he found his way to the sanctuary, and when detained at home, had the consciousness of the Divine Presence and smile.

In consequence of some internal complaint it was deemed advisable to call in the assistance of a specialist; at that time his sufferings were intense, and the only hope of relief was in undergoing an operation, which was duly performed, and left him in a very feeble condition. It was hoped that he would rally, but dangerous symptoms appeared and it became evident that he could not long survive. Gradually he grew weaker, and the end of the journey seemed to be reached by a sudden turn in the road; but he was found ready, consequently the summons brought him no dismay. He was not afraid to die.

"In conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave."

He was sweetly resting in Jesus, and on Dec. 14, 1896, God called him to join the white-robed multitude and take part in the chorus of the skies.

Our dear departed brother was well-known to most of us. He was an earnest Christian and sought in all the relationships of life to glorify God. The "House of God" had its attractions for him, and especially the Earsdon sanctuary. He took a

deep interest in the erection of the chapel, and contributed financially to its support, as well as the various agencies in operation therein.

The Sabbath to him was a welcome and blessed day with its privileges and blessings. The Word of God was precious, being his lamp and light to cheer and guide him through all the perplexing scenes of earth. He prized it much and read it often that he might embody its teachings in daily life. The means of grace, public and private, were helpful to him in the discharge of the duties he was called to perform. The "Communion of Saints" was refreshing and inspiring, as he was wont to say in the language of Scripture, "As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend." He was much benefited by the fellowship and experience of others.

In his early life he took special delight in the welfare of the young, and as a Sunday School teacher sought to be equipped for his work, and in the best possible way by love, sympathy, preparation and prayer endeavoured to influence them to taste the sweets of religion and consecrate themselves fully to the service of the Saviour.

As a leader he endeavoured faithfully to discharge the duties of the office. The responsibility of feeding the flock of God was realised. Maintaining a steady, close walk with God, he had a clear, definite, steady, and even experience to relate, and gave wise, comforting, encouraging words of help to the members of his class.

As a local preacher he was at first reluctant to take public work. A sense of unfitness, the high character of the work, and the responsibility of the position, deterred him from an earlier compliance with the wishes of his brethren to become a local preacher. His discourses were well-prepared, being thoughtful, orderly, scriptural and practical; in them he strove to instruct, impress, and lead men to Christ. He was greatly respected throughout the circuit by his brethren for the sterling worth of his character, and his interest in the welfare of our beloved Zion. The honour of representing the Circuit at District Meeting was conferred upon him by Quarterly Meeting, and the duties of the post were faithfully and efficiently executed. As to his general deportment he sought to walk uprightly before God and his fellow-men, "to love mercy, deal justly, and walk humbly with God." He carried his religion with him into the world, and the duties of life were thus sanctified by it. He was generous, had a tender heart, could feel for those in distress, and render practical assistance. He strove to live a consistent Christian life, hence he was held in high esteem and respected by all who knew him. He was punctual, cautious, painstaking, and methodical in all he had to do in connection with the Church and the world. In his home relationships he was dearly beloved. He loved his family, was dutiful, thoughtful, and affectionate. He was not

only anxious for their temporal welfare, but by a loving, consistent walk, and conversation, sought to secure their highest good by leading them to God.

Thus our dear departed friend tried in home, Church, business, and other relationships to please God. Like others, he was not faultless, he had his imperfections and failings, but he sought help and grace to glorify God and find his way to heaven.

J. H. JOPLIN.

MRS. HUFF.

THE late Mrs. Huff was born 1811, at Knighton, where she resided until her marriage with the Rev. James Huff. The date of her conversion is not known, but it must have been away in the days of her youth, for the Rev. Wm. Evans writes: "She was the friend of my youth. Years before there was a chapel at Knighton, and before I became a Christian, I remember her as an earnest and godly woman. She was very kind to me when a boy, and seemed to take a great interest in my spiritual welfare, and on the day of my father's funeral she obtained from me the promise that I would endeavour to live for Christ."

This was the spirit shown by our deceased sister all her life, not only endeavouring to live for Christ herself, but ever seeking to obtain other disciples, urging those who were wavering, to leave sin and give themselves to God.

As a woman, her character may be summed up in the words of Dr. Ferguson, written to Mr. Huff: "Your late wife was a good woman, quiet, unobtrusive, but transparently sincere. Her conscience knew no compromise, and her religion no damning doubt."

As a follower of Jesus, she was earnest and faithful. Always alive to the interests of God's cause, she took a part in every good work, though usually it was a quiet part. Leaving the more public duties to others, she loved to do her work unseen, and usually unknown. Every success in connection with any enterprise that was for the Kingdom of Righteousness, imparted great joy to her. She ever prayed for the prosperity of Zion.

The Church of her choice was the Primitive Methodist. When she was only a girl she was interested in the work of this department of God's Church, as its ministers found a home with her parents at an early date, and she was constantly coming into contact with them. For upwards of sixty years she remained a firm and true member, rejoicing in its prosperity, and aiding every enterprise which was for its advancement. It was a delight to her to attend the services, and she ever remained the humble worshipper, uncritical, sincere, friendly.

After her marriage she travelled with Mr. Huff in Congleton, Darlaston, Wrockwardine Wood, Dudley, Lichfield, Bilston, Tipton, and Old Hill, where she gathered around her a circle of friends

who were delighted with her companionship, and remained true when she had to leave them for some new sphere of labour. The letters of sympathy prove how highly her friendship was regarded, and how fondly remembered. She fulfilled the duties of a minister's wife with wisdom and cheerfulness, contributing to her husband's success by sharing his difficulties, and inspiring him with great resolves. Her name will long be remembered with respect.

To her husband and family she combined the grace of the wife with the love of the mother, and made the concerns of the home her chief happiness. She was cheerful and kind, and won that love and respect which is a woman's chief joy, and a mother's greatest glory, the love and respect of the children and grandchildren. She was a wise counsellor, a true and trusted friend, an example of Christian patience and virtue, a real helpmeet to her now bereaved husband.

It is about ten years since she came with her husband and family to reside in Bishop's Castle. During these years she has shown her loyalty to her Church and her Saviour by her devout life. Much of this time she passed as an invalid, but her faith never declined, neither did her religion become gloomy. She showed a great amount of Christian fortitude and was able to give consolation to others, when, in truth, she often needed it herself.

She always welcomed the friends of the circuit, and took an active and practical interest in all that was passing, and many people, within and without our own Church, have experienced her kindness in sympathy and generosity.

Her last wishes, as I remember them, before taken with her final illness were for a revival in this Church and circuit. I trust those wishes may be realized.*

Her last days were clouded by unconscionableness. But we believe in the wisdom of God, and if it is true that "He doeth all things well," some wise purpose was served when her affliction took this turn. Apparently without pain she passed away on Feb. 20, 1897, at the advanced age of eighty-six. She has left behind her those who loved her dearly to mourn her loss. But to her, we doubt not the wondrous words have been spoken by Jesus, "Well done." She has entered into the joy of her Lord. The funeral sermon was preached on Sunday evening, March 28th, by the circuit minister, to a large congregation.

D. S. LEES.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES.

THOMAS HUGHES was born at Wellington, in the County of Hereford, January 21, 1818. Previous to his conversion he lived as others, according to the course of this world, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and the mind, and was by nature the child of wrath, even as others.

In his carnal state he was fond of company,

wrestling, and singing, and to get it he had to resort to the public-house or ale-bench, not that he ever drank to excess, but he frequented these places for the sake of the company and amusement he found there. In this state he lived till he was eighteen years of age, when it pleased God, through the conversion of his own brother, to awaken him to a sense of his danger, and his need of a personal and saving interest in the Lord Jesus Christ. His brother invited him to go with him to a preaching service at Wellington, and while the congregation were singing—the 237th hymn in our Hymnal, but especially the verse, "O, let me kiss Thy bleeding feet," etc.—he broke down and was compelled to cry for mercy and salvation through a crucified, risen, and exalted Saviour.

After his conversion, Brother Hughes was as zealous for Christ as he had been for Satan, and the Quarterly Meeting of the Leominster and Weobley Circuit, seeing in him elements of usefulness, put his name on the plan, and sent him to tell to sinners all around what a Saviour he had found.

While in Leominster and Weobley Circuit he walked on one occasion twenty-eight miles, and preached twice. His work-mates, knowing that he had this journey on the Sunday, said that they would give him a doing up in the hayfield on Monday. Brother Hughes, however, was in the field first, and did as much work as any of them. He let them see that his work for God on the Sunday could be done without interfering with his work in the hay on the Monday.

After leaving Weobley, he came to reside in Hereford, and engaged in the corn and meal business, in which he remained till his death, and in which he suffered great losses through unprincipled and dishonest people who had his goods and never paid him for them.

As a local preacher and worker Mr. Hughes was earnest, able, and zealous. He looked upon his work as sacred and important, and to it he gave his best powers. His sermons were not only carefully prepared, but thoroughly Scriptural, and forcefully and energetically delivered. The Bible to Mr. Hughes was the Word of God from cover to cover, nor had he any patience with those people who liked to tamper with its truths, and misqu岸 its words to suit their own pre-conceived notions of its teaching. Whatever other books Mr. Hughes did not know, he knew his Bible, and could quote it correctly, both in his prayers and in his sermons. Indeed, his knowledge of Scripture truth was marvellous and extensive, and he was able to wield it to purpose in his work.

Mr. Hughes was twice married, his second wife still surviving him. His last illness was short, sharp, and severe, but his sky was unclouded, and his feet firmly fixed on the Rock of Ages. Among his last utterances were the following: "Salvation ready to be revealed in the last time;"—"And this

is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life ; ”

“ O Love, thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in thee ”

He died January 26, 1897, and his remains were interred in Hereford Cemetery on January 30, a large number of friends being present.

E. BALL.

MR. RICHARD WADSWORTH.

RICHARD WADSWORTH was born at Bamborough, Yorkshire, on the 6th of February, 1808. When still a boy the family removed to Doncaster, and he was apprenticed as a blacksmith at Balby. In 1828 he became associated with our Church, worshipping with the small society in Hallgate. In 1831 his name appeared on the plan as an exhorter, and for sixty-five years he continued to exercise his gifts with much acceptance. The journeys were long, helps few, and discouragements many, but he toiled on undeterred by difficulties, and it is said that he walked 12,000 miles to fulfil his preaching appointments. In 1832 he was made a class leader, and he discharged the duties of his office for over sixty-three years; and it was a source of great regret to him that increasing deafness necessitated his resigning the work to other hands. Some of the members of his class have risen to useful and honourable positions both in the Church and the world. Among others we may name the Rev. Dr. Trippett, Wesleyan minister, the Rev. James Shaw, and Mr. Sanderson, ex-mayor of Cardiff. But his pulpit and class meeting work only represented a part of the varied and valuable service he rendered. He was trustee for eight chapels, and gave and begged considerable sums for their erection and support. He was frequently sent for to visit and pray with the sick and the dying, as well as to baptise children, and to inter the dead. His kindly, sympathetic, Christian services were in constant request, and, as his diary shows, he paid thousands of visits to people in trouble and sickness. He was also an active worker in the cause of temperance. He joined the Rechabites when the first “tent” was formed in Doncaster fifty-four years ago, and at the time of his death stood number one on the books of the district, being the oldest member in that part of the country. He bought and distributed thousands of tracts on the occasion of the races, and in various other ways sought to advance the well-being of the people.

“As a preacher he was calm, thoughtful, earnest, and withal, very impressive,” writes a minister who knew him well, “he was readily received and much respected. In his public efforts the preacher was not the most prominent, rather the theme. Christ, his Master, was clearly exhibited, while his aim always appeared transparent to save those that heard him, and in all to give glory to God.” His

manner was courteous, his dress neat, his spirit kind, and his appearance and bearing impressive. He frequently occupied the pulpits of other Churches, making annual visits for that purpose to Sheffield, Lincoln, Bradford, and Barnsley. On attaining his eightieth year the members and friends of Spring Gardens Chapel, Doncaster, presented him with a beautifully framed illuminated address as an expression of their high appreciation of his Christian character and unremitting toil and devotion through so many years. He represented his circuit at the District Meeting on no fewer than eight occasions, and he was appointed by his district five times as delegate to Conference. He had the great joy of seeing the circuit with which he was originally connected grow into ten stations, with sixteen ministers and 4,600 members.

His illness was only of a few days' duration, and he passed away on the 6th of April, 1897, in the ninetyeth year of his age. He leaves behind him a widow and two daughters. His eldest daughter was the wife of the late Rev. W. Saul, and his granddaughter is the wife of the Rev. M. Johnson. He was interred at Doncaster Cemetery, a service being held in Hyde Park Chapel, in which the Revs. F. E. Heape, J. Wilson, H. Fox, and Dr. Trippett took part. The Rev. F. E. Heape improved his death audience being present. Mr. Heape stated that, “He had known him for years, and esteemed him much for his Christly spirit and character. It was a blessing to be with him. His communion with God was so real and sweet. He said to me, ‘I am on the Rock! It is all right.’” And the Rev. James Shaw writes: “I first saw him leading a procession in my native village—I was ungodly then—but I was much impressed by his conduct, bearing, and words. I followed the company to the chapel, and his burning words pierced me with conviction of sin, and in a short time I found salvation. He was a man of God, mighty in prayer, of deep-toned piety, and the word he preached was to many Christ the power of God unto salvation. I thank God for Richard Wadsworth, and gratefully acknowledge the influence, help, and saving power that came to me through him.” The Rev. John Slater, writing on behalf of the Sheffield District Committee, says: “He was held in the highest esteem by those members of the committee who knew him, for the long, faithful, and useful service he rendered to our cause in Doncaster, in the Hull and Sheffield Districts, and the Connexion generally. He was a man of a beautiful spirit and an honourable character, and his departure from us is a loss to the cause of Christ in the world.”

M. J.

MRS. BRAY.

OUR Bethel Church, Parkgate, has lost one of its most devoted workers by the decease of our sister. On March 24, 1897, she passed away from a loving

family to her final rest. Mrs. Bray was born at Great Snoring, Norfolk, on March 20, 1832, and was brought under deep religious influence, her father being a successful class leader, and her mother a devoted member of the Wesleyan body until their cause was given up in the village. In 1853 she was united in marriage with Charles W. Bray, with whom she lived most happily until he was called home twenty-seven years ago. Soon after her marriage, she, along with her husband, joined our people, and together they did their utmost to promote the varied interests of our cause. Their home became at once, and ever continued to be, the home of ministerial and lay preachers, many of whom have testified to the happy hours spent under her hospitable roof, and in the sanctuary they ever found in her a sympathetic and a receptive hearer. Being compelled to leave their native village, they came to Parkgate in 1869, and at once became active workers in our Church here. When the arrangements were made for building our present beautiful chapel, she entered heartily into the bazaar undertaking, and year after year rendered splendid service in the efforts for reduction of debt. Often she laboured under very difficult circumstances, and was in very great pain, as she suffered terribly for a number of years from rheumatism, by which the last twelve months of her life she was completely prostrated. But whilst she could she toiled unflaggingly. She did her humble work for her Master without a murmur, without a boast, and gained the esteem of all who knew her for her goodness, sympathy, and Christ-like service. Her last illness,

long and wearisome, was borne with true resignation and Christian patience. She was lovingly waited upon by a devoted sister and family, and often cheered by the visits of ministers and friends. To visit her was ever a pleasure; one received much more than one gave, and the season spent in prayer was always rich in Divine blessing. Our sister waited trustfully for the end, and spoke joyfully of meeting those who had already entered into rest. On Tuesday morning, March 23, she asked for her sons, her sister, and every member of their families, and gave to them a parting blessing. Soon after she became unconscious, and the next day she passed peacefully away, realising that "the eternal God was her refuge, and underneath were the everlasting arms." To her has been said by the Saviour, "Thou hast been faithful. . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." ♦

She was interred in Rawmarsh Cemetery, March 26. An impressive service was conducted in our Parkgate Church by the Rev. J. Maland, assisted by the Rev. A. E. Proctor, when an excellent address was given by the Rev. S. B. Reynolds, who made further reference to her life and death on Sunday evening, April 25. She leaves three sons, the eldest of whom entered our Australian ministry twenty years ago; her second son is an honoured class leader and acceptable local preacher on the Rotherham First Station. Her friends are the poorer for her departure, but heaven is the richer. May they all meet with her again in the morning in the eternal city of God.

JOSEPH MALAND.

Literary Notices.

Neglected Factors in the Study of the Early Progress of Christianity. By the REV. JAMES ORR, D.D. (3s. 6d.) Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

THE other month it fell to our lot to notice Prof. Ramsay's "Was Christ Born at Bethlehem?" To-day it is our pleasing duty to call attention to another book of a distinguished British scholar which still further betokens that a new spirit is actively at work in the field of Ecclesiastical History, once regarded as so dry and unproductive. Professor Orr disclaims any pretensions, in what he puts forth in this volume, to figure as a discoverer. But progress is carried on by a fresh synthesis of the old material, or by facts, hitherto neglected or deemed of slight importance, being turned to account so as to become factors in a new result. In this way, no less than by the discovery strictly so-called of new facts or truths, are we able to chronicle advance in the study of Ecclesiastical History as in other branches of inquiry. Of late, students of

the origins of the early Church seem to have confined themselves mainly to the endeavour to show how that Church was influenced and interpenetrated by its environment. Into this endeavour they have put their strength, and have apparently succeeded in showing that both as to its outward form and its ruling ideas, the Church received its mould and impress from the old religions, Pagan and Judaistic, from the features of the civil government under which they found themselves, and from the prevailing philosophy of the time. We are all now busy reading Dr. Fairbairn's new book, "Catholicism, Roman and Anglican," and hence can easily recall how, in the third chapter of his book—that entitled "Catholicism and Historical Criticism," Dr. Fairbairn shows us how, historically, Christianity was influenced and shaped by its environment. Now Prof. Orr thinks,—and in this we certainly agree with him,—that it is time to look at, and give due weight to, the other side of this truth—How the Church influenced its environment. Was not

the influence exerted a reciprocal one? Did not the Church affect its environment in the measure that it was affected by it? These are the questions Prof. Orr asks, and he is disposed to answer them in the affirmative, and in this volume adduces evidence to show:

"(1.) That Christianity had a larger extension *laterally*, i.e., in point of mere numbers, in the Roman Empire, than the ordinary representations allow. (2.) That it had a much larger extension *vertically*, i.e., as respects the different strata of society, than is commonly believed; and (3.) That it had a much greater influence *intensively* or *penetratively*, i.e., in its effects on the thought and life of the age, than is generally acknowledged."

In seeking to establish his first position, Prof. Orr makes good use of the evidence disclosed by the Christian remains found in the Catacombs of Rome. And here it may be observed in passing that our historians of the first ages of the Church have not availed themselves, to the extent they might have done, of these Catacomb discoveries. Now it was Gibbon who set the fashion of underestimating the numbers and influence of Christians in Rome and throughout the Roman empire; and his example has been largely followed by those who have since written on the subject. But it is clear that his estimate was far too low, and must be revised. In the famous fifteenth chapter of "The Decline and Fall," Gibbon estimates the population of Rome at about 1,000,000, and the number of Christians at the beginning of the fourth century at about 50,000, or one-twentieth part of the whole. "In reality, unless the testimony of the Catacombs has been totally misread, they might have been anything between *one-third* and *one-half*."

There are many other points raised by this very interesting work we should have liked to refer to; but we must forbear. One only we will touch upon in concluding. Dr. Fairbairn, in that same third chapter of his recent book already referred to, says: "The Catholic Church is the Platonic Kingdom of philosophers transformed into a Kingdom of priests." Now Dr. Orr sees in the rise of Neoplatonism in the third century "perhaps the most striking proof of the influence of the Fathers of the Early Church on contemporary religious thought." If the Church was Platonised, Platonism may have been first largely Christianised. This is Prof. Orr's position—"If," says he, "the school of Harnack sees in the theological movement of this period an amalgamation of Greek intellectualism with Christianity, it must in consistency recognise that the prevailing Greek spirit had been seized and was being led captive by the new faith." It seems to us that the Professor's views are needful to complete and explain those of the Principal. Let all who can get hold of "Neglected Factors."

Morality as a Religion. An Exposition of some

First Principles. By W. R. WASHINGTON SULLIVAN. (6s.) Swan Sonnenschein and Co., Ltd.

ON the title page of the present well-printed volume are two mottoes which very fairly represent Mr. Sullivan's position and that of the "Ethical Religion Society," meeting on Sabbath mornings at Steinway Hall, Portman Square, whose views he claims to present. The first dictum on the title-page is borrowed from Kant—"Religion is Morality recognised as a Divine command." The second is a saying of Emerson:—"The mind of this age has fallen away from theology to morals. I conceive it an advance." Mr. Sullivan is a theist and a believer in the survival of personality, but as to the other doctrines which are taught in churches and chapels, he is an unbeliever. That negative term, however, is hardly strong enough to describe his attitude to theology. Sometimes he indulges in invective and vituperation, and sometimes he inveighs against what he *supposes* Christians believe. He spends time and rhetoric in exposing the "deplorable absurdity" of the belief in the resurrection of the identical body laid in the grave—a belief that is "insisted upon by all the Christian Churches." Foolish priests invented the dogma of hell in order to terrorise men into morality. They preached "their Divinity, the magnified copy of a fiend." We ask pardon of our readers for putting such words into print, but we wish them to understand something of the teaching of the new prophets of the Ethical Religion Society. After this it sounds tame to affirm that "the prayer of petition ought instantly to cease as infantine, irrational, and irreverent" . . . "and therefore no petitionary prayers find a place in the service of the Ethical Church." The Psalmist said: "Thou wast a God that forgavest them, though Thou tookest vengeance on their doings;" but Mr. Sullivan maintains that belief in the forgiveness of sins and in a retribution that follows inevitably on misdoing are incompatible beliefs. He believes in a God as we have seen; but in what sort of a God? He himself shall tell us:—"Will it never dawn upon our priests and ministers, our masters and mistresses in schools, that God bears none of the burden of humanity; His heart never breaks because a life is withering in despair." If this be the gospel at the heart of the Ethical Religion Society it will prove, we fear, not to have much lifting power about it.

We are glad to say, when Mr. Sullivan gets away from Churches, and the theology that is dealt out in them, and concerns himself with such questions as the ethics of marriage and of war, he is well worth reading. So is he, too, in the chapter on "Conscience, the voice of God, and the voice of Man."

The Unheeding God. By THOMAS G. SELBY. (6s.) Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

It is confessedly a difficult matter reviewing volumes of sermons however excellent they may be. In the present case, however, the task is easier because from Mr. Selby we know what to expect. By his "Imperfect Angel, and other Sermons," he at once took high rank as a preacher, and his subsequent works have but served to maintain the reputation he so suddenly acquired. Mr. Selby's sermons are *sui generis*. They are packed with thought, and move along with a stateliness, a distinction and richness of style all their own. It is, perhaps, in respect to the character of the illustrations usually employed that the originality of these sermons is most strikingly shown. The illustrations are no mere ornaments, but have an analogical value, and illumine the thought and help on the argument. They are worth regard in and for themselves, but they are useful too, as is the gold or jewelled clasp. They are the illustrations that naturally occur to a far-travelled man who has dwelt amongst peoples who have other ways of thinking than ours, of one who has observed the wonders of nature, and is acquainted with the most recent discoveries of science. The illustrations are those of an age of telegraphy-without-wires. We note that the tone of these sermons is serious, not to say sombre, and this befits the themes discussed. We will not go the length of saying that the pessimistic note is struck, but certainly the note is a long way removed from that of jaunty optimism, and this is perhaps nowhere more observable than in the sermon on "Christ's Antidote to Pessimism." These are pre-eminently sermons to read and re-read.

The Progressive Life. By H. JOHNSTON. (2s.)

Partridge and Co., 8 and 9, Paternoster Row; and W. Nightingale, Lesbury, Northumberland. It could hardly be possible, we think, to find a greater contrast between two volumes of sermons than those of Mr. Selby and Mr. Johnston. But "every man in his own order." Mr. Johnston is a devoted layman, and the leader of the Consecration Movement, and as such wields much influence. Mr. Johnston thinks for himself, and evidently wants others to do the same. His utterances are marked by much good sense, and calculated to nourish a vigorous piety, and one that will be strong on the ethical side. There is some good wholesome teaching in the address on "Quickening the Dead." We have heard Mr. Johnston, and can testify that these sermons suffer less than most from the absence of the living voice.

In Christ Jesus; or, The Sphere of the Believer's Life. By ARTHUR T. PIERSON. Funk and Wagnall's Company, New York and London.

As is well known, the canonical order of the Epistles is not their chronological or historical order. They do not stand in the New Testament in the order in which they were originally written. Dr.

Pierson is disposed to see the hand of God in the arrangement of the Epistles no less than in their substance. He finds in the seven Epistles beginning with Romans and ending with Thessalonians, ever-advancing and enlarging teaching as to the privileges which the believer is called to enjoy in Christ Jesus. These last words—"In Christ Jesus" are the text of the whole of these Epistles. On this it will be well for Dr. Pierson to be allowed to speak for himself:—"As we review our studies of this seven-fold group of letters to the early Christian disciples, we find, first, a very remarkable *completeness of presentation* of this great privilege of the believer. He is IN CHRIST JESUS. In Him he finds a new *sphere of life* with seven-fold blessing. First, justification with its new standing and acceptance before God, (Romans). Second, *sanctification* with its new power for holy living in the Spirit of God, (1 and 2 Corinthians). Third, *fellowship* with God in the actual, practical walk in newness of life, (Galatians). Fourth, *exaltation* to the heavenlies in an earnest or foretaste of a heavenly life, (Ephesians). Fifth, *compensation* for all present self-denials and sufferings and renunciations for Christ's sake, (Philippians). Sixth, *identification* with Christ in His present hidden life at the right hand of the Father, (Colossians). Seventh, *glorification* when He comes to be admired and adored of all His waiting body, the members, whose manifestation awaits His final epiphany as their head, (Thessalonians). To this scarce anything could be added. All that subsequent epistles can do is to amplify what is here suggested." It should be stated, further, that, in these stages of Christian privilege and experience, Dr. Pierson finds a correspondence with the seven marked stages in our Lord's human and mediatorial life. Dr. Pierson possesses quite remarkable powers of analysis and clear presentation. How far his analysis may have been conditioned by his thoroughgoing views with regard to inspiration is a question. Some will find it difficult to quadrate such scientific and almost mechanically precise division of labour amongst these seven epistles with the fact that they were, with the exception of Romans, letters called forth naturally by the occasion. Others may not be able to go as far as Dr. Pierson in his view of the graduated and relative character of the teaching sought to be conveyed by these epistles. They may still be constrained to believe that they interlap and hold more truth in common. All the same, Dr. Pierson has given us an excellent book, and no one can read it carefully without profit, especially to his spiritual life.

A Subtle Enchantress. By BERTRAND ALAINE. (2s.) A. H. Stockwell and Co., 17, Paternoster Row.

It is an open secret that this able novel is from the pen of one of our own ministers; this fact will, in

the eyes of many, lend additional interest to the book, though all could by its aid while away a pleasant hour. The book follows the downward career of a young man, who, as far as this world was concerned, seemed to have everything in his favour, talent, a dignified and noble bearing, the idolising love of his parents, a wealthy and refined home, and all that seems to make life worth living. The book opens with a farewell supper, given by Percy Forsyth, the hero of the book, to a few of his favourite companions, at the close of his university career. At this supper, Percy with the rest, took an oath of perpetual allegiance to the devil. As a symbol and token of the oath they swore, the host presented each member with a golden ring—a twining serpent with emerald eyes—on the inside of which was engraven the words, "*Le Cercle du Diable*."

Whatever the others may have done, Percy Forsyth kept his oath to the letter. He renounced his career in the Church, for which he had been educated, and took up that of literature. But his downward career was sure and steady, not even the love of a good woman could save him. The habits of years were too strong for him, and the book ends tragically. The other characters in the book are well portrayed—the loving, indulgent, but rather weak mother; the strong, manly, but religiously bigoted vicar, his father; the clinging, trustful, and loving woman who became his wife, and whom he afterwards deserted. We confess that Miss Aberdare, the lady to whom he first paid his addresses, interests us more than any of the other characters, though she is not sketched so much in detail, and we have, in imagination, followed what might have been his career had he had the good fortune to win her.

We congratulate the Rev. J. W. Chappell on having thus early made his way by virtue of the intrinsic merit of his book before the literary public.

Death's Microbe. By HAMILTON ORTON. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C.

THE utter and bitter hopelessness of death is here set forth when viewed apart from God, and as the end of all things, instead of the beginning of everlasting life. A philosopher's child had died, and with her life went out all that made earth beautiful and grand for him. A fellow philosopher and he discuss Death, the King of Terrors, the grasper of human souls. Said the younger, "You speak of Death as if he were a spirit. Methinks if we believe

in one we should believe in all. A spirit of Death? Then must there be a spirit of Life as well. If Death reigned all alone, then life could not exist, for he would trample her beneath his feet and crush her from existence, that he might be the lonely monarch on his throne. All right for idle dreamers to imagine thus. Philosophy has taught *us* other things. Nature, in spite of all her richest gifts to man, has placed within his system microbes of disease and death. The microbes do away with life, as disease for the time being does away with health. Could we but root those microbes from the constitution we could blot death for ever from the world." So together they laboured both day and night to discover the microbe of death. Many times they thought they had the clue, but after months of toil they seemed no nearer the secret than before. One night the old philosopher saw in a dream a radiant vision of his little child standing before him. The vision said, "My father, why is it that you seek to banish death for ever from the world? I never knew the microbe you are searching to expel, for none who *trust* and *love* can die. I do not want to be called from my home, I would not care to come back here again, I want you up above with me. The microbe of death is sin itself, and without that there is no death, the soul shall pass from life unto eternal life. The great minds seek to find it out, the people long for dreary earth—when, oh! how grand is that bright world they never dream of;—how easy, if they only knew, to grasp the truth, and enter into life."

Service of Song: "Sermons and Songs of the Fields." For Flower and Harvest Festival Services. Connective Readings by Rev. J. G. Bowran. Musical Compilations by Mr. Robert Bowran. (6d.; for 50 and upwards, 4d. each). R. Bowran, 42, Grey Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

THOSE of our readers who will ere long be arranging for Harvest Thanksgiving services will like to have their attention directed to a Service of Song designed for such an occasion. The names on the title-page are a sufficient guarantee of excellence. The Rev. J. G. Bowran has furnished the connective readings, and his literary ability is well known; and Mr. R. Bowran, who is responsible for the musical part of the service, is Musical Director of the Sunderland and Newcastle District Psalmody Association. The pieces are well selected; are fresh and unhackneyed, and agreeably varied in character.



The Connexional Outlook.

BY THE REV. J. ATKINSON.

—The Connexional auditors have completed their investigation of the condition of the various funds, and the result, though not all that could have been desired, yet may be regarded as fairly satisfactory. None of the Funds are at all embarrassed, though the demands made upon them by the increasing expenditure due to Connexional expansion and need prevents the accumulation of any great reserve. The Book Room shows increasing profits notwithstanding the decreased circulation of some of the monthlies, and the keen competition experienced from the trade. This speaks well for the management of this Institution. The other Funds and Institutions show advanced revenue, so that Conference will not have to deplore any retrogression or deficit.

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—The balance sheet of the Insurance Company which has just been issued, is of a satisfactory character. The revenue for the year is £3,318 1s. 10d., an advance upon the previous year of £51 1s. 9d. As most of the Connexional properties that can be insured by the Company are placed with it, and as no general business is taken, any great increase in revenue cannot, in the nature of things, be expected. What is realised in this direction is mainly secured in consequence of improvement in Trust Estates, and every year policies more or less in number lapse from various causes. The claims made upon the Company have been very light this last year, only amounting to £127 15s. 10d. This speaks well for the care with which the various bodies of trustees manage their estates. The directors have been able to give £1,616 for the relief of embarrassed Trust Estates, and so have assisted materially in reducing the debt upon our Connexional property. This contribution makes a total of £12,141 which the directors have contributed for this purpose. They have several claims of this kind still pending which will be met in due course when the trustees have raised the sums to which they stand pledged. After covering all expenditure the directors were able to carry over £1,015 to the Reserve Fund, which now stands at £27,673 18s. 10d.

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—The Aged Local Preachers' Fund has evidently come to stay. Whatever may be the result of the agitation concerning Old Age Pensions, the Connexion seems to be gradually solving the problem in relation to one class of workers, and probably the aid afforded as the Fund takes on may be extended to others. The permanent allowances are as yet limited to applicants over seventy-

five years of age, and the Fund has received such support that these allowances have advanced about four and sixpence per month. The assistance afforded is as yet not great, but as the fund increases it can be easily improved, and the age limit can be reduced. Grants are made to applicants under the age named, and the usefulness of the Fund becomes more apparent each year. The Connexion is feeling its way in dealing with the problem of Old Age Pensions, and as the value and necessity of such a Fund become apparent to the Churches, as well as the obligation to provide it, a greatly enlarged income may be expected.

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—The Sunday School Committee of the London First District supplies an excellent report of the work of the past year. Though circumstances have compelled the closing of three schools, eight others have been commenced. The number of teachers has increased by forty-two, and 533 additional scholars have been placed on the roll. A very satisfactory addition has been made to the number of scholars over fourteen years of age, showing that some progress is being made in solving the problem, "How to keep our elder scholars." Five additional Catechumen Classes, and twenty-five additional Christian Endeavour Societies have been formed. Temperance work has not been neglected, and several Adult Societies have been commenced, while a considerable addition has been made to the number of juvenile abstainers. Eighteen branches of the Bible Reading and Prayer Union have been established, and two new libraries have been opened. This is a splendid record of progress. There is no declension in any department of Sunday School work, but a pleasing forward movement that promises well for the Churches in this District.

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—The New South Wales District reports an increase of twenty-seven members, and some progress in other departments as well. Liabilities on Church property have been slightly reduced during the year. The statistics of the District show a membership of 2,021. The regular ministers number twenty-seven, with four home missionaries. Local preachers number 129; class leaders 68; Sunday School teachers 707; scholars 6,902; and adherents 14,617. Two new churches have been built during the year and opened free of debt. There are eighty-three churches in the Colony, with accommodation for 13,700 persons. Services are conducted at a number of places at which as yet no Connexional property has been secured. Ten out

of the twenty-seven stations are provided with parsonages.

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—The question of union, as a matter of course, engaged the serious attention of the District Meeting. The Federal Council which had had the question under consideration, furnished a report containing conclusions which had been adopted unanimously, and these conclusions the meeting proceeded to discuss with the result that they were accepted without dissent. The report showed that in the local amalgamations comprehended in the formation of a United Methodist Church, trust affairs would not be injuriously affected, and that in dealing with surplus properties, not only would no financial difficulties be created, but liabilities would be reduced, as in all cases where properties would have to be sold there was every reason to hope that after all mortgages and other debts had been discharged a surplus would remain by which continuing liabilities might be reduced. It was shown that in several districts where overlapping existed, union would result in considerable financial and ministerial advantage. The date at which it was considered union ought to be consummated was fixed for 1902, subject to necessary modification, for it was apprehended that in some localities amalgamation might take place earlier if circumstances favoured, while at the same time it was recognised that in other localities it might not be possible till later, and hence it was resolved that amalgamation should be completed in the year named, so far as possible, or earlier, but that where local interests required it, an extension of time might be allowed so that all ministers might be provided for. So far, then, the question is settled for this Colony, and steps will, of course, be taken to give the resolutions adopted effect. The other Districts will also, it appears, seek to consummate the union practically in the same year. So that three years hence the present relations between the British Conference and the Australian Districts may be expected to cease.

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—The report of the Surrey Central Mission is an interesting record of effort, and we may add progress in social and spiritual work, as the following show. The membership has risen to 300, the congregation on a Sunday night fairly fills the church. The children's service every Sunday is well attended. The Sunday School has 120 scholars connected with the mission. The people are members of the mission classes; 120 women are members of the women's Meeting, and 120 men are members of the men's Meeting; fifty boys are enrolled in the boys' school; seventy girls are members of the girls' school. A Slate Club numbers 100 members, and 550 monthly tickets were

sold last year for the Men's Institute, in addition to the tickets presented to those not able to pay for them. This mission is located in a very needy neighbourhood, and is evidently doing excellent work. Mr. Parr and his helpers are deserving of all sympathy and support, as they contend resolutely with the poverty, degradation, and spiritual destitution of the congested population in the midst of which they are working.

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—Very satisfactory news reaches us from the West African Mainland Mission. Recently the Rev. N. Boocock, on visiting Jamestown, a part of the mission under the care of Rev. C. F. Gill, had the joy of receiving into Church membership by public baptism, three men and seven women. The Church at this place is steadily increasing in numbers and spiritual power, and is exercising a good influence upon the life of the town. The health of the resident missionary has unfortunately broken down, and his return to England has become a necessity. It was thought that a short stay at Old Calabar, combined with the medical attention he might secure there, would enable him to remain longer at his post, but this, it appears, was not practicable, hence, when these lines are read he may be in England, and a successor selected to go and take up the work on this promising station.

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—The Rev. T. Jackson continues the good work at Clapton which he has carried on there now for many years. Some 1,100 children are breakfasted every week. They are gathered from the seven Board Schools in the locality, and this breakfast to most of them is the meal of the day. Many other hungry children gather round the rooms where the breakfasts are given, but not having the requisite pass, have to be turned away, a task of the most trying character. It would be a joy to admit them, it is a pain to turn them away. A thousand cases during the past month have been attended to through the mission medical dispensaries, and many destitute families have been assisted in various ways. The spiritual work of the mission at the four centres is vigorously carried on, and week by week some are brought out of darkness into marvellous light. Valuable as the social work of this mission is, it is subsidiary to the work of saving men and women from the power and dominion of evil, and leading them into the light, liberty, and joy of God's children.

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—The Rev. J. Flanagan continues his efforts in South London and is working steadily and with much success in raising funds for the new church and schools in course of erection in the Old Kent Road. He is hopeful that ere long the cost of the buildings, some £10,000, will be raised, and the mission transferred from Trinity Street to the more

commodious premises now approaching completion. A further effort will be needed to secure the freehold of the site, which means that £3,500 more will be required, but the success of the effort so far affords hope that the additional sum will be raised in due time, and that ultimately these beautiful and commodious premises will belong absolutely to the Connexion. The social and spiritual work has been carried on as vigorously as other labour has permitted, and gratifying success has been realised. This mission has a promising future, and we trust will prove a still greater blessing to South London.

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—The news from the Central African Mission is not all that could be desired. The work moves on steadily, and the missionaries are becoming more and more influential among the natives, but as yet we hear of no Church being formed. We must, however, be patient; there is the promise of success, and we think in the near future. Mr. Chapman has been ill, and was brought from his station by the natives, in a somewhat feeble condition, to Mr. Pickering's residence at Kukala. By this time there is hope that by careful nursing and such medical attention as could be given, he may have been able to resume his work. Mr. Baldwin and party have been delayed on their journey. On the 17th of January they were 135 miles from Kazangula, where they ought to have arrived at the end of last year. It would take some three weeks more by ox-waggon travel to reach the Zambesi, so that the journey is likely to take up six weeks longer than was anticipated. The party, however, was in excellent health, and looking hopefully forward to settlement in work which by now will have been realised. We may expect soon to hear of extended operations on this mission, and we trust of a gratifying measure of success. Pioneer work among heathen and savage tribes, such as we have undertaken in Mashukulumbweland, is of necessity difficult and of slow development.

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—The Melbourne District, Australia, reports an increase of twenty-three members for the year, so that it appears likely that now increase will be reported from all the Colonial Districts. Here, as in the other Districts, union has been the question of the hour, but financial considerations appear to be a barrier in the way. Certain offers have been made by the committee appointed by last Conference to deal with this question of finance, but this District does not consider them sufficient, and is sending a delegate specially to attend the Conference at Grimsby to see if better terms cannot be obtained. We fear our Colonial friends will not fare any better for taking this course. The terms in the judgment of many in this country were too generous, and only likely to be accepted by the British Con-

ference for the sake of parting in friendly way with the Antipodean Churches. It is possible by demanding too much to get less than might otherwise have been obtained.

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—Those who are interested in the New Marriage Act, and any of our churches that think of taking advantage of it, had better secure the Guide prepared by the Connexional Solicitors, Messrs. Rawlings and Butt. It has been prepared at the request of the General Committee, and contains a complete and valuable exposition of the Act, with all necessary instruction as to procedure, etc. In fact, we have met with nothing equal to it as a guide in relation to this unsatisfactory Act. However, those who adopt the Act and follow the guidance furnished in this little book will be in no danger of falling into error on any essential matter to which the Act relates. It will be an indispensable companion to any one accepting the position of an "authorised person." Messrs. Rawlings and Butt, with thoughtful consideration, have sent a copy to every minister in the Home Districts.

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—The trustees of the chapel at Harrogate, instead of enlarging the present building, as they at one time intended, have decided to sell it and erect a new set of premises close to the New Art Schools in one of the best positions in the town. They have a good offer for the present building, and purpose spending some £7,000 on the new undertaking, which will afford ample facilities for developing our Connexional interest in this popular health resort, and supply our people from various parts of the country who may visit the town, with every accommodation for religious communion and fellowship.

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—The Connexional increase for the year is not, we think, likely to be less than 1,500, a result calling for thankfulness, though not furnishing reason for much congratulation.

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A deputation from the Missionary Committee recently visited Shoeburyness to inspect a proposed site for a chapel there. The report is favourable, and steps are to be taken to erect a schoolroom once, leaving sufficient land for the chapel. The circumstances favour the completion of the undertaking. An excellent site has been secured at Leigh in connection with the same. A new iron building will be placed upon the site, as there is every prospect of a rising value. These projects are connected with the Southend property in this south-east corner, which contains its own agencies, and is in the locality.

—At various places in the Shotley Bridge Station, in the County of Durham, there has been a remarkable work of grace. Fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, have yielded themselves to the Lord, and bands of young people have been organised for evangelistic work under the leadership and guidance of experienced persons. The Christian Endeavour Societies have taken a very active part in this work, and are still doing so. The station reports an increase of fifty for the year, but retains a good reserve on trial. The members and officials are anticipating still greater things than they have yet seen.

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—“The United Committee for Promoting Concerted Action” among the Methodist Churches of Great Britain, have sent to the superintendents of all Methodist Circuits in this country a circular recommending certain resolutions which, if carried into effect, will, in the judgment of the Committee, promote a co-operation that may greatly strengthen the Churches, and develop the fraternal spirit. They deem co-operation in some way necessary among Methodists in order to arrest the Sacerdotal Aggression which, through the Established Church,

is making itself felt in the national life. Evangelical religion is imperilled by this revival of down-right Popery in its most attractive and insidious forms, and hence they plead for a closer union and co-operation among all Methodists as an effective antidote for this national peril. We append the resolutions they have adopted and sent out, and we are sure that our ministers all over the Connexion will be prepared, not only to adopt these means for promoting fraternity, but also to join in any other measures by which, through mutual co-operation, the influence of Methodism may be brought to bear on our national life and on all questions that touch the moral and religious welfare of the people.

“That it is desirable, wherever practicable, that a United Meeting of the ministers and an equal number of representative members of the various Methodist Churches be held early in the year for devotion, fellowship, and counsel.”

“That, wherever practicable, a United Methodist Lovefeast be held annually, on a Sunday afternoon; and that Whit-Sunday, where other arrangements will allow, be chosen for the purpose, as commemorative of the Pentecostal descent of the Holy Ghost.”

The Wider Outlook.

—The Education Department is becoming acquainted with some not very pleasant results of the dole of six hundred thousand pounds which the Government flung the other year to the clerical party for the maintenance of the so-called Voluntary Schools. It was affirmed at the time that an annual gift of public money would certainly make the schools less voluntary than ever, as nothing would be taken of it to discontinue, more or less, the paltry sum which was subscribed voluntarily or otherwise to keep up the fiction of voluntarism in connection with these sectarian institutions. That the subscriptions have fallen off is apparent in the accounts that have been published. But this is not the worst result of the dole with which the Government rewarded their clerical supporters. My “Lords” of the Council have discovered some other consequences which they mention with regret, and go so far as to threaten, in a mild way, that unless the practices to which they refer cease there will be a danger of the managers of the schools which resort to them being deprived of the grant. It was, of course, in aid of education, as was stated at the time, that these thousands annually were made over to Sectarian Schools by Act of Parliament, but my “Lords” have found out that the money can be appropriated in other ways; and hence they have issued a circular to the New Voluntary School Associations, having the administration of the

special aid grant, in which, while saying some smooth things, they express regret at the decline of subscriptions, and instruct the Associations to give special attention to the matter, intimating that where subscriptions are not forthcoming, or where they are less than might be reasonably expected, the amount of the grant will be reduced or withheld altogether. But another ingenious method of diverting the money from its legitimate purpose rather alarms my “Lords.” They find that in connection with some of these sectarian schools the rent of the buildings has been considerably increased, and this increase paid out of the grant, thereby enabling certain clerical managers to secure part of the money for other purposes than that for which it was granted. The Department has taken alarm at this practice of appropriating the money, and in several such cases that have been inquired into has felt compelled to withhold the grants till satisfied this practice is abandoned. And the Associations are advised in drawing up their schemes to give special attention to this question of rental as the Department cannot approve of any portion of the aid grant being taken for rent. It seems, furthermore, that application has been made in some instances for grants to increase the teachers’ salaries, and the teachers have never seen any increase, the money being used when obtained in some other way, and my “Lords” express their dissatisfaction with

information they have received on this matter, and inform the Associations that the purpose of the grant is to improve the efficiency of the schools, and not to meet necessary annual expenditure that ought to be met by other means. It almost appears as if the Education Department would have to employ a detective staff to prevent the misappropriation of this big annual dole. It was anticipated that its effect would reduce subscriptions, but such sharp practice as my "Lords" somewhat mildly rebuke in their recent circular was hardly expected.

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—The true character of Romanism, and its effect upon social and civic life, is only too apparent in the case of Madagascar. There, under French control, Romanism is established. Freedom of thought and worship really exist no longer. Priestly domination with all its attendant evils is the order of the day. Before the advent of France, and the acquiescence of Lord Salisbury's former Government in the establishment of a protectorate, which speedily passed over into annexation, the Hovas, the ruling race on that Island, were a growing and progressive people, among whom Protestant Christian teaching had wrought a marvellous change, and opened up promise of an advancing civilisation. Now all this is changed. The Queen, a Christian woman, was dethroned and sent into exile, and it is now said she is Romanist. If this is so, it is the result of a persecution she has not been able, like many of her subjects, to resist. Oppression and persecution have been resorted to to alienate the people from the Protestant faith in which they had been trained, and since France has given full power to priestly intrigue and authority in the island, the people have gone degrees backward in civilisation. The hope for this island lies in the condition of things that may ensue when the prohibitory tariff upon English goods is revoked, and English trade and influence is once more felt among the Malagasy. Then, possibly, some measure of religious toleration may follow, but in the present state of affairs the priests have it all their own way, as the country is barred against British commerce and influence. The greatest foe to civilisation is Romanism, where it has unlimited power, as it has had since the advent of the French in Madagascar.

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—The Liquor Traffic is gradually gaining a stronger position in the country, and unless something is done to check its progress the most disastrous consequences to morality and religion must necessarily follow. The brewing and distilling businesses have largely passed into the hands of limited companies. The shareholders in these companies are found among all classes of society. Large dividends tempt men, and many who are connected with Christian Churches are found connected with these companies. It is well known that

this development of the trade has given it greater power and influence than it ever had. These big companies have bought up the licensed houses right and left, till in some localities free houses—that is houses not belonging to a brewery company—are the exception. And now the trade is gathering to itself further strength and influence. The firm of Lipton, Limited, is a big grocery and provision trust, with hundreds of establishments scattered over the country, and this firm is proceeding to take out licences to vend strong drink under the Grocers' Licensing Act. The firm recently applied to the Newington Licensing Bench for licences for twelve of their establishments in that part of South London, and got them, as the magistrates have no power to refuse licences of this kind. And the firm did this though they were requested by some thousands of householders in the neighbourhood, who know well what the consequence will be, to keep their hand clear of this business. This request was treated with summary discourtesy, for what is the moral and religious welfare of a neighbourhood in the estimation of this company, compared with an addition of considerable per centage to their dividends. The likelihood is that in all the establishments of this firm similar liberty to vend strong drink will be obtained, and a large addition made to the facilities for degrading the people. It is well known that these grocers' licences are a fruitful cause of drunkenness, especially among women. The remedy is for all who have any concern for the future of this nation to agitate for the abolition of this form of licence, and, further, to seek to secure for the people the control over this traffic under all its forms. Members of Christian Churches who are pocketing the unhallowed gain secured from their interest in this trade as shareholders in any company connected with producing or vending strong drink, are false to their profession, and incurring a tremendous responsibility. Men are being invited to ask for guidance in life, "What would Jesus do?" and no one can for a moment think that He would hold shares in a brewery company, or have anything to do with the vending of strong drink. Men cannot serve God and mammon, but professed Christians who hold shares in the drink traffic are trying it on, but they will in the issue of life find it to be a sad and miserable failure.

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—The Churches of this country are now to experience another sharp and crucial test of their allegiance to Jesus Christ, and the genuineness of their interest in the religious life of this nation. It is proposed on the part of the managers of two of the big daily newspapers to issue a Sunday edition. Now, it is easy to comprehend what this means, and the proprietors of the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Telegraph* are, by their action, proposing to further destroy the distinction between the Sabbath and

the other days of the week. They propose to drag it down to the level of ordinary working days, for the prevalence of Sunday newspapers, if realised, will do more to destroy the character of the Sabbath than any other device that the cupidity of man stimulated by Satanic influence can promote. There will be no stopping at the mere issue of a Sunday edition if the thing goes on. We shall have in a very little time, special and extra special editions. News-vendors will have to keep their establishments open, and the streets of our towns and cities will be invaded by a host of boys and men distributing and selling these Sunday papers. It is hardly likely that other proprietors will see this go on without following suit, especially if the venture succeeds, as we sincerely hope it won't. Let this venture become a success, and the rest and repose and religious observance of the Sabbath, impaired more than enough already, will be likely to disappear. News-vendors at present have pretty long hours during six days, for they have to be astir in the early morning, and keep their places of business open late at night to meet the public demand. So that for them the Sunday edition, multiplied as it will be if the public countenances it, will be a thing of the past. The Churches can do much to prevent this further invasion of the Sabbath rest. Let all the members of Christian Churches unite, not only in abstaining from purchasing the Sunday edition of the *Daily Mail* and *Daily Telegraph*, but also from purchasing these papers on any other day. Many Free Church councils are advising this course, and we have no hesitation in recommending it. There is more than plenty of Sunday labour already without any further addition to it. It is greatly to be regretted that the proprietors of the *Daily Mail* have turned a deaf ear to the appeals that have been made to them from various quarters, and as nothing that money can do to make the venture a success will be left undone, the Churches need to bestir themselves, and use all possible means to defeat this attempt to further secularise the Sabbath.

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—The natives of South Africa have lost one of their best friends, and the London Missionary Society one of its ablest agents, by the death of the Rev. John Mackenzie. He was the colleague of Moffat and Livingstone away back in the fifties, and like them, he was a Scotsman. In 1859 he succeeded Moffat in his work north of the Orange River, and took up his abode at Kuruman, then the capital of Khama, chief of the Bechuanas, and has exercised all these years no small influence over him. When, after the affair at Majuba Hill, the Boers began to "trek" into the territories bordering on their State, Mr. Mackenzie did splendid service in prevailing upon the Imperial Government to declare the Bechuana Protectorate, thus putting an end to Boer aggression. He was ap-

pointed the first British Resident, and though he did not long occupy the position, as his heart was in other work, he always remained the firm and steadfast friend of the natives, championing their cause, and exposing all attempts to oppress them. He was a determined opponent of the policy of Sir Hercules Robinson and Mr. Rhodes for developing the country by chartered companies rather than by direct Imperial administration. He saw in company government the oppression of the natives, and waged war against it to the last, and though not as successful as he desired, he, nevertheless, prevented his beloved Bechuanas from falling under the iron hand of a Chartered Company. The South African natives have had no truer friend, and few men have done so much in protecting them from the oppressors' hand. He leaves behind him a splendid record of work in the fear of God for the benefit of man, and like his early co-labourers, Moffat and Livingstone, his name will be held in everlasting remembrance. Men like Mackenzie cannot be forgotten.

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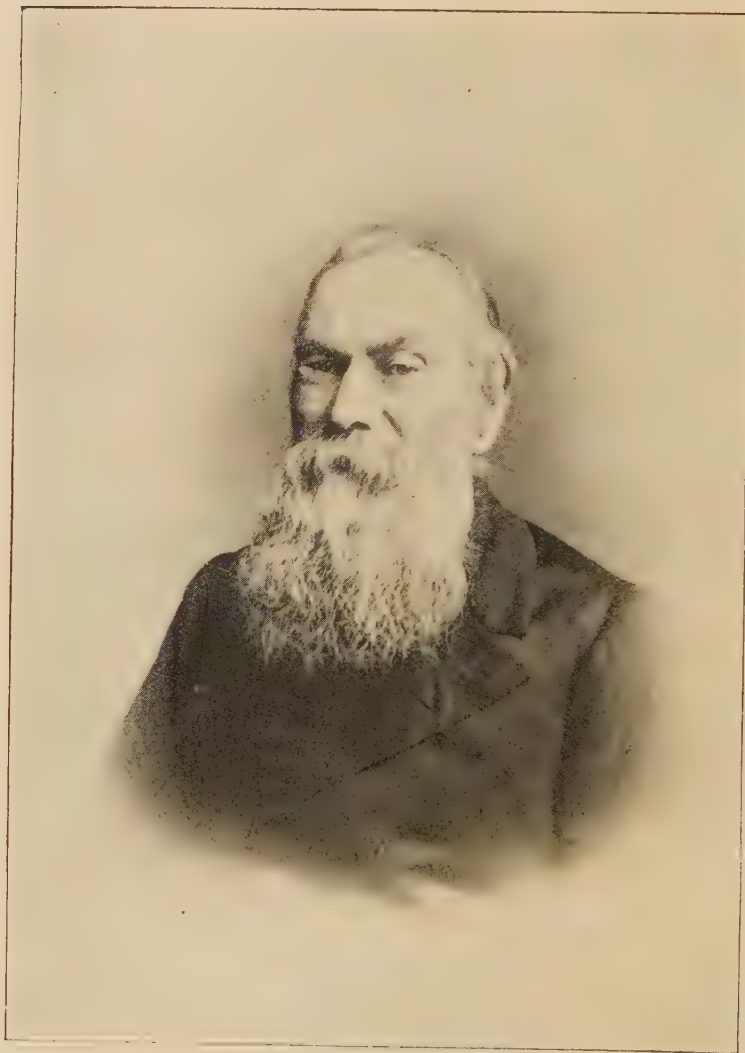
—The crisis in the Established Church has at last arrested the attention of Parliament. The subject was introduced by a resolution submitted by Mr. Gedge, the member for Walsall, an Evangelical Churchman and a supporter of the Government, and it speedily became apparent that there was as much interest in the question on the right of the Speaker as on the left. Mr. Gedge's resolution condemned the lawlessness of the English Church Union, shown in its recent manifesto, and sought to bar the way to preferment of all the clergy who were not prepared to obey the bishops, and defer to the Courts which have jurisdiction in matters ecclesiastical. Mr. B. Hoare, another supporter of the Government, introduced an amendment, which was substantially in agreement with Mr. Gedge's, save that reference to the E. C. U. was left out, and the clause relating to the ecclesiastical Courts was omitted. It was Mr. Gedge's resolution emasculated. The debate was interesting, but most of all on account of the position taken up by the leader of the House, which was in striking contrast to that he took up when Mr. S. Smith introduced the same question in the debate on the address. He then treated the matter in a supercilious way, and indulged in some cheap sneering. He saw little then to complain of in the Church—on the whole things were fairly satisfactory—and he dismissed the whole question as being almost, if not quite, beneath notice. He spoke in a very different tone in the recent debate. The extreme High Church party is seeking to alter the traditional character of the Church so that its loyal sons will be unable to recognise it. Members of the English Church Union are exhibiting great disloyalty to the Church, and inflicting upon it serious injury. People like Lord Halifax make no secret of the fact that they regard

the history of the Church of England during the past three centuries as carrying with it no Protestant tradition. This class of men want to introduce as much or as little as they please of the ritual practices which prevailed before the Reformation. Persons holding these views might be honest in holding them, but they were not loyal members of the Church of England. He was of opinion there needed more autonomy in the Church of England, but these extreme ritualists were hindering its attainment. This, and much more in the same vein, was said by the First Lord to the surprise and consternation of the sacerdotal set who listened with so much satisfaction to his speech on the same subject at the beginning of the Session. Mr. Balfour has found out that votes are in danger, and that many on his own side of the House are not prepared to tolerate episcopal weakness and wink at Romish practices, and so he faces right about and condemns, in no measured terms, the lawlessness of many of the clergy. He, however, prevailed upon Mr. Gedge to withdraw his resolution and accept Mr. Hoare's amendment, which had less force and point. But he had not rightly gauged the feeling of his party on the question, for no sooner did it become the substantive resolution than Mr. Bartley, another supporter of the Government, moved to add the last clause of Mr. Gedge's resolution, which recommended that, as a condition of ecclesiastical promotion, not only the bishops should be obeyed, but also the courts which had jurisdiction over ecclesiastical affairs. Mr. Balfour protested against this, but in vain, and he was at last compelled by the pressure of his own party to accept it, and so by a majority of 200 to 14 it was decided that henceforth ministers of the Crown had not to recommend any clergyman for preferment unless they were satisfied he would submit to episcopal direction and obey the Courts. Evidently we are moving, and if the extreme section of the Established Church, which is represented by Lord Halifax, are as sincere as they profess to be, the work of the Liberation Society may ere long be completed. We have our doubts, however, whether they will have the courage of their convictions, but this vote in Parliament will, at any rate, have shown them what the lay governors of the Church mean. There is no mistaking the mind of Parliament and the nation in relation to this Romish masquerade, and the result will be looked for with some interest.

* * *

—It is well known that the present Government came to power largely by the help of the liquor trade, but so scandalous are the evils of this traffic that even a Government helped to power by it could not ignore them, and hence a Commission was appointed, a favourite method with Governments when they want to shelve some awkward

question. In forming this Commission care was taken to have the trade well represented, and connections of Gilbey's, Reid's, Truman, Hanbury and Buxton, Seager, Evans and Co., Younger and Co., with the Chairman of the Licensed Victuallers' Central Protection Society, were appointed members of the Commission. Temperance was represented by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. T. P. Whittaker, Mr. W. S. Caine, and other opponents of the Liquor Traffic, and several neutrals were thrown in to balance parties, but most of the neutrals leaned to the Trade. In forming this Commission the Government did a good thing in appointing Lord Peel chairman. He entered upon the work without any bias, leaving his conclusions to be formed by the evidence he might hear, and he has been forced to the conclusion that the Trade is so gigantic an evil that it can only be dealt with by drastic legislation, and he has prepared his report accordingly. The Trade, of course, soon as Lord Peel's views were known, was up in arms, the weak-kneed neutrals were canvassed with a vengeance, and enlisted in the interest of the Trade, and a dead set was made against the proposals of Lord Peel. The main difference appears to have been on the question of Compensation. The representatives of the Trade were compelled to admit that drink-shops were too numerous, and needed to be reduced in number. They were willing, too, that clubs should be subject to supervision like any other place where drinking is carried on, but they set up a claim for a kind of freehold in the licences, and insisted upon their being regarded as so much real property upon which a claim for compensation could be based, as is the case when a person is required to give up landed estate for the public good. This was more than Lord Peel could agree to. He was not averse to compensation in the form of a time limit, say of five years, before eviction should take effect, but he was not prepared to agree to the payment of some millions of public money for the licences that would have to lapse. As the position taken up by the liquor representatives on the last section of his report practically nullified previous decisions, and was entirely antagonistic to his own conception of the facts and the position of the question as set forth in evidence, and as the Liquor patrons and the neutrals they had won over constituted a majority, Lord Peel withdrew from the chair, and will present his report as a minority report signed by the members of the Commission who agree with him. When he retired, Sir Algernon West was placed temporarily in the Chair, and so we shall have two reports, but Lord Peel's high character and great influence will in relation to this question count for much, as will the views of those who agree with him, while it is evident little value can be attached to the views of those members of the Commission who have a financial interest in the Trade.



REV. JOSEPH HARPER.

Rev. Joseph Harper.



THE Rev. Joseph Harper, whose portrait we give on the opposite page, was born at the small hamlet of Morton, in the parish of Bromsteadheath, Staffordshire, in the month of April, 1838. His parents were of that class who earn

the wealth, but who are not entrusted with large sums to distribute. They were, however, strictly honest, sober, industrious, and Christians of the staunch Protestant type, which accounts for the very salutary influence that was exerted over him and his two brothers, who, with the parents, made up the household.

Early in life he heard the truth preached by the ministers of the Primitive Methodist Church, and was led to give himself unreservedly to God. At the age of sixteen he joined the Church in his native village, and in a very short time afterwards was placed on the staff of local preachers of the Stafford Branch of the Wrockwardine Circuit. God very graciously blessed his labours in this department of Christian work, and he was made the means of bringing several young persons to the knowledge of the truth. At the expiration of his apprenticeship, he removed to Empingham, in Rutlandshire, and as there was no Primitive Methodist Society nearer than thirteen miles, he united himself with the Wesleyans. His credentials were accepted, and he was received as a local preacher. For about twelve months he laboured with great acceptability among the people, until he was invited to preach for the Reformers. He had no wish to give offence, nor yet did he claim to have adjudged upon the disputes which at that time had so seriously rent the Wesleyan body; still he thought he might be of service to both Churches, so took the appointment. For this act he was charged at the next Quarterly Meeting, and because he would not pledge himself not to preach for the Reformers again, he was expelled. For a little time he worshipped with the Reformers, but upon his removal to Oakham, he sought out the Primitives, and

though four miles away, he re-united with his own people, and was re-instated as a local preacher in the Melton Circuit. He devoted himself to the work with increased earnestness, and gave himself to the study of the Scriptures and Methodist theology.

Circumstances led to his removal to Stepney, in the East End of London, when he joined the James Street Church, and was placed on the plan of the London Third Circuit. The officials of the circuit were quick to perceive his suitability for the ministry, and he was accordingly recommended for the "Reserve List." He was appointed to the Salisbury Circuit in the year 1863, and served the first year of his probation here, under the genial superintendency of the late Rev. E. Rawlings. During this year a gracious revival was realised at Broadchalk, Bishopstone, and several other places in the circuit.

The following are the other circuits on which he has laboured:—Newbury, Chinnor, Sturminster Newton, Salisbury, (a second time), Motcombe, Banbury, Andover, Chipping Norton, Blandford, Chinnor, (a second time), Salisbury, (a third time), Donnington, Oakham, Bottesford, Andover, (a second time), where he is finishing his third year. Looking over this list of circuits, it is very evident Mr. Harper's has been the life of a travelling preacher. Not one of these stations would be considered an easy one, yet he has cheerfully and faithfully worked therein; good has been done, and he has formed many strong friendships. He has had a fair share of trials and sorrows, yet has cheerfully endured. The happy disposition with which nature has blessed him, and the care he has always exercised over his health and life, with the Divine blessing, have enabled him to overcome many hardships with small loss.

Mr. Harper is tall and physically well-proportioned, so that his personal appearance is a good recommendation. We confidently expect he will be of great service to the Connexion for many years to come.

He has three sons and three daughters, all attached to the Church of their parents; the eldest son being in the ministry, and at the present time superintendent of the Bradfield Circuit.

S. H.





The Purple Robe.

A STORY FOR THE TIMES.*

BY JOSEPH HOCKING,

AUTHOR OF "THE BIRTHRIGHT," "MISTRESS NANCY MOLESWORTH," "ALL MEN ARE LIARS,"
"THE STORY OF ANDREW FAIRFAX," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

RUTLAND'S CONFESSION.

"**E**VERYTHING can be told in three words," said the young man, after hesitating a few seconds. "I love you."

"What!"

There was consternation, disappointment, anger, expressed in the word.

"Just that, Miss Neville. Oh, I knew you would be angry!" he continued, as he looked into her face. "I know I am mad; I know that what I say must seem to you preposterous. But I cannot help it. For a month I have been fighting against it. I have told myself that I am a fool, a madman. But I cannot destroy the feeling. I know that you resent my making this confession. I am nothing to you but a heretic, to whom in the goodness of your heart, you have been kind, but I cannot help it. I did not mean to tell you, but in this, too, I have been weaker than a child. Forgive me, Miss Neville!"

The girl answered never a word. The blood had mantled to her face, and her lips were tremulous. She had never thought of the young man in this way, nevertheless she could not listen to his words without being moved. She instinctively felt that they were honest. He meant what he had

said, and there was something overmastering in his presence. She admired him, cared for him far more than for Arthur Stanley, who was anxious for her to be his wife. He was more of a man in every way. Personally, he was more than the equal of the young squire, while intellectually the poles were between them. Had they belonged to the same—, but there, as he had said, his confession was absurd, and yet it was not unpleasant to hear. He might be a commoner, but he was a gentleman, and no girl is insensible to an honest man's love.

"You are angry," said Duncan.

"No," said the girl, "that is——"

"I am so glad," he cried, "so glad." He looked into her eyes. He saw that they were humid, and that her lips trembled. A great hope came into his heart. Perhaps—perhaps she might care for him. His love made him bold.

"Thank you," he interrupted. "It is kind of you to hear me, at least, with patience. I am afraid my love is hopeless."

"It is," said the girl, scarcely realising what she said, "at the same time—that is——"

"What?" cried Duncan. "Believe me, this is no passing fancy! I never loved a woman before. I never pretended to. I have never been thrown among young girls at all. During the years I was a student I lived for study; but—but you have changed everything, everything. Oh, I know I am foolish, but I cannot help it. I love you with my whole heart, my whole life. I know I am asking you what seems impossible; but you know that old Latin saying, *Omnia vincit amor*. Is there any possibility that it can be true? Can my love overcome all things? Can I by years of devotion win your love for me?"

Alizon did not speak. The young man's words had moved her, more than she thought possible. After all, his words were—but no——

"It is impossible, impossible, Mr. Rutland; think no more of it. You bring pain on both of us by persisting. Had I dreamed that you would have ever have cared for me in this way, I would not have——"

But she did not finish the sentence. She had meant to say that she would not have invited him to the Priory, had she thought he would have fallen in love with her, but she was not sure about it. For she was very anxious for his conversion, and while she would not have participated in the plot of Ritzoom had it been revealed to her in its entirety, she was still prepared to sacrifice much in order to save his soul, and win a victory for the Church.

"Are you sure it is impossible?" said Duncan pleadingly. "Think again. No one could love you more truly, more devotedly than I shall love you throughout my life. I would give my life to make you happy. Don't discard me hastily. Think—may you not at some time learn to care for me?"

He was excited beyond measure, and did not see the thousand difficulties which stood in the way of the love he asked for.

Alizon hesitated a second. She longed too earnestly for his conversion to wound him; besides, during the last few weeks she felt more kindly towards him.

"It is no use my thinking, Mr. Rutland," she said at length, "even if I—I loved you, I should have to—to destroy my love. The very thought of such a thing would be madness."

"Why?" asked the young man. Now that the ice was broken he felt bolder. Difficulties did not seem so formidable, and his love did not seem foolish.

"Surely you can see yourself?" she said.

"No, I cannot. That is—if you cared for me nothing would be impossible. I could brave anything, overcome everything."

"But, but——"

"You mean the social gulf that lies between us. I am a Nonconformist minister, while you possess an old name. You are, I suppose, rich, and I am poor. No, I had not thought of that. Love would overcome all that. Do you mean that?"

"No," said the girl, "I do not mean that. Such a thing would not have weight with me. I am enough of a Radical to know that neither poverty nor riches can make a gentleman, while I have known men bearing old names who,—but I did not mean that. There is something of more importance than that. Surely you can think."

"No, no—not if you could love me," said Duncan. "You are not one who are carried away with mere surface things. If you cared for me—yes, you would brave the anger of all you hold dear."

"But I could not brave my conscience."

"Your conscience!"

"Yes, my conscience. You forget that. Even if I loved you, I should feel it my duty to crush it, because it would be a sin."

"A sin!"

"Yes. How could it be otherwise? You are an enemy to my faith. Even in Lynford you have made perverts; while in many hearts you have sown the seeds of doubt."

"I see," said Duncan sadly. "You would feel it your duty to repulse me, because from your standpoint I am a heretic."

She did not reply, but walked by his side along the pathway through the fields. Strange to say, he had given no serious attention to this. If it had entered his mind he had dispelled it quickly. To him religious belief was a sacred thing, and while he hated anything which savoured of Sacerdotalism, he had never regarded it in this light.

"But, but, Protestants and Catholics have loved each other, and have—have married," he stammered presently.

"I know it," she said blushing; "neither does the Church absolutely forbid such unions. But to me it would be impossible. From my standpoint you are an unbeliever. Believe me—I do not mean—that is you see how utterly foolish it is for you to——"

"But," and Duncan interrupted her suddenly, and he hardly knew why he uttered the words which sprang to his lips, "suppose this barrier did not exist, suppose I were a Catholic, suppose I could accept your faith in its entirety, what then? Could you ever learn to love me then?"

His eyes burned with a new light, and his voice was husky as he spoke. Alizon looked up into his face, and in spite of herself, her heart grew warm. After all, this man approached her ideal more nearly than any one she had ever met. There was no mistaking his sincerity; she could not gainsay the fact that she admired him greatly. She did not love him. She had never dreamed of him in that light; but why should she not? If he ceased to be a Protestant he might become a barrister, a journalist—a hundred things.

"Tell me!" persisted the young man eagerly, "tell me! This is more to me than you can think."

"Do you doubt your heresy?" cried the girl, "do you feel that you could give it up for me?"

"I could give up anything, everything, for you—except the truth, and my own self-respect," he said. "But tell me, supposing I held your faith—what then?"

"I do not know," said the girl, "I cannot tell. Pardon me, but I wish to be perfectly honest with you. I do not love you. I never dreamed of such a thing. But I believe you to be sincere, and—and if you were true to the faith I hold,—I—I—that is I do not know."

She had confessed more than he had dared to hope. She had not repulsed him entirely. She, the child of one of the oldest families in Lancashire, she who had been surrounded by all the refinements which wealth, culture, and an old name could give, she who, to him, was as far above the people with whom he had associated in all that makes womanliness beautiful, as the sun was above the earth, had listened to his mad declaration, and was still kind.

"God bless you for saying even that," he cried fervently.

"But I can say nothing," replied the girl, "it would be wrong. Oh, please do not mistake me. I am afraid I am ignorant, foolish. But I believe you mean what you say, and no woman can think lightly of such words as those you have spoken!"

She spoke excitedly, almost incoherently, and her words conveyed more to the young man than she really meant.

"God knows," he cried, "that you hold my happiness in the hollow of your hands. Humanly speaking, I live only for you. I never loved a woman before, and I shall never love another. I suppose hundreds of men have said all this, and then have broken their words; but they have never felt what I feel."

"But I can promise nothing," said Alizon, "and—and—if you like, I will say nothing to anyone—that is about what you have said."

The young man did not reply; his eyes rested on the Priory, which was embowered among the trees away in the distance. The sight seemed to cause all sorts of strange thoughts to come into his mind.

"Do you think," said the girl eagerly, "that you ever could change,—that is, your opinions?"

"No, I don't think so," said Duncan quietly.

"No?"

"I think not. I think not. I would do anything in my power even for the vague possibility of winning your love; but I do not think even if you promised to marry me that I could do that."

She looked at him almost angrily, she had hoped from what he had said, that there might be some hope. She had not given him a vestige of hope, and yet her pride was touched.

"Then you will do nothing?" she asked.

"Oh yes! I shall go over every inch of the ground. I shall study all that your best writers and teachers have to say, I shall leave no stone unturned in order to find the truth. Yes, I will confess it; I shall do this because you have not crushed all hope in my heart. I do not see even the vaguest possibility of my becoming a Catholic, but I will learn all that there is to be said in its favour."

"Will you?" cried the girl eagerly. "Will you go and hear our preachers, and attend our retreats? If you will you will see, you will learn, I am sure you will."

"To do what I have promised seems tampering

with the truth," said Duncan quietly, "but I will go over the ground again."

"Then you will be converted," cried the girl eagerly. "Oh, if you knew the joy of faith; the utter contentment that it brings. If you could realise what I have felt when I have partaken of the blessed Sacrament, if you could know the joy of being sure that the saints were pleading for you, you would not hesitate a second."

Duncan smiled sadly. From the earnest girl's standpoint, faith was easy; from his, however, all was different. Still her presence made it possible. If such as she were the product of Catholicism, the thing could not be evil.

They walked on together while the birds sang blithely. Even in that smoky part of Lancashire, Nature had clothed herself in her beautiful garments of green, and the air was laden with the perfume of new life. Away in the distance they could see grimy Lynford, but the wind blew away the black volumes of sulphur and smoke, and so they could rejoice in the beauty of God's day.

"Will you not come into the Priory a few minutes?" said Alizon presently. "Father Rit-zoom is still there, and Father Sheen is coming down this evening."

Duncan looked at her questioningly. He felt very sensitive about meeting Lady Neville after the confession he had made.

"Do you know," she went on, "that I should like to regard what you have said to me as unsaid."

"It can never be unsaid," replied Duncan, "and I am glad now that I have dared to tell you what is in my heart."

"What I meant was that nothing more need be said about it. I think I mentioned this some time ago."

"Yes," replied Duncan; "but you have forgotten Lady Neville."

"No, I have not," said Alizon blushing. "I tell my mother everything, but I do not think I need say anything about what you have told me. Let us both agree to—to forget. That is, no one need know."

He looked at her gratefully. He did not understand the purport of the girl's words. He could not realise the forces at work which suggested to her the idea of saying nothing to her mother about his confession. He was glad she had spoken in this way however, because he felt sure that did Lady Neville know she would forbid his entering the Priory again. And yet he would never for a moment have expressed a wish that she might not know everything. The truth was his whole nature was unhinged, and he scarcely realised what was right and what was wrong. As for Alizon, she was more influenced by what had taken place than she realised.

"Yes, I will go with you," he said presently.

"I should like to meet Father Ritzoom again."

During their walk to Alizon's old home, Duncan did not once refer to what had been said; indeed, he spoke but little until they came to Boggart's Clough.

"You saved me from a great deal of rough handling here, Miss Neville," he said, as they stood near the spot where the men had attacked him.

"Please do not refer to it," said the girl, "I am angry with myself every time I think of it."

"Angry with yourself for keeping those men from making——"

"No, for uttering words which led them to do such a thing. But I was terribly angry with you, Mr. Rutland. When I think of what you have done I am still. But you know us better now, don't you?"

"When I think of that night, I remember only your heroism," replied Duncan, "whatever may be the future of my life, I shall always be glad that you were sufficiently interested in my welfare to take a weary journey to save me from harm."

"Oh, but that was nothing. I could not help it," replied the girl.

When they reached the Priory, Lady Neville greeted the young minister kindly. She seemed pleased to see him, and asked him to stay the evening. At first Duncan refused; but when both Alizon and Father Ritzoom seemed anxious for him to stay, he consented. Perhaps Ritzoom had even more to do with his decision than Alizon, for the Jesuit possessed a strange influence. The man always seemed to know more than he professed, his very silence was suggestive of knowledge.

A little later a conversation took place which influenced Duncan more than at that time he realised.

CHAPTER XVII.

IDEAL CATHOLICISM.

FATHER RITZOOM did most of the talking, and on this particular evening he seemed desirous of being agreeable. He showed a side of his nature, too, that he had not hitherto revealed.

During the winter Rutland had worked very hard on behalf of the poor and outcast in the town, and Ritzoom was led to speak about the poverty and want which existed in all the great capitals of Europe. He spoke feelingly too, and revealed a tenderness of which the young minister had not believed him capable.

"The Church has always tried to be a friend to the poor," he said, after many opinions were expressed, "always the friend of every great movement which means the amelioration of the want of the people. Of course, in England we can do but little."

"Why?" asked Rutland.

"First, because we are weak and few, that is comparatively. We have been robbed of our heritage, and our riches have been turned into wrong channels. But still we have hope."

"Hope; for what do you hope?" asked the young minister curiously. He was anxious to see into the mind of this man.

"I suppose you can scarcely understand," said Ritzoom. "You cannot appreciate our attitude. But we of the Catholic Church do not know the meaning of failure."

Rutland could not help smiling.

"You smile because you look at life through a microscope," said the priest. "Life must be seen differently. Truth cannot be learnt by magnifying what lies close to you. You must take a wide outlook. For four thousand years God was preparing the world for the Catholic Church; and before Christ left the world He founded that visible Church on earth. He gave His chosen apostles power, and that power has descended through channels which God Himself appointed. Since then the Church has never changed, never feared, never faltered. Of course, we have been abused, misrepresented, maltreated, but we have gone right on. We have never legislated for a day, a year, a century."

"For what have you legislated then?"

"For Eternity. That is why we have been misunderstood. Had we adapted ourselves to every passing mood we should perchance have prevented discontent; but the final outcome of such a policy would have been calamitous. We are like the God we serve, we live for all time; we think for all ages; we live in the past, the present, and the future. At times it might seem as though we have been defeated, but we have gone straight on, we have worked and planned as though these apparent defeats had never been. Again I say we are like God. God's providence seems at times to be set at naught. The wicked seem to prevail, and the right appear to fail; but God altereth not. That is exactly our attitude. God has told us of what is right, He has given us wisdom, and so we march steadily on. By-and-by, all we hope for will be accomplished."

"And what do you hope for?"

"Hope for?" The Jesuit rose from his chair and began to pace to and fro in the room. "Hope for! Our hope is to see the world one vast Theocracy. Even as the Jewish nation had at one time no king but God, so the world of which the Jewish nation was a type will have God as its supreme King. This is His will. He founded His Church. He appointed St. Peter as its head, and that headship has continued ever since in the successors of Peter. Sometimes those successors have been bad men, but their virtue has been not in themselves, but in their office. The man is but little, the office



"SHE WAS LOOKING TOWARD A FIGURE OF THE
VIRGIN MARY."

is everything. In a sense the Pope is not a man, he is the vicegerent of God. We do not think of Leo XIII, as Cardinal Pecchi, as the successor of St. Peter. He is God's chosen instrument; thus

when he speaks of faith or morals, he speaks as God, not as man. Well now, think. Ever since the first Pope the Church has been one. There have been heresies and schisms without number, but the Church itself has remained united. At some periods of its history it has seemed to be on the point of gaining all its desires. Notably when Gregory VII., the great Hildebrand, lived; but after his time came great reverses, and power seemed to be slipping from us. But it was only seeming. The power has always remained. By-and-by all the world will be the Church. There will be no heresy, for the Church will be one; there will be no discord, for all the members will be united in its Great Head; there will be no poverty, for the Church, having all power, will make such a thing impossible. Kings will exist; but they will be appointed by God. Governors will still be, but they will be governed by God. All will be God's, for all will be united in His Great Church, the Church which is God's will be manifested in the world."

"But has this existed where the Church has had supreme power?" queried Duncan.

Ritzoom did not notice Rutland's interrogation. Instead, he paced the room excitedly.

"That is why the Church has never known race or country," he went on; "that is why she has regarded herself greater than governments, kings, or emperors. They are but for a day, the Church is for ever. Don't you see this? What is your idea of a Church here in this country? You have the Church of England. What a miserable limitation! The Church of England—the Church of a race of a few millions of men and women. We know nothing of such limitations. The Catholic Church is not the Church of Italy, or Spain, or Austria, or France. It is the Church of the world. Our priests are not English priests, or Italian priests; they are Catholic priests. All of them belong to one great army under one great Head. No matter what nation a man may visit, the Catholic Church is still the same, the services never change. We have our regiments, our battalions, our companies; we have our Orders whereby we can utilise various classes of minds and dispositions. For example, I am a Jesuit, then we have Franciscans, Dominicans, Capuchins, Trappists, Passionists, just as you have different regiments in one great army; but our marching orders are all the same, our faith is the same, we are all part of the great body of the Church. We always have been from the day Christ rose from the dead, we always shall be till the last trump shall sound."

"You have painted a fine picture," said Rutland, "but let us examine it a little closer. Let us analyse what you have said."

"Oh, of course you will do that; but nothing comes of it. You cannot analyse Providence, you cannot analyse sunlight. If you try to do this, you

are no wiser at the end of your analysis than at the beginning. To tell you the truth, I am sick of all these analyses. They only end in confusion and discord. Just see what all the discussions of the Church have resulted in. Disunion, petty sects, squabbling. Think of the religious life of England. Here you have hosts of sects. Suppose you have a man who wants to find faith. What authority have you? What have you to tell him? The Episcopal Church says one thing, the Methodists another, the Baptists another. None of the sects can say, 'We know.' Thus the man may spend his life in asking questions, and be no wiser in the end than at the beginning. But suppose a man comes to us. We have the authority of God, we speak with certainty, and all our priests speak as one. We have no Acts of Parliament formulating our creeds, because we are above Acts of Parliament. We have our times of seeming failure; but we go on all the same, and by and by all the sects will come to us, and yield allegiance to God; all the nations will become part of the great Church, and then at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow."

Ritzoom spoke with great earnestness. His face became as pale as death, and his great, square features seemed to grow in ruggedness and power. His eyes flashed brightly, his voice quivered with passion. In spite of himself, Rutland was moved by what the priest had said. Somehow he felt that the man was greater than the words he had uttered. He made them mean more than most men would be able to make them mean. He inspired Duncan's imagination, he made the young minister see what he wanted him to see, he led him to forget what he wanted him to forget. At that moment the Catholic Church appeared to Duncan as Ritzoom intended it should, a mighty army, all united, and led by God Himself; while the Protestant Churches seemed few, and weak, and discordant, quarrelling with each other instead of doing the work of God.

"Forgive me," said Ritzoom when he had finished, "I have been very rude, very thoughtless. I ought not to have forgotten myself in such a way; but somehow I could not help myself. I spoke before I knew what I was doing. And now to atone for my misdoing I will not say another word on the subject."

So the conversation came to an end. It ceased just as Ritzoom intended it should cease, and then they chatted on general subjects.

"It has been a strange day," thought Duncan, as he sat in his study that night. "I feel as though I had been dreaming. I have told Alizon Neville that I love her, and she has not been angry, and I have promised her that I will study all those doctrines which, as a Protestant, I do not believe. Ah, but that was a wonderful picture that Ritzoom drew. I wonder now, I wonder if I have misjudged

Catholicism. Oh, but it would be grand if the world was a great Theocracy. Fancy all the nations of the world uniting in one great Church, the Church which has existed from the time of Christ. Ah! if it only could be!"

He sat far into the night thinking of what Ritzoom had said, and he pondered long over what his words suggested. After all, it was a beautiful picture, a grand ideal to strive after. It seemed so easy to believe just then; all the more easy, although, perhaps, he did not think of it, because the only condition on which Alizon Neville could ever accept his love was that he should accept her faith.

"I'll do as I said," he concluded at length, "I'll go over the whole ground again—and then——," but he could not conclude his thought.

And yet even the very possibility of Alizon Neville loving him was to him joy beyond words. He thought of her as she bade him good-night; her eyes shining, her lips wreathed with smiles, a perfect type of a pure, cultured, English girl. And if he could become a Catholic, he might win her for his wife. True, she had made no promises; but she had given him a ray of hope. She had been kind to him; she had invited him to the Priory even after he had made his declaration; she had even suggested that what he had said should be regarded as a secret between them.

For a moment he almost hated the thought of what he had said in the Industrial Hall; he felt almost sorry that he had unsettled the minds of some of the faithful Catholics.

Then his strong common-sense asserted itself, and his critical faculties demanded attention. He remembered the arguments he had used, and he saw the fallacies of Father Ritzoom's words. No, no, he could not accept this superstition, he could not consent to become a mere machine accepting the findings of other men. After all, this talk about the unity of the Church was a baseless dream,—that is as Ritzoom understood it. Neither was he sure that uniformity of opinion was a good thing. Men must, if they would be true to the gifts of God, fight out their beliefs for themselves.

Still Ritzoom influenced him. His presence and his words that night left their impress upon him, and Rutland was not quite the same afterwards.

"I have promised to go down again in three days," he thought. "I wonder whether I ought to go? I am like a moth around a candle. It is madness for me to love her, still I must go. Let me see—what have I on Thursday? I remember now. It is the Congress of our Churches in this district. Yes, I can manage it. The meetings will be over about seven o'clock and afterwards I can go down for a quiet evening."

When Thursday came Duncan made his way to one of the large rooms in connection with Tudor Church, for a meeting of the ministers and workers

of the various churches belonging to his denomination in the district had arranged to meet there. The young fellow had looked forward to the day with considerable pleasure. He hoped to meet with several of his old College friends, and anticipated their conversation concerning the spiritual condition of the churches with eagerness. Somehow, too, his conversation with Alison Neville had made him able to work. Things did not appear so meaningless, so hopeless. The sun shone brightly, for Lynford, and as the wind drove the smoke away from the part of the town in which he lived, the air was clear and healthy. On the Tuesday and Wednesday, therefore, he had laboured long and steadily. From half-past eight in the morning until half-past one he had sat at his study desk, and from half-past two to six he had visited his flock, from half-past seven until ten at night he had attended meetings, and then each night until midnight he had remained in his study reading.

By Thursday morning, therefore, he had thought out his Sunday's sermons, and although he had not as yet written them, he had gathered his material; he had also made something like twenty calls, so that he felt quite free to devote the day to the meeting which was to be held at Tudor.

When he entered the room he found that a number of men had gathered. They were the ministers and officers of some sixty churches situated within a radius of thirty or forty miles of Lynford. At this spring gathering, the custom of this Congress was to consider the condition of the churches, and to suggest means for extending Christianity in the district.

After a few minutes of general handshaking and friendly greeting, the meeting commenced. After singing and prayer the minutes of a previous meeting were held, and then the statistics of the district were read. A great deal of attention was paid to this, and most of the members present took careful notes of what was read. Finally, the secretary of the meeting gave the exact totals. As the result of the year's labours of sixty ministers, scores of officials, and hundreds of Sunday School teachers, visitors, and general workers, there was a nett increase of one hundred and forty-five members in the churches. This was regarded to be on the whole a fairly satisfactory result, and a resolution was framed expressing thankfulness for the prosperity which had attended the efforts which had been put forth.

It was the first meeting of the sort which Duncan had ever attended, and as a consequence he was much interested. He listened to the speeches of the ministers, who spoke with great earnestness on the report, and weighed what had been said.

Presently someone asked the secretary to give them the position of the churches ten years before, so that they might consider their progress in that time. The result of this was by no means inspir-

ing. There had been an increase of one church in the district, but the membership was practically the same as it had been then. And yet during that period the population of the district had increased by leaps and bounds. The churches of that particular denomination were practically at a standstill, instead of growing with the growth of the people.

Then someone asked for reasons for this apparent stagnation; and many unpleasant disclosures took place. In some of the churches there had been internal discord. One minister declared that his church had not prospered because a faction of the people had been against him, and had tried to undo all the good he was doing. Others, again, said that a worldly spirit was creeping over the people; and that while prayer meetings were badly attended, concerts and popular entertainments attracted the multitude. The discussion lasted for about two hours, at the end of which time Duncan was feeling very uncomfortable. He could not help seeing that discussions of this nature had been taking place every year, and that there was very little practical outcome of all that was said. Some of the churches, he gathered, had succeeded, but the failure of others had caused the general increase to be but very small. He asked himself why this was so? Money was not wanting, for the trade of the district was prosperous, workers seemed plentiful, the streets were swarming with people, and yet the Gospel of Christ seemed to make no headway.

He listened to the suggestions of the members of the meeting, and they seemed to him poor and small. The outlook of these men was limited, they did not appear to have large ideals. The thought of Christianising the whole people, of saving the whole community, did not seem to possess them. And more than all this, the note of denominationalism was constantly struck. The great desire was evidently not so much the extension of Christianity, as the extension of denominationalism. To Duncan denominationalism was but a secondary matter. A denomination was but a medium through which Christianity might be extended. Doubtless there was no one in the meeting but who would say the same, and yet the main anxiety of many appeared to be concerning the medium through which the work was done, rather than the work itself. They dwelt on petty trifles, too, and little personalities were discussed rather than vital principles. Now and then some man, possessing a great soul, lifted the discussion to a higher platform, and dealt with large issues; but immediately after some little man got up and aired his grievances, thus dragging spiritual realities into the dust of petty strife.

In spite of himself, Duncan could not help comparing these speeches with the words of Father Ritzoom. How poor all this was compared with the great scheme of the Catholics! They did not

discuss numbers in this way; their idea was the uplifting of the whole world; they desired to make all nations into a vast Theocracy. After all, weren't all these churches a mere rope of sand? Where was the unitedness, the joining together for a mighty work?

He saw that laymen spoke with the same authority as ministers, he saw that the opinions of some of the ministers were regarded as of but little value. Was not the sacerdotal idea a fine one after all? According to Father Ritzoom, the ministers were a special body of men, given especial power and especial authority by God Himself. Was there not something in the idea? If it were so, then they could speak with authority and power. They were not so many infants crying in the night, but members of the body of Christ to whom He gave especial guidance, special wisdom.

Besides, the denomination to which he belonged was, compared with the Catholic Church, only of yesterday. A few centuries ago they were unknown, while far back, before England was a nation, the Catholic Church, knowing nothing of countries or governments, went on doing its grand work.

Among his brother ministers, moreover, he found doubt, unrest, uncertainty; one man disagreed with another on points of doctrine, and both spoke falteringly; with the ancient Church, on the other hand, there was no doubt, no unrest. Their doctrines had been defined by the Council of Trent hundreds of years back, and no change took place from year to year. It was true there was what was called "the development of doctrine," and consequently the dogmas of "Papal Infallibility," and the "Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary" had become established. But then, these dogmas had been decided upon by those who claimed to be God's appointed ministers, those to whom the Holy Spirit had promised wisdom.

Would it not be grand to be freed from all this weary searching after truth, to rest on the bosom of an infallible Church, and do her work without questioning? Besides, if the Catholics were right, if God had through Christ established one Church, and one Church only, which was to be the Church of the world, and if this Church existed as an organic body, demanding certain conditions, then they were outside its pale, they were heretics.

He must think about it, the whole matter must be investigated to the very foundation. In the past he had read Catholic History from the rationalists' standpoint; in the future he would see what the Catholics themselves had to say on their claims and their history. If there *was* a true Church apart from all the wrangling sects of the world, and if *only* that Church had Divine authority, he would like to join it. He would read Newman's "*Apoloogia Pro Vita Sua*" again.

At one o'clock the District Congress rose for

dinner, and Duncan was struck with the hilarity which existed. They had evidently forgotten their comparative failure, and now settled down to enjoyment. After dinner a few returned to the meeting, while a number went for a walk among the hills, and did not return until the afternoon was far spent. Duncan spent his time with those who attended to the business of the day, and afterwards asked himself what good he had done by so doing. The discussion was mostly about the issue of certain schedules, some arguing that they should be sent out on April 30th, while others declared that May 15th would be quite soon enough. The matter of these schedules took about an hour, after which the meeting spent its time in appointing committees, and hearing reports concerning certain institutions. At six o'clock the meeting was declared closed, and the members joined in the schoolroom for tea. Thus ended the day's work.

On reviewing matters afterwards, he reflected that after all he did not see how things could be altered much, and he knew that many of these ministers were doing good work in their churches, while forces were at work which could not be tabulated, and which were doing untold good. What troubled him was that no great effort was set on foot to save the community as a whole—that the sympathies of the meeting were rather denominational than universal.

After the members of the meeting had departed to their various homes, he wended his way towards the Priory. On his way he passed a chapel at which an entertainment was being held. He looked in, and saw about two hundred people present. They were listening to songs and recitations which were supposed to be of a very entertaining nature. The audience was laughing and clapping loudly, evidently the entertainment was popular. The singers and reciters used the rostrum for a platform.

"Is there not reason in the idea that a church should be a sacred place?" thought the young man. "Is it right that the house of God should be used for penny entertainments? I am told that the officers allow minstrels in some of the chapels."

A little later he reached the Priory. On asking for Lady Neville, he was told that all the family was in the chapel, where a Retreat was being held. Lady Neville had left word that she would be glad if he would wait in the library, or if he would prefer she should be pleased if he would come to the chapel.

"I will go to the chapel," said Duncan, taking a sudden resolution. "I suppose Father Ritzoom is conducting it."

"Yes, sir."

A minute later he entered the chapel.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MAN AND THE WOMAN.

How quiet and still everything was. How different from the noisy entertainment he had just witnessed. An air of sanctity pervaded the place. All the members of the household, and a few invited friends were on their knees, and in silence, and in deep thoughtfulness, they were offering their devotions. He looked towards Alizon. Her eyes were wide open, and she was looking towards a figure of the Virgin Mary. But in reality he was sure she looked beyond it. Her face was as pure as that of a vestal virgin, her eyes were luminous, and filled with a holy light. There was no apparent excitement, no noise,—all was reverent, everything was filled with the spirit of worship. For a second he felt like kneeling down with them, he felt sure it would be helpful after the experiences of the day. After the discussions to which he had listened, discussion on petty trifles, there was something beautiful in the thought of kneeling before the figure of the Virgin and meditating on the great work of her Son. And yet something kept him from doing so. After all it did not appeal to his deepest nature. All these crucifixes and figures were only attempts to materialise spiritual truths, and the very materialisation struck a false note. Besides, he remembered what all these things led to.

He saw Ritzoom at the altar, clothed in gorgeous vestments. This man professed miraculous power. He claimed that he could change bread and wine into the very body and blood of Jesus Christ. Again a false note was struck; there was nothing suggestive of this in reading the Gospels, or the Epistles. And yet the atmosphere was laden with the spirit of worship, and he almost envied the worshippers, who, without a doubt, could enter into the ecstasy of the moment. The air was filled with the odour of incense, the light which shone through the coloured glass lit up the little chapel in such a way that everything seemed glorified. That the worshippers were sincere he did not doubt; but, then, so were Mohammedans, Buddhists, Shakers, ay, every religionist of the world. Besides the atmosphere was spiritually exotic. There was no fresh, exhilarating, open-air feeling about it. There was nothing that nerved him to go out and fight with the devil, but something which might lead one to say, "Let us take refuge in a cloister, let us shut out the hard, unsympathetic world."

Presently Father Ritzoom rose to speak. His tones were soft and impressive. He appeared to be awed by his surroundings, and deeply impressed by the truths he wished to enforce. He explained certain points in the spiritual exercises they had

been undertaking, and then gave certain advice as to their future conduct.

Rutland gathered that this was the closing hour of the Retreat, which had lasted for three days, and so everything tended to make the hour impressive. The priest urged upon the worshippers certain functions, and recommended certain aids by which their spiritual life would be benefited. He spoke of fasting, of contemplating the agony of Christ, of daily mass, and voluntary penance. Spoken to the few women who had spent long hours in vigil, his words undoubtedly seemed as the very words of God, but again Duncan felt that an artificial note was struck. All these suggestions appeared to the young man as mere palliatives, mere mechanical appliances which could have no abiding value. They made life poor and small. They wanted that grand ring which those great words of Christ contained. How different was this talk about penance, from that sublime saying of Jesus, "I came that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly." After all, these ceremonials of the priest as he brought the Retreat to a close was only playing with religion. It did not touch root principles.

Still, he was impressed, and thought within himself that possibly these exercises must be helpful to women, or how could they produce such a lovely character as that of Alizon Neville. Besides, did not Newman, (and Newman, according to Gladstone, and even Froude, possessed one of the finest minds which the century had produced), accept all dogmas and exercises of the Papacy *en bloc*? Yes, he must certainly read Newman again.

He left the little chapel before the others, and waited outside while the others came out. When Alizon Neville appeared she was like one who had just been awakened out of sleep. Her eyes had lost the far-off look which he had seen in the chapel, she was like one dazed. He had seen people coming to consciousness after being in a mesmeric trance, and the young girl suggested this to him. She barely spoke to him as she passed. Lady Neville, on the other hand, was perfectly calm and collected, and welcomed him heartily.

The evening was spent very quietly. There was no joking, no merriment. They were apparently still under the influence of their devotions. When ten o'clock came Duncan announced his intention of leaving, and Ritzoom asked for the pleasure of walking part of the way home with him. To Duncan's surprise the Jesuit spoke no direct word about religion. Instead he related some of his experiences in various countries. After they had separated, the young minister could recollect but very little that the priest had said, and yet he felt conscious that an impression was made upon him. The feeling that impressed him was concerning the immensity of the Catholic Church. In every way it was great. Its history was the history of nearly

nineteen centuries. It was represented everywhere. Its influence had been felt ever since Christ left the earth. He remembered, too, the

calm assurance with which Ritzoom spoke. He seemed to regard Catholicism as an irresistible power. Men might protest against it, they might



"BUT GIVE ME SOME WORD OF HOPE."

disregard it, but it mattered not. It was marching on to victory.

Duncan did not go to the Priory for another

week. During that time he worked constantly. From early morning till late at night he toiled. He marked out the duties of each day carefully, and

executed them all without fail. On the following Sunday, too, he preached with great power, and yet the congregation felt that there was something unreal in his words. There was a note of asceticism and austerity in his sermons, different from the ordinary positive ring of his messages. Still, no particular attention was paid to it, for no one knew of the thoughts which were passing through his mind.

On arriving at the Priory, he was met with the news that Father Ritzoom was leaving the next day; he had already spent more time than he had intended in the district, and while he had been able to do a great deal of necessary work while there, he was obliged to return to Ireland at once. He hoped, however, to visit them again through the summer. He was exceedingly pleasant in his conversation, and Rutland could not help but admire the ease and fluency with which he spoke. As far as the young minister could judge, Alizon Neville was sad and ill-at-ease, still she was kind, while Lady Neville continued to be very gracious.

While at the Priory he was under the influence which always impressed him while there. There was a stately grandeur about the place. Everything was free from the utilitarianism which pervaded Lynford, there was something in the atmosphere which made him think that these people lived in a world different from his own. He felt that he certainly must modify his views concerning the outcome of the Catholic religion. No one could go to such a house constantly without realising the beautiful spirit that pervaded it. And yet he was no nearer being a Catholic than the first day on which he had met her, at least he thought so, and when he left the house, he felt that a great gulf was fixed between him and Alizon Neville which could never be bridged across.

"Well, and what do you think of Mr. Duncan now?" asked Lady Neville of Ritzoom, when the door had been closed behind the young minister.

"Oh, he is a fine young fellow!" replied Ritzoom blandly, "I have not altered my opinion in the slightest."

"But do you still regard him as a possible convert?"

"Certainly," replied the Jesuit. "I am not in the habit of doubting after I have once made up my mind."

"But still he does not seem to draw nearer to us," said her ladyship sadly.

"You think not?"

"Do you?"

"His heresy had taken deeper root than I had thought, that is all," replied Ritzoom. "You need have no fear. In less than a year he will have bent his neck to the Church."

"I wish I could see some evidence of it," responded her ladyship.

Ritzoom turned his eyes towards Alizon, and

saw that she was listening intently. He fully believed that Duncan had declared his love for her, and once or twice had almost made up his mind to question the young girl whether it was not so. Something in her eyes however had forbidden him, for he remembered that he was not her confessor, and that she was not one to brook interference.

"We have at least this evidence, Lady Neville," replied the Jesuit. "Never since he has been in the habit of coming here has he uttered one word against our Church. Surely that is something. Besides, all that pronounced Protestantism has gone. The influence of this home has been greater than you imagine. The seeds we have sown have begun to germinate, and soon they will spring up and bear fruit. Already he is dissatisfied with the dry bones of Protestantism."

"Are you sure?"

"Perfectly sure. He is not the kind of fellow who tells everything he feels. But he is wading through deep waters. We have made him feel the majesty, the unity, the great oneness of our Church. He has begun to think of the Divine authority of her priests, and soon he will follow in Newman's steps."

"You think he will cease to be a Protestant then?"

"He will first of all resign his position as minister of Tudor Chapel."

"And then——?"

"Ah, that is in God's hands, Lady Neville. But you need not fear. I have lent him many books, and I have told him some necessary truths: but these will not be the greatest factors in his conversion."

"No; what then?"

"You, Lady Neville, you and Alizon," and he looked at the latter keenly.

The girl blushed deeply, and Ritzoom was sure that all his surmises were correct.

"Explain, Father Ritzoom," said her ladyship.

"Such a home as this, such influences as yours, these by God's grace will melt his heart. It is not his brain to which we must appeal so much as to his heart, his emotions. Let him feel the tenderness of a Catholic home, let him realise how you yearn for his conversion."

Lady Neville was silent.

"I do not suggest that you should do anything but pray for him, and make him feel the beauty of a Catholic home," said the Jesuit. "That is all. God's grace will do the rest. When I come again there will be a greater change manifested. His conversion has taken longer than I anticipated; but you need not fear, it will take place. Let him think of this place as a home, and all will be well."

"You think you will be able to visit us again in September?"

"Yes, I hope so. Meanwhile, be very kind to

him, both of you. And have no fear of results. On the day when he shall stand up in the Industrial Hall and make his confession, you will feel repaid a thousand-fold for your kindness. For his conversion will be the forerunner of hundreds more."

"Yes," said Ritzoom, as he left Lynford the next day, and looked out upon its numberless chimneys, "yes, I need not fear. I have failed sometimes. I failed with Lancaster, sadly failed; and Jack Gray is but a poor Jesuit; he ought rather to have been a Passionist; but I shall not fail this time. When Rutland is converted, I shall have an interview with the Holy Father, and when he hears of numbers flocking to the Church in this centre of Nonconforming Protestantism, he will look on me with more favour than ever. It will take some months yet, but all is well. The girl will be the great factor, I can see it plainly, but I have done my part, although he is not conscious that I have done anything. I must try to visit the Priory in September. After all, Sheen's folly will turn out well."

At the very hour that the Jesuit was thinking out his plans for Rutland's conversion, the young man sat in his study fighting with his own heart. His love for Alison Neville grew stronger day by day, while in spite of his Protestant training, he could not help being bewildered by what he had seen and heard. Father Ritzoom had made him realise the lack of unity that existed in Protestantism, had led him to feel that no Protestant minister could speak with the authority of a Catholic priest. But, then, was there any reality in these Sacerdotal claims? Of what good were pretensions unless they could be substantiated? He thought over these questions for many days.

"No," he said at length, "I must kill my love for Alison Neville. I cannot be a Catholic, I simply cannot. Even if she would marry me, such a union would be madness. No, no, I must give her up."

This resolution, which he had failed to keep before, appeared to him again as his only hope. And yet the thought of its fulfilment seemed like death. His love held him entirely.

"One thing I can and will do," he determined at length, "I will abstain from going near the Priory. Even if I am invited there I will refuse. I will do all in my power to shut her out of my heart. But I will continue reading on the subject. I have promised that. I will get at the bottom of all those books which Ritzoom lent me. I will study the forces which led such a man as Newman to change his mind."

Poor Rutland! he found it very hard to carry out his resolution. His heart simply ached to go down to the Priory and see the face of the girl for whom he would gladly lay down his life. And after all, why could he not be a Catholic? Catholics held all the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, and they had kept the lamp of faith burning in the

darkest ages of the world's history. Was it not more likely that Newman and Manning should be right than he? Oh, to be able to take the step, to give up all anxious thought and be at rest!

A month passed away, and he never once saw the face of Alison Neville. Then a letter reached him, asking him to a small garden party of personal friends. June had now come, and the woods around the Priory were covered with their mantle of green. The flowers were blooming, and the air was warm and balmy. Why should he not go? It would be heaven to meet her. He read Lady Neville's letter again, and noted that only a few friends would be there. Perhaps Alison would walk alone with him among the woods, perhaps—perhaps—

"No, it is madness, madness," he cried aloud; then he seized a pen, and thanked Lady Neville for her kindness, but told her that it was impossible for him to come. Another month passed away, and then his resolution was put to a still stronger test. He met Alison and her ladyship one day as they were driving across the moors whither he had gone for a walk.

"You are a great stranger," said her ladyship. "Why have you forsaken your friends?"

Duncan said he had been working night and day, and this was true, but as he knew, it was not the reason he had not visited the Priory.

"But surely you could spare us an hour," she said, "we have been expecting you. Haven't we, Alison?"

"Yes," replied the girl, and the young man's heart felt like bursting as he saw the colour mount her fresh young face.

"We shall begin to think we have offended you. Have we?"

"Offended me!" cried Duncan. "No! no! Anything but that! But really, I have been very busy, and very much worried."

"Worried?" queried her ladyship, with a touch of real kindness in her voice. "I am so sorry. But perhaps a day's freedom from your work and thoughts will help you. Everything is quiet at the Priory now. Come down for a day soon, will you?"

"Thank you," cried Duncan, and his voice was husky. "You are very kind. I should like it above all things, but——"

"No, I shall have no buts; let me see, to-day is Saturday. Well, we shall expect you on Monday. That is settled now."

And before he was able to answer the carriage was a dozen yards away.

"Oh I should like to go, but I cannot, I dare not," he cried, "I should only have to fight all this over again!"

When he reached his lodgings he wrote a letter to her ladyship expressing his sincerest thanks for her great kindness, but told her that his mind was

so torn with conflicting doubts, that he was altogether unfit for society.

And so he tried to drive Alizon Neville from his mind. Ever since Ritzoom had left Lynford, he threw himself with more ardour than ever into his work. Indeed, so constantly did he labour that his health began to suffer. Although it was now summer, the season of the year when much of the especial work of the winter was abandoned, he inaugurated new schemes, and threw himself into them with such ardour that even those who had been opposed to him confessed, "that Rutland was a rare lad after all." But those who cared for him most grew anxious. They saw his cheeks grow paler and thinner, while his eyes appeared to grow larger, and to shine with an unnatural light.

"Thou'lt kill thyself," said they kindly, "shut off steam a bit, lad, an' tak' it easy."

But this Rutland was unable to do, for he felt that not only his duty, but his real salvation lay in the direction of work.

During August he heard that Lady Neville and Alizon had left the Priory, and he yielded to the desire of the church officers to take a rest. Accordingly he went to Blackpool, the popular resort of the Lancashire operatives; but he only stayed a few days. He could not bear the crush of people, he had no sympathy with the noisy amusements. Accordingly he returned to his work at the end of August, and continued his labours.

When September came matters reached a crisis. He was out walking one Monday afternoon, feeling very weary after his Sunday's services, when he saw Alizon Neville coming towards him. It was now a year since he had settled at Lynford, and he was trying to think of the progress the Church had made since his advent. After all, his work had been abundantly blessed. The regular congregation had been practically doubled, and every department of church work had been strengthened and invigorated. He then tried to think of how the work could be further extended during the winter, and sketched some plans which he intended to bring before the congregation on the following Sunday. His ideas were all dispelled, however, when he saw Alizon. His hands began to tremble, and his cheeks were flushed with an unhealthy colour.

"Mr. Rutland," said the girl, "you look ill."

"Do I?" he replied, "I think I am all right."

"The people in the town say you are working yourself to death," she said anxiously. "I hear, too, that you have practically refused to take a holiday."

"I could not bear to be idle," he replied.

"But you should compel yourself. Lynford cannot afford to lose you."

"I am not sure," he replied somewhat cynically. "People have short memories. If I were to die they would give me a decent burial, and then forget me in six months."

"That is not fair to the people," she replied.

"No?" he said, looking into her face. He thought he saw her lips tremble, and then all his resolutions went to the wind. While he was absent from her he was strong, but in her presence he was powerless.

"Will you let me walk home with you?" he said almost humbly.

"Yes, come down to the Priory," said the girl, "my mother will be delighted to see you."

They were standing on a foot-path a mile from the Priory, but were still close to the woods which surrounded the house.

"Let us go by the private path through the woods," she continued, and she led the way. A few minutes later they were walking together beneath the tall elms.

"Why do you work so hard?" she said presently.

"I have been trying to drive you out of my mind."

Alizon blushed a rosy red.

"When we were last together some months ago," he continued, "I told you that I loved you. You gave me but little hope, and you said that even if you cared for me you should regard your—your interest in me as a sin while I remained a Protestant."

"Yes," said Alizon quietly.

"Well, I love you more than ever. I cannot kill it. I have tried to. That is the reason I have not accepted Lady Neville's kind invitations."

"Then you are still a Protestant?"

"Yes, yes. I—I cannot be untrue to myself, even for you."

For a moment the girl forgot the part she was playing in his life. She thought only of his conversion to her faith.

"But have you read the books Father Ritzoom lent you?"

"Oh, yes," he replied with a bitter laugh.

"And they have not convinced you?"

"Convinced me! No, they have not convinced me."

"But would you—that is, do you desire to——"

"God forgive me, Miss Alizon, I would give anything to accept your faith. Oh, I wish it were reasonable—for then I should hope that I could win you. I would do anything, everything for even the hope of winning you; but I cannot be a liar to God!"

"Have you read Newman?"

"Yes."

"His '*Apologia*'?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then surely, if he, the greatest thinker of the century, could yield to Rome, you could——"

"Forgive me for interrupting you," said Duncan. "I am tired of this talk about Newman being the greatest thinker of the century. I commenced to

read his '*Apologia Pro Vita Sua*' with that idea. I suppose my opinion is heresy; but I cannot help it. A more unconvincing, a weaker book, I never read. It could never convince any thinking man. I wanted to be convinced—for your sake. I tried to see as he saw. I read his celebrated tracts; I hungered to enter into his frame of mind. But it was impossible. People call him a philosopher. I have understood that a philosopher always sees to it that he has first of all a sure basis for his conclusions. Newman conceived a certain idea of the Church, and then drew certain conclusions from it. But Newman's conception of a Church is poor, artificial, childish. He was simply playing with religion all along the line. To him it is a poor, shrivelled little caste, governed by arbitrary rules. I will admit that there is a great deal of clever sophistry; but there is no broadness of outlook, no greatness of conception. Why, think of his protest at the time the Bishop of Jerusalem was appointed. He protested against a Bishop giving the sacrament to Lutherans and Calvinists without an examination of their beliefs, when the strength of religious life in Europe has largely sprung from the work of Luther. He deals with paltry issues. His idea of faith seems to be the acceptance of certain views on little details which have no more to do with real religion than the ribbons on your dress. Excuse me, Miss Neville, but Newman would drive me to Agnosticism rather than to faith. I could not believe in an Omnipotent God and Newman's teaching at the same time."

"Ah! but," said the girl sadly, "you have never yet seen our Church as it really is. You look from the outside."

"Where shall I go to see it?" asked Rutland.

"Oh, I am sure," she went on, "that if you could see it where it was all powerful you would be convinced. Here in Lynford we are but an alien church. Our people are mostly poor and uncouth. But if you could see the Church in Rome—then all would be different."

Rutland went on a few minutes without speaking, then he burst out eagerly,

"But can you not care for me as I am? For I do love you, I *do* love you!"

"It would be sin for me to think of you in the way you wish, Mr. Rutland, while you are engaged in the work of spreading heresy."

"But if I *could* be a Catholic—then? Could you love me then?"

"I—I don't know. I regard you very highly—now; but I don't know. Perhaps I might."

"And—and——"

"No, Mr. Rutland, I cannot say more. Perhaps

I have said too much now. But surely if you love me as you say you do—you could— Oh, Mr. Rutland, you make everything impossible. You—you do not try!"

There were tears in her eyes, and Rutland saw them. Both of them were excited beyond measure, and scarcely knew what they were saying. They were both young, and the girl could not help being influenced by the passion in the young man's words.

"Try, try!" cried Rutland. "God knows I am trying. But give me some word of hope!" He grasped her hand and held it tightly.

"I do not know," she cried, "I do not know. I—I wish I could—that is—even if I were able, even if I loved you, I would destroy it though it killed me, rather than commit the sin of being untrue to my faith."

"Then there can be no hope for me while I am a Protestant!"

"No, no, I dare not. It would be sin, deadly sin."

"Sin to love a man who was trying to do his duty, to do right!" he cried. He dropped her hand. "I am a fool," he continued bitterly. "You never can care for me, you could not under any circumstances, you could not if I were of your faith."

"Oh, do not say that!" she cried. All her caution was gone. She forgot the difference in their positions. She was a woman, and he was a man, and that was all. "I—I could, I believe I—I could not help myself if it were not a sin!"

"But otherwise?"

"Oh, I could not, I dare not. Don't be cruel!"

He caught her hand again, and held it tightly.

"God help me!" he cried, and then he left her without a word.

A fortnight later he was lying on his bed with brain fever, brought on, the doctor said, by overwork and worry. For days his life hung in a balance, and even when the danger was over his recovery was slow, so slow that it was not until after Christmas that he was able to walk about.

"You must leave Lynford for the rest of the winter," said the doctor, when he had reached this stage.

"Where must I go?" he asked.

"Oh, southward. To Nice, Algiers, Cairo."

"Would Rome do?"

"Yes, splendidly."

"Then I will go there."

He gave no reasons for this decision; but a fortnight later he was on his way to the Eternal City, little dreaming of what lay before him.

(*To be continued.*)





REV. W. SANDERSON'S COTTAGE, KIRTON LINDSEY.

Men Worth Remembering.

V.—REV. WILLIAM SANDERSON. (*Continued.*)

BY THE REV. JESSE ASHWORTH.



E now pass on to the period of Mr. Sanderson's retirement from active circuit work. At the Sheffield Conference of 1852 he was very reluctantly compelled to seek superannuation; this was on the ground of an affliction in his legs and feet which rendered walking both difficult and painful. "No

quired ministers, as it was humorously said, with "good understandings,"—good walking powers, to be equal to the long journeys they had to take, often on very rugged roads.

While thus unable to perform journeys on foot, his voice retained all its compass, sweetness and music; hence, Mr. Sanderson, for the first thirteen years of his superannuation, was made a great blessing to many parts of the Connexion, by preaching anniversary sermons and taking special services. He invariably attracted large congregations, and it must have been a great source of joy and delight to himself that he was thus enabled to promote spiritual and financial objects.

In this happy and successful way Mr. Sanderson continued to exercise his gifts until the summer of 1865, when he left home to pay his annual visit to the North of England. These visits were highly appreciated by himself as seasons of continued usefulness, and were eagerly anticipated by a very large circle of admiring friends. He reached Gurney Villa, in the Darlington Circuit, on the Saturday afternoon, and in the evening addressed a meeting in a large tent. The following morning he preached again, with his usual ability and power, from Ps. xxxvii. 37, "Mark the perfect man," etc. Mr. Robson, of Darlington, who was present,

doubt," says his biographer, "this affliction was greatly accelerated, if not wholly caused by the long and exhaustive journeys, slender means for providing riding accommodation, and great self-denial. He evidently brought to the Connexion a vigorous and healthy constitution, yet the affliction overtook him when in the fulness of his ministerial efficiency. In his own quaint way he would say, that 'his going part was defective, but his striking part was as good as ever.'" Had such an affliction occurred to Mr. Sanderson at the present day, numbers of suitable circuits could have been found for him; but the state of things was vastly different fifty years ago. Then most circuits re-

graphically described to the writer what followed. "Several of us," he said, "proceeded to a friend's house to dinner after the morning service. Mr. Sanderson was requested to ask a blessing; he rose and spread his hands as usual. We waited; we looked; but not a word could he utter. We soon perceived that he had had a stroke of paralysis which had temporarily taken away his power of speech. We were all very deeply affected at seeing the great and sudden change from what we had so recently listened to. What could we say as we stood round and looked upon him, but 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.'" What can we now say in recalling such an unexpected event, but, How uncertain are all things here below!

It is highly gratifying to know that while the shock took away for a season Mr. Sanderson's power of recollection and intelligible utterance, his Christian cheerfulness was undimmed, and his reasoning faculties untouched to the end of life. After a time he sufficiently recovered to take charge of a class, lead a prayer meeting, visit the afflicted and preach a little. When attempting to speak at a public meeting he would stick quite fast for a word, even in the middle of an old familiar anecdote. He would pleasantly turn round on the platform, and without any apparent embarrassment, would ask, "What was I saying, Brother Bywater?" and being reminded, would go on again, saying, "I have it in me, friends, and if I could get it out I would throw it among you by handfuls."

Our limited space forbids us to enlarge on the details of Mr. Sanderson's few remaining years; but suffice it to say, that he was calm, dignified and resigned through all his latest afflictions. "At eventide there was light"—the light of the glorious Gospel, the light of a rich experience, the light of a living hope, yea, "the light of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." His was a long and bright day, with a magnificent sunset.

On Good Friday, 1874, it was as if the light from heaven poured fully on his brow. Just as his pulse was ceasing to beat, he sweetly cried out, "Come, come, coming." Was it that he saw the Saviour, and wanted to say, "Come, Lord Jesus"? or was it that he heard a voice from heaven saying, "Come up hither"? Thus the happy and triumphant spirit of William Sanderson—one of our most gifted, eloquent, and useful early ministers—passed from "this earthly house of his tabernacle to the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

We may, with the briefest mention, pass over the great demonstrations of sorrow at his large funeral on Easter Monday, and also the great lamentations made for him throughout the Connexion.

The following is from an article which appeared in *The Primitive Methodist* immediately after Mr. Sanderson's death: "He was a natural orator of a



REV. WILLIAM SANDERSON.

very high order; if he had been connected with some of the older denominations, the very highest places would have been open to him, his fame would have filled the country and reached to other lands. His voice was remarkably sweet, full of music and tenderness. We have heard him on the platform thrill large audiences till they have been wild with excitement. He would rise to a majesty and grandeur all his own—holding his hearers spell-bound while he detailed the triumphs of the truth, or poured boiling scorn on the follies, or foibles, or fancies of the enemies of the Gospel."

Many testimonies in corroboration of these statements might easily be furnished, both from ministers and laymen, did our space permit. Memory still lovingly lingers on his character and deeds. There are doubtless numerous homes and pulpits throughout the country where the memory of him is still kept sacred. He was as an angel of light to many a home of gloom and sorrow. A few hopeful words in his wonted cheerful style have lifted the load of grief from many a heavy heart. His uninterrupted brightness rendered him a great favourite with the children and young people in the homes which had the honour of entertaining him. But it was in his own home where he shone the brightest, and shed the richest influence. Two of his beloved daughters who are still with us—the widow of the Rev. Joseph Toulson, and the widow of the Rev. Ephraim Talbot—can fully testify how cheerful, how contented he was; what tender consideration he

had for all around him, as a father, a husband, and a friend.

To those who never had the privilege of meeting our esteemed friend, the following description of his personal appearance at the time he suffered his paralytic stroke may prove interesting. Picture to yourself a man nearly five feet six inches in height, weighing about thirteen stones, with a real English face; hair grey, but not bald, the head evenly balanced, the forehead not unusually high, but well-developed, eyes full of language, mouth half smiling, nose of average size, countenance mild, voice sonorous, chest broad, speaking with easy and fluent but somewhat rapid utterance. The portrait of Mr. Sanderson which appeared in the first part of this article* is a reproduction of the steel engraving that appeared in the Magazine during his life. The portrait here given represents Mr. Sanderson at a much later period of life.

When we remember what large audiences were instructed by his rich expositions of the Scriptures, delighted by his noble imagery, cheered by his lofty fancy, melted by his pathos, convinced by his arguments, and roused by his earnest appeals, may we not naturally make the inquiry, What were the principal elements which contributed to his popularity and success?



PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHAPEL, KIRTTON LINDSEY.

* See "The Aldersgate" for May.

That he was greatly aided by natural endowments will be readily admitted, and that he gave unremitting attention to the acquisition of suitable knowledge cannot for a moment be doubted; but he evidently did not confine his attention to books alone, but also made man the object of his study. His study of nature and art and poetry also formed no inconsiderable a factor in his success. He had an eye for beauty everywhere. He would often remark in the home, "What a beautiful carpet you have!" "What a fine wall-paper you have selected!" But the beauty of a landscape, or even of a garden, literally enchanted him. The beauty of spring, the glories of summer, the varied tints of autumn, or the hoar-frost of winter led him often with rapture to praise the power, wisdom and goodness of the Divine Father. We have frequently seen him returning from his Norfolk visits literally laden with roots and cuttings of choice plants and flowers, given by friends for his own garden at home. In that garden round the homely country cottage, blazing with roses, and blooming with flowers, he often conversed with nature, with angels, and with God; gathering illustrations for pulpit and platform ministrations, ripening and maturing daily for the Eden above.

We fully agree with his biographer, "that much as nature and study with keen observation had done for him, masculine piety and a spirit of devotion had done more. His impressive and impassioned utterances were pervaded with divine influence; they were the emanations of a heart touched with holy fire. It was the spiritual element which gave distinctiveness and forcefulness to his message. He lived in the spirit of prayer; private prayer was his great delight; it was this which gave such freshness and fulness to his family and pulpit devotions, and brought so rich an unction on his pulpit ministrations; many thousands feeling that he preached with demonstration of the Spirit and with power."

Such a combination of natural gifts, spiritual power, with the genial warmth of a true and loving heart, deserve to be held in undying remembrance. We do not claim for him absolute perfection, for then he would have ceased to be human; but undoubtedly that which formed the master-key of his character was his living piety. Piety did not merely adhere to him like varnish or veneer, it pervaded and penetrated as well as surrounded him; it was not a thing of times and places, it was the element in which he lived and moved and had his being, and few persons could be long in his company without feeling they were breathing a divine atmosphere. In this he was an excellent example for all young ministers to copy.

Again we inquire, May not his wise selection of the great central truths of the Gospel for his chief pulpit themes, have largely contributed to Mr. Sanderson's ministerial power and success? These

great truths—while others may have relative importance—are what the world most needed in the days of the Apostles, and what the world most needs even at the present day.

In reviewing the life of Mr. Sanderson, there stands before us a man, born in an obscure village at the beginning of the century, before the present-day advantages of education, in early life rendered motherless, thrown in his apprenticeship into association with a man who speedily took to keeping a public-house, with no religious opportunities but those afforded by the Methodist services held in the humble cottage of a poor widow; yet while in his teens, plucked as a brand from the burning, becoming in his apprenticeship a useful local preacher, and released from his indentures by monetary payment, in order that he might at once enter the glorious work of the Christian ministry.

There stands before us a man whose labours were abundant, whose hardships were frequent, whose trials were numerous, and of whose self-denial it is difficult in these days to form any adequate conception; yet, his biographer adds, amid all his labours, self-sacrifice, and wide popularity, his salary, in addition to house-rent, scarcely ever rose to the golden height of one guinea per week! Yet he was never heard to complain, but with reverence and calmness, bowed to compulsory superannuation through affliction in the

meridian of life. While paralysis shook the very foundation of his earthly tabernacle, yet it could not for a single moment touch the powers of his reason, the calmness of his mind, the cheerfulness of his disposition, the brightness of his hope, and his confidence in his God.

There stands before us a truly great man—great in the pulpit, on the platform, and in the home—great in the country cottage or the city sanctuary, great in his love of nature and poetry and art, great in his taste for beauty, but especially the beauty of holiness, great in popularity, but greater still in humility, in brotherly kindness and charity; whose Christian character shone more brightly than even his splendid gifts—whose gifts were beautified and exalted by the depth of his piety, the intensity of his zeal, his spiritual culture, his compassion for souls, his power in prayer, and his ardent love for the Lord Jesus Christ.

Finally, there stands before us a man, who from his dying pillow could look back on more than half a century of successful labours in his Master's service. What an encouragement to early piety! We can only add, God be praised for raising up such a distinguished minister as William Sanderson in the early days of Primitive Methodism, and let us earnestly pray that his mantle, like that of Elijah, may fall on many in the present generation.

American Sunday Papers.

BY JOSEPH HENRY ODELL.



WHEN the Editor requested a few notes on the American Sunday papers, I decided to violate conscience and do evil that good might come. Accordingly I sent in an order for "all the New York Sunday papers next week." The agent took the order

with Satanic literalness, and Monday morning a young man staggered up to the Manse under a journalistic burden that completely exhausted him. There were French, German, Italian, Scandinavian, Hebrew and American editions, enough to furnish a polyglot intellect for a month. We will leave out of consideration the papers printed in foreign languages, and simply look over a few of the others.

Undoubtedly the most popular are "The Herald," "Journal" and "World," giving respec-

tively, eighty-four, ninety-six, and seventy-two pages. They are printed in colours, and cater to every conceivable taste. They include coloured comic sections, whose vulgarity eclipses "Ally Sloper," pages devoted to science, art, literature, cooking, fashion, housekeeping, short stories, with respectable religious items in about the same proportion as salt to potatoes. They are profusely illustrated. Each has the ordinary news-sheet, and the current market and stock quotations. Supposing a slow-witted labouring man purchases one of these papers on Sabbath morning, at his rate of reading it will keep him occupied and amused for the rest of the day. And when we remember that Sunday is practically the only time he can find time to improve his mind we are not surprised to learn that he devotes it exclusively to his voluminous newspaper. City ministers are unanimous in their declaration that Sabbath papers are worse in their influence upon the readers than upon either the producers or vendors. Of course, it would be ridiculous to state that there is nothing in these journals worthy of Sunday meditation; we must

confine ourselves always to the principle violated in their production and circulation, and the evil tendencies generated in the purchasers and readers.

But not willing to trust my own judgment in the matter, I wrote to my friend, Daniel F. Kellogg, Esq., Editor of the "New York Sun," one of the most authoritative, respectable, and conservative papers published in America, and which, under its late Editor, Mr. Dana, achieved an international reputation, and largely moulded the course of American affairs for over thirty years. There is a current saying—"If you see it in 'The Sun,' it's so." Mr. Kellogg has written me a most valuable letter, which I gladly submit to the readers of "The Aldersgate." I will give the numbered questions, followed by his corresponding frank and full replies.

I. When did Sunday editions of the daily papers first appear in New York?

II. Which are the "Dailies" publishing only six days per week?

III. What is the average circulation of the leading Sunday papers?

IV. Is the Sunday edition under a separate editor?

V. Do the Sunday editions pay as a business investment apart from the week-day editions?

VI. Would the "staff" and employees welcome or dread the suspension of the Sunday editions?

VII. Do any or many merchants and business firms refuse to advertise in the Sunday papers from religious scruples?

VIII. Supposing that all the Church people of all Denominations were to rigorously boycott, not only the Sunday edition, but also the week-day editions of the papers which publish seven days per week, would it seriously affect the position of the paper?

IX. Do you find the paper vendors in any way opposed to the Sunday work involved in distributing the Sunday papers?

"New York,

"April 20, 1899.

"MY DEAR MR. ODELL,

"I have your pleasant letter of yesterday, and I am most happy to hear from you, and to be of any assistance to you that I can. I ought to state that I am not connected with the business office of our paper, and hence have not as exact a knowledge upon the points you mention referring to business affairs, as distinguished from editorial matters, as I might have. However, I think I can answer your questions in a general way. I enclose you the questions which you ask, and for the sake of convenience, will answer them by their numbers.

"I. 'The New York Herald' has always printed a Sunday paper. The first number of the 'Sunday Tribune' appeared in 1861, of 'The Times' in

1866, and of 'The Sun' in 1875, and so on. For many years there have been certain papers which have only appeared upon Sundays. In times past some of these papers had a large local circulation here, larger, in fact, than that of the week-day papers. Notable among them was the 'New York Despatch.' Those papers now are almost never seen.

"II. All the daily papers here now are published every day in the week. I do not know of any daily paper in this country, that is, in any town or city of any size, that is not published every day in the week. Certain commercial papers here are not printed on Sundays.

"III. It is very difficult to answer this question except approximately. Some of the papers here claim a circulation on Sunday that seems fabulous, and there is really no way of finding out the truth about it. I should say that the average circulation of each of the six leading Sunday papers is not in excess of 175,000 copies.

"IV. Most of the large papers (not 'The Sun,' however), has a separate editor for that part of the Sunday paper which comprises stories, special matter as distinguished from news, and printed in the supplement, or on extra sheets. The news part of the Sunday paper is, however, prepared by the same editors as on ordinary days. On almost all of the large papers, however, everybody on the staff has one day off in the week. More men are off duty on Sundays than on other days because the news on that day is not great. The Monday papers are apt to be small, and there is less work to do.

"V. Sunday editions certainly do pay as a business investment, apart from the week-day editions. The circulation of the Sunday paper is much greater than that of the paper during week-days, and many times on some papers the advertising in the Sunday issue is as much as half of that on all the other days of the week.

"VI. This depends on the system of compensation on each paper. On most of the New York papers the reporters, or the people who do the writing, are paid a certain sum per hour for the time employed in their occupation, or according to the amount of matter actually written by them and printed in the paper. They are at liberty to choose whichever of these forms of compensation is the most profitable for them. Such men, of course, would care to work every day, taking their days off when they desire. Naturally, however, people on salary desire to get as many days off as they can. Such employees would all welcome the suspension of the Sunday edition as regards their personal convenience, although they all recognise that it would injure the paper as a business property.

"VII. Almost nobody refuses to advertise in the Sunday editions from religious scruples. On the contrary, as I have stated, it is the favourite day of all for advertising, merchants realising that the

circulation on that day is larger, and that the papers are read more thoroughly than on week-days.

"VIII. Such a boycott as you mention would undoubtedly seriously affect the position of a paper, providing it could be maintained and should become widespread. Such a thing is, however, in this country, at least, quite unsupposable. If there were only a few papers printing Sunday editions they could be singled out as isolated instances of wrong-doing, and so would occupy a vulnerable position. But with all the papers printing Sunday editions, a person deciding not to read them would have to bar himself out from the whole of daily journalism. Moreover, the boycott business rarely works anyway. However much people, or certain classes of people, may be opposed to Sunday newspapers, the papers have attained so large a circulation, and occupy so great a share of the time of the reading public as a whole, that any such thing as a boycott would be impossible. As a matter of fact, I find very little prejudice against Sunday newspapers. They seem to fill a want, and to have taken the place very largely of the higher-priced magazines, except among people who might be described as ultra-religious, or, at least, who hold to the observance of Sunday in a way which would now be considered quite old-fashioned.

"IX. Paper vendors are in no way opposed to the Sunday work involved in distributing the papers. Indeed, Sunday is the one day of the week when they make the most money.

"I should say, summing up, that the chief objection to Sunday papers among intelligent and conservative people now, is the publication of such papers as 'The World' and 'The Journal,' or even, possibly, of the 'New York Herald.' These are vulgar, criminal, sensational and depraved in every way, and do a vast amount of harm. Of course, as you know, a scheme for objection to Sunday papers on the ground that they involve extra work on the Sabbath would properly lie against the paper of Monday morning, rather than against that of Sunday, the work for the Monday morning paper being entirely done during the day and evening of Sunday.

"Yours very faithfully,

"DANIEL F. KELLOGG.

The reply to Question VIII. is obviously the most important. In America, individuals may, and do, refuse to purchase the Sunday edition, but the Sabbatic violation is so widespread and chronic that, as Mr. Kellogg points out, were we to boycott the week-day editions of the violator we should "bar ourselves out from the whole of daily journalism." He gives, however, one significant sentence apropos of the problem now vexing the British Christian, viz.:—"If there were only a few papers printing Sunday editions they could be singled out as isolated instances of wrong-doing, and so would occupy a vulnerable position."

American Christianity lost its opportunity in the sixties. If then it had rigorously boycotted the "Tribune" and "Herald," the other papers would not have risked the experiment. English Churchmen may to-day take "The Telegraph" and "Daily Mail" by the throat and choke the life out of them—by boycotting, not only the Sunday, but the week-day editions also; not only by not purchasing the papers, but by positively refusing to advertise at any time in their pages. If America furnishes any prophecy concerning the English problem, it may be summed up simply as, *Now or Never!* If the "Telegraph" and "Daily Mail" succeed, the rest of the newspaper world will fall into line for self-preservation.

Mr. Moody, whose judgment carries authority for large numbers on both sides of the Atlantic, has pronounced most emphatically on the subject. He says: "With regard to the Sunday newspaper, I know all the arguments that are brought in its favour—that the work on it is done during the week, that it is the Monday paper that causes Sunday work, and so on. But there are two hundred thousand newsboys selling the paper on Sunday. Would you like to have your boy one of them? Men are kept running trains in order to distribute the papers. Would you like your Sabbath taken away from you? If not, then practise the Golden Rule, and don't touch the papers.

"Their contents make them unfit for reading any day, not to say Sunday. Some New York dailies advertise Sunday editions of sixty pages. Many dirty pieces of scandal in this and other countries are raked up and put into them. 'Eight pages of fun!' That is splendid reading for Sunday, isn't it? Even when a so-called sermon is printed, it is completely buried by the fiction and news-matter. It is time that ministers went into their pulpits and preached against Sunday papers. Put the man in the scales that buys and reads the Sunday papers. After reading them for two or three hours he might go and hear the best sermon in the world, but you couldn't preach anything into him. His mind is filled up with what he has read, and there is no room for thoughts of God. I believe that the archangel Gabriel himself could not make an impression on an audience that has its head full of such trash.

"A merchant who advertises in Sunday papers is not keeping the Sabbath. It is a master-stroke of the devil to induce Christian men to do this in order to make trade for Monday.

"Ladies buy the Sunday papers and read the advertisements of Monday bargains to see what they can buy cheap. They do more harm to religion than any one agency I know. Their whole influence is against keeping the Sabbath holy. They are an unnecessary evil.

"If Christian men and women refused to buy them, if Christian tradesmen refused to advertise in

them, they would soon die out, but that is where they get most of their support."

Personally, I confess that the case here seems hopeless. We have a generous Catholicity of spirit among the local churches, but as there exists no Federation of any kind, concerted action is impossible. Not having any defensive reasons for union (I mean from the ecclesiastical standpoint), we have drifted into a terrible individualism which robs the Church of much social, political, and moral force. In England, with the present organisation, a very swift and telling blow could be dealt at any attempt to invade the sacred rights of the Lord's Day. A few practical suggestions occur to my mind which I offer with diffidence.

In the first place, our weekly religious papers should be published nearer the end of the week—too often they are stale by Sunday.

Then they need to be more distinctly educational and spiritual rather than ecclesiastical and polemical.

And, finally, an effort should be made to place the weekly half-holiday in the middle of the week, where, for economical and physical reasons, it properly belongs. This would destroy the "sporting interest" which plays so large a part in making the demand for Sunday papers.

Bible Emblems.

I.—VOICELESS MINISTRY, OR, TEACHING BY EMBLEMS.



THE language of the Bible is largely pictorial. There are few definitions, but many pictures; few arguments, but many emblems; its teaching is concrete, not abstract. We may forget an argument; we do not forget a picture.

The life of Joseph the Dreamer is an unfading drama because that life is represented in a series of graphic pictures. A life described in terms of the intellect fades; an illustrated life presented in terms of the imagination is undying. What comes to us through the *ear* may be forgotten; what is gained through the *eye* abides. "Scripture has specially consecrated the faculty of sight. The saint is a beholder; he gazes, he looks . . . he does not merely ruminate within, but his whole mind is carried out towards, and upon, a great representation."

The human eye is the flower of the senses. By it we are brought into immediate union with the visible world. The perfection of our life on this earth is in seeing. And how much there is to see! All Nature is but God's illustrated Bible. Its revelations are to be understood through the eye. It speaks to us in symbols. There is not a tree but has its message. A spider's web is literature. The sparrow is a preacher. There is not a butterfly that is not full of suggestion. The glow-worm is an illuminated manuscript. The swallow tells me summer is nigh. Every object suggests something to the mind through the eye. "A flag is not simply a piece of bunting with white, red, and blue colours; it means our fatherland, its history, its honours, and its destiny. A sword is not simply a blade of steel; it means power. A throne, in

poetry, in history, means government. The crown is not simply a circlet of gold and gems; it means authority and kingship. The cross is not a piece of wood; it is an emblem of the guilt of sin, of matchless love, of wondrous influence." When we look into the grave we do not think of the coffin, but of the mother, and of all she was to us through the stormy years. The heavens are not so much blue sky and vagrant cloud; they are God's handiwork. All Nature sings everlastingly to us.

There are days which are like an oratorio, when earth, air, trees, sunshine, grass, are all in the same joyous mood. In such days the earth becomes a Bible—the rocky strata its Book of Genesis; the singing of the birds its Book of Psalms; the air full of sunlight and fragrance its Gospels; and the changing lights, the advancing hours, its Book of Revelation.

The old earth is a wonderful book. Everything in it has a message. Nature is never dumb. We have found even a language in the flowers. We make their lips carry our messages. "The timid youth whose love almost chokes him when he is going to speak it, does not know what to do till the florist tells him to pluck an acacia leaf, and he says to him, 'She will understand that parable. The acacia leaf stands for love. You slip in the acacia leaf, and she will understand all about it.' That leaf becomes his evangelist. I cannot speak to my friend yonder, bowed down with a thousand distresses, burdened with affliction. He has lost again and again the lives he loved most, and his life is now a process of grave-digging, and any words of mine would but augment the grief which I would seek to alleviate. But I am cunning in the use of floral eloquence; I know what I will do,



I will pluck a sprig of amaranth and send it to him. When he sees it he will see in that sprig of amaranth a symbol of the everlastingness of God, the immortality of the true life, and in that amaranth he will see revelation, and parable, and sacred vision.* Away across the seas the friend of my childhood days is finding life a hard, stern struggle. He is weighted with a load of cares. I know not how to comfort him with words. But from the field where he and I roamed in the far-away days, I pluck a simple buttercup, (ever an emblem of cheerfulness), and send it to him. It is enough. Black despair is driven from his heart as he looks in the cheerful face of the simple flower.

"Wildlings of Nature, I dote upon you;
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold."

Better than any message of mine is God's message from the fields to weary and sorrowing hearts.

We cannot go too often into the garden if we go to turn every flower into a speaking angel. It will be a dark day for us all when beauty ceases to talk to our hearts and preach the sweet gospel of hope. The Greatest Teacher the world has ever seen uttered comparatively little which was not illustrated by objects in the Natural World. His Gospel is steeped in Nature. He made Nature the Bible for the multitude. He looked upon the whole universe as a parable of God. His teaching had for text budding trees, reddening sky, quivering bulrush, burning reed; from grapes and thorns, from figs and thistles, from ravens and sparrows, from corn and wine and oil, from flower and tree—He preached His marvellous sermons.

God's true saints have ever regarded Nature as a revelation of God to men, a revelation of God's awfulness and goodness, of His care and love.

"They saw Him in the shining of the stars,
They saw Him in the flowering of the fields."

It was only in His ways with men that they failed to find Him. These saints of old found God's voice in the fields. They were His illuminated manuscript, His open Book, a rich commentary on the Bible. St. Bernard said the oaks and beeches of Clairvaux had been his best masters in theology.

Take the outburst of our own great Puritan poet:—

"These are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair: Thyself how wondrous then!"

Take the sweet hymn of the poet-statesman—

"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim!

* Dr. Parker.

For ever singing, as they shine,
'The hand that made us is Divine.'

To Wordsworth, the great Christian poet, and thereby, also, the great Nature poet, it was given to make others feel with him that,

"Thanks to the human heart by which we live—
Thanks to its tenderness, its hopes, its fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

To Turner, the great painter,—insulted, soured, misunderstood as he was—it was given to perpetuate on the glowing canvas, the most transient glories of Nature, and so to open our eyes to its glory and its power.

To Handel, and to Bach, and to Haydn, was it given each to make us hear

"The tides of music's golden sea
Setting towards eternity."

These are the true interpreters of God's great Book of Nature. And what, after all, is God's universe but a sublime poem, a beautiful and sublime utterance of the Divine mind and heart! As music is the poetry of sound, so poetry is the musical utterance of thought and feeling—the happy union of soul and language. As some one has truly said: "The body of speech is prose, but the soul is poetry."

God is the perfect poet, and all human poets only imperfect imitators.

"The Bible is a poem; not a line
But lives and talks in music to mankind;
And Nature is all poetry Divine;
And song the natural language of the mind."

We cannot forget our own Ruskin, who more than any other man has made the imaginative study of Nature a source of religious insight and an inspiration to holy life. How emphatically he has taught that Nature is God writ large. How he would have us drink in delight, through the hearing ear, and the seeing eye. How earnestly he has told us in his matchless language, of "The sky as in scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tendernesses, almost divine in its infinitude—it appeals to that which is most immortal within us; of the lichens and the mosses—the earth's first mercy and its last gift, of which the wild bird makes its nest, and the weary child its pillow; of the hills of which it is the least service to feed the rivers and purify the winds, and of which it is the higher mission to fill the thirsty human heart with the beauty of God's works; of the scarlet clouds of sunset, interwoven in a canopy of waving flame, and tossing vault beyond vault as with the drifting wings of many companies of angels; of the grass, with its soft, unnumbered,

peaceful spears; and, lastly, of the tabernacling of the unendurable sun with men as in the shadow of the firmament; so that instead of being in a scorching circle amid the blackness of vacuity, a temple is built for his presence, and a pavement is spread for his chariot, and a veil is drawn round the sanctuary of his rest; and all those passings to and fro of fruitful shower—those voices of moaning winds and threatening thunders, and glories of coloured bow and refreshing rain, are but to deepen in our hearts the acceptance and the dearness of the simple words, 'Our Father, which art in heaven.'"

They are but to prove to us, as no logic could prove—as no science could prove—as nothing could prove except a deep and sincere emotion—that "the invisible things of Him from the foundation of the world are manifest, being clearly understood by the things that are seen, even His Eternal power and Godhead."

"Truth, so far, in my book;—the truth which draws
Through all things upwards,—that a twofold world
Must go to a perfect cosmos. Natural things
And Spiritual,—who separates those two
In art, in morals, or the social drift,
Tears up the bond of Nature and brings death,
Paints futile pictures, writes unreal verse,
Leads vulgar days, deals ignorantly with men,
Is wrong, in short, at all points."

While we plead with the "silver trumpet" for a perfect blending of the Natural and the Spiritual, still we cannot close without a blast from the "ram's horn" of warning. We may revel in creating a thousand images and emblems by which to symbolise our thoughts, yet there is danger ahead.

"The danger arises from the fact that we may consider our duty done when we have instituted a beautiful comparison or found a striking emblem. Our religion may perish in sentimental expressions—you may die in words—you may say, 'A bundle of myrrh is my beloved unto me; my beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of En-gedi.' Christ is the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley—as an apple-tree among the trees of the woods. We may see Him coming out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all the powders of merchantmen, and yet our love may pass off as an evaporation, and never embody itself in one act of sacrifice, or in one attempt at service." It is possible to get into high ecstasy of poetry, and to forget the courtesies of life. We may recite poetry, and revel in emblems, and live prose all our days. Compare your living Saviour to all things beautiful, make every flower of the field into a parable, the summer will grow too few flowers to set forth all His wondrous beauty. Then go forth and incarnate Him in actions more eloquent than the sweetest melody of music—than the beauty of the rarest flower that grows. Select your finest, most striking emblems from the wide field of Nature, then go and eclipse your most glowing emblems only by a life lived on the highest levels.

"Be good, and let who will be clever;
Do noble deeds,—not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One glad, sweet song."—

ALFRED J. CAMPBELL.

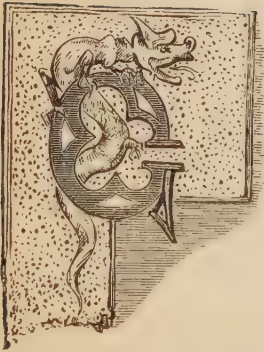




TOCKETT'S MILL.

The Garden of Yorkshire.

VI.



UISBRO', in the halcyon days of the Priory, was a dirty little place of huts; a natural and appropriate contrast to the mansion of the levites; such mansions, like modern kindred establishments, have the cream of life, while the real wealth-winners must be content with the honour

of providing for their betters, and begging for the crumbs that fall from the table. Even so late as the last century Guisbro' appears to have needed some education on the virtues of cleanliness and courtesy. Wesley, preaching from a table in the market-place, at the Cross, remarks that, "It was in a bad neighbourhood; for there was so vehement a stench of stinking fish, as was ready to suffocate me, and the people roared like the waves of the sea." Twenty years later he writes of his Guisbro' congregation, "They despise all ornaments but good works, together with a meek and quiet spirit. I did not see a ruffle, no, nor a fashionable cap among them, though many of them are in easy circumstances." Manifestly they had improved in

their manners, though the fashions of the Methodist ladies would not give much encouragement to the millinery business unless it was for straw for the enormous bonnets they wore. The lower end of the main street, Westgate, is called Stump's Cross, to commemorate the warrior who, after having his legs hewn off, continued to slash away on his bleeding stumps. This reminds us of the verse in that lively old ballad, Chevy Chase, about the brave Widdrington:—

"And Widdrington I needs must wail,
As one in doleful dumps;
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps."

So history repeats itself. Belmangate, the name of another street, is said to be derived from Belle-monde-gate, *i.e.*, the entrance to the fair country, which seems appropriate enough. It is, however, just as probable it meant the gate leading out to Belmont, towards which hill it does actually open.

Primitive Methodism is looking up a bit just now under the careful guidance and tact of the Rev. J. A. West. For the last two or three quarters the circuit steward has actually had balances in hand. Such a fact is most encouraging when it is considered how the circuit has had to struggle for years on account of the hard times,

Then, unprecedented sums are being raised at the sewing meeting teas towards a new chapel, for which a site in the best position in the town has been secured. Yesterday we were at one of them, held, *al fresco*, in Mr. C. Colling's (circuit steward), field, where we were plentifully supplied with strawberries and cream, and finished up the evening in a very natural, healthy, and happy manner with games; and the grandfathers and grandmothers enjoyed it as much as the youngsters. It was very, very pleasant to be once again among old friends, amid old scenes, for a few hours. Other people have garden-parties, and why shouldn't a P. M. parson give his people tea in a garden, or field, as well as they? No reason why he shouldn't if he has the means, and can get a garden; two important items. We thank you, Mr. West, for the happy thought so generously executed. Since then three devoted Primitives, all of whom were present at the above-mentioned tea-party, have been called home. First, Mrs. Flower, then Mrs. Colling, and last, Mr. Dodsworth. If anyone wishes to see how Primitive Methodism has fared in the chapel line, let him visit the old place up Ranter's Yard; it is the last building in a wretched *cul de sac*, and now, by-and-by, we are to appear in the best place in the town. God speed the work which alone can make such enterprises possible,—the work of conversion.

We have often wondered why such a charming place as Guisbro' has not developed into a visiting, or even residential, town. Its day may yet come. We should not be surprised to see it grow in this direction, for the mingling of the sea and moor airs must be very suitable to some constitutions. Old Speed, the antiquarian, describes it thus:—"The air is subtle and piercing, and not inclined naturally to contagious infections, which causeth the people to live long and healthfully, and are not so subject to agues, fluxes, and other imperfections, as are those countries that are more troubled with mists and foggy vapours." Those "subject to agues, fluxes, and other imperfections," will, no doubt, upon learning this, make haste to live at Guisbro', especially when we remind them that it has greatly improved since Speed's visit.

On such an evening as this it is delicious to rest in the heather on the edge of the hill and listen to the sounds as they float up from the ancient place. The bees are hurrying to get a final sip of nectar before sunset, and the air is full of happy ephemera, dancing out their short life in the tempered light and calm of the dying day. The rhythmical break of the waves can be heard nine miles away at Redcar, the result of the easterly breeze earlier in the day, with the deeper constant undertone, which you hear and yet can't hear if listened for, like a long sigh of disappointment.



MARKET CROSS, GUISBRO'.



WESTGATE, GUISBRO'.

"Two voices are here ; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains ; each a mighty voice :
They were thy chosen music, Liberty !"

The various cries and sounds come up here quite distinctly. The ring of the quoit, a whistle, the shouts of lads in the cricket field, a concertina, the footfalls of a fast-trotting nag down Westgate, and just now someone has wandered to the foot of the hill and is awaking the echoes of hill and vale by blowing fearful blasts upon a bugle,—if these be the only "concord of sweet sounds" he has in him, then is he "fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils." The old church bell rings at six a.m., twelve a.m., one p.m., and six p.m. I don't know why, unless it be a special institution for the binding and loosing of apprentices. The twelve a.m. and six p.m. bells were pleasant enough to us, but the six a.m. and one p.m. bells were as gall and wormwood to the sleepy, reluctant apprentices. Yes, the same bell rang out just now, and its gentle echoes travelled up to the moors and away, away into infinite space, but it was not rung by the same hand, neither did the same hearts hail its note of freedom as in the years gone by. Nine out of every ten of the youths of twenty-two years ago are either scattered or dead. The band near the hospital has played no less than three pieces while I have been here, all well known—"Rousseau," with its sad note ; the lively "March of the Men of Harlech," and an inspiring

Austrian March, the name of which I do not at the moment recollect. The slight movement in the air—it can't be called even a gentle breeze—which has just sprung up is favourable, and the great hill front has a pleasure in catching the human notes at its base and passing them up and on to the moors, as to a great audience chamber. The sun is setting behind the Eston and Barnaby Moors, and his last glow flashes on the scattered graves of the Nab, Roseberry and Highcliffe, and steals gently for a last kiss into the old priory grounds. The shale hills of the alum-workers change almost into gold under the horizontal light ; and the old, red tiles with which many of the houses in the town are roofed, never look so beautiful as just now, when flinging out their warm hues to the glory of the setting sun with a cheery "Good-night, I'll see you in the morning," so it seems. Stump's Cross and Warsfield, where savage Dane and Saxon, fiery Cavalier and dogged Roundhead hacked and cursed each other, are peaceful, very peaceful under the fading light. True, they tell the sad story of the past, but it is told in a gentle voice, as is fitting the story of man's hate and evil should be told in later times. Over the dark, motionless clump of trees the crown of the priory window and gable can be seen standing as it has stood for ages,—and as it will stand when the writer and his readers are as much forgotten as the

small insects that are dying by hundreds to-night up here—with parts of its mutilated beauty scattered around—still standing as if to guard the little town that for centuries rose and fell with its fortunes.

"Lord, what is man that Thou art mindful of him?"

It had famous founders and supporters, scholarly priors of great religious and political influence, but being untrue to the eternal law of Righteousness and Progress, a night, dark and hopeless, has settled upon it as a religious institution. To-morrow God's "golden-tressed sun" will come again to the beautiful vale, but never again will the old Abbey become a living force. Here we have the remains of Britons, Romans, Saxons, Danes, Normans, noblemen, priests, miners, masons, and cunning workmen. Many of them have a story to tell of strife, ambition, cruelty, hardship, poorly rewarded labour, accident in the mine, starvation and cringing fear in the cottage,—in a word, of the loves, hates and works of the solemn past.

At last the sun has vanished, but great shafts of tremulous light shoot up into the sky, and the edges of the clouds are a flaming copper colour. Surely the most magnificent sunsets I have ever seen have been those seen beyond the Eston Moors from Belmont. In going down the lane I looked

for the ash tree in the hedge where I first heard a bird sing,—I mean felt it sing in the inner mind. Passing quietly along the hedge, when under the tree, struck with its fearlessness, I stood quite still. Its throat was puffed out, it shook its feathers and seemed to tremble with an ecstasy. Tree and bird have both gone, but by that divine song of twenty years ago they are both living to me now. All judgments of the mind must have a standard of comparison; that is mine for the song of birds. I have heard the nightingale singly, and three and four at a time, in the Kentish woods, but none of them could equal my little friend in the ash tree. The mood we hear in is everything, I suppose. So many things are gone, which "signifieth the removing of those things that are shaken as of things that have been made, that those things which are not shaken may remain." The De Brus motto, "We have been," is sadly suggestive, it is the gloomy reminder of a great past. The last distinct ray has gone from the sky, reminding the Garden of Cleveland of rest, and the glory and work of the coming morrow. Let not that morrow be as to-day, but better, for are not all these monuments saying to us:—"What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

THOS. E. CURRAH.

The Place of Ritual in Worship.



GOD is a Spirit." This is a cardinal truth to be held firmly when considering the place ritual sustains to worship. Man is a spirit within a body, living in a world of sensible forms, which, with the growth of his religious feelings, more and more become media through which his soul feels the

Unseen. The spiritual nature of God, and the forms among which man moves, make ritual in worship a necessity. Hence rites there must be, either in forms elaborate or simple. No Church could long survive the absence of Sundays, ministers, churches, sermons, songs, and prayers. Milton, Puritan though he was, made the worship of angels take form even in heaven, and it was to "warbled hymns and forced hallelujahs" that Mammon professed to take objection. The Greek at Eleusis, the Israelite in Solomon's temple, the old

Polynesian, all expressed their feeling towards the Unseen through ritual more or less elaborate. A proportion of ritual is necessary to the success of popular religion, and in itself may assist a company of worshippers to realise the presence of God. No doubt, the realisation of God's presence in instruction, pardon, peace, and adoration is the end of worship as understood by the many, but since that must take form and expression, ritual must prevail. A corpse has all the mechanism of a living body; it is life which creates an effective unity of body and soul. Rites and forms are dead unless the Spirit vitalise them, but when they become the media of grace they seem to fall away and give place to spiritual realities. There is no natural antagonism between ritual and worship. The highest worship vivifies every element of ritual it employs, making all minister to the growth and strengthening of the soul.

From such considerations there spring, by a slight digression, the inquiry as to the legitimacy of art in the service of ritual. It may be granted safely, that art can express worthily supernatural affections. The term Madonna may, to many, suggest the prostitution of art in the service of worship;

still, the face of the Madonna, as expressed by the masters in art, does express some of the highest feelings of which human nature is capable. Sir Noel Paton's picture, "Light in Darkness," has awakened spiritual feeling in the hearts of many, and has encouraged in the most worldly that frame of mind from which all true worship must arise. Or, again, spiritual truths may be set to such "linked sweetness," and allied to such entrancing tunes, that the most fastidious in literary taste cannot refuse to admit the power of a hymn to minister to the soul. Hymnody does express submission, reverence, awe, trust, and hopefulness. But is the objection urged that such supernatural affections in the worshipper can be created only by the Holy Spirit, and that unless kindled by Him they are spurious? It is a sufficient answer to say that it is not wise to limit narrowly the agencies through which the Holy Spirit may operate upon a soul. By what reasoning can it be proved that the Highest prefers to work through services bald, plain, unrelieved, unbeautiful, and that He withdraws His influence from correctness, taste and beauty? Do doggerel verses and bad sermons support the spiritual life better than perfect poetry and eloquent speech? The Free Churches of this country employ the artistic more than at any previous period, and with good results. Uniformity in the measure of ritual employed will never be attained. Nor is it desirable. Different persons will desire ritual in different proportions. The progress of culture makes for the reduction of baldness in public worship. With the growth of culture in Protestant Churches there is a tendency to make services rather more elaborate. This is not a dangerous sign. The disparagement of all ritual as ritual, is not a cardinal principle of Protestantism. There would be danger if a certain expression and measure of ritual were regarded as the criteria wherewith to determine a true faith, church and ministry. True Protestantism does not make such tests. The Free Churches practise more rites than formerly, but with perfect safety. Primitive Methodism has been similarly affected, and so has Methodism generally. A service plain as that followed in many chapels demands a strong personality in the pulpit, or tediousness is not always avoided. Primitive Methodism will adapt its ritual to the intelligence, culture, and spirituality of its members, and absolute finality or rigid uniformity will not be sought.

But are spiritual dangers ever attendant upon excessive ritual? That depends largely upon the doctrines expressed by the rites. Considering the facts, we discover that the churches with the most elaborate ritual—the Greek and Roman—are in doctrine most untrue to the teaching of Jesus. The mischief wrought by Romanism is not simply on account of its multiplication of rites, but because of the injurious beliefs with which they are

identified. Protestantism has varied considerably in the degree of ritual it has employed, but its rites have never been so damaging to morality and religion, because they have been associated with sound views on the sacraments, repentance, the rights of the intellect, and the position of the laity. Still, it never can be forgotten that, taking human nature as we find it, elaborate ritual easily becomes a refuge of the unspiritual. Men will substitute the form for the reality, and in slavish obedience to rites and ceremonies, will compound for moral delinquency. There are no more melancholy pages in Church history than those which record the disastrous results to the faith from the substitution of fasts, holy days, gifts, penances, and works for repentance, reparation, self-denial and obedience. In presence of ritual imposed on worshippers by a clergy, it is well to remember that men in the average do not easily maintain existence on high spiritual planes, and are only too facile in seeking to save the soul by forms, ceremonies, rites, and institutions. Herein lies the greatest danger. For the ritual we confront is not that which simply claims the right to express spiritual needs through its own forms—the right to do which we must concede—but a movement which makes the sacraments a superstition, emphasises the priestly power of the clergy, and unchristianises all who do not identify themselves with particular forms. Here is ritual elevated into a doctrine. This is ritualism. Make certain rites, offices, and institutions necessary to salvation, and the old error is repeated in teaching as doctrines, the commandments of men. This is not limiting the Almighty to a house made with hands, but it does limit Him to a rite formed by man's device. This is a deadly perversion of the use of ritual in worship, and is unworthy at once of God and human nature; for the first it belittles, and the second it degrades, limiting man's approach to God through the media of human inventions. Man is greater than any form of ritual, just as he is greater than any temple yet reared. If certain rites are found to produce evils inimical to the spirituality of worship, and to be destructive of direct access to God, then they must be condemned out of the larger interests of the human soul. The Christian life demands freedom:—"Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." Rigid and enforced obedience to certain forms are as opposed to the Christian religion as an iron cage to an Alpine eagle. The Christian life in its full range will refuse to be bound for ever by ecclesiastical courts, officials, and conferences. The ritualists who assert that their rites are indispensably necessary to the Christian, cannot claim Jesus in support of their particular practices. Jesus laid no emphasis on rites and institutions, but upon pure practices and great beliefs.

ENOCH BOCKOCK.



THE OLD "ARMINIAN" METHODIST CHAPEL.

Wirksworth: A Glance at its History and Associations.



WIRKSWORTH, the metropolis of the lead-mining industry of Derbyshire, is a place of undoubted antiquity. It is situated in a valley thirteen miles N.N.E. from Derby, ten miles west from Alfreton, six miles north-west from Belper, and four miles south from Matlock. It is in railway communication with the Midland System by a branch line from Duffield. The scenery in the vicinity is picturesquely beautiful and even grand. The valleys hereabout are girded by high hills carpeted with woodlands, meadows, and studded with stupendous rocks curiously perforated over a large extent by old lead-mines.

The town was doubtless one of the mining settlements of the Romans, the lead-mines, on which for generations the prosperity of Wirksworth was dependent, being worked by them. "Pigs" of lead, bearing Roman inscriptions, have been found in the neighbourhood, and are now preserved in the British Museum. The town was an industrial centre under the Saxons, who also carried on extensive lead-mining works.

In 714, Eadburga, the Abbess of Repton, sent a leaden coffin from Wirksworth, to contain the remains of St. Guthlac, Prior of Croyland. In 835, Kenewara, Abbess of Repton, granted the Manor

to Humbert the Alderman, on condition that he sent a yearly contribution of lead, to the value of 300 shillings, to be used at Christ Church, Canterbury.

Wirksworth was a place of importance when Liverpool was a marsh, when Manchester was in its infancy, and the great manufacturing cities of the North were unknown. It reached the full measure of its importance about 1850. In 1852, the vicar's tithe from a single mine amounted to £1,200. Owing, however, to the difficulty and expense of working, all the mines have now been discontinued, and, in consequence, for some years the town has been declining in prosperity. Limestone is quarried to a considerable extent. Beside this industry many of the inhabitants are employed in the Wirksworth and district tape, cotton and hosiery mills, and the "Cow Farms" of the neighbourhood forward daily supplies of milk to London and to nearly all the large cities of the kingdom.

The Moot Hall, Wirksworth, was built by the Duchy of Lancaster in 1814. The Barmote Courts, for settling all mineral disputes, are held here, and here also is kept the Miner's "Standard Dish," given by Henry VIII. It holds a little more than fourteen pints, and is used for testing all other dishes used for measuring lead ore. It is made of brass, and bears the following inscription:—"This dishe was made the iiij. Yere of the reign of Kyng Henry the VIII. before George, Erle of Shrowesbury, Steward of the Kyng's most honourable household, and also Steward of the honour of Tutbery, by the

assent and consent as wele of all the Mynours as of all the Brenners, within and adjoyning the lordshyp of Wyrkysworth, percell of the said honour. This Dyshe to remayne at the Moot Hall at Wyrkysworth, hanging by a cheyne so as the Merchantes or Mynours may have resorte to the same at all tymes to make the tru mesure aft. the same."

The Wirksworth Grammar School was founded in 1576 by Anthony Gell, Esq. Its income from endowments amounts to about £230 per annum.

The British School, the first elementary school in the town, was established about fifty years ago, with accommodation for 320 scholars. We have also a large and prosperous State Church Day School, and no School Board as yet. A commodious Town Hall was erected in 1871, costing £7,000. The Wirksworth Temperance Society also has a useful Temperance Hall, with accommodation for 350 persons.

The various branches of Nonconformity are fairly well represented in the town and neighbourhood. Presbyterianism was established here soon after the passing of the Act of Uniformity in 1662. There is preserved a minute book of "The Wirks-

worth Presbyterian Classes" from 1561—1568, and amongst others, the name of the Rev. John Oldfield, an ejected minister from Carsington, about three miles distant, is mentioned. The members afterwards became "Independents," and are now known as Congregationalists. The chapel was rebuilt in 1873, at a cost of £1,500. During the progress of the work, a brick vault was discovered under the communion table, in which was a perfect male skeleton, supposed to be that of one of the early Puritan divines. The Baptists, who are the most prosperous of the Free Churches here, erected their first chapel in 1816. The present edifice, built in 1886, cost £3,000. There is a General and also a Baptist Cemetery, each under the control of their respective Boards.

It is said that when the late Dr. Doddridge's chapel at Northampton was being rebuilt in the year 1785, the late Rev. Jonathan Scott, the first minister of Glenorchy Chapel, at Matlock Bath, was then building a Congregational chapel for the colony of miners at Middleton-by-Wirksworth, about two miles from Matlock, and near the lovely and celebrated "Via Gellia." He begged, or



BEDE COTTAGE: FRONT AND BACK.

bought, Dr. Doddridge's old Northampton pulpit, with its sounding-board and reading-desk, set it up at Middleton-by-Wirksworth, and there it still stands. The sounding-board and desk have vanished, though some of the old people remember them, but the identical old brass hat-peg remains, and also a receptacle for the preacher's watch.

The United Methodist Free Church was built in 1885, at a cost of £1,500. Under the chapel is a schoolroom capable of holding 300 children, in which may still be seen the identical pulpit, taken from a now disused "Arminian" Chapel still standing in St. John's Street, Wirksworth, from which the gentle but inspired "Methody" of "Adam Bede" used frequently to preach the old Gospel. It is still well known in the town as "Adam Bede's Chapel," and quite near the U.M.F.C. schoolroom. Several persons living in Wirksworth can "well remember" both Dinah and Adam. It was here the lead-miners, labourers, and stockinger mill-hands who gathered round her, listened as she, in her own sweet and tender style, pleaded with them "not to hate anything but sin, to be full of love to every creature, to be frightened at nothing, to be sure that all things will turn to good, not to mind pain, because it is our Divine Father's will, to know that nothing can part us from God, who loves us, and who fills our souls with peace and joy, because we are sure that whatever He wills is holy, just, and good." "Dinah and Adam Bede" passed the latter and greater portion of their lives in Wirksworth, and Adam died in an old-fashioned house, which, when you see it, must remind you of the "old curiosity shop" of Charles Dickens, and which is now occupied by one of our own old-fashioned members, a not distant relative of Adam's. It is reported that the saintly couple gave their Sabbath days to preaching and exhortation, often walking many miles to carry on the good work they had at heart. The cottage in which they lived, now called "Bede Cottage," is in Wirksworth, and also the "shop" in which for years Adam worked as a carpenter, and in which Primitive Methodist services have long been held, is on our circuit plan. Near the cottage, just across the road, also still standing, is the famous Haarlem Mill, now worked by the Messrs. Wheatcroft, good friends to all good causes. Through the mill flows "the brook" in which Adam's tippling father was found drowned. The hamlet is called "Miller's Green." Drinking and drunkenness, we regret to say, are still cursing many people in this beautiful neighbourhood. We opine that all readers of the most popular novel cannot but feel something more than a passing interest in these places hallowed by such footsteps.

Whether it be through the abiding name and influence of "Dinah Morris," I cannot say, but female preachers and female preaching continue to be a marked power at and around Wirksworth. The Rev. A. A. Birchenough informs us, that the



MRS. EVANS ('DINAH MORRIS.')

Rev. Hugh Bourne, one of the founders of our Connexion, "knew and conversed with 'Dinah Morris.'" It may have been that he encouraged and prayed for her in her preaching. Female preaching was not much encouraged at that time by the Wesleyan ministers and Conference, as the sequel will show. There are on the Wirksworth plan, though small, the names of no fewer than five or six devout women who take work in preaching Christ to the people, and several others in the other Free Churches in the town. From Carsington, in this circuit, in those days went out into the pioneer ministry of Primitive Methodism, that Christly, zealous, and eminently successful evangelist, Miss Sarah Kirkland, afterwards Mrs. Harrison, who, in Nottingham, Derby, Hull, and in the rural districts around these populous centres, led hundreds of souls to Christ, and joined them to the early societies of our Zion. The spiritual life and success of those Christ-filled women remind me of the wonderful salvation and service of "the woman of Samaria," who, after meeting with Christ, and seeing and being filled with His glory, "left her pitcher" and said to the people of the district, "Come, see a Man who told me all I ever did. Is not this the Christ?" And many of the Samaritans of Sychar believed on Him for the saying of the woman. May this Christ-kindled zeal and evangelistic power never die out, or even decline in the women of Methodism.



WIRKSWORTH ('SNOWFIELD') CHURCH.

I will conclude this paper with the following interesting account of the ancestry and Divine call of Adam and Dinah, taken chiefly from the *Methodist Recorder*.

Derby—the "Stoniton" of "Adam Bede"—is much more closely connected with George Eliot's heroine than appears from the novel, and in circumstances altogether different.

Derby Methodism is connected with "George Eliot," too, not in her relationship to the sweet Methodist saint whom she depicts only, but also in what she calls her "deliciously calm" friendship with Herbert Spencer, who was the son of Derby Methodists.

"An anecdote from the experience of George Eliot's Methodist aunt was the germ of 'Adam Bede,' and out of the novelist's recollections of that aunt grew the character of Dinah Morris. Quite recently (1896) the writer conversed with several persons who knew her well, and who heard her preach in and around Wirksworth."

Her maiden name was Elizabeth Tomlinson. Born at Newbold, in Leicestershire, when the Church she was afterwards to aid and adorn was producing prophetic evidences of permanence, in the erection of such buildings as City Road Chapel, she had the misfortune to lose her mother by death while still in infancy. The necessity for earning her own living brought her to Derby, to enter into service at the early age of fourteen. She appears to have lived for seven years with the same family. Methodist influences had probably operated upon her before leaving her village home, and in her new surroundings she marked the *scarcity* of heart-felt religion with the *plenty* of prayer book.

Removing to Nottingham, she exchanged domes-

tic service for the more lucrative work of a lace-mender. It was a new life altogether, and to the young woman endowed with natural gifts of a certain order, it was a life which might have proved disastrous to her spiritual welfare. Worldly company, cards, dancing, the theatre, and other forms of amusement and pleasure, left her unhappy, and in this state of mind she went to a Methodist service. She fainted under the excitement; but she was enabled to date her conversion from that meeting. The change was complete, and her new life at once began to manifest itself in "deeds of week-day holiness." She visited the sick, and caught the infection of typhus while ministering to an afflicted family.

After her recovery, she visited Derby, and her Methodist friends constrained her to relate her religious and philanthropic experiences to the Society in St. Michael's Lane. Thus was she gradually brought into more public work.

At the Nottingham Assizes in 1801, a girl named "Mary Voce" was sentenced to death on a charge of child murder, and Miss Tomlinson, along with a sister Methodist, was permitted to visit her. Their solicitude and sympathy brought the condemned girl to conviction and penitence, and when she was conveyed to the place of public execution outside the town, her two friends accompanied her in the cart. *This*, stated briefly, was the story which "Mary Ann Evans" received from her aunt, and out of it, twenty years after, she shaped the character of "Hetty Sorrell," and what proved to be the most popular of her books.

The experience gained under such circumstances was not lost upon Elizabeth Tomlinson. Lace-mending being lucrative, she was enabled, by

economy, and the late plying of her needle, to spend much time in ministering to the sick. She also spoke in public with such ability that her services were in request for distant places. She carried the glad evangel into Derbyshire and Staffordshire, and in so doing became acquainted with the young man who afterwards made her his wife.

Samuel Evans, (son of George Evans, and younger brother of Robert Evans), the "Adam" of his daughter's story, was born at Roston, near Ashbourne, in 1777. He (Samuel) joined the followers of Wesley as a young man, and soon became a class-leader and local preacher. He was invited by the members of his class to go with them to Ashbourne to hear a pious and devoted female from Nottingham preach. The preacher was Elizabeth Tomlinson, and upon the heart of Samuel Evans she unconsciously wrought an influence beyond that of her sermon. He found, however, upon becoming personally acquainted, that Miss Tomlinson was not disposed to entertain any thought of marriage. Nevertheless, he pressed his suit, and the young lady at length yielded. In reading "Adam Bede," most people feel that "Seth" and "Dinah" were intended for each other, and, undoubtedly, it was an ill suggestion of George Lewes which made it otherwise in the novel. The fact is finer than the fiction from any point of view.

In the Church of St. Mary, at Nottingham, Samuel Evans was married to Elizabeth Tomlinson on August 20, 1804. They first took up their residence at Roston, on the Derbyshire bank of the Dove, and their evangelistic labours in this and the neighbouring villages resulted in religious revival

and the establishment of new societies. Entire sanctification had been enjoyed, at least by Mrs. Evans, from the early days of her discipleship; and it is not surprising to learn, from the diary of one who heard her preach at Chellaston, on January 3, 1808, that perfection without any bounds, was her theme.

About eight years after marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Evans moved with their family from Roston to Derby. Here they exercised afresh their religious zeal as members of the King Street Society, and the philanthropic work of the wife brought her under the stimulating notice of Elizabeth Fry. Seven years later they left Derby for Wirksworth, and in their cottage beside the Haarlem tape-mill, they were visited by George Eliot.

Their Christian activities were continued in many directions, and as local preachers their names appeared on the Cromford Circuit plan up to 1832, when an event occurred which caused their temporary secession.

In the preceding year the doctrinal division, originated by a schoolmaster and local preacher named Breedon, had caused a severance from the Derby Society of about three hundred members, who formed themselves into a new sect, called "Arminian Methodists." This "Derby Faith," as it was dubbed, was also carried as far as Wirksworth. The Conference of 1832, in discussing the case, came to an understanding that women preachers should not be encouraged, and the Rev. Thomas Fletcher, superintendent of the Cromford Circuit, suggested to Mrs. Evans, on Dr. Bunting's advice, that instead of her name appearing on the plan, her



HAARLEM MILL.

appointments should be designated by a mark, dropping the figure number. Mrs. Evans declined to comply, and with her husband, joined the "Armians," whose services were held in a room formed out of two cottages, now a coachbuilder's workshop, in St. John's Street, Wirksworth.

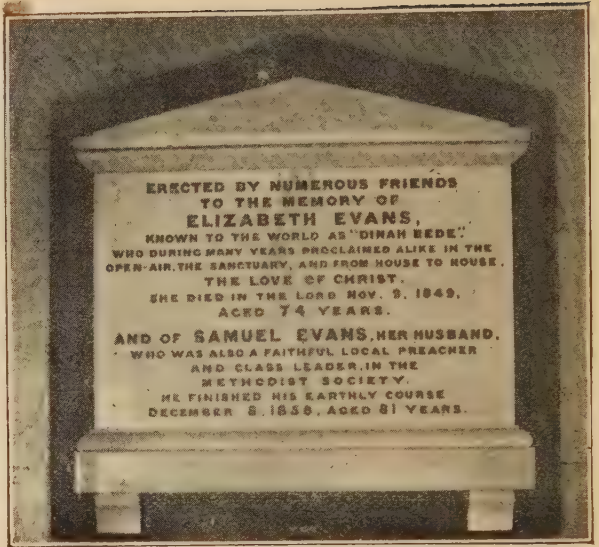
The separation, though of some years' duration, was not permanent, and Mr. and Mrs. Evans both died members of the Wesleyan Methodist Society. In 1849, "Evans—Wirksworth" stood as No. 23 among the local preachers on the Cromford plan. Ten years afterwards, the late Rev. Thomas Sheldon, who preached Mr. Evans' funeral sermon in the Wirksworth Wesleyan Chapel, placed this obituary notice on the printed plan:—

"Brother Evans departed this life, in the peace and faith of Christ, December 8th, 1858, aged eighty-one years, having been a preacher of the Gospel fifty years.

"He sleeps in Jesus and is blest;
How sweet his slumbers are!
From sufferings and from woes released,
And freed from every snare."

Thus, while George Eliot's story was being printed in Edinburgh, her uncle passed from pleasant "Snowfield," (Wirksworth), to the rest already enjoyed by his faithful partner. Their earthly parts are interred at Wirksworth, and in the Wesleyan Chapel there may be seen the mural tablet, a reproduction of which is here given:—

"Erected by numerous friends to the memory of Elizabeth Evans, known to the world as 'Dinah



Bede,' who during many years proclaimed alike in the open-air, the sanctuary, and from house to house, the love of Christ. She died in the Lord, Nov. 9, 1849, aged seventy-four years. And of Samuel Evans, her husband, who was also a faithful local preacher and class-leader in the Methodist Society. He finished his earthly course December 11, 1858, aged eighty-one years."

J. SCRUTON.

The Grass.

BEAUTIES in profusion, for His children here,
Made our Heavenly Father in earth's first bright
year;

Sun to rule the day-time, moon and stars the night,
Bird and bee and blossom, yielding us delight;
And—Creation's palace filling full of grace,—
Caused He the soft grass to spring up in many a
place.

And, though o'er that glory fell sin's dark'ning sway,
And no angel-footsteps hear *we* by the way;
But though Death's still river now parts heaven and
earth,

And man's gifts are fewer than at that sweet birth;
Yet still—Love's own token—'neath our feet is laid,
This—the world's first carpet, by God's wisdom
made.

On the mount it smileth, more than beautiful,
Nor the lowliest valley finds too dark or dull;
Rough and stony road-side smoothing for the feet,
And its friends, the dew-drops, telling secrets sweet,
Meadow, wood, and orchard; field and lane grow
gay,
For their soft green mantle, hiding dark decay.

Yea, a joy and beauty, and a wondrous thing,
Is the fair, frail grass-growth wheresoe'er it cling;
Wearing flowers as jewels, charming rich and poor,
Growing round the palace or the cottage door,—
And when—cleaving heaven—thanks to God shall
pass
For His gifts, we'll think how one is the fresh, green
grass.

J. E. SLADE.





The Shelf of Honour ;

OR, BOOKS THAT HAVE MOVED ME.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH RITSON, AUTHOR OF "LOST AND WON," ETC.

"CONCERNING ISABEL CARNABY."



METHODIST novel, written with sympathy and insight by the daughter of an ex-Cabinet minister. A wonderful thing, surely! Methodism has not unfrequently been the subject of the novelist's art. It were strange, indeed, if one of the greatest social and religious forces of the century had escaped the notice of those who aim at the portrayal of our modern

life. It has been described both from the inside and the outside, and with varying degrees of success. Each method may be said to have had the defects of its qualities. The outside student of the great movement has too often failed to apprehend its true inwardness, and the result has been mere caricature. Those on the other hand who have written from personal knowledge and experience, have lacked the sense of proportion necessary to commend their work to the great world outside the pale of Methodism.

But at last we have a novel largely dealing with Methodist life by one who blends the advantages of both points of view. Here is a writer who may be said to be both in Methodism and in society, and to possess, in consequence, something of the mental detachment necessary to a view of the subject at once sympathetic and just on the one hand, and in true perspective and proportion on the other. It were too much, perhaps, to claim that Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler has seen Methodism steadily, and seen it whole; but she has come nearer that desirable consummation than any writer of her class. Her book as a consequence, has not been

read merely by Methodists, but by many who know nothing of Methodism save from the merest hearsay. Society has got a new idea of Methodism from the pages of this extremely clever writer, and one calculated to awaken a good deal of surprise.

The book came into my hands just before starting for my holiday last summer. It is not every work of fiction that is suited to a holiday. Even holiday conditions may inflict an injustice on an author, involving a verdict very much less favourable than would have been given under different circumstances. But "Isabel Carnaby" proved a delightful holiday book. It got full justice, and contributed distinctly to the enjoyment of the time. Not but what the holiday resort was of itself admirable. Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife, it was eminently calculated to give rest and refreshment. More than once it has figured in the pages of our Connexional writers of fiction, under the name of Alwood; but, perhaps, it has been most felicitously described by "the youngest Miss Jones" in the extremely clever article she contributed to this Magazine, on "How I went in for Metaphysics." "It is the highest, and I believe the smallest market-town in England. Imagine a background of hills and pine-woods, a handful of grey stone houses flung haphazard against the side of a bleak fell, and one steep street paved with cobbles, ascending hurriedly from the railway station in the valley to the little church, then turning an abrupt corner, threading a queer old archway,—with houses, and even a little shop, built over it,—and climbing higher and higher,—a very Excelsior of a street,—until it leaves the last house behind, and runs out rejoicing upon the open moor! That was Felston, as we knew it. In spring and summer it was lovely; loveliest of all, perhaps, on still autumn afternoons, when the rowan-berries were ripe, and the first magical touch of frost had

turned the beeches and elms along the little river to wonderful gold and crimson, against the blue-green and emerald of Scotch firs and larches."

Well, my holiday at Felston fell in the sweet summer time, and I can heartily endorse the description of the "Youngest Miss Jones." But charming as the place is, it is indebted to "Isabel Carnaby" for an added charm, so far as my memories of that holiday are concerned. Can a genuine lover of books be content to spend a holiday anywhere without a literary friend, old or new? He may leave behind him the solid tomes which grace his library shelves. They are friends indeed, to whom he resorts for comfort and inspiration in the stress and struggle of every-day life; but for that very reason he must bid them *au revoir* when he goes for his annual holiday. He will return to them with new zest by and by, and tell himself how good it is to look once more on their dear familiar faces. But for his holiday he must, in every sense, if possible, betake himself to fresh woods and pastures new.

Well, "Isabel Carnaby" was new in every sense. The book had not been long published, and I congratulated myself on having such a treat in store for my holiday. Had I not a vivid remembrance of some singularly fine poems from the pen of Miss Ellen Thomeycroft Fowler that had appeared in "The Speaker"; and some almost too brilliant articles in "The Young Man"? The weather was fine, and I found cycling down the tremendous hills at a break-neck speed decidedly exhilarating, except on one occasion, when I came to a rather sudden and inconvenient stop at a sharp turn at the bottom. Going up the hills is, well, another pair of shoes, as Mr. Hall Caine would say. But there is one splendid spin which would repay for almost any climb. When you reach the top you find yourself on an almost perfect road, nearly as smooth as a board, and descending for miles with a gradient just steep enough to enable you to put your feet up and let the machine go. As you spin down that magnificent road—surely the finest in all England—you presently find a beautiful valley opening out before you. I may be pardoned if I think it the most charming in the world.

"Déar lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Scenes of my youth, when every sport could please;
How often have I paused on every charm:
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm;
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill."

Or, if you take an opposite direction, you have a long, steady pull of some five miles. The road was constructed by Macadam himself, and is a perfect marvel in its way. When you reach the top you look down on a magnificent stretch of richly cultivated country over which the eye travels till it catches the shimmer of the far-off waters of the Solway Firth. Then you turn your face home-

wards, and enjoy the glorious spin of five miles down hill.

This was all delightful, but "Isabel Carnaby" gave delights of another kind. "That must be a rare book!" said my friends, as they heard me chuckling over some tit-bit, or indulging in a good hearty laugh. I was not unaware of the fact that there is something irritating in hearing a person thus enjoying jokes of which the rest of the company are in ignorance. But occasionally I felt constrained to read out aloud to the company some specially delightful *bon mot*. It is not always that such quotations commend themselves to the listener. Something of the reader's pleasure is due to the setting, and his knowledge of the characters; and it says not a little for the quality of my quotations that they were generally relished, and everybody was longing for a turn at the book. Perhaps the reader thinks it is quite time he had a turn at it too, and that in more senses than one.

The dedication of the volume runs thus:

"To Mine Own People: meaning those within
The magic ring of home—my kith and kin;

And those with whom my soul delights to dwell—
Who walk with me as friends, and wish me well;

And lastly those—a large, unnumbered band,
Unknown to me—who read and understand."

And the band is much larger than the authoress probably expected. Her publisher can tell her how many editions the book has run through—some fourteen by this time, we judge—but he cannot tell her the number of her readers, still less the proportion of those who "read and understand." But if every copy of the book has been read and appreciated like mine, then the number who "read and understand" will be somewhere about ten or twelve times the number of copies sold. A friend of mine, who is, by the way, an ex-Vice-President of the Conference, declares it is the cleverest book he ever read. Our most eminent Connexional evangelist was so entranced with the book that he must have got very little sleep for several nights; and a common subject of debate among those who have read "Isabel Carnaby," is whether the book is not after all far too clever and brilliant. Those who take the affirmative can always console themselves with the reflection that the affliction is not a common dispensation, and so may well make shift to endure it.

With the mere story of the book we need not here concern ourselves. There is little in the way of a plot. The author's *forte* is conversation, and she wisely makes the most of it. Were the conversations not so good readers would weary of page after page of that commodity. But they do not weary, but like *Oliver Twist*, ask for more. I shall best serve those who have not yet made the acquaintance of the book by confining myself to a few quotations. This would not be fair in many

cases, but here you cannot do more than give samples, for however much you display there will always be plenty left. There are some brilliant pictures of society in the book, but it is with the clever and sympathetic portrayal of Methodism we are mainly concerned. Only a Methodist could have hit off so accurately the essential characteristics of the religious community founded by John Wesley. How true is the remark that "one of the most noteworthy characteristics of 'the people called Methodists' is the *esprit de corps*—the spirit of clannishness—which runs through the whole body." An excellent feature, and yet liable, as we know, to degenerate into a defect. We Primitive Methodists are not in danger of allowing that spirit to become too strong with us. I remember as a boy being struck with this difference between the Wesleys and ourselves in my native Dale—and in all essentials what Wesleyans were in that remote Dale I have found them to be all over the land; the type is everywhere repeated. If the Wesleyans got hold of a young convert, no matter under whom he had found the blessing, they employed all their arts to persuade him that nowhere would he be so likely to get on well religiously as with them. The Primitives on the other hand, even with those who were converted at their services, were in the habit of saying, "Now if you think you would find the most help in your religious life with us we shall be glad to welcome you into fellowship; but we want you to go where you will feel most at home." And this I know was done from no feeling of indifference, but from a fine sense of honour, and a hatred of anything savouring of proselytising, or as they would have called it, "sheep-stealing." A little bit more of the Wesleyan *esprit de corps*, providing it did not go too far, would add greatly to the strength of Primitive Methodism.

As has been indicated, the pictures of Methodist character in "Isabel Carnaby" are charming, and full of insight and sympathy. This is true even of Mrs. Martin and her husband, who "imagined they were a very godly couple because they attended chapel regularly, and had their library lined with calf-bound copies of the *Methodist Magazine*, dating from its Arminian days." It is true there is more insight than sympathy in the portrayal of this couple, but the sympathy is not wholly lacking. Then the Superannuated minister, Mr. Seaton and his wife, are delightfully sketched. Their simplicity and unworldliness, their self-sacrifice and devotion, their true refinement, and their high sense of honour render them altogether lovable. Then there is that dear old maid, Miss Drusilla Dallicot, who came so gallantly, and with such tact and delicacy, to the minister's rescue. Was ever such a rare combination of the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove? How some people would have hurt and offended the sensitive high-minded old gentleman by that loan or gift of five

hundred pounds! But Miss Dallicot made him feel he was conferring a favour. Then Joanna, the minister's daughter, and the Fords, are all admirable in their way. But the gem of the book, Methodistically, is old Martha, the minister's servant. Her shrewdness and mother wit, her clever yet caustic tongue, her real kindness and devotion to her master and mistress, and her quaint religious philosophy make her a boon and a blessing to men—and women. Her sister had lost her hair in a serious illness, and this is how Martha reasoned about it:—

"I hope you said something comforting to your sister, Martha," said Joanna.

"Yes, Miss, I did, and something edifying too, I trust. 'Eliza Ann,' says I, 'if you have been ugly here, you will be handsome enough in heaven, never fear. Much beauty you never had; but, such as it is, you gave it to the Lord, and He will pay it back in His own good time.'"

"Then do you think that what we give up here will be made up to us hereafter?"

"Certainly so," replied Martha cheerfully: "the Lord tells us in His Holy Word to owe no man anything; so it isn't likely that He will remain in debt Himself. Trust Him, if we give Him our health, or wealth, or beauty, it will be repaid, some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred-fold."

"I wonder if we shall be beautiful in heaven?" said Joanna.

"Of course we shall, my dear, if we want to be," replied Martha; "if the Lord lets us wish for anything very much, He means to fulfil that wish, either in this world or the next, or else He would never let us go on wishing it."

"Then do you think every one will be made good-looking in heaven?"

"I do, Miss Joanna. It will be a big job with some of us, I admit; but the Lord will manage it, never fear."

"Still it seems wrong and selfish, somehow, to wish very much for beauty," persisted Joanna, who, being younger and less wise than her mother, was addicted to argument. "Mrs. Martin was talking about this the other day, and she said she considered the mere desire to be beautiful was a form of sinful vanity."

"Perhaps she is of a contented disposition, and has brought her mind to her circumstances, as the saying is," suggested Martha, who always scented battle at the mere mention of Mrs. Martin. This excellent lady had a wonderful knack of teaching people their place—a form of education which does not add to the popularity of the instructor.

"So Joanna and her old nurse, like the true Methodists that they were, talked familiarly together about holy things; and this familiarity arose not from any lightness or irreverence, but from the fact that to them such things were so near and real

that they became as household words. The Methodists of the past generation lived always with their lamps lit and their loins girded, as those that wait for their Lord; and they sought so diligently for the true that they had no leisure to look for the beautiful, for it had not yet been revealed to them that the True and the Beautiful are one."

It has been a positive pain to cut that last quotation short; but there is no help for it. And yet there is another glimpse of old Martha I must give, even at the risk of incurring the editor's displeasure at such encroachments on his space.

"Martha," said Mrs. Seaton to her faithful handmaid, "it goes to my heart to say it, but I fear we cannot keep you with us any longer."

"Well, to be sure, ma'am!" exclaimed Martha, in unfeigned surprise. "And what may have put such a notion as that into your head? You'll be talking about giving the minister notice next."

"The fact is, Martha, that we can no longer afford so valuable a maid as yourself. Now that our circumstances are changed, we can only keep one servant for the very rough work, and Miss Joanna and I must do the rest ourselves."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that it is the money-question that has put you thus beside yourself, ma'am, and not any dissatisfaction with me. Not that I should have left, even if such had been the case; I should have stayed with you for your own good, even though you had given me notice twenty times a day. Bless you, ma'am, if I wasn't here to look after you all, the whole place would go to rack and ruin."

"You are right, Martha. Home would not be home without you."

"Then don't multiply words any more, ma'am, or talk nonsense about my going away. I have made up my mind to stay with you all, and not to take any wages whatsoever; and when Martha Prosser puts her foot down, all the king's horses and all the king's men can't pick it up again."

"But, dear Martha, we can't let you go on serving us without wages."

"And why not, I should like to know? What do I want with wages? My face is too plain for me to care to spend money on my back—which is no secret, being there for all the world to see. And I don't hold with saving, ma'am. Money is like manna, to my thinking; it is all very well to supply the needs of the passing day, but when you begin to save it up it does not improve with keeping."

"Yet we should all of us lay by what we can for our old age," suggested Mrs. Seaton.

"I don't hold with that neither. It is a poor compliment, to my mind, to say, 'The Lord will provide,' and then bolster Him up with a bank-book, as if He couldn't do His part of the business without our assistance. My conscience alive! If we'll only do our part properly, He'll do His, never fear!"

The minister's wife did not reply in words; but she threw her arms round Martha's neck, and sobbed out her griefs and her gratitude on that faithful breast.

I have not told all that Martha did on that occasion; but the reader will by this time be ready to order the book and see the rest for himself. Then he will learn all about the hero and heroine, both of whom are exceedingly interesting. Is not the book named after the heroine? And surely, if the mere accidents of the book are so interesting, the essentials must be much more so. And this remarkable picture of Methodism has been written by the daughter of a Cabinet minister whose name has even been mentioned as a future Liberal Prime Minister! A significant sign of the times without doubt! Truly the whirligig of time brings strange revenges!





How the Organist was Converted.

BY RAMSAY GUTHRIE.



HERE was no place like "Rosehill" to David Dale. In other churches he had been occasionally, but he had never seen nor heard anything which put him out of love with his own. For him, at least, there never had been, there never could be, a place for prayer like the chapel on the mount.

In this he was simply representative of the entire company of worshippers. Their pride and pleasure in "Rosehill" was the congregational characteristic. With them, there was no building to challenge comparison. The order of the services, and the efficiency of the procedures of worship were as nearly ideal as anything human could be. Partial they were to their own, and the prejudice was justifiable. It was understood that other churches proceeded on different lines. To them, it mattered not. Envy would have been ridiculous. They pitied those who lacked the wisdom to imitate and emulate the example set at "Rosehill."

But the music was the crowning glory. It always had been. Even in the old place, when David Dale had played the double-bass, and Bobby Turner had flourished the bow of the first fiddle with extemporised variations, the chapel had been reputed for the excellence of its praise. Things were different. The mighty organ, with its keyboards three, and its stops innumerable, had superseded the little harmonium which had done service in the earlier times. "The musicianers" as Bobby Turner designated the instrumentalists, had no place in the organ-gallery, but there was the organ, a band in itself, and the organist, who was as good as fifty.

What music there was, was in manuscript then. It was a sad day for Bobby when he received the information that the written music would be no longer needed. He went to Mr. Dale to inquire if he had knowledge of the revolution which was being enacted.

"These young folks won't have the scores any longer, Bobby!" the engineer explained. "The

fact is," he whispered confidentially, "they cannot read them. The quavers give them the quivers. Pricked music is like Chinese to these youngsters. Unless it is all there before their eyes, on the music-stands, printed, printer's printing, on the lines and in the spaces, they're bamboozled completely." Finally it was agreed that the manuscripts should be equally divided between Bobby and Mr. Dale, Bobby to have his choice of the portion to be his.

The times had changed, but the musical glory had not departed. Enhanced it had been, and prouder than ever were the folks of "Rosehill" of the music of instrument, and the music of voice. The excellence was many-sided. Famous was the singing of the congregation. Clever were the performances of the choir; and as for solos, duets, trios, and quartettes, where could be found another group of choristers where every singer owned a voice fit to be heard alone?

The music was the crowning glory, and the crown was the glory of the organist. The equal of Frank Wraithe had never been seen. When the organ was formally opened, recitals were given by the masters of the king of instruments; from the Cathedrals they had come, but they departed, Frank's glory undimmed, his sovereignty unquestioned. Was there anything he could not make the organ do? That it was a magnificent mechanism was indisputable, but the perfection of the instrument did not explain the wonder. Other hands had touched the keys, and the organ had secreted its spell. It would do anything for Frank, and everything. When he was seated, it would sing for him, and shout and swell, and laugh, and whistle. It would yell with pain and scream with delight. You could hear it whispering sweetly, pleading gently, weeping softly. Then it would shout for joy, and peal aloud, and roar in triumph.

He could humour it to imitate every sound, in air, on land or sea. Accompanying the hymns, the organ produced illustrative harmony. The people were singing the words, the organ provided the descriptions. Singing the hymns of the harvest, you could hear the waving of the corn-stalks, the

switch of the scythe, the songs of the reapers. In the Hymnal there were hymns of storms, and even 'mid the singing, the wind was whistling overhead, the sails were snapping and crashing, the lightning was blinding the eye, and the thunder-claps were shaking the earth.

It was wonderful what the organ was willing to do for Frank. Far up the hills was the trickling

it might well have been through the strain he put upon it, but when he called, it answered; when he touched, it breathed; when he commanded, it obeyed.

There was music in the soul of the organist, in his fingers and in his feet. He was never known to have been baffled by any piece of music. Keys and pedals were in his mastery. The foreigners idolised him, and were credited in consequence with fine musical discrimination. When the German Baron was at Woodlea Hall, he was impatient to be in time at the chapel to hear the opening voluntary, and kept his seat till the last tone of the voluntary concluding the service.

In Bobby Turner's front room were the pictures of the preachers. All were of the self-same style, and framed in black and gold. They were the likenesses of the old itinerants, and had been cut out of the magazines. Bobby had known them all. The swiftest entry to the old man's heart was an appreciation of the likenesses, and an inquiry as to the life and labours of the old-time preachers. Then Bobby was at his best. He was on his feet on the instant, his face aglow, his heart aflame, and the names of the "mighty men," their gifts and graces, their sermons and prayers, their toils and sufferings, their gallantries and exploits, would be recited with enthusiastic ardour. He had been longer a member than Mr. Dale, and had been known to remind the master of the fact. In the feeble days he had been one of the faithful few. The offices had been held by him, and, in the room where the pictures were hanging, the very men had taken tea.

In the centre of the widest wall was a copy of the Connexion's first printed plan, and immediately beneath was a preacher's portrait. Old-fashioned was the likeness. A kindly face it was, clean-shaven, with the head slightly leaning to the side, a tuft of hair creeping to the forehead, the stock and front of peerless white. "Ay, that's his father!" Bobby would say, "John Wraithe. Many a time he's sat in the chair ye're sittin' in, an' talked of the Lord an' His ways. Well respected was John Wraithe! No, he wasn't what might be called a great preacher, but sound and solid, a feedin' preacher. He was up in the graces, an' adorned them hissel'. A quiet inoffensive body, he was; as gentle as a woman, an' as meek as a bairn. The places grew that got him, which couldn't always be said of the big preachers. Wherever he travelled, the societies thrived, the means were attended, the peace was kept, and the Gospel was glorified."

The organist was the son of the minister. John Wraithe had settled near "Rosehill" when he became a supernumerary. His rest on earth was brief. When he passed to the life beyond, his widow and son retained the dwelling.



"YOU COULD HEAR THE WAVING OF THE CORNSTALKS."

spring. The organ would take up the gurgle. The widow was praying. That organ could repeat every word, even the tone, the heart-breaks, and the hesitations of voice. A child was lost in the wood. The organ knew all about it, and would help the lost one to be found. It could shout like him, with pathos and keen desire, in the silence of the midnight's darkness. A lark was singing in the air, high up in the blueness of the sky. That organ was listening, and could sing the lark's song with bewitching precision.

For no one else would that organ exert itself. It was the slave of the man who loved it. Tired

Frank was a commercial, and "the swell" of the place. Even Bobby Turner was proud of him, week-days and Sundays, when he saw the lithesome figure, the firm and fearless tread, the eyes that danced with life, the clothes of perfect pattern, and the linen which glistened in the sunlight.

That he was keen for business was well understood. All the rumours of the envy of the business-houses to secure his services for the expansion of their interests were easily credited. Everybody liked him—the old as well as the young. His cheeriness and cleverness were captivating. And then, he was his mother's only son, and she was a widow. Never was a son like him—lavish with his money, solicitous with care, constant in affection. All this was known, and the knowledge was in the favour of the organist.

Bobby Turner had entered his protest, and never withdrawn it. The organ was the gift of David Dale, but the appointment of the organist was the prerogative of the trustees. Bobby was one of that august body. He was the time-keeper at the "Excelsior" Works, but in the vestry, where the trustees transacted business, he was on a par with his employer. Numerous applications had been received for the honour of the organist's position. The minister was in the chair, and broke the seals and read the letters of the candidates. Foregone was the conclusion. It was known that Frank would apply, and applying would be appointed. No other name was mentioned when the applications and the testimonials had been presented. Frank's letter was the briefest of them all. He had not troubled to seek commendations. His name was the only one before the meeting.

Bobby protested. "I knew an' loved his father," he said. His voice was trembling, and he was nervously fingering the leather boot-lace which served as a watch-chain on week-days. "John Wraith was one of the best of men, an' his memory is dear to me. An' as for Mister Frank, we're fond o' him. I like him as much as ye." Bobby was looking at the engineer. "He's a brave lad, is Mister Frank, an' good to his mother. He's fond o' music, in with the theory, an' up in the practical. *But he's not religious.*" His eyes were on the minister's face. "I say *he's not religious.* He's never had a change of heart. He lacks the godly fear. It may be all right for the *astres* to have unconverted 'musicianers,' but in the Lord's House ye want the spirit as well as the understanding in the songs of Zion. In the old place, as Mr. Dale will remember, we had a rule that only converts could sit in the choir-box. If Mister Frank was a member, he'd hev my vote in his favour, both hands. He lacks the one thing needful; an' he'll never be there wi' my god will."

There was no other nomination before the meeting. The chairman appealed for a unanimous vote.

"Those in favour of the appointment of Mr. Frank Wraith, kindly show by holding up the right hand!"

"Are there any against the appointment?" the minister inquired, when he had counted the votes in agreement. "I'm against!" Bobby exclaimed, "and always will be!"

Then it was that the organist's reign began. The music became increasingly distinctive. Four hymns had been the order. A fifth was added. The organ was heard in the voluntary introducing, and the voluntary completing each service. In the anthem, the choir was in evidence. The repetition of the last two lines of every hymn had been the luxury of Bobby Turner, but the organist issued the fiat against it. Bobby would have defied the tyranny, but the despot made defiance impossible by playing the last line with variations for over a minute and a half.

Bobby made it his business to speak his mind to the man of the music. "Mister Frank," he said, "ye're very aggravatin' wi' yer new-fangled ways. What would yer sainted father hev said if he'd found the music shortenin' the sermon? He liked the old ways, *he did*, the last lines over again, an' plenty of time for the preachin'." The old man's reverential affection for his father would have checked the hasty speech, even if that had been possible to the organist's kindly heart. Patiently he listened to Bobby's complaints, but never pretended to engage in argument.

Bobby was horrified. His eyes were tightly closed. His hands were clasped in prayer. The minister had been leading the devotions of the congregation, and Bobby was expecting him to repeat the Lord's Prayer. The organist had touched a key; the choir was chanting the prayer the Lord had spoken. Bobby did what he had never done for long, long years. He opened one eye, and peeped between his fingers. It was no mistake. They were singing from music.

The same Sabbath he was affrighted anew. It was the evening service, and the benediction had been pronounced. Without a word of warning, the organ softly breathed a chord, and the choir was singing the Vesper Hymn:

"Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears."

It was the Sabbath succeeding, and the organist committed an outrage. The hymn before the sermon had been sung, and Bobby had seated himself at ease to listen to the discourse. Whatever could Mister Frank mean? He had performed the variations on the final line, and now he was playing another piece. Surely he must be absent-minded! He was keeping the congregation waiting. Why didn't the minister stand up and command him to

cease? It was disgraceful. Not content with an innings at the start, and another at the finish, he rushed in at the middle as well. Bobby was distressed, and relieved his mind at the next convocation of the trustees. He was perfectly amazed that his brethren treated the matter so lightly; those indeed, who spoke had nothing but good to say of the organist's programme.

The old man demanded an explanation from Mister Frank of the voluntary in mid-service. "I thought the idea was a happy inspiration, Mr. Turner!" the luckless organist replied. "Mr. Kent was complaining of the coughing which always greeted him when he announced his text, so I offered to supply the soothing-syrup, and you see how quiet they all are after I have dosed them with the extra physic. The minister has repeatedly thanked me for gaining him such stillness and attention." Bobby had nothing to say, nevertheless his antagonism was pronounced.

Curious are the contradictions of the heart. Conscientious was Bobby Turner in his opposition to Frank Wraith's appointment, and sincere was he in his criticisms of the innovations. He spoke his mind, and spoke it to the culprit personally. Ominous were his prognostications concerning the organist's future, and nothing but evil could come to the church which had elected him to the organ's manipulation. But when outsiders ventured to refer to the minister's son in tones disparaging, presuming to find an eager auditor in Bobby Turner, Mister Frank had a valiant champion. The critics were covered with confusion by the old man's vigorous defence. "Show me his like!" he would passionately demand of them. "He's all your fathers in the music-line. The best of everything's at 'Rosehill.' We're proud of the organist, an' fond of him."

So simply it happened. The organist was led to prayer, and it was a prayer of Bobby's which taught him the need and the way. It was 7.30 of the Sabbath night, and the service was over. The great majority of the congregation had retired. In the centre pews of the body of the chapel were the few who remained to pray. At the rail of the communion stood the minister ready to announce a hymn when the organist had finished the selection from the oratorio. Frank Wraith was adjusting his music, and closing the organ. The chapel-keeper was putting out the up-stair lights. The prayer-meeting few were singing a hymn with a chorus. Frank remembered a blind man playing a street harmonium, and singing the plaintive theme. "For you I am praying; I'm praying for you," was the refrain. They were mostly aged people who had tarried with the preacher, and the singing was feeble and uneven. Bobby Turner was feeling free, and was singing lustily. There was a smile on the organist's face as he turned the key

of the organ's lock. He was thinking of Bobby, not uncharitably, but with innocent amusement.

The organist had gone. The galleries were deserted. The voice of prayer was heard.

Frank Wraith was on the step of the home-door, when he remembered he had forgotten the sonata he had wished to practise privately. He had left it in the organ. Down the street he hastened, and though the stair to the organ-gallery was in total darkness, so well he knew the way that no false step impeded ascent. On tip-toe he crept to the familiar place, cautiously turned the key, and obtained the copy he desired.

Bobby Turner was praying. It was characteristic of the old man to address the Almighty as though He were sitting close at hand, and inviting his confidence.

Why did he hesitate? The music for which he had returned was in his hand. Frank Wraith was trembling. Bobby was telling the Lord about *him*.

"And now, my Father," the old man was saying, "there's that other matter I mentioned to Tha this mornin'. I was telling Tha about Mister Frank; an' beggin' Tha to get him saved. Thoo has his father up there beside Tha, an' he'll hev told Tha about the lad. I fear my friend John will not hev realised all that he hoped he would. Him an' me used to sing together—

'An' when I lose this stammerin' tongue
I'll sing as loud as they.'

He'll hev lost the stammerin' tongue, but he'll still be stammerin' when he thinks of Mister Frank. . . . He's a grand lad, is Mister Frank, my Father, an' a bonny good musicianer, an' a rare good lad to his mother. He just wants the needful, the one thing, the change of heart, the life that Jesus gives. I thowt Tha would hev done it before now, but Tha'll hev some good reason for bidin' awhile. My Father, hev a word wi' Mister Frank, an' get things settled, an' then the music here will be bad to beat, an' my friend John will be able to sing without a stammer."

Frank Wraith was on his knees in the dark and silent gallery. The simple prayer of his father's friend had opened the flood-gates of his memory. His father's face was near him; the voice of the dead was speaking; the prayers of the past were repeated. His spirit's deeps were troubled. He had known the holiest influences, and been the object of the dearest solicitude. The best within him was in the ascendant. Thronging his mind were the past's reminiscences. He was bathed in tears, and praying—praying that his sins might be forgiven, and for the sense of peace. The praying souls were singing the Doxology. Frank was on his feet, and though his lips refused to sing, there was praiseful gratitude in his soul.

Frank Wraith was at the class-meeting on the

Tuesday night. Bobby Turner looked at him sharply when he entered. The old man knew not what to think. "What's tha want here, Mister Frank?" he asked, suspicion in every tone.

"Do you not want new members?" Frank replied.

"The Lord be praised! Signs and wonders! My friend John will know, an' what a time they'd hev in heaven. Now he'll be singin' in style! The Lord be praised!" And Bobby was gripping the organist's hand, and shaking it vigorously.

David Dale was in the doorway, his face the picture of surprise. Whatever could this mean? The tale was told with much diffidence, and yet with great thankfulness. The leader was beaming; Bobby was weeping; the meeting was an ecstasy.

There had been numerous conversions at the communion-rail, but none in the organ-gallery. The organist's was the first. It was not the last. Frank's membership was the beginning of the enrolment of the choir.

The son of the minister is as great a "swell" as ever, and as eager for business. There has been no change in the order of service at "Rosehill." No change is needed. Bobby Turner's satisfaction is complete. It was the organist for whom he feared, not the voluntaries. The music is right to him, now that the "musicianer" is right with the Lord. He is blissfully happy when the *Nunc Dimittis* is sung. The words express his feelings. "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace . . . for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

Dr. R. W. Dale as a Mystic.



HERE are few men who present so many interesting aspects of character and work as Dr. Dale. In each aspect of his character, as in each aspect of his work, there are men to equal him; but in the many-sidedness of his character and work he has very few equals. There were few great movements of his time in which he did not take part, giving to them his splendid

powers without stint. He was a great force in the political world, as educationalist and liberationist. It may be doubted whether it was wise for a man in his position to devote so much time and energy to political movements. The same time and energy spent in other directions might have yielded richer fruit. Certain it is that he himself came to doubt the wisdom of it. As a preacher he won a reputation for eloquence and power second only to Mr. Spurgeon, and as a theologian he has enriched our literature with many books of permanent value. Moreover, his name stands for a union of evangelical fervour and ethical power that is all too rare. Among his books will be found one on *The Ten Commandments*, and another on *The Epistle of James*; but to speak of him simply as an ethical teacher, as that term is generally understood, would betray a lamentable ignorance of our subject. We often distinguish between the ethical and the spiritual teacher; but why, we cannot say. The true spiritual teacher is always the ethical teacher. The highest ethics will ever be found linked to the deepest spirituality. We at once cite Dr. Dale as a proof and illustration of this. In one

aspect of his being he was a mystic; but mystic does not mean dreamer, a man whose abode is in the clouds. The mystical element in his life and teaching ever showed a strong ethical bent; and it is to this mystical element in Dale, wedded as it is to a fine ethical tendency, that we purpose to limit this paper.

To Dr. Dale ethics simply meant the Living Christ applied to the various questions of daily life. Christ was not only Christianity—He was *applied* Christianity. He always had a high and accurate conception of Christ. In his student days he preached a sermon the aim of which was to show that religion consists in the consecration of the whole soul and character to Christ. "Christ should work by our hands, think in our thoughts, and live again on earth in our work and endurance." Closely allied with this conception of Christ was his desire to give a higher and finer ethical tone to Christian life generally. "He had already been brought to recognise the necessity of an ethical revival," his biographer informs us. "The religious life of many Christians he knew to be impoverished by imperfect conceptions of moral duty, and enfeebled by disregard of duty they recognised. He could admit no divorce between creed and conduct. He regarded as one of the chief defects of the Evangelical Revival its failure to afford a lofty ideal of practical righteousness, and a healthy vigorous moral training. And such failures and shortcomings, while injurious to spiritual health and soundness, armed unbelief with the deadliest of weapons." He soon came to see that the secret of an ethical revival is the realisation of the Living Christ.

It is sometimes the case that a truth with which we have been mentally familiar for years may strike

us with such fulness and force as to mark a crisis in our life. Professor Moule cites a very interesting example of this: "A beloved and honoured friend of my own, now doing a great work for God, has told me how, early in his course, those five words, '*Christ, who is our life,*' were made a new world to him. As he walked back to his home over the dark fields from a mission service he had been conducting, these simple, these familiar words passed through his soul in one of those moments of insight which God alone can explain. 'Within ten paces, as I walked, life was transformed to me,' he said; so wonderful was the discovery that the Lord Christ is not merely Rescuer, Friend, King, but Life itself, Life central, inexhaustible, 'springing up within my heart, rising to eternity.'" Dr. Dale had a very similar experience. Always familiar with the thought of Christ as the Living Christ, its realisation came to him one day with such freshness and force as to mark a veritable crisis in his life, and become the source of new inspiration and abiding power. Rev. G. Barker, for some years his assistant at Carr's Lane, has given an interesting narrative of this crisis, and we beg to quote it: "He was writing an Easter sermon, and when half-way through the thought of the Risen Lord broke in upon him as it had never done before. 'Christ is alive,' I said to myself; 'alive!' and then I paused;—'Alive!' and then I paused again; 'Alive! Can that really be true? living as really as I myself am?' I got up and walked about, repeating, 'Christ is living! Christ is living!' At first it seemed strange and hardly true, but at last it came upon me as a burst of sudden glory; yes, Christ is living. It was to me a new discovery. I thought that all along I had believed it; but not until that moment did I feel sure about it. I then said, 'My people shall know it; I shall preach about it again and again until they believe it as I do now.' For months afterwards, and in every sermon, the Living Christ was his one great theme; and there and then began the custom of singing in Carr's Lane on every Sunday morning, an Easter hymn. When first I attended service there I was surprised to hear on a November morning the hymn given out, 'Christ is risen: Hallelujah!" I mentioned it to Dr. Dale afterwards, and he said: "I want my people to get hold of the glorious fact that Christ is alive, and to rejoice over it; and Sunday, you know, is the day on which He left the dead." Compare with such an experience, so radiant with the light of joy and certainty, the dismal words of the late Dr. Jowett: "Is it possible to feel a personal attachment to Christ such as is described by Thomas a Kempis? I think that it is impossible, and contrary to human nature that we should be able to concentrate our thoughts on a person scarcely known to us, who lived 1800 years ago." What, then, is Christ dead? What was

Christ to Dr. Jowett? Would he have us sing the mournful dirge:—

"Now He is dead. Far hence He lies
In the lone Syrian Town,
And on His grave with shining eyes
The Syrian stars look down."

The late Master of Balliol would evidently reduce Christ to the level of other great teachers of the ancient world. His teaching abides, but He Him-



DR. R. W. DALE.

self has passed away. How sad a spectacle to see such a splendid type of cultured paganism presiding over a Christian University! But with Dr. Dale, how vastly different! Christ was alive—"death of death and hell's destruction." Fellowship with Christ was fellowship with a living Person. The truth was no discovery so far as his mental life was concerned. He had long been familiar with it; but now, as never before, it stood for a great reality, kindling in his soul a feeling of rapture and triumph. It came to him with the surprise of a fresh revelation. For weeks, as Mr. Barker informs us, he thought about nothing else, and preached about nothing else. The first fervour of the experience might abate, but to the end of his ministry the thought of the Living Christ remained dominant over him, giving form and colour to all he wrote and spoke.

Let us now look for a moment at the various directions in which it influenced his life. Its first effects were seen in his personal character. His

biographer states that the course of his spiritual life was not perfectly smooth and steady. There were alternations of ebb and flow, and at times the whole sky seemed overcast. But the vision of the Living Christ was the cure of spiritual vacillation. Its first effect is to deepen our sense of the exceeding sinfulness of sin. It was so with Isaiah when he saw His glory, and spake of Him, and it was so with Dale. His sense of sin was deep and vivid. With him, however, it was sin, not merely as revealed in speech and conduct, but as that principle of evil within us by which the very springs of life are corrupted; sin, whether ours by inheritance, or through our own defect, or by our mysterious community in the moral life of the race—sin, in all its forms and degrees, he felt to be the most terrible of realities. And what filled his thought was sure to occupy his speech. Hence we are not surprised that “at times his denunciation of sin was overwhelming in its force. He never stormed, but his wrath, as it grew, glowed with passion at a white heat. It seemed to scorch, to shrivel, to consume.” But if the vision of the Living Christ is the vision of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, it is also, thank God, the vision of the beauty and power and victory of holiness. When the soul, smarting under its sense of sin, cries out, “Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts”—the divine answer, in symbol and in word, is ever ready—“Then flew one of the seraphim unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar; and he laid it upon my mouth, and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away and thy sin is purged.”

The effects of this new experience were equally apparent in his work. In 1869 he was elected to the chair of the Congregational Union, and he chose as the theme of his address, “Christ and the Controversies of Christendom.” It was a stirring, eloquent address, and in it he presented the Living Christ as the effectual answer to the many errors of the day, ritual, theological, or ecclesiastical. Take this as showing how the Living Christ is an answer to many of the ritualistic questions: “We must preach Christ—the living Christ—till men shall feel that He is so near to them that the intervention of the priest is an impertinence and an affront. We must preach Christ—the living Christ—till we shall feel that He is near to them always and everywhere, and that His alleged union with the consecrated elements is rather a hindrance than a help to faith.” The same principle applies with equal cogency and force to many of the great questions of ecclesiastical controversy: “Christ, the Living Christ, is the Ruler and Head of the Church. There is scarcely an argument which is urged in support of national ecclesiastical estab-

lishments which is not paralysed by that solitary truth. Nearly every plea for a State Church derives its force from the disposition of men to think of the Church as being nothing more than a great human organisation for maintaining Christian learning and propagating religious truth, or for civilising mankind and improving the morality of nations. Let Christ be revealed as the actual King of the Church, and nearly all the arguments for ecclesiastical establishments are answered. Try whether it is possible to state the case to Him.”

But, doubtless, the most fruitful application of this discovery was made to theology. We cannot endorse all his theology. With his doctrine of *life in Christ* we have no sympathy whatever. We regard it as presenting difficulties much more serious than those with which the orthodox view is supposed to be beset. It is only fair to say, however, that to him it was not simply a theory of the future destiny of the impenitent. It was a restatement of the relation of the human race to the Lord Jesus Christ. Mankind, he contended, was created in Christ and redeemed through Christ, and therefore could only live in Christ. That confounds natural with spiritual life, and when we recognise the natural immortality of man, such reasoning falls to the ground. But turn to his book on *The Living Christ and the Four Gospels*, and you see the finest fruit of this new experience. He himself believed that next to *The Atonement* it was one of the most helpful things he had ever written, and we have no reason to think that his judgment was at fault. Its welcome at home was both hearty and general. The late Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. R. W. Church, writing to him, said, “You have brought out, I think, with great force that what we have in the Gospel is not a philosophy, nor the result of criticism, but an absolute reality, of the same order, and as unique as the being of God—the Presence of our Lord with our spirit—Person to person, Life to life—which, as long as we obey conscience and do not trifle with our light, is as real as ourselves.” Nor was its influence confined to England. Dr. Amory Bradford, of New Jersey, has expressed the opinion that Dr. Dale through that one book did more for the people of America in making them realise that Christ was really alive than any other preacher or book he knew. The main principle of the book is simply this, that faith in Christ is trust in a Person, not belief in a book. That distinction seems quite elementary, and yet it marks all the difference between vital and formal religion. When our faith but brings us face to face with a ritual, however elaborate, with a system, however perfect, or with a creed, however orthodox, it is barren of spiritual result. It is only when it brings us face to face with a Living Person that it touches the very deeps of our being, begetting all the beauty of Christian character, and all the fruitfulness of Christian service. “It is little to see Christ in a

book," said good Samuel Rutherford, "as men do the world in a chart; they talk of Christ by the book and tongue and no more; but to come nigh Christ, and have Him and embrace Him is another thing." Yes, it is quite another thing. Dr. Dale came nigh Christ and embraced Him, and confessed that it transfigured his life. At the centre

and heart of our religion is a Living Person. We follow, we serve, we worship the Living Christ. All the infinite resources of the Living Christ are at our disposal for strength, for service, for victory. Let us but realise that, and it will fire our soul with all the enthusiasm of humanity and all the devotion of love.

R. G. GRAHAM.

Sight and Insight.



THE common lack of observation is one of the difficulties of all teachers, and a reason of their pessimism. People will not take pains to see what is around them. They do not "look into things." Their acquaintance with the things that are brought before them every day is but slight, because it is superficial. We "pity the poor blind." It is a bitter thing to be unable to

see any face, to read any book, to distinguish between morning and evening; and yet we use our own power of vision only in a fractional and imperfect measure. We see in the springtime that the leaves are coming on the trees again, and we see in the autumn that they are dropping off, and lie curled and brown at our feet. But how many of us have ever carried our observation further? How many have observed with Richard Jefferies, that "the shadows of the trees in the wood are blue. . . . The fallen brown leaves wet with dew have a different brown from those that are dry, and the upper surface of the green, growing leaf is different from the under surface"? Perhaps the majority of those few who not only see but observe the features of nature owe their faculty of observation directly or indirectly to John Ruskin. He has taught us to look at the clouds so as to *see* them. He has trained our eyes to observe their shapes, colours, movements, and to find delight therein. The fact is, of course, that the eye is only the window. It is the soul that sees. "Sight is a faculty, seeing is an art." The art of seeing must be learned, and the learning will require time, effort, and almost infinite patience. What we see is the witness of what we are. We discover ourselves by our ability or our inability to see. Failure is our condemnation. Our report is the standard of judgment. We tell what is within us when we tell what we have seen. Three men view a landscape. The first starts his description with an account of the crops, and tells you there are signs that harvest will be early this year. He is an agriculturist.

The second points out what a cheap and easy task it would be to construct a line of railway, or of waterway, between two points named. He is an engineer. The third delights you with a description of the different and ever-varying effects of the sunlight on the hills in the distance, and on the woods and streams in the valley. He has the artist soul. The difference is in the men. They have looked at the same objects with different eyes. They have seen what they wished to see, or, perchance, what they had the ability to see.

Untrained vision is liable to be deceived. It may be played upon by artifice, become the prey of illusions. The wreckers lured unsuspecting mariners to their destruction by showing false lights as if they were true ones. The false appearance led the poor sailor astray. We need to be on our guard, and ought to train our eyes to distinguish between the false and the true. Mature men, full-grown, trained, disciplined, "by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern good and evil," (Heb. v. 14). Others do not recognise the best when it is presented to them. "Though I write for him My law in ten thousand precepts, they are counted as a strange thing," (Hos. viii. 12). Some men are colour-blind. They do not recognise truth when they see it. They content themselves with the mere appearance, and perhaps do not see that aright. They admire nature, go into raptures about the sunset, or the springtime, but they do not see that nature is the revelation of Deity. They are filled with wonder when they remark the changes, and developments, and combinations of history, and yet they know nothing of Providence. So in religious matters. Two men shall sit in the same church. The Bible is read. Prayer is offered. Hymns are sung. One of the two will feel a spiritual excitation the other will know nothing of. Thomas Hardy, in his "Wessex Poems," puts it— from the standpoint of the man who does *not* see—thus:

"That faith by which my comrades stand
Seem fantasies to me,
And mirage mists, their Shining Land
Is a dreamy destiny.

Why thus my soul should be consigned
 To infelicity,
 Why always I must feel as blind
 To sights my brethren see,
 Why joys they've found I cannot find,
 Abides a mystery."

"Now, the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him; and he cannot know them, because they are spiritually judged," (1 Cor. ii. 14). "Science cannot give a Revelation. . . You cannot by searching find out the Almighty to perfection, nor a single one of the blessed Truths He has to communicate."—(*Robertson*).

We need, and ought, to cultivate the faculty of insight. Emerson has said in his extreme way: "Our age is retrospective. It builds the sepulchres of the fathers. It writes biographies, histories, and criticism. The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we, through their eyes. Why should we not also enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should we not have a poetry and philosophy of insight, and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not the history of theirs?" The Hebrew prophets were "seers." They were endowed with the faculty of insight, as well as with that of foresight. I would not rob them of their Divine inspiration. They *were* verily taught of God, else they had never taught the truths they did. They "spoke from God, being moved by the Holy Spirit." But it is the plain truth, (and no less honour is due to them because the fact is recognised), that many of their prophecies were shaped by what they saw around them. Only they saw deeper and more truly than other men were able to see. They "read men through and through." They estimated rightly the tendency of the times, and saw how God would deal with men, because they saw what men deserved. It was

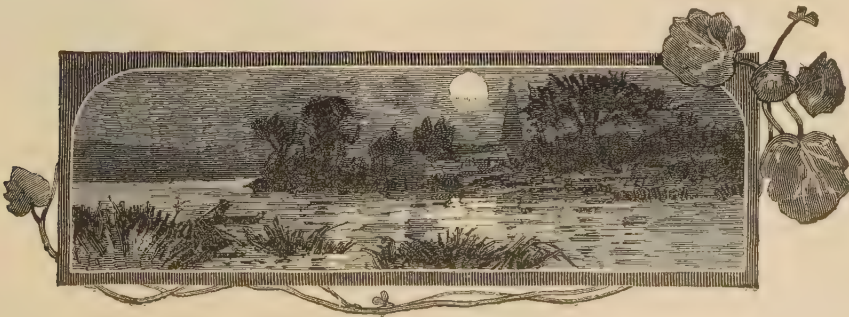
owing to their clear and penetrating vision that their forecast of events so frequently and so widely differed from the popular expectation. In the midst of growing prosperity they foretold the sure and speedy manifestation of Divine anger; and in the hour of the nation's keenest suffering, and darkest prospect, their messages were of deliverance and hope. Perhaps we might have more of the prophetic enthusiasm if we had more of the prophetic insight.

It has been ingeniously suggested* that there may be Scriptural warrant in such passages as 2 Kings iv. 8-17, and Luke xxiv. 13-35, for believing in a latent power of perception, of which we may expect the aggrandisement when the veil is lifted, and our eyes are opened on the eternal world. The sight of Elisha had been "touched to finer issues." He saw what ordinary men did not, could not see. His servant also acquired the faculty of recognising the presence, if not the character of supernatural beings, but only when his eyes had been "opened." Then "to his ordinary faculty of ordinary seeing, or vision, was superadded the extraordinary faculty of seeing the otherwise unseen." And so with the disciples in the Emmaus supper-room. "Their eyes were opened, and they knew Him." If our eyes were opened we might see all around us beings, existences, angels, friends, of whose existence or of whose nearness we had scarcely dreamed while our eyes were "holden."

At any rate, when the eyes of the heart, (Eph. i. 18), are enlightened, we see what we could not see before. May our spiritual vision be clarified and intensified! For the pure in heart see God.

G. PERCY MAYNARD.

* Cf. *Expositor*, Fourth Series, Vol. IV., p. 108 ff, by Dr. Grosart.





GRIMSBY, FROM THE HUMBER.

Our Conference Town.

GREAT GRIMSBY: THE LINCOLNSHIRE FISHING-PORT.

BY FENTON ALLEN.



LUFF King Hal had a strong dislike to the county of Lincoln, and he contemptuously described it as being, "the most brute and beastly of all the Shires." This "degraded" county, however, has its redeeming features and beauty-spots. It has given birth to many distinguished men, who have gained more than local celebrity. The long list of Lincolnshire worthies includes sturdy Stephen Langton; William of Waynfleet; Lord Burleigh, of the days of good Queen Bess; Dr. Busby; Archbishop Whitgift; Sir Isaac Newton, the scientist; Sir John Franklin, the explorer; Lord Tennyson, and John Wesley, whose followers are to be found in many lands.

Although Lincolnshire may be regarded as a stronghold of Methodism, and was the honoured birthplace of the Wesleys and Alexander Kilham, it has no Wesleyan Conference town located within its boundary. As yet, our annual Conference has only paid three visits to the county of "fen, marsh, and wold." The first Lincolnshire Conference was held during the childhood of Primitive Methodism, when the annual assembly was not much larger than a good-sized Circuit Quarterly Meeting. In the year 1829, the tenth Conference of our Church was held in the out-of-the-world, agricultural village of Scotter. Small as the Conference Assembly was, it taxed the resources of the hospitable villagers in providing homes. Most of the delegates travelled by coach or boat to the river-port of Gainsborough, and then proceeded on foot, or by vehicle to "the Conference town." No record has been preserved of the names of the Conference officers, and the membership of the infant community was reported as being 33,720. Thirty

years ago, Grimsby had developed into a Conference town; and in 1869 the Jubilee Conference was held under the presidency of the late Rev. Philip Pugh, and the Rev. Charles Smallman, who is still spending the eventide of life in the "Master's



ALDERMAN G. S. DOBSON, J.P.

vineyard," was elected secretary. By a strange coincidence both of these Conference officers were "proud Salopians," and prominent ministers of the Tunstall District. The president, however, some two years previously had been called from the "mother" district to the Editorial chair. The second Grimsby Conference was held in 1880,



OLD MARKET PLACE, GRIMSBY.

the literary-gifted Colin Campbell M'Kechnie, Connexional Editor, being elected to the chair of the Conference, and the Rev. John Barfoot, of saintly memory, was appointed to the secretariat. In mid-June, after a long interval of nineteen years, the members of the eightieth Conference will hold their sessions in this important and thriving Lincolnshire coast town.

The history of *Great* Grimsby, as it is called to distinguish it from the hamlet of *Little* Grimsby, which is located near to Louth, goes back through many centuries. According to tradition, the town was founded by the Danes in the ninth century. Dr. Oliver, however, is strongly of opinion that its origin dates from two centuries earlier. It appears that a famous Norse viking of the name of Gryme, having committed a national crime, was compelled to leave the Danish coast. He took possession of Spurn Point, and sailed his warships in the waters of the Humber. He himself, for greater safety, found a refuge in a creek on the opposite side of the river, which became known as Grymesbury—or the “home of Gryme.”

Legendary historians give another account, and they relate that in bygone times there lived a poor merchant named Gryme, who one day found a lost

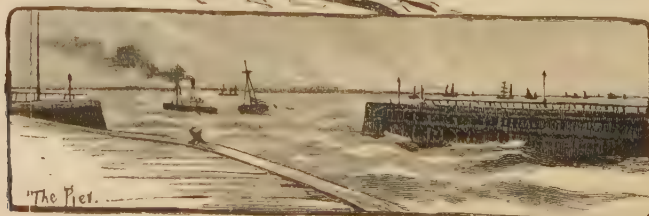
child, which he adopted as his son. The boy was employed as a scullion in the Danish palace kitchen. Subsequently it was discovered that he was a Royal Prince, and in his early manhood he married the king's daughter. The kindly merchant was rewarded; he became rich, and founded the town of Grymesby. The boy's name was Haveloc, and it is somewhat significant that the boundary mark between Grimsby and Wellow is still called “the Haveloc stone.” In the seventeenth century there was a rich merchant of the name of Havelock, who was Mayor of Grimsby. He, along with General Sir Henry Havelock, of Indian Mutiny fame, are reputed to be the descendants of the foundling prince. On the ancient seal of the borough, dating from the days of Norman William, is represented “the gigantic figure of a man holding a drawn sword in his right hand, and bearing a circular shield on his left arm. The word ‘Gryem’ near him indicates him to be the reputed founder of the town. On his right hand is a youth, with a crown over his head, and near him the word ‘Habloc;’ and on his left is represented a female, over whose head is a regal diadem, and around whom is the word ‘Goldeburgh,’ the name of the princess who is said to have become the wife of

Havelocke." The inscription of the seal is "Sigillum Communitatis Grimebye." This singular legend was scouted by Camden, the antiquarian of the sixteenth century, as being unworthy of belief. The ancient seal is no longer used by the Corporation; and a more modern one, bearing the arms of the borough, has been adopted.

Grimsby boasts of being one of the oldest corporate towns in the kingdom, and it received its first charter from King John. In the town records is a bye-law dating from the reign of Queen Elizabeth to the effect that the Mayor of Grimsby, "along with his eleven brethren," and the twenty-four members of the Corporation, shall sit on Sundays decently apparelled, in the chancel of the parish church. They were also instructed to bring their wives with them, who, like their husbands, were to be well-clad. The penalty for each case of Sabbath non-attendance was the legal sum of three shillings and fourpence. In the reign of King Charles I., this church-going bye-law was reaffirmed, and the financial penalties were reduced

to one shilling for an alderman, and sixpence for a councillor.

From the reign of Edward III. until the passing of the Reform Act in 1832, the Borough sent two members to Parliament, when the representation was reduced to one. Chatty Pepys, in his diary, gives an account of one of the elections of his day. Probably his description is tinged with the colour of prejudice, for on unquestionable evidence, Admiral Holles was a man of good character and distinguished as a gentleman. Pepys says: "After dinner comes Sir Freschville Holles to me about business, and I with him by coach to the Temple, and there I alight, all the way telling me romantic lies of himself and his family, how they had been Parliament men for Grimsby, he and his forefathers, this forty years; and his father is now—and himself at this day stands for, to be with his father, by the death of his fellow-burgesses; and that he believed it will cost him as much as it did his predecessor, which was £300 in raw ale, and £52 in buttered ale, which I believe is one of his lies."



GRIMSBY DOCKS AND PIER.



PARISH CHURCH, GRIMSBY.

A century back, one of the notorious Grimsby elections lasted for nine months. The publicans reaped a large harvest, for their houses were thrown open to the parliamentary burgesses, who drank to their heart's content. The election costs amounted to £80,000. It is stated that the drinking excesses killed one-fourth of the electorate, which probably is an exaggeration.

In former years bull-baiting was one of the favourite sports of the Grimsby people. The Great Forest, which stretched for many miles down the sea-board marshes, in a southerly direction, afforded the inhabitants much amusement for boar-hunting. The ancient seal of the mayor is embellished with a representation of a savage boar being chased by a dog, behind which is a huntsman winding his horn. This device indicates the privileges of the mayor and burgesses of the town of hunting in the neighbouring woods of Bradley. By his tenure, the Lord of the Manor was compelled to provide annually a wild boar for the diversion of the Grimsby towns-people.

The town was favoured with a visit from Henry VIII., who was accompanied by his queen, Catharine Howard. For three days and nights he was entertained at the mansion of Mr. Kingston, who was a relative of Sir William Kingston, Lieutenant of the Tower of London, who was entrusted with the custody of Cardinal Wolsey. The Royal party were met on the outskirts of the town, and were accompanied by a large procession that was witnessed by some thousands of people who had flocked into the borough from the adjacent villages. The king, having found the town in a distressed condition, signalled his visit by including it in the Act of Parliament which had been recently passed "for repairing sundry towns and cities in England now fallen into decay." At the accession of Queen Elizabeth, the Corporation was released from the payment of Fee Farm rent, on condition that they devoted the same to the promotion of public works in the Borough.

As far back as the year 827, Grimsby was a port, and was regularly visited by vessels and merchants

"from the other side," as the Continental sea-ports are locally termed. After the Conquest, wove-buyers came from Cologne; Flemish merchants brought their cloths from Ghent and Ypres; and "Osterling" traders paid their periodic visits. In the year 1346, the port was so flourishing that it strengthened the naval armament of the king by providing eleven ships and one hundred and seventy men for the siege of Calais.

During the last century, owing to the encroachments of the sea, the silting up of the harbour, and other causes, the commercial prosperity of the port gradually declined, and the population was reduced to nearly a thousand inhabitants. John Wesley, who visited the town in the year 1766, says: "Grimsby is one of the largest towns in the county. It is no bigger than a middling village, containing a small number of half-starved inhabitants, without any trade, either foreign or domestic." At the end of the eighteenth century several local gentlemen manifested a spirit of enterprise, and formed themselves into "The Grimsby Haven Company." They opened a new dock in December, 1800, which cost £70,000 in construction.

The present flourishing condition of the town is largely due to the energy of the chairman and

directors of the Great Central Railway, who bought out the old Dock Company and commenced their extensive operations in 1845. The late Prince Consort laid the foundation-stone—a huge block weighing eleven tons—of the grand new dock in 1849. Five years later it was named by the Queen, "the Royal Dock." Since the opening of the Royal Dock, which cost £700,000, and is twenty-five acres in extent, the town has gone forward by leaps and bounds. The Grimsby of to-day is principally the growth of the last half century; and it is the boast of the inhabitants that their town is built on "fish and timber," which is a proverbial reference to their imports. From the "middling village" of the last century, it has developed into a town of over sixty thousand inhabitants, and has the largest fish-market in the world.

Grimsby is the premier fishing-port. It is unrivalled for its tonnage and the weight of fish that is sold daily in its market. On an average, two hundred tons of fish are despatched every week-day from Grimsby for consumption in the towns and cities of Great Britain. The fishing fleet consists of over twelve hundred vessels, each ranging from sixty to eighty tons burthen. Over thirty thousand of the population of the town are depen-



GRIMSBY PONTOON; TAKEN ON THE WEDNESDAY BEFORE GOOD FRIDAY.



FLOATING PERFORATED BOXES IN WHICH HALIBUT ARE KEPT ALIVE.

dent upon the fishing industry, and some eight thousand men and lads are directly engaged in catching fish.

The daily fish-market is held on the Pontoon which skirts the fish-dock. It is a covered wharf nearly half-a-mile in extent, and from forty to fifty feet wide. To the visitor from one of the inland towns, the Pontoon in the earlier hours of the morning, when it is completely covered with fish, is one of the sights of Grimsby. One writer humorously says: "The discharging of the smacks begins with daylight, and the fish are disposed on the wharf according to their size, in heaps, boxes, rows, etc., for the auctioneer. Large fish are laid in rows, and chiefly sold by the score; and meaner fish are thrown together and sold by the heap; whilst flat-fish, such as sole, halibut, turbot, etc., are disposed of by the box. Two methods of auction are in vogue on the pontoon: that which is common throughout the country, and that which is known as Dutch auction, in which the salesman begins at a high figure and comes down until a buyer is found. The market begins at eight o'clock in the morning, and lasts on the average till about one, but on some occasions it is not over until late in the afternoon. Whilst it is in full swing the pontoon presents a

scene of animation such as is rarely witnessed; buyers, sellers, and labourers are all rushing to and fro as if the loss of a single moment were fraught with the direst consequences. Hand-bells are ringing at various points, and there are stentorian cries of 'Cod buyers, cod buyers, here you are!' 'Now, you please buyers, come along!' 'Sole buyers, sole buyers, come this way!' Sales are effected with remarkable celerity, and an expert salesman will often dispose of a smack's cargo in about a quarter of an hour. Buyers cluster round as soon as the salesman approaches; the latter runs up to the higher bidder as fast as he can utter the necessary words, or, if he sells by Dutch auction, down he comes with the same facility until someone cries, 'Het,' whereupon the clerk instantly completes his entry of the transaction, and the buyer appends his signature, whilst the salesman moves off, and almost before you can say 'Jack Robinson,' the process is being repeated with another lot."

Towering skyward above the masts, is the conspicuous Hydraulic Tower, which may be seen from a long range of distance. It is three hundred feet high, has a storage capacity for holding thirty thousand gallons of water, and a million bricks were used in its construction. It provides the

power for working all the hydraulic machinery in connection with the docks. On a clear day from its lantern an extensive panoramic view of the surrounding land and sea may be obtained. On the north may be seen the city of Hull, and the distant Minster of York; whilst the Humber and Ouse like a silver thread may be traced in their fantastic windings. On the south are the Marshes with their populous villages and substantial church towers. On the west are the Lincolnshire Wolds, and the stately cathedral of the county city. On the east is the wide-stretching German Ocean, studded with a variety of craft going and returning from many lands.

On the southern side of the town is the new Park, which was opened in 1883 by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. The site, which covers some twenty-seven acres, was one of the gifts of Lord Heneage. The entrance gates and lodge are of imposing design. The park, which is somewhat limited in extent, is laid out to the best advantage. It is ornamented with grass lawns, variously-tinted flower-beds, shady shrubs, tall-growing trees, and a miniature lake.

As Grimsby is comparatively a new town it cannot boast of much antiquarian lore save the old parish church restored in 1859. There is no-

thing special about its architecture. The principal buildings are the Town Hall, opened in 1863, the Hospital, the Corn Exchange, and the imposing churches and chapels. The Free Grammar School, dating from 1547, provides accommodation for seventy boys. A Higher Grade School has just been completed. The town possesses a Temperance Hall, a Mechanics' Institute, and a Hall of Science.

Probably no town in England, according to population, is better supplied with Free Churches than Grimsby. The properties belonging to the varied branches of Nonconformity are numerous and stately. The Baptist Tabernacle was opened in the seventies by Dr. James Spurgeon. The Congregationalists and the Methodist Free Churches are well represented. The Wesleyans have two powerful circuits, manned with six ministers, and having a total membership of 2,182. The town was frequently visited by John Wesley. It was to a Grimsby Methodist that he sent the following suggestive letter:

"London,

"February 6, 1753.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"It is a constant rule with us that no preacher should preach above twice a day, unless on Sunday, or on some extraordinary time, and



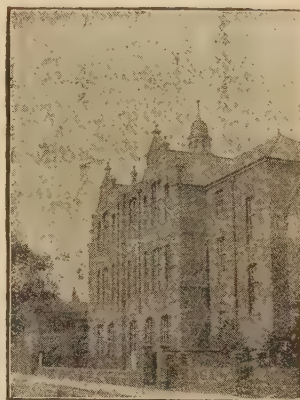
THE PARK, GRIMSBY.

then he may preach three times. We know nature cannot long bear the preaching oftener than this, and therefore, to do it is a degree of self-murder. Those of our preachers who would not follow this advice have all repented when it was too late. I likewise advise all our preachers not to preach above an hour at a time, prayer and all; and not to speak louder either in preaching or prayer than the number of hearers require. You will show this to all our preachers, and any that desires it may take a copy of it." "J. WESLEY."

The fashionable watering-place of Cleethorpes is connected with Grimsby by train and tram. Within a generation it has developed from a fishing village to a popular sea-side resort; with its pier, promenade, miniature park, beach amusements, churches, chapels, hotels, and boarding-houses. There is a quaint simplicity and rural quietness about the old village with its windmill, antiquated shops, and one-storied dwellings. Grimsby and Cleethorpes are rapidly becoming one town, Grimsby being noted for its business, and Cleethorpes for its recreation.

Lincolnshire is noted for its hearty sanctuary services, and its genuine hospitality. The members of the third Grimsby Conference will be sincerely

welcomed to the historic fishing-port of the Humber.



WINTRINGHAM HIGHER GRADE SCHOOL, GRIMSBY.

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Browsings in My Library.

IV.



IT is a shame, a cruel shame, and I hope that those men will lose all their money. I am thoroughly disgusted with them. Don't bring me any more of their wretched papers or magazines."

And Delia gave an angry stamp with her little foot on the book-room floor. I looked up in surprise from Boswell's "Life of Johnson,"

which I happened to be reading. Delia is the very cream of the milk of human kindness, and would not hurt a fly. Now, however, there is a pretty flush on her face, and it is evident she is much put out about something. A religious weekly lies in her lap.

"Doe'st thou well to be angry?" I inquired, with mock solemnity,

"Angry, indeed!" replied the dear creature. "And who wouldn't be angry? To think of these men—horrid things!—making the newsagents open their shops on Sundays, and send their boys shouting about the streets, to sell their miserable Sunday papers! As if we didn't get more papers

than we can read on the six week-days. I am sure I waste ever so much more time than I ought to trying to look at those you bring home. But there! there won't be so many in future, for I will never look at any of these men's papers and magazines again!"

"Now I understand, and it is like Delia to be on the side of the people who want their Sunday rest. If all the Delias will do the same, we shall soon hear the last of the seven-day papers. As we enjoy the blessed rest-day ourselves, and as we are cheered and uplifted by our Sabbath communion with the Unseen, let us do all that we can to save the same privileges for others! Sunday should be for everybody, what saintly old George Herbert called it, the 'day most calm, most bright,' the 'earnest of supreme delight.' If once the Sunday be secularised, it will mean, not only the loss of the rest-day for hundreds of thousands of weary people, but it will be the materialisation of the whole life by the removal of the regular intercourse with God in prayer, praise, and preaching."

"Capital," cried Delia, clapping her hands. And she ran to the drawer of my secretary.

"But what do you want?" I asked.

"Here," she said, bringing out paper and en-

velopes, "I want you to write that all down this minute, and send it to the paper in a letter." And I had to do it, while my task-mistress, with her chin in her hand, and her elbow resting on the table, sat watching, with a stamp in the other hand. Well, such service for such a mistress is sweet. Delia rang the bell, and our Abigail was instructed to post the letter at once.

"That reminds me," I said, "that Dr. Johnson, whose life I have just been looking through again, was as firm a believer in the Sabbath rest and devotion as Mr. Gladstone was. The Doctor lived in a godless age—the age before, and the first years of the Evangelical Revival—when ladies and gentlemen passed the time away on Sundays at card-parties. He was a friend of John Wesley, but said, 'John Wesley's conversation is good, but he is never at leisure. He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have out his talk as I do.' Wesley, of course, good talker as he was, took such a serious view of life that he begrudged all time not given to the saving of souls. Johnson was a good man, but of a very different type. You remember how he stood bare-headed in the marketplace of Lichfield, his native city, in penance for some fancied slight to his dead father."

"Yes," said Delia, "but what does Dr. Johnson say about Sunday?"

"Boswell says that: 'On the 13th of the same month he wrote in his Journal the following scheme of life for Sunday:—"Having lived," as he with tenderness of conscience expresses himself, "not without an habitual reverence for the Sabbath, yet without that attention to its religious duties which Christianity requires:

"1. To rise early, and in order to it, to go to sleep early on Saturday.

"2. To use some extraordinary devotion in the morning.

"3. To examine the tenor of my life, and particularly the last week; and to mark my advances in religion, or recession from it.

"4. To read the Scripture methodically with such helps as are at hand.

"5. To go to church twice.

"6. To read books of Divinity, either speculative or practical.

"7. To instruct my family.

"8. To wear off, by meditation, any worldly soil contracted in the week."'"

"And a very good plan too," said Delia. "He was a wise old man, and we might do worse than borrow his scheme."

"Johnson," I added, "was often subject to fits of depression, and the Sabbath worship was one of the most effective remedies to remove them. Writing of one of these fits, Boswell says: 'While he was at church the agreeable impressions upon his mind are thus commemorated: "I was for some

time distressed, but at last obtained, I hope from the God of Peace, more quiet than I have enjoyed for a long time. I had my hopes revived, and my courage increased; and I wrote with my pencil in my Common Prayer Book,

"Vita ordinanda.

"Biblia legenda.

"Theologiæ opera danda.

"Servedum et lætandum."'"

Delia put her lips into an affected pout at the sonorous syllables of the Latin, and then asked me to interpret it, which I did:

"To order my life.

"To read the Bible.

"To give attention to theology.

"To serve, and to rejoice."

And Delia agreed that it was a very fair summary of Christian practice—for a man who lived before there were Primitive Methodists, and was such a strong Churchman that, though he regarded Dr. Watts as the best of men, he looked on the great little doctor's Dissent as a terrible blot on his memory. Ah, well! let us all cultivate more charity, and look rather to our own defects than those of others.

I have been reading Izaak Walton's "Lives," which are not nearly so familiar as that gentle spirit's "Compleat Angler,"—that charming medley of talk about fishing, the delights of country life, poetry, and devotion. Izaak was a prosperous London draper in the early part of the seventeenth century, when the times were disturbed by political and theological wranglings, but he was one of those quietly-disposed men who in the worst of times "follow peace and ensue it," as the Prayer Book says. He sought out the saintliest characters he could find, and found their society the most congenial. It is to this that we owe the quaintly beautiful lives of Dr. Donne, the Dean of St. Paul's, who had quitted a wild youth for a manhood of sincere devotion; of Richard Hooker, the "judicious Hooker," one of the greatest thinkers and controversialists of the Church of England, and at the same time, one of the simplest-hearted of men; and of George Herbert, the sweetest of the religious poets, whose lovely verses will melt the hearts of spiritual-minded English men and women while our language lasts.

Delia takes a woman's interest in the love affairs of great men, though she says she wonders why any woman should want to marry a great man, for *she* finds that the small men are quite merry enough. I am temporarily deaf when such remarks are made. I take down Walton's "Lives," however, and tell her about Hooker's courtship and marriage. It came about in curious fashion. Hooker was invited to preach from the open-air pulpit of Paul's Cross,—by the side of the Cathedral. He was taken unwell, and lodged at a widow's, whose daughter Joan nursed him. Joan had neither beauty, dowry, nor



C. H. SPURGEON'S LIBRARY.

good temper, and was in a fair way of being left to wither upon the stalk of old maidenhood——

"That's a man's way of putting it," said Delia, "but go on!"

"The widow told poor Richard that he evidently needed a wife's care, and that Joan was just the wife he wanted. He meekly agreed, and married her, with the result that she proved a terrible shrew. Walton tells how two old pupils found him at his country vicarage:

"In this condition he continued about a year; in which time his two pupils, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, took a journey to see their tutor, where they found him with a book in his hand, (it was the *Odes of Horace*), he being then, like humble and innocent Abel, tending his small allotment of sheep in a common field, which he told his pupils he was forced to do then, for that his servant was gone home to dine, and assist his wife to do some necessary household business. But when his servant returned and released him, then his two pupils attended him unto his house, where their best entertainment was his quiet company, which was presently denied them, for Richard was called to rock the cradle; and the rest of their welcome was so like this, that they stayed but till next morning, which was time enough to discover and pity their tutor's condition; and they, having in that time rejoiced in the remembrance, and then paraphrased

on many of the innocent recreations of their younger days, and other like diversions, and thereby given him as much present comfort as they were able, they were forced to leave him to the company of his wife Joan, and seek themselves a quieter lodging for next night. But at their parting from him, Mr. Cranmer said, 'Good tutor, I am sorry your lot is fallen in no better ground, as to your parsonage; and more sorry that, your wife proves not a more comfortable companion, after you have wearied yourself in your restless studies.' To whom the good man replied, 'My dear George, if saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me; but labour (as indeed I do daily) to submit mine to His will, and possess my soul in patience and peace.'

"Poor man," said tender-hearted Delia, "he deserved a better wife, and she a worse husband."

By way of relief I read to her Walton's story of a marriage that was made in heaven, though, according to worldly wisdom, the way in which it was rushed into seems rashest of the rash. This is the marriage of George Herbert. "'These,' says Walton, 'and his other visible virtues begot him much love from a gentleman of noble fortune, and a near kinsman to his friend, the Earl of Danby, namely, from Charles Danvers, of Bainton, in the county of Wilts, Esq. This Mr. Danvers, having known him

long and familiarly, did so much affect him, that he often and publicly declared a desire that Mr. Herbert would marry any of his nine daughters, (for he had so many), but rather his daughter Jane than any other, because Jane was his beloved daughter. And he had often said the same to Mr. Herbert himself; and that if he could like her for a wife, and she him for a husband, Jane should have a double blessing: and Mr. Danvers had so often said the like to Jane, and so much commended Mr. Herbert to her, that Jane became so much a platonic as to fall in love with Mr. Herbert unseen. This was a fair preparation for a marriage; but, alas! her father died before Mr. Herbert's retirement to Dantsey; yet some friends to both parties procured their meeting, at which time a mutual affection entered into both their hearts, as a conqueror enters into a surprised city; and love, having got such possession, governed, and made there such laws and resolutions as neither party was able to resist; inso-much that she changed her name into Herbert the third day after this first interview."

"And they did not repent at leisure?" asked Delia.

"No, they lived the most blissful life, she and he giving themselves with their whole hearts to the worship of God, and the service of the people of his parish of Bemerton. But here, Delia, is something for you." And I read from Whittier's charming "Demon of the Study."

Oh, sweet as the lapse of water at noon,
O'er the mossy roots of some forest tree,

The sigh of the wind in the woods of June,
Or sound of flutes o'er a midnight sea,
Or the low soft music, perchance, which seems
To float through the slumbering singer's dreams.

So sweet, so dear, is the silvery tone
Of her in whose features I sometimes look,
As I sit at eve by her side alone,
And we read by turns, from the self-same book,
Some tale perhaps of the olden time,
Some lover's romance or quaint old rhyme.

Then when the story is one of woe,—
Some prisoner's plaint through his dungeon-bar,
Her blue eye glistens with tears, and low
Her voice sinks down like a moan afar;
And I seem to hear that prisoner's wail,
And his face looks on me worn and pale.

And when she reads some merrier song,
Her voice is glad as an April bird's,
And when the tale is of war and wrong,
A trumpet's summons is in her words,
And the rush of the hosts I seem to hear,
And see the tossing of plume and spear!

"And you mean to say, sir," says Delia, "that I am the 'demon of your study.'"

But her eyes were smiling, if her words sounded minatory, and I knew, as she passed out on household duties intent, that there was pleasure in her heart.

A little later I saw her in the garden, smiling at the children who were showing her the flowers that were growing in their own little private patches, and I knew that all the sunshine is not in the sky, and all the flowers are not of earthly growth.

LIBRARIUS.

Short Sermons from the Sage of Grasmere.

VI.—ON BEING EVER YOUNG.



HERE is a poetic pre-science, which in the light of later developments, is really touching in the lines which Wordsworth addressed to the fairy-like boyhood of Hartley Coleridge. The piece is in his happiest vein. I cannot quote it entire;

indeed, I wish to make only three lines of it my text to-day,—but the pathos of this forecast is almost painful.

"O blessed vision! happy child!
Thou art so exquisitely wild,
I think of thee with many fears

For what may be thy lot in future years

Nature will either end thee quite;
Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,
Preserve for thee, by individual right,
A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks.
What hast thou to do with sorrow,
Or the injuries of to-morrow?
Thou art a dew-drop, which the morn brings forth,
Ill-fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,
Or to be trailed along the soiling earth,
A gem that glitters while it lives
And no forewarning gives;
But, at the touch of wrong, without a strife
Slips in a moment out of life."

The tricky, sprite-like temper of the boy is well illustrated in the story told of him to this effect: He was asked one day some question as to why he was called Hartley. "Which Hartley?" rejoined

the boy. "Why, is there more than one Hartley?" "Oh, yes! there is a deal of Hartleys," he replied. "There is Picture Hartley, (referring to Hazlitt's drawing of him), and there's Shadow Hartley, and there's Echo Hartley, and there's Catch-me-fast Hartley," and he clutched his arm eagerly, so that he might be sure of his own flesh-and-blood existence, rendered so doubtful to him by the other

manifestations. A tragic tale, too, too common, is his life-story, of genius married to a feeble and faltering will. The promise of his boyhood was soon o'erclouded. Discipline had never been his; the seductions of Oxford proved too many for him. His genius gained him an Oriel fellowship, but he lived so ill during his year of probation as to forfeit it, receiving only a free gift from the governors



WORDSWORTH AND THE CHILDREN.

of £300. On this, and precarious pay for poems in the *London Magazine*, he lived for two years in the metropolis, and then started an ill-starred school venture at Ambleside. After five years of struggle he failed in this also, and the remainder of his life was spent at Grasmere, in constant dependence on his friends until his death in 1849. What he himself calls "the woeful impotence of weak resolve" pursued him to the end. But that, in spite of his frailty, he had won the hearts of the honest Westmoreland dalesmen there is proof in plenty. In a most interesting paper, which the Rev. Canon Rawnsley contributed to the *Transactions* of the Wordsworth Society, he gives many instances of this, at once amusing and pathetic. When he tried to get information about Wordsworth, "li'le Hart-

ley's ghost was always coming to the front," and the poet-laureate had to suffer eclipse. "Naay, naay," one would say, "I caunt say a deal to that, but ye kna li'le Hartley would do so-and-so. Li'le Hartley was the man for them. If it had been Hartley now, I could ha' told you a deal." The poetic credit of Wordsworth passed, in their minds, to Hartley. "He lent Hartley a deal of his books it's certain, but Hartley helped him a deal, I understand, did best part of his poems for him, so the sayin' is. He would come often in the afternoon and have a talk at the Nab, and would go out with Hartley, takin' him by t' arm for long enOUGH. And when Hartley was laid by for the last, Muster Wordsworth com' down every day to see him, and took communion wi' him at the last." "Then Mr.

Wordsworth and Hartley Coleridge were great friends?" I asked. "Na, na, I doan't think li'l Hartley ever set much by him, never was very friendly, I doubt. Ye see, he (Mr. Wordsworth) was so hard upon him, so very hard upon him, giv' him so much hard preaaching about his waays." And in relation to Hartley, the dales-people thought even Mrs. Wordsworth unkindly. "A close-fisted woman, that's what she was. I remember onest I went up to the Mount to ask for sattlement of account, for Mrs. Wordsworth paid for Hartley's keep, t'ime he lodged at the Nab, and I had fifteen shillings i' the book against Coleridge for moneys I'd lent him different times. And she was very awkward and on-pleasant, and wouldn't sattle, ye kna', for she thowt that Hartley had been drinkin' wi' it. But," he added, "howiver, I wrote to his mother in London, and she wrote to me and telt me I was to lend a shilling or two as Hartley wanted it, and arter that she sattled wi' me for his lodgment hersel', but Mrs. Wordsworth was very on-pleasant." And, no doubt, good woman, she had her reasons.

But to our text, which is from the poem on the boy, rather than from the calamitous life of the grown man. "A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks"—the secret of being ever young, a secret which, in spite of all the poet's wishes and care for him, poor Hartley never really reached. For it does not mean remaining a child, but being man and child both, at one and the same time. Juvenility in the man is not mere childishness. Some men carry the littleness of their childhood into their manhood. They have got very much childishness, without any child-likeness. They have carried the toys of the nursery into their adult life. Their thinking is narrow, their will is weak, wayward, hasty, they are vain and peevish. They are only great overgrown children, in the worst sense; children, that is, in whom the bad qualities have survived and become exaggerated, while the good qualities have been dwarfed or extinguished altogether. "Be not children in understanding; howbeit in malice be ye children, but in understanding be ye men."

This "young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks," this "lengthening out of the season of delight," is really the blessing put poetically into the mouth of Moses, and pronounced on the tribe of Asher—Asher, "the happy or lucky one"—before its decadence. "Thy bolts shall be iron and brass, and as thy days so shall thy strength be." The latter sentence is commonly interpreted to mean that every special exigency or trying phase of experience is accompanied by grace to meet it; that there is daily strength for daily need; that the burden is proportioned to the back, or the back prepared for the burden. But that is an accommodation, though a pardonable one. The sense truly is that vigour shall grow with life: that the measure of the days shall be the measure of force; that life

shall not know failure or decay. "Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day." The blessed life goes on advancing in strength and fulness as the days go by.

But how? that is the question. There is only one way—by constantly developing new correspondences. If life—not certainly in its essence, but in its phenomenal actuality—is, as I believe it is, well-defined as correspondence with environment: if that is the secret of persistence, then it is also the secret of being ever young. There is a clear law that longevity is, in the main, in proportion to complexity of nature, that is to the number of sides the organism presents to the outer facts of existence. When the first snap of winter cold comes the earliest to succumb are the flies; then, as boreal rigours advance the birds perish: animals that have learnt to store and burrow have the greater chance of survival, and above them all stands man, with his power of scheming brain and facile adaptment. When, through stress of competition, manufactories close their gates, the common labourers, with only hands as equipment, thrown on an already glutted labour market, go first to the wall; while through all gradations up to the top, it is the man of more intricately convoluted brain, and therefore, power to come into speedier correspondence with a new environment who comes off with least loss. It was because the unrighteous steward of the Saviour's story was wise and wily that, though he could not dig, and would not beg, he was received after his dismissal into new and hospitable habitations. He knew more "ropes" and "wrinkles" than the average man. And the law holds in the highest things. The man who realises continual adjustment to the changing conditions, and the enlarging demands of life: who keeps ever in touch with something higher and better—with God in the last instance—who finds God everywhere and appropriates Him—that man is subject to no soul-decay. He possesses the patent of perpetual youth.

And a man *must* recognise this law. He conquers by submitting to it. There is many a melancholy spectacle of arrested development to be seen—premature superannuation—because a man refuses to part with the old skins, shells, and husks which by all but himself are seen to be outworn and worse than useless. They cramp a life that would otherwise burgeon afresh in beauty and fruitfulness. Shed these and live: hug them and die—is the law. Our dead selves are only in place as stepping-stones to higher things; and the rotting leaves of the autumn will yield the substance out of which next year's leaves are woven. Simeon, Paul, Beecher, Gladstone—these are the sort of men who preserve the young lamb's heart. How instinct with juvenility is what I have sometimes called Paul's "ethical will"—as made out in favour of Timothy! "I charge thee in the sight of God, and of Christ Jesus—preach the word, suffer hard—

ship, do the work of an evangelist, fulfil thy ministry." He stands on his Pisgah looking back, looking about him, and looking onward, and his face is aglow with thankfulness and hope. "The time of my departure is come. . . . I have fought the good fight. . . . Henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness." It is a noble ending—nay, it is but a beginning. I like to think of that last scene in Beecher's public life, when, as he was just about to leave his church after what proved his final sermon, two street boys strayed in to listen to the lingering strains of the organ. The ever-young heart of the great preacher was profoundly touched, and they tell still—nay, his statue tells the story in stone—how he passed from the building in which his trumpet voice was to be heard no more, with his arms thrown round those boy-waifs, in fatherly pity and tenderness. A child to the end he was—ever-green in his great human-heartedness. It is an easy passage from him to another great American, who has sung the same lesson in terms whose sweetness matches their truth to science. The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table asks his auditors if they have ever noticed the widening spiral of the nautilus shell—"a series of ever-enlarging compartments successively dwelt in by the little sea-denzens."

"Year after year behold the silent toil
That spread its lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last found home, and knew the old no more.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

It is a far cry, in one way, from the tribe of Asher to Hartley Coleridge, but they agree in this, that both illustrate—the one in spite of "Moses," and the other in spite of Wordsworth—the refusing of the higher demands, compliance with which is the secret of continued juvenility. Both declined the more arduous correspondences, and both disappeared early, after a more or less inglorious life. For Hartley lived to beyond fifty—but he was little better than a belated guest at the banquet of life, and had outstayed his welcome, while no one could regret to see him go—only to think how little he had made of life's opportunity. He grew old while yet young; not ever-young while growing old. And as to the tribe of Asher, what are the facts? Was the

"blessing" realised? It was not realised, but the reverse. Born, so to speak, with a silver spoon in his mouth, Asher, the spoilt child of fortune, inhabiting a country about which the Talmud said long afterward: "It is easier to raise a legion of olives in Galilee than to bring up a child in Palestine,"—surrendered himself to too complete correspondence with his material environment. When other claims came he gave them the go-by. The fat bread and the royal dainties (see Genesis xlix. 20), the oil in which he dipped his foot, the metals with which he shod himself, or made protecting bolts for his heritage, ensnared him. He gave himself up to the carnal enjoyment of these things. He lived a fat, luxurious, pleasure-loving life, and so falsified the promise. This is the history: "Neither did Asher drive out the inhabitants of the land, but the Asherites dwelt among the Canaanites," and became corrupted by them. While Zebulun and Naphtali jeopardised their lives unto the death in the high places of the field, Asher continued craven and cowardly on his rich maritime plains, abode in his creeks, and implicated himself in the curse of Meroz. Though, if tradition tell true, and as the "blessing" plainly hints, one of the most numerous and "fortunate" of the tribes, it had become so small and insignificant in the days of David that it furnishes no name to the list of chief rulers. There is no noble action recorded of this tribe in all the history. It became demoralised, and supplied no hero or judge to the nation. Because it maintained correspondence only with its fat soil, that soil became its ruin. "To be carnally-minded is death, but to be spiritually-minded is life and peace."

Cultivate, then, a complex and ever-enlarging life. A sweet Rabbinic saying is that, "in heaven the oldest angels are the youngest." That is because they are ever multiplying their correspondences. When depression overtakes the industries of a country, those centres that have most trade outlets for the activity of their people escape with least scathing. So let us have resources in reserve. Do not put all your eggs in one basket, or invest only in one sort of stock. Send forth your ships upon many waters; divide your life's merchandise into many portions—so that if one adventure prove abortive, another may come to your rescue. Above all, buy the truth and sell it not. With all thy gettings get understanding. "For whoso findeth me findeth life, and shall obtain favour of the Lord. But he that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul; all they that hate me love death."

J. D. T.



Connexional Biography.

REV. GEORGE WATTS.

THE Rev. George Watts was born at Leckford in the county of Hampshire, England, on January 2, 1815, and passed into the joy and service of the higher life on the evening of the 15th of August, 1898. His parents belonged to the labouring class, were in fairly well-to-do circumstances, and religiously inclined. In principle they were Congregationalists, but, owing in part to the tyranny of "the powers that be," and in part to other causes, their membership was little more than nominal, and with their family occasionally attended the parish church. Soul-saving religion was at a discount in the village; the people, as a whole, were in gross spiritual darkness, and the most degrading practices prevailed. But while such were the outward, or outside surroundings of the earliest years of his life, there was in him, and over him, under the parental roof, the restraint of a strong moral influence and religious bias; and springing, as I think he did, from an old Puritan stock, he inherited somewhat of its spirit and sturdiness of character; and does not this, after all, count for much?

It was not, however, until he was eighteen years of age, and on being brought into contact with Primitive Methodism, that he experienced the new birth unto righteousness. At that time the Revs. J. Ride, T. Russell, S. West, E. Bishop, and others, were proclaiming, with apostolic fervour and power, the Gospel of Christ in the towns and villages of Hampshire. Early in 1833 Leckford was visited. The Holy Spirit was abundantly poured out from on high, and a marvellous change was wrought in the village. Scores of souls, including some of the worst, were converted, and made new creatures in Christ Jesus. The subject of this memoir came under the influence of this great awakening. For a time he fought against it, refusing to submit, and going about to establish his own righteousness. At length the hour of his self-surrender and deliverance came. It was under a sermon preached by the Rev. E. Bishop, from the text, "The righteous hath hope in his death." From that moment the whole current of his being and purpose of life were changed. He at once cast in his lot with the maligned and persecuted, but God-honoured, Primitive Methodists, and forthwith began publicly to exercise his gifts, both in prayer and exhortation. Very soon his name, as a local preacher, appeared on the plan of the station; a position that meant not only great labour, but frequently much suffering. Many of the journeys were long, and most of the services were held out of doors, and in the face of much opposition. With his soul aflame for the glory of God, and the salvation of the perishing, he joyfully undertook the labour, and endured the

suffering. "The joy of the Lord was his strength," and souls converted and homes made happy his reward.

CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

Not only was he endowed with a vigorous and well-balanced mind, and blest with a strong and healthy body, splendid voice, and indomitable courage, but he was thoroughly earnest and deeply pious; he could not only preach but pray; and these, with his success in soul-winning as a local preacher, were his recommendations for the wider sphere of service in the regular ministry to which, in 1836, he was called by both God and the Church, and pledged at the Conference of the same year. His first circuit was Micheldever, where he remained two years, and in which his physical strength, mental power, and moral courage were severely tried. He met with much rough treatment, but was cheered and encouraged by the Master's manifested presence and power to save. He also in England and Wales laboured on the following stations:—Aylesbury (two years), Wallingford (one year), Witney (twice—four years), Tredegar (two years), Pillawell (three years), and Chippenham (one year). It was while on the Witney Station, and in the year 1842, that he was married to her who survives him, and who proved to be then, and in all the changeful years that followed, and in every sense a helpmeet indeed, joyfully taking part with him in all his discouragements, labours, and conflicts.

Not only did he preach on nearly every night in the week—after walking many miles each day, and visiting and praying from house to house; but on Sundays walked, not unfrequently, *fifteen or twenty* miles, and preached *three or four* times, mostly in the open-air, and under unfavourable circumstances. To these labours were added many others. The work was essentially missionary—aggressive and enlarging—and into many places, wrapped in deepest and densest moral gloom, was carried the light of the glorious Gospel, kindling in the hearts and homes of the people the transforming and elevating flame of vital religion. Constrained by the love of Christ, he, and many others of that time, equally heroic, waited not for doors to open, but in God's name, though opposed by the strongest forces of earth and hell, went and opened them. Fearless, determined, and zealous, no sound was more welcome to him than the battle-cry of the Cross, and no music more sweet to his soul than the joyful acclamations of the spiritually emancipated.

But if abundant in labours, the persecutions which he also had to endure in those early years were not only numerous, but at times of a most vile and brutal character. It was with difficulty that he sometimes escaped with his life from the attacks of

infuriated mobs, maddened with drink, and set on and encouraged by those who ought to have known better. But none of these things either intimidated or damped the ardour of his soul. He gloried in the Cross, and rejoiced that he was counted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake. With unflinching faith, and a Christ-given power, he persevered in proclaiming—in streets, and lanes, and fields—the Gospel of a present, free, and full salvation. Drunkards, and blasphemers, and many of the ringleaders and more violent of the persecutors were converted and became "valiant for the truth;" new societies were formed, and chapels built. The memory of those times, marked by many striking interpositions of Divine Providence, and wonderful manifestations of Christ's saving power and glory, not only gladdened his heart in his latter days, but called forth the profoundest gratitude of his soul: saying, "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but unto Thee be the praise." GOES TO AUSTRALIA.

Some time in 1850, believing it to be God's will and call, he offered himself to the General Missionary Committee for the Australian Missions. His offer and name were recorded, but he received no further reply, until the Conference of 1851. The Chippenham Circuit Quarterly Meeting had requested his re-station, but when the stations came out he found that he was appointed to Melbourne, Australia, as successor to the Rev. John Ride, who was appointed to open the Geelong Mission; he was also notified to be in readiness to sail in the course of a few weeks for his far-off field of labour. Preparations were hastily made, and in August, 1851, with his wife and three infant children, he bade farewell to the land of his birth and early labours, and safely reached Melbourne on the 27th of November following. He was welcomed by his old comrade, and a few others who had known him in England. The recent discovery of the Victorian gold-fields had caused intense and wide-spread excitement. The whole aspect of affairs was changed, and the circumstances altered; from these and other causes the arrangements of the Missionary Committee and the Conference could not be carried out. He was also, by a severe affliction, confined to his bed for fifteen weeks, and Mr. Ride could not leave Melbourne. At the following September Quarterly Meeting it was mutually arranged for Mr. Watts, who was now fully restored to physical health and vigour, to open in the following month, October, 1852, the Geelong Mission. On the first Sunday morning after arrival, he, accompanied by Mrs. Watts, took his stand on a heap of stones in what is now Market Square, and proclaimed the Gospel of grace and life to those that gathered around. Mrs. Watts preached in the same place in the afternoon, and he again in the evening. One soul was converted at the afternoon service. Thus did God cheer them with the manifestation of His presence and the seal of His approval. That for a con-

siderable time became their regular place of meeting. He remained six years in Geelong, and aided by God's grace and a band of noble local helpers—most of whom preceded him to the rest and reward in glory—the cause was established. Weller Street Church was built, and left almost free of debt. Several other places were also missioned and societies formed. The long journeys which he made on foot, laid the foundation of that which necessitated his comparatively early superannuation. His zeal for the honour of Christ, the salvation of the perishing, and the extension of Primitive Methodism outweighed all personal considerations, and the success with which God crowned his efforts, and the roll of membership which he was enabled to leave were his joy and reward. He also laboured with acceptance and success on the following stations in this Colony:—Bendigo, Campbellfield, Castle-maine, Kilmore, and Melbourne. On all these he formed enduring friendships, and left memorials of his influence, energy, and zeal. For five years he was the District Secretary, Superintendent of Missions, and General Book Steward, discharging the onerous duties of his position with characteristic energy, intelligence, and faithfulness. As a pioneer missionary he possessed in no stinted measure traits of character and qualifications essential to success, and largely shared in the honour of being one of the chief instruments in the planting, spread, and building up of Primitive Methodism in this colony. In all this he claimed no personal merit. It was Christ's grace in him, and his faith in, and whole-hearted consecration to Christ, that made him what he was, and that enabled him to do what he did. He had an unblemished record and unbroken membership in the Primitive Methodist Church of sixty-five years. He was in the ministry sixty-two years, thirty-eight of which were in active service. Successful as a soul-winner, the aggregate net increase in the membership roll of his stations was counted by hundreds. In 1874 he was superannuated, and settling at Geelong, gave full proof of his unabated zeal for Christ's glory, and deep interest in the spiritual prosperity of our Zion. While health permitted, and after the loss of his sight, he laboured in word and deed. Not soon will be forgotten his presence in the House of God, nor his earnest addresses, thrilling prayers, and godly walk and conversation. The labourer rests, but the work goes on.

PROMINENT TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

As a man, he was every way manly. There was nothing in him, or in his dealings with others, pettish and little. He was firm in principle, shrewd in judgment, and true to his convictions; fearless in what he believed to be the right, somewhat brusque in manner, but honest and straightforward in conduct, and unwavering in his friendships. The remotest approach to what was finical, to affectation, slipperiness, or sham, was an abomination to his

soul. As a Christian, he was faithful, deep-rooted, and zealous. He was not blind to his imperfections and shortcomings, and while deploring them, constantly and earnestly sought by prayer and meditation the attainment of a more Christly spirit and life. He was much in communion with God, and precious to his soul was the word of the Lord. As a minister, he was faithful, diligent, and energetic. "A workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." Christ, and Him crucified, was the great theme of his preaching. He "warned every man, and taught every man in all wisdom, that he might present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." He had somewhat of the fearless and uncompromising spirit of Paul, and the rugged rock-like firmness and fire of Peter. To pastoral visitation, which was no small factor in his success as a soul-winner, he gave attention, and was in every sense and in every way loyal to the Connexion. In all church affairs, while in active work, he took a leading and influential part, and was frequently president of our Annual Assembly.

As he lived, so he died, strong in faith and with "Christ in him the hope of glory." Death to him had no terrors. Its sting had long been extracted; and dying to him was not death, but the realisation of a grander and more perfect life. It was thus, full of years, rich in grace, and ripe in soul, that he peacefully passed "beyond the shadows," to be forever with the Lord. He leaves behind him his aged partner, who is calmly waiting the Master's call "to come up higher," and a son and daughter who are both walking in the fear of the Lord. His eldest daughter (Mrs. John Elvins), preceded him only a few weeks to the rest in glory. May He who has promised to be a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless, sustain and comfort the bereaved until the meeting time shall come.

The funeral took place on August 17th, and was very largely attended, not only by immediate friends and sympathisers, but by many who held his name and memory in esteem. The following ministers, in addition to the writer, were also present:—Revs. J. Wilson, T. Copeland, W. Hunt, H. Heathershaw, C. Anthony, and H. W. Frederick. The body was taken first to the Pakington Street Church, where a brief and impressive service was held, conducted by the Rev. J. Wilson, and in which the Revs. W. Hunt, C. Anthony, and H. Heathershaw (who gave an address) took part. Thence the long procession proceeded slowly to the Western Cemetery, where amidst a scene memorable and affecting, the writer, in compliance with the previously expressed wish of the deceased, committed his mortal remains to their last resting place. The Rev. T. Copeland offered the closing prayer. "The fathers, where are they?"

"He's gone to wear the conqueror's crown,
And bright that golden crown will be ;

For sparkling gems will stud it round—
The trophies of his ministry."

GEORGE GREY.

MR. THOMAS HOUGH.

THOMAS HOUGH, of Leyland, in the Preston Second Circuit, departed this life on March 22, 1897, aged eighty years. His removal takes from us one who shared actively in the laborious pioneer work which marked the early days of the Connexion. Of the men who had the honour of helping to build up Primitive Methodism during the first three decades of its history, not many remain alive to-day. The churches they planted remain as monuments of their self-denying zeal for God and humanity. If they have ceased from their labours, the fruit of their toil abides in ever-increasing power. Their memory will be cherished by all who have a proper appreciation of their work, and of the self-sacrificing spirit in which it was done. Their diligence and devotion were the expression of their love for Christ and the souls of men. This was the one all-mastering passion which sustained them in every trial, and from which they gathered their inspiration and strength. "For His sake" they were ready either to labour or suffer, content in either case, so long as it was His will.

More than sixty years ago Thomas Hough had what our Welsh friends call "the great turn." He was converted, and threw in his lot with the small band of Primitives at Hoole, in the Preston Circuit. This was the crisis of his being, and fixed his course for ever. The turning was complete and final for both time and eternity. What our fathers in the early days never wearied urging the people to do, he did—Turned to the Lord and sought salvation. What he sought he found, and from that time to the end of his long life he went on his way rejoicing. Conversion in his case was not merely turning over a new leaf, it was beginning a new book. The old account was closed, his debts forgiven, his sins pardoned, the burden of guilt removed. He began his better and higher life a new man, and free. Just as the Prodigal, from the time he came first to himself and then to his father, never wandered more, never desired to visit the far country again; so our late friend, having tasted the heavenly gift, and felt the power of saving grace, held on his way, thankful for past blessing and trusting God for needed help from day to day. His life bore witness to the reality of his conversion, and the readiness with which he saw that blessings received meant responsibility incurred, bore witness to the intelligence with which he grasped the import of the change which had taken place in his relation to both God and man. New life brought new ideas, new feelings, affections, and ambitions, and opened before him the prospect of a life of useful service in the Master's cause. His eyes were opened, and his heart filled with an infinite love for God, and a boundless pity for sin-

ful men. From that time to the end of his earthly life, Jesus Christ was to him both Saviour and Lord—the Saviour of his soul, and the only Lord he acknowledged as having rightful control over his life. The church was not only a place for spiritual refreshment and comfort, but for work. Its mission and manifold services presented a sphere for labour, and for the exercise of gifts and talents of every degree in the effort to spread the kingdom of God on the earth by making known to men the way of salvation through the mediation of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Our brother became an active and zealous worker in the Master's vineyard. He had been a local preacher fifty-seven years at the time of his death. For many years past his name has appeared on the plan in the highest place next to the travelling preacher's. That was the name by which the minister was known in the early times, and among the older Primitives of the present time is still often used. It reminds us of the time when circuits were wide, places often far apart, and journeys long and exhausting, on which the weary wayfarer, tired and spent, was thankful for any quiet resting-place, and for any help by the way. That was the condition of things when our late brother became a preacher. In those days physical strength as well as mental and moral fitness, was needed as a qualification for the work. When God has work to be done He raises up suitable men to do it.

The first race of preachers in Primitive Methodism, both travelling and local, were men, to whom work was no strange thing, and the idea never entered into their massive heads, that a man was less worthy of respect, because he knew how to do some kind of useful work. Of all the vanities and follies that have found a home in the minds of men, none have been more absurd than the notion that a man is less respectable because he has earned his living by honest labour instead of living on the labour of others. The men who made Methodism were for the most part hard workers all the week round, and Sunday was often the hardest day of the seven. If tired in the work they were not tired of it. In their long and lonely walks they were not alone, for the Master's presence, if not seen, was felt; and their hearts often burned within them with a sweet satisfaction as He communed with them by the way. They thought more of the pleasure of meeting the people they loved than of the long miles that must be travelled to reach them. It was a joy to meet, and a pain to part, and the last song in the prayer meeting which closed the services was often one reminding them of the happy times coming when they would meet to part no more. The long journey between the preacher and his home seemed to grow shorter as they sang,

"Refreshed again we start,
Though for awhile we part,
We still are one in heart—
We'll meet in glory."

As a preacher our late brother was well received in his own and neighbouring circuits. And in this local sphere, without wishing for a wider field, he was content, and found plenty of work to do. The harvest was great and labourers comparatively few, and those willing to work were in no danger of being left unemployed. Where he was planned to preach the people looked forward with pleasure to his coming.

His transparent goodness made room for him. He was respected for his sincerity, and the people were all the more ready to believe the message of mercy he delivered, because they believed in him. He spoke of what he knew, what he had seen and felt of the power of saving grace, and the word of the Lord had free course, and was glorified. Sunday with him was pre-eminently the Lord's day, and on that day he gave himself fully to the Lord's work. If not preaching he was to be found in the Sunday School and in the class meeting at his own place. So long as he had strength he was a pattern worker, constant, devoted, never afraid of overdoing, but ready and willing to spend and be spent in the Master's cause. His religion was not confined to the sanctuary, and all crowded into the Sunday. He was as religious in his business as in his prayers. Though in the world, he was not of the world. His motto was not gain by any means, but only by such honest ways as a good conscience could look back on without offence. He honoured God, and God honoured him, according to His promise. If he was not given great riches, he had all that was needed for comfort and happiness, for himself and family, enough and to spare. From the day of his conversion to the day of his death, the hand of the Lord was on him for good, and blessed him both spiritually and temporally, beyond all he even ventured to ask. He had his times of sorrow and trial, but these were outweighed by favours, which, like flowers in spring, shone in his path from day to day. He knew the pain of bereavement in his own domestic circle, and in the passing away of friends and companions in the good work, until he was almost left alone, his company having gone on before. The hope of re-union was his consolation.

He was happy in his home-life, and to him there was no place like home. Whatever in the way of fret and worry he might have in business outside, he had a harbour of refuge at home. Here he was certain to have a cup as full of comfort as loving hands could provide; a full tide of sympathy from wife and daughters never failed him at home. Here the atmosphere was full of love and peace. The love dwelling under his roof was more in deed than in word. There was no blowing of trumpets, no loud profession, but a strong under-current of affection that in a modest, quiet way, made itself manifest. In prosperity he did not become sordid. Religion opened both his heart and hand. Hospitality was the rule at his house. From his door

the distressed were not sent empty away. The Lord's servants were ever welcome to the best they had,—offered, not in a formal, patronising way, but with such kindness from each member of the family as left no room for doubt as to the real pleasure the visit gave to them. It was kindness shown to the servant for the Master's sake. For some years past failing strength laid him aside from active work, but his interest in the good cause, and desire for its prosperity, remained as strong as ever.

When, through age, his weakness became such as to leave no doubt about the near approach of the end, he was undismayed. Faith did not fail when strength was gone. To him Christ was precious, all in all, and his end was full of hope and peace.

His body was laid in the cemetery adjoining the old chapel at Hoole (which he had helped to build) in the presence of many friends, by whom much sympathy was shown for the family.

Mrs. Hough, who was sick at the time of her husband's death, has since followed him to the spirit land. May we all meet there when the storms of life are past.

J. G.

MRS. EDIS.

MARY ANN, the beloved wife of Mr. Isaac Edis, of Dogsthorpe, in the Peterborough First Circuit, and affectionate mother of Dr. J. B. Edis, of Liverpool, was born February 8, 1825, and passed to her reward in heaven on Tuesday, March 30, 1897, in the seventy-third year of her age.

The subject of our sketch was the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lee, who espoused the cause of Primitive Methodism in the city of Peterborough in its earlier and more unpromising days; and how much the present prosperity of the two Peterborough Circuits owes to them would be very difficult to say.

Miss Lee was the happy subject of a divine change when in her teens, and at once united herself with the Church of her honoured father and mother, in which she continued a most devoted member between fifty and sixty years. In 1846 she was united in marriage with Mr. Isaac Edis, who was then an earnest local preacher, and has been circuit steward for nearly fifty years, and who found in her a true helpmeet and hearty sympathiser in all his plans of benevolence and circuit labours.

The piety of our departed sister, although not what some would call demonstrative, yet was very substantial in its character, and manifested itself in various ways of Christian activity, liberality, and usefulness. For years, in connection with her sainted mother, she undertook the management of tea meetings and bazaar enterprises. In her home the servants of God always found a hearty welcome; her attendance at the means of grace was regular and devout, and her class meeting experiences were

marked with humility and trust in a crucified and risen Saviour. In the erection of over twenty chapels in the two Peterborough Circuits she took the most lively and practical interest, and her countenance often lighted up with sacred joy on hearing of, or witnessing any special instances of success. The writer has had the opportunity of observing her deportment for nearly forty years, during which time he has shared the hospitality of herself and her now bereaved husband, and can bear his testimony that her character was meekly adorned with the three Christian graces: faith, hope, charity.

In July, 1896, Mr. and Mrs. Edis happily celebrated their golden wedding, when the friends very joyfully presented them with a portrait of each other, and an illuminated address at a very interesting gathering in the New Road Chapel.

How uncertain are all things here on earth! In nine short months after these joyous celebrations, our honoured sister by illness was laid aside. Her health seemed fairly good till within a few weeks of her death, when a general exhaustion of all the powers of nature seemed to set in, which caused her often to express how tired she felt. The writer saw her twice during her brief affliction, and found her calmly reposing on the great atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ. Her pain she bore with patience, talked freely of the future, and retained her power of recognition to the last.

"Then came the latest breath
That rent the veil in twain;
By death she did escape from death,
And life eternal gain."

A memorial service was held in our Dogsthorpe village Chapel, conducted in the unavoidable absence of the writer, by the Revs. J. Pilling, R. Baxter and W. J. T. Scruby, and all that was mortal of our departed sister was laid in the Peterborough Cemetery on Friday, April 2nd, amid large numbers of sorrowing relatives and sympathising friends, where her sainted father and mother and many honoured Primitives are waiting the archangel's trumpet at the resurrection morn.

Primitive Methodism has lost a devoted member, her husband a loving wife, her son and grandchildren an affectionate mother and grandmother. But our loss is her present and eternal gain.

The Egyptians, with a strange fondness, embalm the body, but we would embalm the memory. The old Romans placed often a lamp in the tomb, but our deceased friend had no necessity for such accommodation; the Divine Word was a lamp to her feet and a light to her path along the journey of life, and the lamp of a Saviour's love was her guide through the valley and shadow of death to the realms of everlasting day.

It is striking evidence of the high esteem in which she was held, that her death was improved to large audiences in our two city chapels by Mrs. Pilling

and the Rev. H. Carden, and in the village sanctuary at Dogsthorpe by the Rev. J. Pilling.

J. ASHWORTH.

MRS. J. CASE.

MARY CASE found her long sought rest on March 9th, 1897, and we interred her remains on March 12th, in the presence of a good number of sympathising friends, and none more richly deserved the respect which was shown, for she had been connected with our Jersey Society long before the present chapel had an existence, and from the very beginning it could truthfully be said she identified its interests with her own.

She sympathised most readily in all its difficulties—and they were not a few—and no one rejoiced more heartily in its prosperity. The secret of her conduct was this: from her earliest years she had accepted Christ as her Saviour, and her intense love to Him was the stimulus all along life's pathway; to her it was the greatest delight to be doing to the utmost whatever would be pleasing in His sight.

It was her constant aim also, to be of service to those who were in need, and to the best of her ability she succoured them. The sorrow of many homes was considerably lessened by her genial

presence and practical sympathy; her kindliness of disposition won for her a warm place in many hearts, and a name which will not soon be forgotten.

She was exceedingly patient in her affliction, which was long, and at times very severe. She was not tired of life, was willing to live a little longer in the service of the Master, or to depart hence and be for ever with her Lord.

Her husband was ill at the same time, and when he saw that her end was near, he said: "My dear, this will be our last day together upon earth, let us sing;" and putting his hand in hers, these two old pilgrims among the eighties sang, "Jesus, Lover of my soul," and soon after she had entered into the immediate presence of her Redeemer and Lord.

Our sympathies go out towards the family, who naturally feel their loss most keenly, and, thank God, we can say to them, as well as to all those who have thus lost friends—

"What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust—hearts' loves remain,
Heart's love will meet thee again."

G. B. GLEGHORN.

Sympathy.

SWEET Sympathy, thou breath of the Divine,
I long for thee;
My soul encompassed round with darkest doubt,
Doth yearn for thee;
In time of need I ask no rest but thine—
I only ask that I may sheltered be
By thee, thou golden, silent Sympathy.

When death has won the day in mortal strife,
Our loved one gone;
'Tis much, if tenderly a friend shall say,
In trembling tone,
"Not Death—our Father gives His loved one Life!"
I tell thee, that is much; but all is this—
In silence, symbol of Eternal Peace.

H. L. B.



Literary Notices.

The Voice of the Spirit. Literary Passages from the Bible, re-written, Idea for Idea, in Modern Style. Book III.—Uplifting-will-Strengthen (Ezekiel), and Song of Solomon. Book IV.—The Glad Message according to Matthew. The Letter of Paul to Galatians. With Notes on the Greek Text. By HOWARD SWAN, Principal of the Central School of Foreign Tongues, Temple. London. Sampson, Low, Marston and Co., Ltd., Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, E.C.

THE writer of these remarkable volumes is evidently a scholar, a man of science, and one who can write with much literary skill. What is better, he does not run a tilt at Theology and the Churches, but writes with a fine glow of enthusiasm in the hope of making men and the world better. This being so, although his views, when nakedly stated, are such as to make us wonder how a man so cultured and endowed can seriously take up with them, yet the self-reliant reader will find much in these volumes to interest—much that is suggestive and that he can even appropriate. But what are our author's views? We labour under the disadvantage of not having seen Books I. and II. of "*The Voice of the Spirit*," but, confining ourselves to No. IV., we can gather thus much:—St. John is the writer of the four Gospels, and the story of the Christ is but "an embodiment, a Personification in a spiritual history." "By 'The Christos' (which, as we are several times told, has the same Greek pronunciation as Chrestos, meaning Good, Upright, Kind, etc.), is meant the Inner Light, that Higher Personality which seems to enter into, and take possession of, the body at its highest moments, and inspires it with the qualities of Kindness, Goodness, Justice, Truth and Love." John wrote four gospels to correspond with the various stages of development and consequent needs of men's inner life. "Why," asks our author, "were there *four* Gospels written, save that there are degrees in the power of this perception of the Presence? For the child, childish tales; for the man, manly ones; for the thinker, bold thoughts; and for the mystic, mystic truths." It will be seen from this that the belief that Christ came in the flesh, as well as the assured results of criticism as to the origin of the Gospels, at once go by the board. But whence did John gain the power to rise to the height of conceiving such a four-fold spiritual allegory as this, and by so doing create Christianity? It is evident Mr. Swan feels the inevitableness and the pressure of this question. He does not fall back on the statement—God inspired John; for God to him is but the sum of the cosmological forces. "If all manifestations of power—the circling motion of the universe, the light, heat, motion of the molecules, chemical, elec-

trical, nervous, will, and love power—taken together *are* that great universal Power we call God, or the Universal Spirit, then in man, through man, may—nay, must—speak the Voice of the Spirit, that WORD which sways the moral world. The Spirit—in the form of motion, vibration, energy—exists everywhere outside man: but this Spirit is only 'moral' when acting *inside* man—outside him it is impersonal, non-moral; inside him it is personal, moral, and at its highest Divine." Our author may be described as a Cosmological Mystic; for him there is but one force, whether we call it love or electricity. The highest achievements of the intellectual and spiritual life are but so many exemplifications of the law of the conservation of force. We have done our best to give our readers some idea of what they will find in these volumes. We do not argue against the views set forth by their author: that would be to take them too seriously.

Key to the Apocalypse; or, The Seven Interpretations of Symbolic Prophecy. By H. GRATTAN GUINNESS, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

DR. GUINNESS holds that the Apocalypse was written by St. John in the closing years of Domitian in the year 95 or 96 A.D., and that it symbolically foreshadowed events which were soon to have their beginning—events therefore which we can now in large part regard historically. He sees a close connection between the symbolic visions of Daniel and those of the Apocalypse. The vision of the colossal image of Daniel ii., supplies the outline of the course of history to the end of time. The parts of the image, made up as they were of discrepant materials, represented the successive flourishing of the great Babylonian, Medo-Persian, Greek and Roman empires; while the stone cut out without hands, that was to become a mountain, prefigured the origin and final ascendancy of the Kingdom of God. All this but paves the way for the main contention of the writer, viz., that in the symbolic prophecies of the Apocalypse the divinely interpreted prophecy of the seventeenth chapter puts into our hand *the key* by means of which we can interpret the rest. This is the chapter that relates to "Babylon the Great" and "the scarlet woman," and Dr. Guinness holds that it is irrefragably proved, alike by history and the word of God, that the Papal power is intended by all this imagery. For the detailed proof of this we must direct our readers to Dr. Guinness' book. Dr. Fairbairn, in his last book, speaking of the Romish Church, has said: "It is to us no creation of craft or subtlety, human or diabolical, no Man of Sin, Scarlet Woman, or shameless Antichrist, but a venerable creature of God, and manifest minister of His providence." It is thus

plain to see that the two Doctors are at direct issue ; nor shall we attempt to decide between them.

Life of the Rev. Colin Campbell M'Kechie. By REV. JOHN ATKINSON. (2s. 6d.) Thomas Mitchell, 48-50, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C. PROBABLY no one in the ranks of the Primitive Methodist ministry deserves better, we doubt if any so well, to be regarded as a model, as Colin Campbell M'Kechie. Alike in the act of renunciation necessary to enter our Church, in the diligence with which he sought to develop his gifts and to acquire learning, in his marvellous power to read character, to understand all the circumstances of any situation, and to adapt himself to those circumstances, and lastly, in his success in all the departments of his work, he stands forth as an example which all our young ministers would do well to emulate. Those who know the special advantages enjoyed by a minister of any of the Presbyterian Churches and contrast his position with that of a Primitive Methodist minister to-day, to say nothing of the trials which the pioneers had to undergo, will be able to appreciate the heroism and self-denial involved in Mr. M'Kechie's determination to consecrate his life to the work of the Primitive Methodist ministry.

The fact that will impress the reader of the "Life" most of all is, Mr. M'Kechie's singular success as an evangelist. When he went to reside at Stanhope, in the Westgate Station, he found the churches feeble, and the moral condition of the people far from satisfactory. But in a short time, as the result of a great spiritual awakening, fifty members were added to the Church, most of them young men and women. The revival had not only added to the numerical strength of the Church, but had totally changed the character of its religious life. The old ease and indifference were gone, and a spirit of desire and expectation for the manifestation of God's power had taken possession of the minds of all. Even more remarkable was the spiritual awakening experienced when he was stationed in Allendale, where some 400 were converted, and of these quite 350 were added to the roll of membership, a striking testimony of the genuineness of the work. Once more, at North Shields, the churches under his care were blessed with a great revival.

How is this marvellous success to be accounted for? Something is to be attributed to his remarkable personality. He was a man of singular charm, and had in him the magnetism of a true leader of men. He owed much to his Highland ancestry, for, whilst he had all the judgment and logical skill of the Lowland Scot, he had much of the fire and imagination of the Celt. Then again, he was never deluded with the notion that scholarship and intellectualty need be divorced from true piety. This was indeed a notion, perhaps more common in his day

than now, against which he persistently contended. He remembered that St. Paul, the most scholarly and philosophic preacher among the Apostles, was also the most successful as an evangelist. And he therefore felt he was equipping himself for his real work in reading the best books, and in seeking to expound the Scriptures in the most intelligent and scholarly manner he could. And his preaching was of every style, except, perhaps, the declamatory, topical, expository, and other. Perhaps he was mightiest in the exposition of some great theme in the poetical sections of the Bible like the Book of Job. These parts of the Word suited his rich imagination and fine spiritual insight, and generally, in those days, when there was no revised version, and the available commentaries were not models of correct exegesis, he succeeded in arriving at the real significance of obscure passages by the sheer force of his moral and intellectual insight. And, of course, all his gifts were sanctified and consecrated to the service of the Master. For the careful reader of this biography will note that he prepared his sermons with the special object of awakening spiritual feeling and securing the conversion of men.

Of Mr. M'Kechie's work in seeking the intellectual improvement of the younger ministers by founding Ministerial Associations, and by establishing the "Quarterly Review," we have no space to write. It should be noted, however, that to be in his company an hour, or to hear him take part in discussions at the associations, was enough to send young ministers home with the firm purpose of spending more time in their studies, and working harder when they were there. All this and a great deal more is made clear by the well-written biography Mr. Atkinson has given us. The writer has kept himself well out of sight, although himself, for many years, very intimately associated with Mr. M'Kechie, and has kept his subject prominently before his readers, with the result that we have a story at once interesting and inspiring.

R. HIND.

PAMPHLETS.

WE have received a pamphlet entitled, "*China, Anglo-America, and Corn.*" By MR. GRANVILLE SHARP. Hong-Kong: Daily Press Office. The pamphlet is the reprint of a lecture delivered at Hong-Kong at the beginning of the present year. We gather that Mr. Sharp has been a resident at Hong-Kong, actively engaged in commerce and banking, for the long space of forty years, and has therefore earned the right to speak concerning the present and future of China. He believes that China is a derelict empire; and fast breaking up. "It is idle to dream, talk, and write of its preservation. Neither is reinstatement, restoration, or amendment possible." The official class is fearfully and hopelessly corrupt. "What hope can any one cherish of the reformation of a man who, being

entitled to draw a salary of five thousand dollars, manages to pocket one hundred thousand?" On the other hand, Mr. Sharp has a high opinion of the people. They are industrious, economical, possess high mental qualities, and love continuous and permanent employment. As a remedy for the sad state of things now prevailing, Mr. Sharp advocates "spheres of influence" as the prelude to occupation. He is no Little Englander, but a Christian Imperialist, and an enthusiastic advocate of co-operation between England and America. "God," says he, addressing the Americans, "sent Joseph to Egypt, and you to America, to preserve life. You want us, and we want you still more. You *can* do without our gold, we *cannot* do without your wheat." Hand-in-hand, therefore, the two nations should address themselves to the Chinese problem. This brochure is written in an admirable spirit, and has a distinct value at the present juncture.

IN "*Fresh Light from the Holy Fields*," the REV. JAMES KING, B.D., Vicar of St. Mary's, Berwick-on-Tweed, has given a popular account of the most recent and striking results of the investigations carried on under the direction of the Palestine Exploration Fund, for which he is a Lecturer. Most inter-

esting is the section dealing with the discoveries relating to Solomon's Temple. It seems that at one spot in the eastern wall of the outer court near the Sheep Gate, one hundred and thirty feet of rubbish mask the real height of the wall, which still shows at two hundred feet. Surely Jerusalem must be pre-eminently the city of rubbish! The price of the pamphlet is sixpence, and any profits accruing from the sale will be devoted to the praiseworthy object referred to in the next item.

"*Ten Years' Work in Shelters for the Poor*." (6d.) By REV. JAMES KING, B.D. It seems there are waifs and strays in Berwick, and for some years past Mr. King has interested himself in their welfare. He has done it under difficulties, for even poor houses that could be used as shelters have been difficult to get. In this pamphlet he tells, in an interesting way, something of his experiences amongst these poor lads. Mr. King's church is the most northerly one in England, and he proposes to set up near it a Diamond Jubilee House of Mercy for Poor Lads. Towards this scheme any profit derivable from the sale of this pamphlet will be devoted.

The Connexional Outlook.

BY THE REV. J. ATKINSON.

—The trustees of the Central Church, Derby Third Station, aided by the Church and congregation, and many friends in Derby and other places, have, after a long and arduous effort, placed their property in workable circumstances. These premises were built in 1878 at a cost of over £6,000. The undertaking was not begun under the most auspicious circumstances, and when completed, the debt stood at £4,500, and remained at that figure for some twelve years. During these years most of those who took an active part in the erection of these premises either left the neighbourhood, or passed over to the great majority, and the burden of debt had become increasingly difficult to manage, so much so that it developed into a grave difficulty. Efforts were made to reduce it, and between 1890 and 1897 some £800 were paid off. Still the debt was a crippling burden to the church, and a sad hindrance to progress. The aid of the Conference was invoked in 1894, and a deputation sent to investigate the case and see what could be done. This deputation invoked the aid of the General Chapel Fund Committee and the Insurance Company, and both agreed to assist. The Insurance Company promised £100 a year for five years, and the General Chapel Fund £50 a year for the same period, on condition the trustees and the Church, with the help

of their friends, raised another £150 a year, and cleared off £1,500. At first this effort was only feebly worked, but ultimately the friends faced the difficulty resolutely, and under the guidance of the Rev. W. Evans, they realised during his superintendency £500 in cash and £900 more in promises, on condition that the debt was reduced by £1,700. When the present superintendent, Rev. I. Brentnall, took charge of the station last July, he entered heartily into this debt reducing project, and set himself to raise the £300 still needed. In this he has succeeded, finding more or less help in various parts of the Connexion, and now this valuable property is free from its oppressive difficulties, and placed in a position in which the debt can be reduced year by year without such general appeals for help as have been necessary for some time past. The trustees and their friends have been abundant in labour and sacrifice, and they have met with generous sympathy and aid. The trustees were fortunate in their secretary, Mr. A. Morgan, who has been unwearied in service, and who never lost heart and hope even when the day of distress was darkest. The church is now free to devote more attention to spiritual work, and we anticipate for it a future abounding in success.

* * *

—The Annual Meeting of the London Chapel and School Extension Fund was held a few weeks ago. The attendance was good, and considerable interest manifested in the object of this Fund; still, we share the feeling of the secretary, that it does not receive the support to which it is entitled. This Fund bears a local name, but it is practically more than a merely local Fund. What part of the United Kingdom stands unconnected with London? And what part does not annually contribute, either to the floating or permanent population of this vast city? The provinces all have an interest in London, but if the managers of this Fund wish to evoke the sympathy of the provinces in aid of it, they will have to get the stations in London and the neighbourhood to lead the way. What appeal can be made to the provinces with a response to the claims of this Fund by Metropolitan Primitive Methodism such as the report presents? That the London churches have heavy local claims goes without question, but still it should be possible by organised effort to raise considerably more than is raised in the Metropolitan area and district adjacent and closely connected with it. The annual subscriptions for the past year were given as £104 18s. od., donations £5 18s. od., collections in the circuits £44 2s. 10d. To these sums Mr. W. P. Hartley, ever ready to help any good work, adds ten per cent., bringing the income of the year up to £170, a mere apology for such purposes as this Fund contemplates. Let our Metropolitan friends make their £155 into £1,000 at least, and then they can look to the provinces with a good grace for further aid. They may rest assured that the way to evoke provincial sympathy is to show they are in earnest themselves in relation to this Fund.

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—The Quarterly Meeting of the Missionary Committee which met at the end of April at Watford, devoted considerable time to the question of appropriating that portion of the Jubilee Fund which had been allocated to it. At the previous meeting in January it was decided that each District should receive from this allocation an amount equal to one-sixth of what had been raised by the stations within its jurisdiction, and that proposals respecting the use of the money should be sent to the April meeting. Ten Districts had not decided what should be done with the money, and, of course, these stand over for future consideration. A few wished to devote what might be assigned to them to evangelistic work, but as these proposals lacked the element of permanency they were not entertained, but returned to the Districts concerned for amendment. Other Districts desired to use the money in forming a Loan Fund, or a Sites Purchase Fund, while others again proposed to utilise the money in assisting to mission neighbourhoods in which the Connexion has no interest, by contributing to the

erection of places of worship, and these proposals were accepted. In the main, the money will be used in the formation of District Loan Funds or Sites Purchase Funds, both commendable objects, and both likely to present some abiding memorial of this effort. We are still one-fifth short of the sum we set out to raise; but the effort has been educational, and when the time comes for the Centenary Fund to be raised it will, we judge, be found that the experience gained has been of some value.

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—The Chapel Aid Association has now completed another year's work, and the accounts have passed under audit. The deposit account of the Association stands now at £225,873 18s. 1d. Deposits during the year amounted to £68,519 5s. 6d., but there was repaid to depositors £61,984 2s. 8d., so that only £6,535 2s. 10d. was added to the general account. The directors advanced in loans to trustees, £25,860, and they received in repayment from trustees, £16,188 14s. 9d., adding £9,671 5s. 3d. to the general loan account, which now stands at £216,323 1s. 11d. The revenue account shows a profit of £439 7s. 7½d. for the year. Since its formation in 1890, the Association has enabled trustees to reduce their liabilities by £63,025 17s. 10d. As the rate of reduction was necessarily small during the first few years, it may reasonably be expected that during the next nine years this sum will be more than doubled, if, indeed, it be not trebled. The present debt upon our chapel property is about £1,000,000. The Association has well nigh a fourth of that amount, and this is undergoing a gradual reduction. One great advantage the Association offers is this gradual reduction of debt, and this, combined with a moderate rate of interest and small legal charges, ought to induce all trustees whose liabilities do not exceed half the cost of their property, to place themselves under the Association. It is pleasing to know that the advantages of the Association are becoming increasingly appreciated, both by depositors wishing to place their money safely, and by trustees desirous of working down their liabilities.

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—The balance sheet of the Orphanage is pleasant reading, and shows the deep hold this excellent Institution has upon Connexional sympathy. Every District in the Connexion has contributed to its support, and with few exceptions, the contributions have come from four sources: public collections, private donations, Sunday School offerings, and trustees' gifts. The Sunderland and Newcastle District still retains the premier position, but of the twenty-four Districts all save three have considerably increased their contributions, so that the revenue shows an encouraging advance upon the last year. The income for the year was £1,223 7s. 3d., which added to the balance April

1st, 1898, of £479 8s. 11d., placed £1,702 16s. 2d. at the disposal of the Committee. The expenditure, including a repayment of £264, amounted to £1,340 16s. 4d., leaving as balance, £361 19s. 10d. The health of the children has been good during the year, and there have been no vacant places. The anniversary was celebrated on Wednesday, May 17, when the friends of the Institution mustered in considerable force, and spent a day at Alresford, profitable alike to themselves and to the Institution.

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—The Sleaford Station has for some months experienced a gracious and widespread revival, and great numbers, both young and old, have been converted. The town and country churches have alike shared in the visitation. The chapels have been crowded night after night, and the oldest members in the station say they have never witnessed an awakening equal to it. New life and vigour have been realised throughout the station generally, and there is great rejoicing in the better day that has dawned upon the churches.

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—At the second half-yearly meeting of the Sunday School Union Committee, held in Hull, the Secretary was able to report very satisfactory progress for the year. The number of schools has increased by thirty-six in the Home Districts, an increase greater, we believe, than has been reported before for any one year. The income of the Union too was in advance of any previous year. One very pleasing part of the Secretary's report was, that in connection with young peoples' meetings which he had held in the various stations he had visited, upwards of two thousand young persons had decided to serve the Lord. The Secretary had their names duly entered by themselves in books he carried for the purpose. The churches should in years to come reap advantage from this work. The Christian Endeavour movement continues to spread in the Connexion, and there are now in the various Districts over a thousand of these Societies. Some discussion took place relative to bringing this movement in the Connexion more fully into line with the interdenominational movement, and on the recommendation of a sub-committee appointed to consider this matter, it was decided to adopt the latest version of the international pledge. Resolutions in favour of Local Veto and Sunday Closing were passed in connection with discussion on Temperance questions, and a vigorous protest was made against the Sunday newspapers, that we hope will not be allowed to simply remain in the journal of the Union, but will pass over into some form of effort to arrest the growing desecration of the Sabbath.

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—In the February issue of this Magazine we made reference to an advertisement in a Brisbane paper of services held in that city by Primitive

Methodist Churches. That reference has brought us an interesting communication from Queensland. So far as we understood, the advertisement related to three churches, but from the letter we have received it seems that more was meant by the advertisement than was expressed. Along with the letter just to hand we have the plans of two circuits, showing some eleven preaching places. A minister is in charge of each of the two stations, and on the one plan there are thirty-two local preachers, exhorters, and prayer leaders, and on the other thirteen. Regular services are conducted at the eleven places, and the six places of worship in the Brisbane Station afford accommodation for nearly one thousand worshippers. We have no information as to the number of members in these two stations at present, but we presume the number will be much the same as in 1897, and that was 325. If our informant is right, there is more of absorption than union in this Queensland movement, and no little amount of friction. We had some information respecting the recent Conference that seems to corroborate much that our informant says. A former Primitive Methodist minister, Rev. W. Powell, was elected President, but not without protest, and there was a significant absence of the names of former Primitive Methodist ministers on important committees. Evidently there are some in Queensland who do not mean to become Wesleyan Methodists. We shall be curious to know how the stand these brethren have taken will affect the property question in that Colony. Our informant says that the United Methodist Free Church has declined to be absorbed in Wesleyanism. The situation is one of some complexity, and will evidently need to be cautiously dealt with by the English Conference. Our Queensland informant says that the Wesleyan Conference recently held in Sydney, has rejected union, and if that is the case, union in that Colony is not likely to be consummated at any early period, if indeed at all, as our ministers and officials in New South Wales have been dissatisfied with the attitude and action of the Wesleysans for some time.

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—The Book Room has done more business this year than in any previous year, and, of course, has realised increased profit. It is to be regretted, however, that the increase arises from trade outside our own serial literature, trade that yields less profit. The main source of profit in the Book Establishment is, of course, our own publications, and if our churches would only consider as they ought the object to which all profits are devoted, their support of our own literature would be more than quadrupled. We put it thus rather than refer to the acknowledged excellence of the literature.

* * *

—The report of the Primitive Methodist Insurance Company for the year is very satisfactory. The

revenue for the twelve months is £3,318 1s. 10d., an increase upon the previous year of £51 1s. 9d. Considering that the Company insures only Connexional property this may regarded as a very fair increase, for, as a matter of fact, most of the property it is possible to place with the Company is insured with it, and increase can only be obtained by new buildings, most of which take the place of old ones, or by enlargements which necessitate an increase in the amount insured. During the past year the claims made upon the Company have been few and small, only amounting in the aggregate to £127 15s. 9d. This has enabled the directors to render increased aid to trust estates, and they have during the past twelve months contributed

£1,616 13s. 8d. towards the reduction of trust liabilities. This makes altogether £12,141 3s. 8d. which has been contributed for this purpose since the directors were in a position to afford this aid. The Reserve Fund of the Company is now £27,623 18s. 1d., apart from the paid up capital. After meeting the claims made, and all working expenses, and giving the sum named above to trustees, the directors have been able to add over £1,000 to their Reserve Fund. Trustees who have not yet insured their property with the Company will do well to consider this report, and to remember that this Company is not worked for private gain, but for Connexional benefit.

The Wider Outlook.

—One of the most important Conferences of either this or any past century assembled last month at the Hague. It met on the invitation of the Russian Tsar, the master of the greatest army the world has seen, and met for the purpose of ascertaining if some mutual arrangement could not be agreed to by the Powers taking part in the Conference on three main issues. (1.) The question of disarmament and the reduction of armed forces during times of peace. (2.) The possibility of further mitigating the terrible suffering incident to war. (3.) To ascertain to what extent and in what way it might be possible to substitute arbitration for appeals to force in relation to national disputes. Other questions undoubtedly will engage the attention of the Conference, but these are the main questions to be considered. Four-and-twenty different nationalities are represented in the Conference, the sessions of which will probably extend over some weeks, and perhaps months. No one, however, will grudge any length of time if only something practical is the result. The two hemispheres meet in this Conference, and the Minor Powers of Europe join in the consideration of the questions at issue along with the Great Powers of the world, and have as much voting power, as each nation has only one vote if any question has to be decided by votes. Japan, China, Siam, and Persia, join with the United States, Great Britain, Russia, Germany, France, Austria, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, Holland, Belgium, and the smaller States of Eastern Europe in this Conference. Each nation has sent its most trusted diplomatists, its men most conversant with international law, and men reckoned among its best military experts. The Hague has been selected as a place where the dominance of big armies is likely to be least felt. This selection is due to the Tsar, who had no wish for the Conference to meet in his capital, where

bayonets and the evidence of armed force are met with at every turn. The Hollanders have given the Conference a hearty welcome, and its proceedings were opened by the Dutch Foreign minister in the name of the youthful Queen who occupies the throne of Holland. It may be some time before the result of the Conference is made public, as the sittings will be in secret, and only such information will be given to the press as may be deemed prudent, but possibly in this, as in some other cases during past years, more may be heard than the Conference in its collective capacity may determine. The sessions will be followed with expectation and hope that some conclusion will be reached that will abate the terrible burden which bloated and ever-increasing armaments have imposed upon the nations. The Powers which occupy and control the four Continents and the isles of the sea, cannot surely come together in this way in vain. Let the churches remember this assembly in their prayers, and beseech Him, in whose hands the hearts of all men are, to graciously vouchsafe His guidance to this attempt to make His world one in which life will be better worth living. It would be well for the Churches to appoint special seasons of prayer for this Conference, that the interests of peace and good-will among men, the burden of the angelic song over the plains of Bethlehem, the purpose of redeeming love, may approach nearer the long desired consummation when the pruning-hook shall take the place of the spear, and the plough-share the place of the sword.

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—The Scotch Local Veto Bill was thrown out in the House of Commons on the second reading a few weeks ago, but either this or some other Government is bound to face the question, not only for Scotland, but for the whole of the United Kingdom. It is certainly strange that those who stoutly main-

tain that a measure of this kind is not needed, and that the people don't want it, should be so much afraid of an appeal to the people. If the people don't want it the people will say so, and there the matter will end till the people learn better. But these gentlemen who are so much concerned for the good of the people as to deny them an opportunity of expressing their opinion on Local Veto have a dread they do not express that the people will vote in favour of it. They fear the result of making licensed places for the sale of liquor subject to public control. The Conservative member for Oldham, Mr. Ashcroft, characterised the measure as "unreasonable, cruel and dishonest," though how these adjectives apply he did not venture to explain. What can there be either "unreasonable, cruel, or dishonest" in asking the people to settle for themselves this public-house question? It does seem an unreasonable, cruel, and dishonest thing to plant these houses thickly in a neighbourhood without the consent of the people. According to the statement of the chairman of the last Licensing Sessions in Newcastle-on-Tyne, a public-house was planted by magisterial decision in a suburb of that town, and some thousands were added to the value of the property, while the adjacent property suffered a corresponding depreciation. There does seem to be unreasonableness, cruelty, and dishonesty in a proceeding of this kind, where drink-shops are forced upon a neighbourhood, but no such epithets can attach to the expressed will of the people in a matter in which their welfare is so deeply concerned. The Scotch Bill contained what is known as the three options, and proposed to give the people the option of saying if they pleased, first by a majority of two-thirds of the voters in a parish or district, that all licences should be prohibited, or second, by a majority, that the number of licences should be reduced, and the third option gave the people the power to say at the end of three years whether the first or second option, whichever might be adopted, should be repealed. But moderate as this measure was, the Government could not afford to offend the trade, and so the majority at their command was used to quash it. However, this reform is a reform that has time on its side, and sooner or later will have to be dealt with, and the sooner the better for the general good of the nation.

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—An agreement appears to have been reached with Russia in relation to affairs in China, which it is hoped will prevent any collision with that Power in the Far East. Both this country and Russia agree to maintain the integrity of China, whatever that may mean, and Great Britain agrees neither to undertake nor encourage the construction of any railway by English persons or others north of the Great Wall. This, of course, gives Russia possession of Manchuria, and in return Russia agrees to afford no encouragement to any persons in regard

to the construction of railways in the basin of Yang-tzse. This seems like an agreement to recognise spheres of influence, though any such recognition is disclaimed. It is, however, difficult to consider such an agreement in any other light. Each Power agrees to afford no encouragement to any interference with the other within certain geographical limits, and plain folks see no difference between this and spheres of influence. France regards it in this light, and is by no means pleased that its Russian ally should have come to such an understanding with this country, for France has considerable financial interests in the Yang-tzse valley. Possibly such an understanding may be for the best, though it is difficult to see why the big European Powers should want to plant themselves in Chinese territory. One thing is certain, the good of the Chinese has nothing to do with the policy of the European Powers in the Far East. The benefit of China is with them a very secondary question.

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—The Scottish Presbyterian Churches report a year of progress. The Established Church has added 6,673 to its roll of communicants during the year, but its income from voluntary sources shows a slight decline, due, in part, to fewer legacies falling due, and to diminished contributions for the augmentation of smaller livings. The United Presbyterian Church has added to its membership nearly 2,000 during the year, and increased its income by about £25,000, though possibly part of this increase in revenue is due to contributions made to the Jubilee Thanksgiving Fund. The Free Church reports some 3,000 increase in members, and a substantial addition to the Sustentation Fund. The value of voluntarism is seen in the fact that while the Established Church, with a membership of 648,476, has from voluntary sources an income of £487,275, the two non-established Presbyterian Churches, with a membership of 491,160, contribute for the maintenance of their Institutions and agencies, over £1,000,000—the Free Church raising over £600,000. State-supported religion does not show to advantage in the matter of liberality, and a distinct injury is inflicted upon any Church that stands in political relationship with the State.

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—The Wesleyan Methodist Church will report an encouraging progress for the past year. According to statistics already published, the increase in membership is likely to approach near to 5,000, with more than 1,000 on trial, and over 1,000 in junior classes. This will rank as one of the four largest increases during the past twenty years. The increase is not confined to any particular locality but spread generally over the Kingdom. The London Missions report a very satisfactory state of things, and some of the old churches in the Metropolis hold

on their way prosperously. Great Queen Street, for instance, reports over 1,200 members, an increase of fifty-one for the year. The West Central Mission now reports over 1,600 members, and the increase for the year is 101. The Manchester District, despite its dense population, reports decrease, though the Central Hall Mission in the cotton metropolis reports a membership of nearly 3,000, and an increase for the year of 226. The Central Mission in Leeds, on the other hand, reports a decrease of 172. Evidently from reports published, the Wesleyan Church is very much alive, and seems to be in a fair way to solve the problem of dealing with the congested condition of our large towns. Their most able men are taking the work of evangelism in hand, and devoting their energies to mission work where men are most densely congregated. This is the right course. Any kind of an agent will not do for evangelistic work in the great centres of population. What is needed is men of culture and of heart, who combine scholarly attainments with intense zeal and an enthusiastic devotion to the work of saving men; and men of this sort the Wesleyan Church is placing in charge of the mission work in large towns with the best results. Methodism is in some measure realising again, though in a different manner, that Evangelism is the great work of the Christian ministry, and in proportion as this is realised, with due regard to the altered social conditions of to-day, will Methodism succeed and accomplish wonders as great in the twentieth century as it did in the eighteenth century.

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—The Wesleyan Twentieth Century Million Fund continues to grow. It has now reached 634,405 guineas, and a considerable number of circuits have not as yet made any pledge, and no effort has yet been made in connection with the schools of the Connexion. There seems to be every likelihood that the sum contemplated, and even more, will be promised ere this year closes; and as the time in which the promises have to be paid in is not great, it may be reasonably expected that the failures will not be many. It is not prudent to extend an effort of this kind over a great length of time, and our Wesleyan friends have acted wisely in limiting it to a couple of years, the first to securing the promises, and the second to realising them. If imitation may be said to be the best form of flattery, certainly our Wesleyan friends must feel very highly flattered, for their movement has found numerous imitations in this country, and some even across the seas.

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—The Synods of the Non-established Presbyterian Churches of Scotland have no more serious question under consideration than that of union. In this matter it is felt that the surest haste is to proceed slowly. The Presbyteries of both the

U. P. and the Free Church have had the question under consideration in one form or another for some time, but a recent effort has been made to ascertain with some definiteness through the Presbyteries the mind of the Churches in relation to it. The general result may be stated as a willingness for union, but no very great enthusiasm respecting it. In the United Presbyterian Church the Presbyteries have given a unanimous Yes in favour of union, while out of seventy-five Presbyteries of the Free Church, seventy-one have pronounced in favour of it. The United Presbyterian Church has gone a step further and remitted the question to the consideration of the local sessions, with the result that out of 583 sessions, 527 have reported favourably, and only two or three have indicated disapproval. There is, then, in this Church as near an approach to unanimity as can be reasonably expected. The Free Church does not send the question beyond the Presbyteries, and in this Church there is some slight show of opposition in the Highlands, though possibly it may pass away. It seems more than probable that a Uniting Act will be drafted, and if not considered by the assemblies this year, will undergo careful legal revision with a view of presentation to the assemblies in May, 1900, and in that case union will not become an accomplished fact before 1901. It does seem, however, probable that before other three years pass, the non-established Presbyterianism of Scotland will form one powerful and influential Church, and so another step will be made towards that visible unity in the Church of Christ, which to many seems so desirable.

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—The main difficulty in the way of union has been largely removed by inquiry as to what was the practice in each of these two Churches. The United Presbyterian Church, of course, stood for pure voluntarism, while the Free Church was not indisposed to accept State aid under certain conditions. It now appears that in both Churches grants are accepted in the mission field for instruction exclusively in purely secular branches of education. This narrows the difference between the two Churches. The Free Church accepts grants in aid of its training colleges, but these are not made in respect of religious instruction, nor does the acceptance of them involve any contract with the State in respect to religious teaching. So that in respect to the question of State aid there does not appear to be the difference in practice that was supposed. As regards other matters, such as the length of the future theological curriculum, provision for the ministry, and financial arrangements relating to the Sustentation and Augmentation Funds, now existing in the two Churches, it has been wisely resolved to leave them for final settlement in the light of such experience as may be gained after the union is effected.

—The contents of the two reports proceeding from the two sections into which the Royal Commission on the Drink Traffic has been divided are now known, and the difference is not so great as might have been supposed. Division in this Commission was inevitable from the first. In fact, it seems to have been constituted with a view to division. It consisted of twenty-four members—eight representatives of the traffic, eight representatives of Temperance opinion, and eight supposed neutrals. It was, in fact, a sort of court of arbitration in which both sides were represented, and an umpire appointed to decide between them, only in this case the umpire was divisible, and the neutral eight did not act together. A surer device for producing no practical result can scarcely be imagined, and undoubtedly it has in some measure served the purpose of the Government and staved off any immediate discussion of questions affecting the drink traffic. The Commission has, however, gathered a quantity of evidence in relation to the traffic that may be useful in educating public opinion if judiciously applied, and lead to some effective reform in the future. The two reports deal with the number of public-houses, and both agree they are too numerous, but they differ as to the practical effect of an excessive number of licences. The minority report—that of the Temperance section of the Commission—states that the excessive number of licences is a factor of the first importance in encouraging drunkenness; while the majority report states that the evidence does not sustain this conclusion. But those who live in localities where drink-shops abound, know too well on which side the truth in this matter lies. However, both sections agree that the number of public-houses should be reduced. In relation to the method of reduction, the question of compensation of course comes in, and though both reports are favourable to compensation, yet they are favourable to it on different grounds. The majority hold that the disestablished publican, or brewer, has an indefeasible right to full compensation for the loss of his licence,—in fact, claim that it is real property, as much so as land he has bought, or house he has built. The minority, however, dissent from this doctrine, and maintain that such a claim cannot be sustained, as there is by law no property in a licence, but on the ground of expediency they are willing for compensation to be granted, and for this purpose suggest that for seven years a fund should be accumulated by a tax on all public-house licences, and that out of this fund, after the expiration of seven years, a moderate compensation should be paid to those publicans whose licences

would then be taken away, and that during the five years following the seven, the number of houses should be reduced to one for every 750 persons in towns, and to every 400 in the country, and that after the five years expired no further compensation should be allowed for houses closed. This may pass as a paper scheme, but as a practical measure it is valueless. In fact, compensation, though provided by the publicans themselves, is unjust. A publican holds his licence for a year, and pays for that, and if he gets what he pays for, what claim has he for anything more? Evidently none. To concede compensation in any form is to give the whole case away. The publican either has a right to be compensated, or he has not, and if he has not, as the minority in their report maintain, why, then, should he be paid that to which he has no claim? To compensate a publican when he has held his licence for the term for which it was granted would be an injustice from whatever source the funds came.

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—In relation to tied houses the two reports do not seriously differ. The majority think that this system does not increase drinking, while the minority are of opinion it does, as its precise purpose is to push the sale of drink, but both consider the abolition as impracticable, though for what reason is difficult to conceive. The minority suggest that in order to regulate this class of houses, magistrates should show less consideration for the property of brewers, a likely thing, truly, as the Bench is at present constituted. Both reports recommend some change in the licensing authority; the majority think a committee selected by the justices would meet the case, while the minority would make the licensing authority to consist of County Councillors, or, at any rate, of one-half nominees of the County Council. Reforms these of small moment. Neither report deals in any way effectively with the sale of drink to children, or with bogus clubs, and neither report favours prohibition or the local veto. There is one important and significant difference between the two reports, the report of the minority—that is the Temperance section—supplies evidence in support of suggestions made, while the report of the trade section of the Commission evidently think that evidence is best omitted, and hence none is supplied. The work of the Commission, save for the evidence it has gathered, is valueless, as nothing practical will follow from it, but in this respect it does not differ from Royal Commissions in general, they are simply devices for removing awkward questions out of the path of Governments.





WILLIAM GLASS, ESQ.; C.C.,
CHAIRMAN OF THE METROPOLITAN MISSIONARY MEETING.

William Glass, Esq., C.C.,

CHAIRMAN OF THE METROPOLITAN MISSIONARY MEETING.



R. W. GLASS is one of nature's noblemen. The elements are so mixed in him that all who know him pronounce him a born gentleman. He may lack the smartness that comes of mingling with the crowd, but as to the real grit of his nature there is no question.

Some men require paint, so poor is their quality; Mr. Glass is of the substance that will polish. In the loins of his ancestors he hails from the Borders, and he has all that regard for sober thoughtfulness that is characteristic of men reared in quiet places. Publicity is the last thing he would think of; at the same time anything like self-centredness is most foreign to the whole man. There are few men whose lives have been so full of kindly thought and loving deed.

If we mistake not, Mr. Glass was born in the county of Durham, and he has spent the whole of his life within the bounds of the present Thornley Circuit. His parentage was humble but honest. Both father and mother were most industrious people; and they brought up their family with the same appreciation of the value of hard work.

As an employer of labour Mr. Glass is one of the increasing number of gentlemen who hold their position as a trust from God for the promotion of human weal. The work-people of "Richard Glass and Sons," are regarded as human beings, with kindred sympathies and desires, sensitive to the struggle of life, and having their own burdens. There is no set system of profit-sharing at the "Wellfield Brick and Tile Works" that we are aware of, but such is the general considerateness for all the rights and interests of the employees that the relations between employers and employed are most cordial.

Mr. Glass is no ardent politician. He is reckoned among the Liberals on the Durham County Council, but the general estimate of his fairness is seen in that he was requested by both political parties in the electorate to become the representative of his Division in that Council; and he was elected unopposed.

But it is in church work and in the secret service of true philanthropy that Mr. Glass is most at home. We have heard that he became a Sunday School Secretary when he was but fifteen years of age; and though now about sixty he has ever since been in office in the Sunday School. For the last forty

years he has been connected with the school at Wingate; and we question whether ever a superintendent was more intimate with the young people under his charge. A striking feature of our premises at Wingate is the extensive accommodation for school work. Here you have an indication of the influence of Mr. Glass. The Church and schools were erected some three years ago, at a cost of over £2,000; and in order that the schools might be as replete as possible, the superintendent generously contributed £1,000. Mr. Glass is leader of a Society class, but his Catechumen class is equally dear to him. Scarcely a Connexional Scripture Examination is held without a prize going to Wingate. Here again, Mr. Glass is felt. For weeks previously he will meet the candidates, posting them up in all sorts of possible questions. Few societies do more for the Missionary funds than that at Wingate, as may be seen by the Missionary Report for any year; the fact that Mr. Glass encourages each collector every year by the gift of a suitable book may afford some explanation. Thornley Circuit generally secures honourable mention in the District report for the Orphanage; Mr. Glass himself manages that part of circuit work. It will be judged that Mr. Glass is beloved by the young people, that feeling found expression recently in the provision of a new school banner, with a striking likeness of the superintendent on one side, and a picture of the Good Shepherd on the other.

As to Mr. Glass' delicate charities, who can write of these? they are known only to Him who seeth in secret. But some of the richest benedictions of his life must be the thankful tears of the widow and the fatherless.

As Circuit Steward Mr. Glass is a tower of strength. A fine Christian temper pervades all he does.

The greatest honour the Connexion has bestowed on Mr. Glass, that of Vice-President of Conference, is the position that he would most willingly have missed; but having accepted, "to please the brethren," as he says, he has given himself most loyally to it. It is perfectly safe to say that of the numerous applications for service from all parts of the Connexion, he has never refused one, if he had the date clear. His only regret is that owing to the delicate health of Mrs. Glass, she has not been able to accompany him on his journeys. We feel sure that our readers will all join in praying for them both a happy eventide and a bright resurrection morn.

J. R. T.



The Purple Robe.

A STORY FOR THE TIMES.*

By JOSEPH HOCKING,

AUTHOR OF "THE BIRTHRIGHT," "MISTRESS NANCY MOLESWORTH," "ALL MEN ARE LIARS,"
"THE STORY OF ANDREW FAIRFAX," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

"ALL ROADS LEAD TO ROME."



RUTLAND had no companion on his journey to the home of the Vatican. Some of the members of his congregation had hinted that if he would wait a few weeks until they could make arrangements they would accompany him. But he did not encourage their advances. He wanted to be alone, wanted to be free from all prying eyes as he studied the Papacy at its centre. The local paper had announced that he intended taking the journey, and so all the town knew of it, and a number of people came to the station to see him off when he started for London, the first stage of his journey.

Among these were Matthay Bray and Jonas Dixon.

"Naa see that thaa comes 'ome wi' a bit o' colour i' thee faace," they said.

"I'll try," said Rutland, with a wintry smile.

"'Appen as aa the Pope 'ev 'eerd on thee, and 'appen 'e'l want to see thee. If 'oo does, tha tell 'im as aa us Lancashire foak want nowt of his tribe."

"All right."

"And look 'ere," said Jonas Dixon, "see that thaa doesn't pick up wi' ony Italian lasses. Thou'lt find nowt there as good as we 'ev i' Lancashire. Eh, but thou ought to 'ave 'ad a wife to tak' care o' thee!"

"I'll promise to keep clear of them all," said Duncan.

"Yi, that's right. I tell thee, lot o' th' Tudor lasses 'ave 'ad wet eyes while thou'st bin i' bed. Ef owt 'appens to thee a'l th' town 'll go into mournin'. I main it. Thou mayn't think it, 'cos we doan't say over mich; but we think a lot o' thee. I'm tellin' thee naa. Us be a bit rough, I reckon, but ther'll be 'undreds o' foak prayin' for thee," and Duncan saw the tears in the old weaver's eyes.

"Yi, and that ther' will," said old Matthay Bray. "But tak' keer o' thysen, Mester Rutland, I've 'eerd as aa the Italians carry knives wi' 'em, and that they fair 'aate th' Protestants."

"I'll be careful," said the young man.

The express train came in, and scores of people thronged around him. Youths and girls, men and women, a'l waiting to shake his hand and wish him God speed.

"We'll be rare and g'ad to see ye back," they said, "God bless yo'."

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The train swept out of the station, and left the crowd on the platform.

"Eh, but yon's a grand lad," they said one to another. "Ther's never been his equal i' Lynford. It 'ud be a sad day for Tudor if he left it."

"Yi, it would," said another. "Oo's been a rare defender o' th' faith."

Meanwhile Duncan sat in the carriage thinking of the future. He was still weak, and had arranged to do the journey in easy stages. He had received a letter from Lady Neville, containing kind expressions, and the fervent hope that he would soon be restored to health, and also recommending him to a comfortable hotel. Unknown to him, moreover, Father Ritzoom had written to several of his friends in Rome, telling them of his hopes concerning him, and asking them to show him every courtesy.

Each day since the doctor had given his consent for Duncan to read, the young man had been studying books on Rome, and trying to get an insight into the condition of the city. He had become much interested in the endeavour of the Popes to try and retain temporal power, and had often looked at the picture of St. Peter's and the Vatican, and had noted the windows of the room where the aged Pontiff spent his days. Popular rumour had it that Leo XIII. often stood at that window and looked out over the city which was lost to him. It was also said that he indulged in dreams of the time when the Papal States should be restored to the Vatican, and he should have Imperial as well as spiritual power. When the train had left the manufacturing districts, and drew nearer to London, the purpose of his visit to Rome became clearer to him. The people of Tudor had no idea why he had chosen Rome rather than Cairo or Algiers, but it was painfully real to him, and presently he was able to review the situation clearly.

Sometimes he wondered whether he was behaving quite worthily; but he really could not see how he could have acted differently. He could not help himself, neither could he have controlled the order of events. He could not accept the teachings of the Catholic Church; but he could not resist being impressed by the picture of the Church which Ritzoom had brought before his mind, neither could he help feeling the beautiful atmosphere of that Catholic home at the Priory. Had he not been brought into contact with Alison Neville and Father Ritzoom, his life would doubtless have been different; but both had come across the pathway of his life, and both had impressed him. They had made him feel the greatness, the grandeur of the Catholic Church, had appealed to his love for the beautiful, the stately, and had caused him to see visions of a great united Christianity all over the world. After all, it could not be God's will to see the Church split into sections, and each party glorifying its own little sect. Surely God meant His Church to be one. Well, had not the Roman Church remained

true to this idea? She was the same all over the world. True, he recognised the fact that the Reformation had given religious liberty, but had not that liberty degenerated into license? Besides, even a man like Goethe had condemned the work of Luther and his followers. There could be no doubt that liberty degenerated into licence? Besides, even Erasmus and Luther, but could it not be reformed from within? and could not even now a great reunion take place? Rome was no longer what it once was; she had been represented as a great loving mother waiting to welcome back her wayward children, and she had purged herself from the corruptions which were once destroying her. Again, if there was anything in Apostolical succession, doubtless the Romanists had the advantage of it, for all true Protestants had discarded it as a baseless dream. There *was* something in the idea of an infallible church; something wondrously fascinating in the thought that poor, tired souls could rest on her great bosom and give doubts and fears to the wind.

All this Ritzoom had made him feel, and now that he was weak and ill, weary and worn from long weeks of studying and struggling and fighting, he longed for rest and peace.

But perhaps these things would not have affected him so much had not a great overmastering love for Alison Neville come into his life. He felt instinctively that her life was pure and beautiful. She appealed to all that was holiest and best in him. And she had given him hope. The only thing that seemed to stand between them was the difference in their faith. He did not think of the bitter opposition which Lady Neville would offer, if he made known his wishes to her. He had no idea of the power of caste, and how one in her position would never give her consent for her daughter to link her life with such as he. Lady Neville had expressed such liberal opinions, and had received him with such kindness that it seemed probable that she would overlook the difference between their birth and training. After all she must recognise the truth of Burns' words, that the rank was but the guinea stamp, and that the man was the gold. Perhaps, too, the difference in their religion, which had been urged by Alison as the reason she could not think of loving him, had seemed so great, that it overshadowed everything else. And surely he owed it to her, to himself, to do all in his power to remove the obstacle that stood between them. They were fellow Christians. Both believed in God, and Christ, and in the great fundamentals of Christianity. It was only a difference in detail which divided them. He had no doubt about his own relation to God, no doubt about his right to preach the Gospel, but, then, if the Catholic idea of the Church was true,—well, at least, he ought to use every means to investigate it. Books had altogether failed to convince him. Newman had driven him

further away from sacerdotalism; Purcell's "Life of Manning" had destroyed many illusions. All the same he would see Rome, study the effect of this wondrous system where for fifteen centuries its power had been almost supreme. And then—well, he would follow the leadings of God.

He had told his church nothing of this. It would have done harm rather than good had he done so. The people would not have understood. And he had done his duty at Lynford. On all hands it was admitted that he had done the work of two men; on all hands, too, he was told that never had a minister been so successful.

If he were ever led to resign Tudor—well, he must face the fact fairly. In any case he must do his duty.

He stopped one night in London, another in Paris, another at Turin, another at Genoa, and at each stage of the journey he felt himself gaining strength. It was a wondrous change to him. At Lynford the sky was black, murky, the air was smoke-sodden, and winter reigned supreme. In Italy the sky was cloudless, the air was clear and soft and balmy. He had arrived at Genoa at noon-day, and after he had lunch he went out into the town. Everywhere the evergreen trees glinted in the sunshine. He stood in the square where the statue of Christopher Columbus stands and gazed around him. Ah, it was glorious to be away from the smoke and grime, beautiful beyond words to breathe the pure air of the sunny south. He walked slowly around the town, and by-and-by reached the suburbs. Here the gardens were filled with orange trees, and the luscious fruit was ripening beneath the warm, bright sun. He went towards the sea, where the waters of the Mediterranean lapped the shore. Behind him stood the mountains. Away, away, as far as the eye could reach they lifted their giant peaks into the clear, blue sky, beneath and beyond him were the waters of the Mediterranean. Italy seemed to him like a land of dreams, of fair visions.

He was tempted to stay at Genoa, but he wanted to be in Rome, whose name had for two thousand years been a synonym for civilisation, for art, for culture. As a boy he had dreamed of going there, as a man he had longed to go, and now he was on his way. Somehow he felt that his life's destiny lay in Rome, so the next day at noon he started on the last stage of his journey.

Prudence told him to stay at Pisa, and rest the night there. He was still languid and weak—a few weeks before he had been at the very portals of death. He ought to rest there, and not overtax his newly returning strength. But he was too eager to be in Rome, too eager to see those sights which he felt would mean the turning point of his life.

He drew near Rome shortly before midnight, after a weary ride through a wide stretch of dreary coun-

try, and as he looked out of the carriage window he saw the lights of the city.

Rome! Rome! He grew excited. This city, hoary with age, and laden with mystery, was near at last. He thought of Romulus, who 700 years before Christ, founded a mighty empire, thought of the great heroes who succeeded him, thought of the old Romans who conquered the neighbouring peoples, of the republic that was formed, and of the Cæsars who sat on the Imperial throne. Rome! the city to which Paul came, and where he was persecuted and killed; the city, too, where, legend had it, Peter came, and was crucified. Here, too, Constantine came and bent before the conquering cross, to Rome also came Charlemagne, and handed over kingdoms to the Pope. Rome! Rome! there was music, mystery, romance in the word. He seemed to see the sweep of centuries as he sat back in the carriage-seat and closed his eyes. He pictured one Pope after another reigning there. He saw Hildebrand scheming to make the world kneel to him, he pictured Huss coming to Rome to tell his dream to the Pope, saw Leo arranging for the erection of St. Peter's, and beheld Luther coming barefooted and alone to the Eternal City. Then he pictured it after the Reformation, and thought of Pius, and Paul, who, with stern relentlessness, sent out their edicts concerning heretics. He thought of the findings of the Council of Trent, of the rise of Ignatius of Loyola, and the founding of the Jesuits. He fancied Gregory on his way to St. Peter's to thank God for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and thought of St. Ignatius longing to come to Rome, but hesitating until he saw a vision of Christ, who told him that He would be with him. Then the history of Rome's decay appeared before him. He saw the power of the Vatican lessening year by year, until the Popes began to tremble for their own safety. England and Germany, instead of returning to the Latin Church, drifted further and further away, while France, the eldest daughter of Rome, plunged into mad orgies and wild revolt against organised religion. Then Napoleon came, and played with the Pope as he played with the rest of the world, until the power of the Vatican was but a thin shadow of its former greatness. He thought of the schemes of Mazzini and Garibaldi for the Unification of Italy, and how, after heroic struggles and much bloodshed, the nation was re-born, and every state, with the exception of Rome, became united according to the dream of the Italian patriots. He fancied the French army defending this one Papal State against Italy, and then saw the French soldiers march away only to be crushed by the Germans. How the pride of Pius IX. must have suffered! And still this man, while yielding outwardly, held tenaciously to his opinions and demands. The dogma of Papal Infallibility became the faith of the Church, and afterwards the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary. Then Pius

IX. died and Leo XIII. sat on the Papal Chair; and this poor old man, after years of scheming and waiting, still hoped and longed for Imperial power. He fancied Leo XIII. standing at his window at night and looking over the city thinking of the time when it belonged to the Church, and dreaming of that day when it should be again governed from the Vatican. Poor old man! It was a pathetic thought, and yet there was something sublime in it. The Church, so Father Ritzoom said, never legislated for a day, a century, but for eternity, and Leo would claim to be a link in the Eternal Chain of the Church. Cardinal Manning had said that it was the work of the Church to bow the neck of an Imperial race, the English race, to the claims of Rome. Would this ever come to pass, would the dreams of Leo be ever realised?

His thoughts and fancies were dispelled by the cry of "*Roma! Roma!*" and he alighted from the train to see an excited throng. Giving his luggage to a porter, and telling him the name of his hotel, he followed him until they reached the hotel 'bus, and a few minutes later he was on his way to the Grand Hotel de Russie, where he had arranged to stay.

Although the day had been warm, the night was cold, and Rutland was glad on his arrival to find that the dining room had been heated, and a good supper provided. He was still excited, and he had no desire to sleep, but he remembered his recent illness, and soon found his way to his bedroom, where he immediately fell fast asleep. He was up betimes in the morning, but he did not intend to start sight-seeing for a few days. He desired rather to wander around the city, and become acquainted with its streets and squares before visiting the churches, and studying the life of the people. There was no need for him to hurry. The doctor had told him that he must on no account return under two months, and the church had requested him to stay until his health was perfectly restored. A letter had also reached him from the manager of one of the Lynford banks, telling him that arrangements had been made whereby he could, by applying at one of the Italian banks, obtain enough money to cover a much larger expenditure than he was likely to make. The manager assured him that this sum was deposited at his own bank by a friend (who desired that his name should be unknown), in his, Rutland's, name, and for his use, and that he must not hesitate to take advantage of the arrangement. The young minister was much moved by this expression of kindness, at the same time he determined not to benefit by it. He had a little private property, and as he had not spent the whole of the salary his Church had given him, he knew that he had no need to trouble about money.

He determined not to hurry himself therefore, and for three days he simply walked around the city, threaded its main thoroughfares, and watched the

throngs of people who passed by, without in any way troubling about the purpose of his visit. These three days were not without their effect upon him however. It is impossible to be in Rome without being impressed, impossible to see the old and the new, the Pagan and the Christian struggling together without being moved to wonder. During those three days he traversed Rome from side to side, and familiarised himself with the names and positions of streets and squares; he wandered among the ruins of the Forum, traversed the Corso, watched the Tiber in its sweep towards the sea, and saw the mighty dome of St. Peter's, and the great irregular buildings which comprised the Vatican. He had not sought to understand the inwardness of all these things, he had declared that he would not seek to study anything for at least a week, and yet Rome stunned him. He could not help marveling at its revelation; sometimes he felt as though he was but dreaming a strange dream, from which he would soon be awakened. And yet, although he knew it not, he was adopting the best method of seeing Rome, he was preparing himself to see the wonders which would be revealed to him later.

At the end of three days, however, just as he was thinking of trying to discover some man who knew the history of Rome, who might be willing to explain to him some of the sights, a waiter came to him and handed him a card.

"Who can wish to see me?" thought Rutland. "As far as I am aware there is not a soul in Rome who knows me."

He glanced at the card and read the name.

"Rev. Richard Matthew, S.J.," he read, "who can he be, I wonder?"

He followed the waiter into the drawing room, where he saw a young priest.

"Excuse me for calling," said this young man, "but some English friends of mine told me you were here, and I thought I might be of service to you. I have lived in Rome a good many years, and know the city well."

He seemed rather nervous, but he had a kind, frank face, and Rutland felt drawn to him immediately.

"Sit down, will you?" he said cordially.

CHAPTER XX.

THE HOME OF THE PAPACY.

THE young priest accepted Rutland's invitation, but both soon discovered that it was impossible to converse with any degree of comfort. All around them was a crowd of people talking and gesticulating. It reminded Rutland of the tower of Babel; French and English, Germans and Russians, Italians and Spaniards were jabbering incessantly, and all seemed bent on making quiet conversation im-

possible. So Rutland led the way into the billiard-room, which was quite deserted. He then ordered coffee and cigars, and having drawn two arm-chairs close together they were enabled to talk.

"This is indeed kind of you," said the young minister heartily. "I have been longing to find

ordinary routine of my life, and if we can go around together for a few days I shall be more than delighted."

"Do you mean to say," cried Rutland, "that you can accompany me around the city?"

"If you will have me," said the priest. "Father Ritzoom has great influence with my superior here, and knowing that the ordinary guide is worse than useless, he requested that I should be your companion in your peregrinations. You see, almost every church here has an interesting history, while every square, every column, and every bit of ruin is associated with romantic incidents. Besides, I can give you an insight into the life here, and I can enable you to see things altogether out of the reach of the ordinary tourist."

"Why, this is charming of you!" said Rutland. "I know something of the ordinary guide, and had determined to avoid him. I know just a little of Italian, but only just enough to make me exasperated at my own ignorance. You speak the language well, I expect?"

"Oh yes, I have lived here for years! I am Irish by birth, and was partly educated there, but I speak Italian as well as I do English. By the way, you would, perhaps, like to see Father Ritzoom's letter to my superior," and he passed some papers on to Rutland.

The young man read eagerly. It was full of friendly expressions towards himself, and expressed the hope that Father Rizzio would be able to spare young Father Matthew to show Rutland the sights of Rome, and explain to him those things in which he might take a particular interest. The letter, moreover, spoke of Rutland as being on friendly terms with Lady Neville, and a young man of considerable influence in the town of Lynford. It gave no hint as to what position he held, or of the part he had taken in the controversy in the town.

"This is very kind of Father Ritzoom," said Rutland; then with characteristic frankness he continued, "but I think you ought to know, Father Matthew, that I am a Protestant, and what is more, a Protestant minister of religion."

"Are you?" said the young priest cordially, "then we shall have more interests in common. Pray do not think that what you have said will make any difference. Of course, I presume Father Ritzoom was acquainted with this fact when he wrote."

"Oh, perfectly," said Rutland. "I wonder that he did not mention it in the letter."

"I suppose he did not think it worth while," said the Jesuit. "He knew it would make no difference to us. Besides, do you know I am in some way related to the renowned Father Matthew, the great apostle of Temperance, and I should be libelling my name if the fact of your being a Protestant made me less willing to serve you," and there was a frank, kind expression on his face which made Rutland believe his words without question.



"HE DREW NEAR ROME SHORTLY BEFORE MID-NIGHT."

someone who knows Rome well, and you come as a sort of *Deus ex Machina*. But who told you I was here?"

"I had a letter from Father Ritzoom," said the young priest; "he told me that you were acquainted, and that you would probably be lonely here. He asked me to call on you, and offer you any help in my power."

"I am just a bit lonely," said Rutland. "Of course, I have just begun to have a speaking acquaintance with a few people, but then I know no one. Most of the visitors here have their own circle of friends, and I am quite alone. I feel very grateful both to you and Father Ritzoom."

"As to that," said Father Matthew, "I am inclined to think the advantage is not all on your side. I am as glad as a bird to get away from the

"And do you know anything of the life of the Vatican?" asked Rutland.

"Oh yes, I know something of it. Of course, as a Jesuit, we never aim at a position of honour in the Church. Our vows practically preclude all ambitions for high places. Still Father Rizzio has great influence with the Holy Father, and is naturally much connected with the Vatican. Would you like to see his Holiness?"

"Yes, I should like to see him very much. Of course I should not think of an interview with him, but it would be interesting to see him, and to note the impression he makes on the people."

"Oh, that can be managed. I will speak to Father Rizzio about it, and he will arrange for you to see his Holiness. By the way, when do you wish to start?"

"What, sight-seeing?"

"Yes."

"I should like to begin at once. I am quite strong enough now. Do you know I have been very ill? But I feel quite able now to take any amount of exercise. The air is so pure here, so clear, and crisp, and exhilarating, that I can eat like a farm labourer. Perhaps the best plan would be for me to hire a carriage by the day, and then go from one place of interest to another."

"Yes, that would be all right; but you had better have some system in seeing Rome. It is not like an ordinary city."

"I have seen that; but what would you suggest?"

"Well, it depends. You see there are three Romes. There is ancient Rome, there is Rome as the capital of Italy, and there is Rome as the head of the Church. Which do you wish to see?"

"Oh, Rome as the head of the Catholic Church, but, then, are not the three connected? Can one understand one without studying the other?"

"Then I'll tell you what I suggest," said Father Matthew. "The best way will be to begin by studying the plans and Ideals of the Church. I will introduce you to Father Rizzio, and he will give you an idea of our missionary work, and I can obtain interviews with the heads of other departments of our work. After that you will be prepared to see our churches, and to know something of their history. You see every nation in the world is represented here. Every nation has its Church, and every Church has its history. The Jesuit Church is simply a wonder, while the Church for the English Catholics is wondrously fascinating. It contained the head of John the Baptist for about a thousand years. I happen to know something of the history of all the principal Churches, and I shall be delighted to tell you about them."

"But this will take a long time," objected Rutland, "I am afraid I shall be a great nuisance to you."

"Oh, nonsense! Father Rizzio has placed my

services at your disposal, and I shall be delighted to go with you. Will you see Father Rizzio in the morning?"

"Yes, I shall be delighted."

"Good. I will call here at ten o'clock then."

When Father Matthew was gone Rutland thought of what had been said. Once he wondered whether Father Rizzio had some secret purpose in making such arrangements for him; but he dispelled the suspicion as unworthy. Besides, what room had he to doubt? He had come to see Rome, and to see it through the eyes of those who understood its divine meanings. What better opportunity could he have than that presented by the young Jesuit? It was more than he had ever hoped for, and he felt grateful to Father Rizzio for his great kindness. After all, he had greatly misjudged these Catholics. Although he had been their greatest enemy in Lynford, they had forgiven him freely, and had heaped kindnesses upon him. He thought of Alison too. He had not seen her for months, never, in fact, since September, and it was now the beginning of February, but his love for her had seemed to grow stronger every day. He had every reason to think well of those belonging to her faith, for was not she the embodiment of womanly beauty and purity, was not she the one woman in the world to him?

During the next week he saw little of Rome from the outside; instead, he accompanied Father Matthew to the dwelling places of those who were the moving forces in the Catholic world. After he had made a few visits he was simply staggered at what he saw. Of Rome as a city he knew next to nothing, but of Rome as a great centre of enterprise and religious activity he learnt much. After all, it was no wonder that these Catholics were proud of their history. Father Rizzio described to him the work of the Jesuits in the mission field, how ever since the days of Ignatius, they had gone from land to land, and establishing the Church everywhere. He told him of their schemes for establishing the faith in heathen lands, of the progress they were making, and of the length of time he expected it would take to dethrone heathenism, and enthroned Christianity in those regions they had marked out as peculiarly their own. After he had spent some hours with Father Rizzio, he was introduced to the General of the Order of St. Dominic. The stern strength of the founder of this great army was revealed to him, and how, in days of lethargy and darkness, he established a great order of preachers. He was told how they had swept across vast districts like a mighty avalanche, and how everywhere the Dominican monks had planted the standard of the Cross. The General, who was a man of great personality, told him of his present plans, and how the monks of St. Dominic were going into the darkest regions of the earth, and establishing the faith. Vast as the organisation was he seemed to know

every detail of its working, and was cognisant of every scheme for the advancement of the Church. Both among the Jesuits and the Dominicans there seemed a perfect system of work. No army ready for battle could have a more clearly defined plan of campaign, no regiment could be more perfectly disciplined than were the priests.

The same was true in relation to the Franciscans, only they appealed to him in a different way. Like the Jesuits and Dominicans, the Franciscans had taken the Vow of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, but they seemed to regard it more strictly. Rutland had always been a great admirer of St. Francis, and had spent many hours in poring over the history of his career. The way in which he and his followers had gained such ascendancy in the Western Church had seemed to the young minister as little short of miraculous, and so it was with a feeling akin to awe that he spoke to the representative of an order which had existed for seven hundred years. He noted, too, the extreme simplicity of the life of the monks, and listened with wonder as he was told of the hardships they endured. St. Francis had conceived in the far back past that the essence of Christianity lay in poverty, and through the centuries the monks had carried out their founder's ideals. It is true he remembered the strife which had existed between the Franciscans and the Dominicans, but this seemed but as nothing as he talked with the General of the Order. He was for the time so much impressed by the spirit of St. Francis that he forgot those things which the critic of the order would naturally advance. He saw these men going out, like the apostles of old, "having nothing, yet possessing all things," taking with them neither scrip nor purse, trusting in God for their daily bread, and everywhere proclaiming the good news of God. He saw, too, something of the greatness of their ideals, and of their plans of winning the world to the Church.

He also saw the heads of the Orders of the Trappists, the Benedictines, the Passionists; he had a conversation with the Mother Superior of the Poor Clares, those sisters who went everywhere on their errands of mercy; in short, he saw the great societies of the Church in their spiritual aspect, and for a time he was stunned. Never had he dreamed of such perfect organisation, never had he thought of such far-reaching efforts to establish the Catholic Church.

"Of course, you have only seen but a very little," said Father Matthew to him, "but enough to form some idea of what is represented here at Rome. Enough, too, to prepare your mind to visit some of the churches. I think now, after looking through two or three of the principal colleges, we had better attend the Church of St. John's Lateran, where an ordination service takes place in a few days."

"Very well," said Rutland, "I shall be delighted."

"Have you been pleased with what you have seen?"

"Oh yes, it is very wonderful. Your Church has some tremendous organisations."

"Yes, but in reality they are all one. Of course, it is natural that our enterprises should appear colossal to you. A Church which has existed for nearly nineteen centuries, and has spread all over the world, cannot be easily understood."

"No, it cannot. But I have been greatly interested. I should never have seen these things but for you."

"I am glad to have been of service to you; but I ought to tell you that for the next two days I shall be engaged. To-morrow is Sunday, and I have much to do. On Monday I have to go to Frascati, but after that I shall be able to accompany you again."

"All right," said Duncan. "To be frank, I shall be glad of a little rest. During the fortnight we have been together I have seen what I never dreamed of, and Rome has become a new city."

"I daresay it has," replied the priest. "The truth is the ordinary visitor to Rome sees practically nothing, because he understands nothing. He goes around with a guide-book in his hand, and stares at the churches and the monuments, he reads certain commonplaces, and then fancies he has 'done' Rome. Of the real inwardness of the place he knows just as much as he knew before he came. Of course, you have only had a glimpse of the inner life of the Church. You have seen, in bare outline, something of our scope and purpose. You have heard explanations of what has been done, and what is being done, and can now faintly get an idea of the vast army of priests who are engaged in winning the world to the subjection of the Holy Father. Presently you will understand more; because you will see, as far as Rome can show you, how our ideals will be translated into facts."

The young priest spoke with the utmost assurance, he had no apparent doubt of final victory, and Rutland, who was under the spell of the men with whom during the past fortnight he had been conversing, was influenced by his words. Up to the present he had not given much time to studying what he had been told. He had been simply listening, and storing up in his memory the words he had heard.

They were standing on the steps of St. Peter's as they spoke, while Rutland's eyes were traversing the windows of the Vatican.

"It's a wonderful building, isn't it?" said Father Matthew, noting his attitude. "Look, that is the window of the Holy Father's apartments, the third from the end there."

"I suppose so," said Rutland. "It is a wonderful place; but only a prison after all."

"Yes, of course, the Pope is a prisoner, although a voluntary one. But that will all be changed. Leo XIII. may not live to see it; but his successor

will. In God's time, all Italy will come back to subjection to the Vatican, ay, and so will England and Germany, and the rest of the Protestant nations."

"You think so?"

"There can be no doubt about it."

Rutland could not help smiling.

"Ah, you will see by-and-by. But I must be going now. On Tuesday I will see you again."

The time was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and Rutland started to walk towards his hotel in the Via del Babuino. He made his way across the Piazza St. Pietro, and then, noting a restaurant, stopped for a cup of tea. After the waiter had brought it, he sat for a long time looking at the great church, and watched it as it stood out boldly against the glow of the western sky. St. Peter's stands on the outskirts of the city, and from no part of Rome can it be seen in the light of the rising sun. If one wishes to see this magnificent pile at its best, one must watch it as the day is dying. It was in this light that Rutland saw it on that bright February evening. All around men were working, digging up the grass which grew between the paving-stones, while the shadow cast by the great dome grew darker and darker. Little by little the square became empty. One by one the visitors entered the conveyances, and rode away, and still the young man looked.

"Everything tells of what has been," thought Rutland, "everything seems dying, nothing pulsates with the breath of a new life. All these grass-grown pavements, and all these sleepy-looking priests speak of what has been, nothing tells of a future. Yonder old man, who lives behind those windows, seems a kind of symbol of the faith he represents. It is old, decaying. There is majesty, but it is the majesty of age, and not of new-born life. Now I come to think of it, the Generals of those Orders I spoke to, did not represent young life, but simply a vast machinery. There is no youth in it at all. Everything is so old, so very old. There is the same adherence to rule everywhere. Nothing is the outburst of new ideas, new impulses. They are all old men too. Strong they are, but none of them seem to possess the strength of youth. Everything is cold, calculating. Every man works according to a well-worn plan. Nothing is done without precedent. It seems a huge machinery, this Roman Catholic Church, and the machinery is nowhere managed by young men. But I must see more before I draw conclusions."

The evening grew cold, and he started to walk again. There was plenty of time for him to get back and dress for dinner, so he did not hurry. He made his way across the Tiber, by one of the many bridges by which it is spanned, resisting the appeals of the shop-keepers, who begged him to buy ornaments, asking nearly double the price they expected to get, until he reached Via di Ripetta, and finally,

the Piazza del Popolo. For a moment he stood looking at the busy life of the Corso, and then found his way to his hotel.

"It is rather lonely at the hotel," thought the young man, "I scarcely know anyone yet, and I am afraid the next day or two will hang rather heavily. Still, I am glad of the rest, for this last fortnight I seem to have been working very hard. To-morrow morning, however, I'll go to high Mass at St. Peter's, and in the afternoon I will——"

The porter opened the door of the hotel to him, and then he started back in astonishment, while the blood rushed madly to his face. Standing before him with outstretched hand was Alizon Neville.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHAT ALIZON AND DUNCAN SAW AT ST. PETER'S.

"YOU seem surprised to see me," said the girl with a laugh.

"I am, indeed," he replied. "I had no idea that you thought of coming here."

"No! Well, everything has been very sudden. It is less than a week ago since mother decided to come. The truth is she has not been very well, and as winter does not come to an end in Lancashire till the end of April, the doctor ordered her South. She has not been to Rome for many years, while I had never been at all, so she decided that we should come here. Of course, you can imagine how delighted I am to come and see this, the great centre of our faith."

"Oh yes," replied Rutland, "and I am gladder than words can say to see you here. I hope her ladyship is better."

"Yes, she is better, but she is far from strong. The doctor advised Italy, while Father Ritzoom, who has been staying at the Priory, persuaded her to come to Rome. He says it is one of the healthiest cities in the world."

"I should judge that he is right," said Rutland. "Of course before the Italian government took possession Rome was a fever-trap, but now it is wonderfully clean and health-giving."

"And are you better?" asked Alizon kindly.

"Oh yes, I am better."

"It seems such a long time since I saw you. Why, it was last September when we last met, nearly six months ago."

"Yes, it is a long time. It seems six years."

"Does it? And you have been very ill too. I— I was very anxious about you. We often made inquiries."

"You are very kind," replied the young man.

"We heard once that you were dead," said the girl, "and—and mother immediately sent a special messenger to your lodgings. I—I was so relieved to know that the report was false."

"Thank you," replied Rutland. "I suppose at one time the doctor thought I had breathed my last. But there—it's not worth talking about now. I am worth a host of dead men. I'm not going to die yet."

"But what was the cause of such a serious illness?" asked Alizon. She seemed excited, and there was a tremor in her voice.

"The doctor said it was overwork and worry that brought on the brain fever," replied Rutland, gazing steadfastly into her face.

The girl's eyes dropped. "I—I am so glad you are better," she said.

"Thank you, I hope I shall see much of you," he added hesitatingly, "but there is the first bell, I must go and dress for dinner."

When Rutland entered the dining room, he saw Lady Neville sitting at one of the small tables near a window.

"This table is big enough for three," said her ladyship. "I hope you will sit with us. I don't like those long tables, and yet I don't care about



"OH! MOTHER, I SHOULD LIKE TO GO."

dining in my rooms, so I arranged for us to be together, if you are agreeable."

The young man's heart beat fast with delight. Rome had ceased to be merely the centre of the Papacy, and one of the most wonderful cities in the world—it was a veritable Paradise, and at that moment his wildest dreams seemed possible.

During dinner Lady Neville proved a delightful companion. She related some of her former experiences in Rome, how as a girl she had an audience with Pope Pius IX., what he had said to her, and how he had impressed her.

"I was here on my honeymoon with Sir Charles,"

she said gaily, "so naturally everything appeared to me in the brightest of colours. Besides, the Holy Father was very kind; so were some of the Cardinals. At that time there was a great movement towards Rome. As you know, Newman and Manning brought a troop of converts with them, and it appeared as though the whole country was coming to bow the knee to the Holy Father. It seemed to atone for the loss of Imperial power in the State."

"But Rome has changed since then," suggested Rutland.

"I suppose it has, doubtless it has. But tell me what you have been doing here. Father Ritzoom

told me he had written to Father Rizzio asking him to render you any service in his power. I hope he has done so."

Thereupon Rutland told her what he had seen. How he had been led from the head of one organisation to another, and how he had been astounded at the vast magnitude of the machinery of the Church.

"And were these men interesting?" asked her ladyship, her eyes beaming with pleasure and satisfaction.

Thereupon Rutland spoke of the services which had been rendered him in no sparing terms. He extolled very highly the learning and intellectual power of the men with whom he had been brought into contact.

"The Church occupies a different position here from what it does in England," said her ladyship.

"Yes, in a sense the Church is almighty," replied Rutland. "The wealth of the world has been poured into this city. Everything astounds one."

"I am so glad you came here," she replied, "Father Ritzoom feared it might give you a wrong impression, and—" She hesitated a second as though she had said more than she had intended, "You see," she went on, "Rome is not like other cities. It cannot be understood from the outside. It is like a church window. You cannot see its beauty from the outside, you must go inside, and look out towards the light."

"I think I understand, Lady Neville," he replied, but he did not understand at all.

"I am afraid I am not well enough to take much exercise while I am here," said her ladyship. "The doctor has ordered me perfect rest; but I am anxious that Alizon shall see everything. You say that Father Matthew is accompanying you?"

"Yes," he replied, "and—and," he stammered almost painfully, "if Miss Alizon can accompany us—I—I shall be delighted."

"That will be capital," responded her ladyship.

"To-morrow and Monday Father Matthew will be engaged," went on Rutland, "and I had decided to wander around by myself. To-morrow morning I thought of going to high Mass at St. Peter's."

"Oh, mother, I should like to go," said Alizon eagerly.

"Well, why not?" responded her ladyship, "that is if Mr. Rutland will encumber himself with you."

They sat talking during dinner, and then Lady Neville invited him to her private drawing room, where they passed the evening most pleasantly.

On the following morning the two started for St. Peter's. They had allowed themselves plenty of time, and so were able to walk quietly. The sky was clear and bright, the air was crisp and exhilarating. When they reached the Piazza Del Popolo the morning sunlight fairly flooded the square, while up above them in the gardens of the Pincio the evergreens glinted in the light of the bright sun.

"This is lovely," cried the young man, "I never dreamed of such happiness yesterday."

"I am awfully excited," said the girl. "I have often dreamed of being in Rome on a Sunday, and longed to attend high Mass at St. Peter's. Haven't you?"

"No, I cannot say that I have," replied Rutland.

"Oh, I forgot! I do pity you, Mr. Rutland!"

"I pity myself," responded the young man. "This is the Corso," he continued, as they walked down the long thoroughfare. "This afternoon, indeed, on all afternoons, it is crowded with carriages. So is the Pincio above. Yonder is the house which Dumas had in his mind when he described Monte Cristo watching the carnival," and he went on pointing out objects of interest as they went down the thoroughfare.

On their way they passed a group of Italian priests. They were dirty, unshaven, unkempt, greasy and disreputable to a man.

"What horrid-looking men!" said the girl involuntarily.

"Yes, they do not look attractive."

"And what terrible faces they have!"

"Yes, they do not seem desirable acquaintances."

"But what are they doing here in Rome?"

"Oh, the city attracts them, I suppose! I am told that there are many hundreds of these plebeian clergy in Rome who hang around in the hope that they can get a couple of francs for saying a mass."

"But are they not attached to some Church?"

"I suppose not. They are mendicants. I am told that many of them spend much of their time at wine-shops in the poorer parts of the town. Anyhow, the city is full of them. There are cassocks of all colours here, and most of those worn by the lower order of priests are ragged and dirty."

The girl seemed about to say more, but she checked herself, and remained silent.

Just before they reached the Piazza Colonna, Rutland pointed to a building just discernible from the Corso.

"That is the General Post Office," he said, "close by is the Church for English Catholics—the Church of San Silvestro. It is said to have contained the head of John the Baptist for about one thousand years."

"Indeed! How interesting!" but Alizon spoke coldly, as though she were thinking of something else.

Presently they turned in the direction of St. Peter's, and a little later crossed one of the bridges which spanned the swift-moving waters of the Tiber.

"It is a fine river," said the girl, "the stone embankments look new."

"They are. They have been built since Rome was taken from the Church."

"And before that?"

"Very little was done to it, and its banks were the home of disease."

Again Alizon was silent; but presently broke into a cry of delight, for St. Peter's stood before them.

"Isn't it grand, glorious?" she cried enthusiastically.

"It is indeed," replied Rutland, "it is simply a marvel."

As they walked across the square outside the Vatican buildings, Alizon spoke never a word. She seemed entranced at the sight of the great building. The figures of Christ and His Apostles standing on the great front of the church, looking solemnly across the city, filled her mind with many thoughts; the ground on which she walked was to her holy.

When they came to the massive bronze doors, which were opened only on great occasions, she felt a shiver pass through her frame, then she followed Rutland to a smaller entrance, where a dirty Italian lifted a heavy pad which hung across the doorway, and then held out his cap for alms.

"Starving beggars on the steps of St. Peter's," she murmured as she passed in.

Such thoughts were dispelled, however, when she stood beneath the roof of the most renowned church in Christendom. She saw at a glance that untold wealth had been poured here. Statues, pillars, decorations, all represented incalculable riches.

Duncan made his way towards the Gregorian Chapel, where high Mass was being celebrated. It is only a small building, capable of holding perhaps two or three hundred people. Very little accommodation was allowed for worshippers, however. A few forms were placed, calculated to seat forty or fifty people, but beyond that, nothing. About a hundred and fifty people were gathered, nearly all of whom were standing. At each end of the chapel sat a number of priests chanting. There were eighty in all, forty at each end of the building, who sat in the stalls provided. But few worshippers appeared to be present, nearly all were spectators. Both Alizon and Duncan noted that all the priests belonged to the higher order of clergy. Bishops, Canons, Monsignori, and other dignitaries participated in the service. All of them wore magnificent robes.

Alizon looked around for a place whereon to kneel, but noticing that all remained standing and looked towards the clergy, she did likewise. Presently she found herself studying their faces. She remembered that all of them belonged to the aristocratic portion of the clergy, some were even princes of the Church, and yet she failed to be awed. There was scarcely a fine face among them. Most of the priests were fat, corpulent men. As she watched she saw them yawning while they chanted the words from the books they held, as though they were weary, and longed for the ceremony to come to an end. A cold, disappointing feeling came into her

heart. She expected to be awed by this service, she had dreamed of kneeling down on the floor of St. Peter's, while a great hush filled the hearts of the multitude. Here, however, all was different. There was no reverent atmosphere pervading the place. Presently a feeling of indignation came into her heart; for while the officiating priest stood on the altar, and was handling the sacred elements, she saw that the crowd of clergy who sat in the stalls were taking their snuff-boxes from beneath their garments, and deliberately using snuff in the presence of the amused spectators. Involuntarily she looked towards Rutland and noticed a smile playing around his lips, a smile partly of amusement, partly of derision.

She continued to watch, however. She had intended to fall on her knees at the elevation of the host, but even while the officiating priest was engaged in what she believed to be the most sacred part of his duty, the changing of the elements into the very blood and body of Christ, she saw these prelates of the Church whispering to each other, yawning, and deliberately taking snuff. At that moment she felt someone tugging at her skirts, and looking down, she saw a poor Italian woman on her knees, and was trying to make her two children kneel likewise. It was in doing this that she had accidentally pulled Alizon's dress. The sight of the woman aroused in her a sense of duty, and so she knelt down, and tried to think the thoughts appropriate to the solemn occasion. But it was impossible. As she read the book before her, she thought of those dignitaries of the Church, there within the very walls of St. Peter's, yawning, and indulging in a habit which she despised, even while they believed that the very body and blood of Christ were elevated in their midst. She did not condemn the habit so much in private life, but that they should indulge in it within those sacred walls, on such an occasion, seemed to the English girl the veriest sacrilege.

Presently the service came to an end, and she had to move nearer Rutland, while a dozen or more priests entered, followed by boys. Then a procession was formed. The officiating priest carried a receptacle containing the sacred elements, over this was placed a canopy borne by four men, while others bore candles, and thus they paraded around the church. She had enjoyed these processions in England, they had seemed to her picturesque and stately, but here everything seemed mechanical, unreal. All was so different from what she expected.

"What does Mr. Rutland think of it, I wonder?" she asked herself, but she did not ask him, somehow a weight seemed on her tongue.

Presently they found themselves wandering around the church. Many hundreds of people were within its walls, but it appeared almost empty.

"Is it not stupendous?" said Rutland.

"Yes, it is immense," she replied quietly; "but I think I like smaller churches best."

They looked at the faultless carvings which decorated the walls, they examined the figures of saints and heroes which surrounded them in wondrous profusion. Both of them noticed, moreover, although neither mentioned it, that most of the carvings were Pagan in conception, that here in St. Peter's the heathen ideas of the Leo who did much to build the church, dominated the gorgeous decorations. Everything was immense, stupendous; the wealth of the nations had been poured here like water, but the feeling of reverence, of awe, which Alizon longed for, did not enter her heart.

"I suppose St. Peter was crucified here," she said presently.

"Opinion seems divided," replied Rutland. "Some say it was under the dome here; others think it was outside the walls in Nero's gardens. Nothing is known. But look, there is his statue yonder."

They walked towards the bronze statue of St. Peter, which strangely reminded Rutland of one of the old Roman deities. The figure was seated on a chair of more than life size, around its head a bronze nimbus was fixed. The right foot was extended, and the big toe, bronze though it was, was made smooth by the kisses of the faithful.

"Is this supposed to be like St. Peter?" asked Alizon.

"It is said so," replied Rutland. "I wonder whether he ever dreamed of his statue being placed on a pedestal while the crowds came to kiss his toe?"

A laugh came to the girl's lips, she could not help it; but she checked it instantly. Such mirth was surely a sin.

Two Italian artisans came up, took out their handkerchiefs, wiped the toe, kissed it and passed on. Then some women came and followed the example of the men. While they waited, some thirty or forty people kissed the foot of the bronze figure. Some crossed themselves. But all wiped the toe, some with the sleeves of their coats, some with their handkerchiefs, and all kissed it. Many beslavered it with kisses, and rubbed their foreheads against it as though it could impart a blessing.

They noticed that both the handkerchiefs and the coat sleeves were far from clean, and Alizon, Catholic though she was, felt no desire to kiss the lifeless thing before her.

They continued to wander around the church. At many of the chapels a priest was mumbling a mass, before some of the altars a solitary man or woman was kneeling, while the smell of incense pervaded every part of the great building.

"We must come here many times before we can realise its wonders," said Rutland presently. "Some of the most wondrous works of genius in the world are here. They cannot be seen in one visit."

"Must we?" said the girl; "but let us go out now. It is very cold. I want to feel the warm sun."

They left the church standing in all its cold but gorgeous grandeur. In after days they understood it better; then, however, it seemed only a stupendous mausoleum, the grave of the ideals of past centuries.

Outside, under the very shadow of the Pope's apartments, and in spite of the efforts of the secular government, the beggars gathered and clamoured.

"You see those windows there at the left?" said Rutland, pointing to the Vatican buildings.

"Yes."

"The third from the end belongs to the Pope's private apartment."

"Indeed."

"Report has it that he often stands there at night-time, and looks out over the city, grieving at its loss, and dreaming of a time when he will not only reign over Rome again, but over all the world."

"And do you think he ever will?"

"No, he never will," replied the young man quietly.

She seemed about to reply but somehow the words died on her lips. Why she could not tell.

"What do you think of the Church and the service?" asked Rutland presently.

"St. Peter's is terribly imposing," she replied, "only——"

"Only what?"

"I do not know why, but—but it feels like a gorgeous vault."

"Do you feel like that too?" asked Rutland.

"Oh, do not mistake me," said the girl impulsively. "It is all very grand. Such a church ought to be. When I have gone again and again I shall understand it better. But I have never been in Rome before, and I seem to be stunned."

"Yes, I can quite understand you."

They walked quietly back to the hotel, scarcely speaking a word. They took a circuitous route, passing the Pantheon and the Piazza Venezia on their way, Alizon constantly looking around with an expression of bewilderment on her face.

"It's wonderfully grand," she said presently.

"That is the word," replied Rutland.

"It will take me a few days to get accustomed to it all. At present I am sure I do not see things as they ought to be seen," and she sighed as though she were disappointed.

Presently they came to the Piazza Di Spagna, which was glittering in the sunlight, and where flower-sellers had brought their beauteous wares. Bright-eyed Italian girls followed them, beseeching them to buy, using all the English words they knew.

"I like this part of Rome best," cried Alizon, "it seems more like home."

"But not like home on a Sunday," suggested Rutland.

When they reached the hotel Lady Neville met them with news which set Rutland's heart beating. And yet he could not tell why it moved him so.

(To be continued.)



The Circuit Chest.



MOST commonplace in appearance, garret-stained and dusty, yet, in the estimation of the genial steward, of priceless worth, was the circuit chest.

"Surely, sir, you know our circuit was formed as early as 1818, and its history is almost contemporaneous with that of modern democracy."

"And have you the circuit reports from that date?" we ask.

"This box," gently tapping it, "contains, I believe, reports as early as 1820, and we can show you a plan of 1822," was the reply.

"What an opportunity!" but the steward continued—

"I can also furnish you with a list of the ministers who have travelled on this circuit since 1821. Among these were W. Sanders, the poet, William Jefferson, the author of 'The Lion of Judah,' and Thomas King. Sixty-nine years ago Charles Lace travelled here, but during the years few men have been more popular than Samuel Antliff—I suppose I should say Doctor. He filled the chapel for week-night services. But the old ones are nearly all gone. Most of my ministerial friends are in heaven," and the old man sighed. "Not all; there is the Venerable—, we used to call him orator and philanthropist, and several others who await the summons home. Oh, sir! I'm never lonely, for day by day I recall the men of other days—their personality, sermons, and the like. My brain seems like a phonograph—yes, that's the word—"

The pathos of the old man with the far-away look in his eyes we cannot forget. His recollections were supplemented by traditions. Of Wedgwood and Benton, and Father Hugh himself, he had much to say.

"Did not Hugh Bourne preach in this town, and

will his 'blue, blue flames,' and 'white-robed angels' be forgotten easily?" Sister T. relates:—

"But a few miles from here my mother, then a girl, was with others awaiting the coming of the 'Ranter,' when a drover-looking person passed through the crowd, took up his stand at the cross, and began to preach—and with effect too. My mother was saved, as were many others. The preacher informed her that curls were unbecoming a Christian girl, and forthwith she consented to have them cut off."

"Is that in the box?" we asked.

"No, no! there are many interesting facts, episodes, etc., not recorded, but in the lives of the saints and God's book of remembrance. But to possess some of the documents of the early days of the Connexion is a matter to be proud of. And that box contains them," said, with vigour, the old man.

To believe in the Divine origin of Primitive Methodism, as of the Apostolic Church, is one of the things we were early taught.

In our childhood we found a (Primitive Methodist) Church in the home, and consequently have found our home in that Church.

That the power-loom, spinning-jenny, steam engine and the Primitive Methodist revival are in time closely related is, we believe, not a mere coincidence.

At a grave crisis in the industrial and domestic life of the nation Primitive Methodism was instituted.

We have never doubted that during this progressive century it has directly made for saner morals, greater freedom, widening knowledge, and purer love of truth as truth. It has been an important factor in effecting that change in public opinion without which political and social reforms were impossible. Has not its service to civilisation, in its moral and material development, been underestimated? That these secondary blessings were not regarded as the chief ends of the Christian Gospel and of Christian enterprise by our

fathers, there is ample proof. But there is evidence that they were anxious that men who were Christians should realise in their political and social and business life, Christ's own conception of what their life should be. The early documents show their great concern for ethics. And to-day no Church contributes more, in proportion, to the restraint of the thoughtless revolutionist, or over-reaching man of greed; to the inspiration of the patriot and conscientious worker; to the just regard of capital for labour, and of labour for its rights. In mining England, as in rural England, it is unquestionably one of the most potent factors for good. "Methodism is simply anxious to make men Christians," some one has said, and, thank God, it has succeeded in making men Christian citizens, patriots, workmen, masters, legislators and rulers.

But to the circuit chest:—

Browned with age were some of the documents, and, alas! of baldest description. Beyond names of places—and there were thirty-seven places in the circuit, situated in five counties—and items of chapel finance, they contained little of importance. We wonder if the evolution of the circuit report and chapel schedules be indicative of the growth of Connexional usefulness. How concise were the early reports! They were written evidently by earnest men who were first of all preachers. What time had they for literary exercise? the world needed salvation. Whatever else suffered, they *must* preach. How much the character of the preacher counted for, it would be difficult to estimate. The circuit report was chiefly occupied with a statement respecting *the man*, personal and official; his sermons, long or loud; his success—were sinners saved?

"Bro. T. (1830), ill of prevailing epidemic, influenza. This illness not brought on by long or loud preaching."

"Bro. B. is not a piece-sermoner."

"Piece-sermonising" was strongly condemned. The preacher must aim at souls, preach for souls, live for souls. He was supposed to have a message for that time and congregation. Serial-sermons were incongruous with the work and purpose of the times.

Some items amused. That a preacher should be reprimanded for staying to take supper after the service seemed preposterous. It is recorded that, "Brother P. left in the preacher's house an empty cradle!" An empty cradle indeed! Well! well!

"T. W. has read the rules generally, but cannot say he has read every sentence quarterly, as he has committed some part of the rules to memory."

How conscientious! How seriously they took life! How jealous lest the honour of the Church

should be impeached! Their censures were many, they were not compromised of evil, their zeal for Christ and His Church was unquenchable.

"That Bro. S. (1830) be censured by note for the steps he has taken relative to matrimony."

"That the Committee meet at seven o'clock, and those who neglect to attend be fined sixpence, and those who come late also be fined."

They were ever intolerant of idleness. From village to village, "week in, week out," they, in true Apostolic fashion, went "everywhere preaching the Word."

"Mr. G. visited Sow, near Coventry, where he met with great persecution."

"Mr. B. went into Northamptonshire."

The proud capital of the county; the aristocratic pork-pie town, and some half-a-dozen more towns were missioned from this centre. More than a dozen circuits have been made out of this, which after Tunstall and Nottingham, is one of the oldest in the Connexion.

Tradition supplements the records of the "chest," and tells of the saintly characters, fervent spirit, praying power, earnest and successful preaching of the good men and women who would start at midnight to fulfil their appointments and—but their works, are they not all written in the book of the kings and priests of the Most High God? Upon the spot where one of them fervently prayed for the success of the Word there now stands a commodious mission-hall. In the village from which the sainted Mrs. S. was driven by the mob, there now is an aggressive Church. How many are the monuments of their toil and victories! Streams have appeared in the wilderness, and fruitful places in the desert. Alas! how seldom we think of the difficult preparatory work without which the fruitful present would have been impossible. The history of our Church is an emphatic attestation to the truth of the Word, "It shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please; and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

But to the chest!

"1820 was a year of great prosperity. Our Quarterly Meeting was a season of much good. Our souls were filled with joy. When the business of the day was over the travelling preachers made a covenant with each other to set apart a portion of each day for prayer that the work of God might revive. We accordingly wrestled with God from day to day; there was a general quickening and the next quarter we added 300 members to the circuit membership."

Forty years after, it is recorded, "We are not

prosperous, we have tried extra means, and published on the plan for special prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. But to the present with little result."

That there were periods of great prosperity alternating with periods of trial, opposition and strife is abundantly testified. But their faith faltered not, and in work they continued diligently.

"Perpetual sunshine wastes the lovely green,
And spreads disaster o'er the wide terrene;
Perpetual storms impede the tender growth,
And rob the fields of comeliness and worth.
By frequent changes, yon extensive plain
Is made to yield its golden sacks of grain;
To scenes unvaried nature stands opposed,
By clashing processes are her charms disclosed."

Of "clashing processes" our fathers had ample experience. At one time the finances were so reduced that they could not pay for the "single preacher's lodging."

In 1845 it is recorded, "Previous to last March we had some extensive revivals which have been succeeded by great falling away. We have removed 209 from the books." Yet the preachers continued steadfast. Of more than seventy, only one left the Connexion for another Church. He became a missionary of the Church of England.

In the seasons of struggle and depression, the poverty and consequent unrest of the people is mirrored. But the circuit records have no direct references to the social and political struggles of the century. Upon unmistakable testimony we know that certain—very few—officials were Chartists; all joined in the cry for cheap bread, but, as a rule, they were very cautious citizens. Theirs was a robust manhood, and when principle was at stake, they were inflexible. Generally, they seemed—we

speak now of the preachers—detached from human affairs, impelled only by the religious motive. They believed the Gospel was a remedy for all evils, and they lived to preach it.

In 1836 it is recorded, after minutes which embody a momentous decision, that, "The meeting founded their decision on the voice of the people." This is the exception, their concern was to voice the will of God to the people. "They looked upon the perpetual flux of human affairs from the everlasting hills. Their thoughts did not wander through eternity—they dwelt there."

It may be of some interest to note the following minute passed more recently, 1867, viz., "It is the opinion of this meeting that the Connexion ought not to receive Government aid for our day schools."

We fear we have already trespassed upon the space allotted to us by the Editor, but can hardly close the lid without bringing to light a reference to a marvellous camp-meeting held July 30, 1820.

"It opened with a short impressive sermon, preached from Acts xvii. 6, during the delivery of which many were convicted and began to cry for mercy. After a praying service, we endeavoured, by the exertion of the human voice and the sound of a horn, to assemble the large multitude to attend preaching. But in vain, for in one of the praying companies the cries of penitents were so affecting that it was vain to persuade the praying company to break up. They did not break up for dinner, but continued to pray without intermission from 10.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. Hundreds were saved."

"Haste again, ye days of grace."

ELPHIDOS.

Courage.

THE truest courage lies
Not in unseeing eyes—
Owning no danger, blindly rushing on,
But in the eye that sees
To grasp the golden keys
Of power and circumstance, and make them one.

True courage does not war
With the decrees that are—
With laws immutable and fixed and sure—
But to the highest turns,
And in that Presence learns
How grand it is to patiently endure.

Then, be thou strong, my soul,
And, where 'tis possible,
Bend the unconquered to thy human will.
If vict'ry be not thine,
Trust, then, the Will Divine,
And in defeat remain courageous still.

MILDRED McNEAL.



LINLITHGOW PALACE.

The Homes of Mary, Queen of Scots.



SCOTLAND can boast of the ruins of many ancient palaces and castles, possessing historical associations, but the most interesting are those which are closely connected in one way or another with the life of Mary, Queen of Scots, and the history of her times.

This unfortunate lady was born in December, 1542, at Linlithgow Palace, a very fine building, quadrangular in shape, situated about sixteen miles from Edinburgh, and covering nearly an acre of ground. Several castles were built on this site. Of the one erected by Edward I. only portions of three or four towers now remain. The castle seems to have been a favourite residence of the Kings of Scotland, and, as such, became the scene of many events of importance in the national history of Scotland. The fountain in the centre of the Quadrangle was constructed by James V., and the palace presents, on the whole, a very imposing appearance. On the east side is the celebrated Lyon chamber, and on the west side are the bedroom of James III. and the room in which Queen Mary was born.

At the age of five, Mary was removed to Inchmahome, an islet in Lake of Monteith, in Perthshire. Here she remained some four or five months prior to her departure for France, where she received her education. At Inchmahome are some very fine Spanish chestnut trees, said to have been planted by the Augustine Friars more than 600 years ago. Here also are the ruins of an ancient monastery, and the tourist will be interested in Queen Mary's Bower, an oval space, with two rows of boxwood,

marking out the place where the child-queen was wont to take her walks.

At the age of sixteen, Mary married the Dauphin of France, who eventually became king under the



INCHMAHOME FROM THE SHORE.

title Francis II. After the death of her husband, she returned to Scotland and took up her residence at Holyrood, a palace well-known to every visitor to Edinburgh. The suite of apartments occupied by the Queen, and the furniture used by her are still



CROOKSTON CASTLE.

to be seen. In the chapel at Holyrood, of which a portion of the walls and some of the pillars are still standing, Mary and Lord Darnley were married. The Dressing Room was the scene of the murder of David Rizzio, at one time the musician, but afterwards secretary to the Queen. On the 9th of March, 1566, Mary was at supper with Rizzio and others of her attendants, when the door was suddenly opened, and Darnley, accompanied by several armed men, of

who took up their abode in the vicinity of Craigmillar Castle. The castle consists of a square keep, an inner court, and a quadrangular wall, surrounded by rampart and moat. Portions of it are probably as old as the beginning of the fifteenth century, but large additions were made in 1661. Here the celebrated conference took place at which Argyle, Bothwell, Murray and others, first ventured to suggest the advisability of Mary's divorce from Darnley.

In 1567, Darnley, who had played so prominent a part in the murder of Rizzio, was himself assassinated, and Mary's marriage to Bothwell, who was responsible for the deed, is generally held to be one of the greatest mistakes of her life. They were married in the chapel at Holyrood, and subsequently visited Borthwick Castle, perhaps the most magnificent of Scottish castles. It is beautifully situated some thirteen or fourteen miles from Edinburgh, and was the home of the Borthwicks during the fifteenth century. The form is nearly square,



CRAIGMILLAR CASTLE.

whom Lord Ruthven was one, entered, and commanded Rizzio to step forward. The Queen sprang to her feet, and Rizzio, clutching her garments, called for her protection. Lord Darnley roughly seized his wife's arm and held her firmly, while Ruthven and the other conspirators dragged Rizzio away, stabbing him in many places. They dragged him into the dressing-room, and there administered his death-blow. He was found to have been stabbed in upwards of fifty places.

Crookston Castle, where Darnley and Mary spent the first few weeks after their marriage, is situated in Renfrewshire, about three or four miles from Paisley, and is a fine old ruin. In the twelfth century it was the property of Robert de Croc, and passed into Darnley's possession about the middle of the sixteenth century. The Castle stands on a slight eminence, and formerly consisted of two towers and battlements, of which one tower, some fifty feet high, alone remains.

Craigmillar Castle, now a magnificent ruin, stands a few miles from Edinburgh, and was a favourite residence of Mary, Queen of Scots; in fact, according to Croome's "Gazetteer of Scotland,"—an excellent work, to which we are much indebted for some of the facts mentioned in this article—the neighbouring village of Little France, derived its name from the members of Mary's French retinue



BORTHWICK CASTLE.

and the walls fourteen feet thick at the bottom, about six feet at the top, and ninety feet high. The great hall is fifty feet long, twenty-five feet wide, and about thirty feet high. A fine view of the surrounding country is to be seen from the roof, and the whole structure is of a most imposing appearance.

While Bothwell and Mary were at Borthwick, the castle was attacked by Morton, Mar, Lindsay, and others, accompanied by about 1,000 horse. Both-



NIDDRY CASTLE.

well managed to escape, and the Queen afterwards followed him from the castle in male attire, dressed as a page. Then followed the memorable battle of Carberry Hill, the result of which was disastrous

to Mary. She surrendered, was conducted, amid considerable insults, to Edinburgh, and eventually conveyed to Loch Leven Castle, in the county of Kinross, and kept prisoner by the Confederate Lords. The courtyard was surrounded by high walls, with towers at each corner, the great tower probably dating from the fourteenth century. It was at this castle that Queen Mary was compelled to sign the deed of abdication in favour of her son.

The Queen on one occasion attempted to escape in the clothes of her laundress, but the attempt was frustrated. She eventually succeeded, however, in effecting her escape by persuading a simple lad about the place to steal the keys, which, after having used, she threw into the loch. Sir Walter Scott graphically describes the scenes at Loch Leven Castle in his "Abbot."

Yet another castle is associated with the Queen, for after her escape from Loch Leven, she was conducted by Lord Seton to Niddry Castle, near Winchburgh, in Linlithgow. The castle, which possesses a strong, square tower, is now the property of Lord Hopetoun, Baron Niddry. From Niddry Castle Mary sent her messenger to Elizabeth soliciting the Queen of England's protection. The result is well-known history: she was kept in confinement for many years, and suffered death upon the scaffold in her forty-fifth year.

ALBERT F. SMITH.

Devotional Reading.

LIST OF BOOKS.

LETTER TO A YOUNG MINISTER.

Y DEAR SIR:—

You ask me what books I would recommend for devotional reading. The "Still Hour" is usually occupied with meditation, prayer, and Scripture. But there are other books beside the Bible, so inspiring and so profitable spiritually, that if any time is left for them after these exercises, they will not be found out of place. Probably, however, most will find it expedient to separate their devo-

tional reading from the hour of prayer and take it apart as a portion of their ordinary reading. The time which they can afford in that hour for reading

will all be required by the Bible, read as it should be read—the Bible with perhaps the addition of one of our noble hymns.

Devotional reading gives us the company of the wisest and best men in their happiest, most communicative moods. We might have had personal intercourse with them by means of conversation when they would have had nothing important to say to us, or if they had, would not have said it well. It is also an advantage of their writing over their conversation, or even their preaching, that it can be read again and again as often as we choose, and at each repetition will be found as complete and correct as ever, the printed page being a faithful custodian, so superior to memory.

We may truly say that in these times when the printing press is such a power, a great part of the work of preaching and teaching is performed by means of books and periodicals. Readers, instead of being shut up to what they hear in church, are able, as they sit by their own firesides, to summon

into their presence the noblest preachers known. They can secure the instructions of the most enlightened and earnest men of their time, and even of times long since gone by, and detain them as long as they wish. They can, as it were, fetch them from their graves to say over again what they said when they were alive.

I have drawn up a list of books which I think would be useful to you in the culture of the Christian life, and in the practice of private prayer. I might have made it much longer, but I wished to confine it to such books as I have myself read, and to this rule I have for the most part adhered. The list is very defective, very meagre. It is as if you had been invited to meet a party consisting of persons in your town well known and specially worthy, and to your disappointment, when you got there you found it to be composed of people very excellent indeed, but only of such as were personal friends of your host, the circle thus being somewhat limited, and excluding many whose acquaintance you would have been glad to make.

LIST OF BOOKS.

St. Augustine's "Confessions," and his "City of God."

"The Imitation of Christ," by Thomas a Kempis.

"Practice of the Presence of God," by a Monk, (published by Longman's).

Bishop Hall's "Contemplations;" likewise his "Meditations and Vows," his "Heaven upon Earth," and his "Art of Divine Meditation."

Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," his "Holy War," and his "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners."

Baxter's "Saints' Everlasting Rest."

Howe's "Vanity of Man as Mortal," and his "Redeemer's Dominion over the Invisible World."

Dr. Owen on "Temptation," and his "Mortification of Sin in Believers."

George Fox's "Journal."

Adam (of Wintringham's) "Private Thoughts."

Watts on "Prayer."

Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul."

Young's "Night Thoughts," especially the first four "Nights."

Plato's "Apology," and his "Phædo" translated by Jowett.

"Meditations of Marcus Aurelius," translated by Long.

Epictetus' "Meditations," translated by Long.

Seneca's "Morals."

Pascal's "Thoughts on Religion."

Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying."

Law's "Christian Perfection," and his "Serious Call."

Wesley's "Journals," also his "Letters and Sermons," and his "Plain Account of Christian Perfection."

Whitefield's "Journals."

Tyerman's *Lives of Wesley, Whitefield and Fletcher of Madeley.*

Stowell's "Life of Bishop Wilson," of the Isle of Man.

Edwards on the "Religious Affections" and his "Life of Brainerd."

Mason's "Self-knowledge."

Nelson's "Journal."

Hymns of Watts, Wesley and Doddridge, and most of those contained in our best Hymnals.

Matthew Henry's "Commentary;" also Scott's and Adam Clarke's and Alford's on the Greek Testament.

Trench's "Notes on the Parables," and also his "Notes on the Miracles of our Lord."

Upham's "Life of Faith," his "Divine Union," his "Principles of the Interior Life," and his "Memoir of Madame Guyon."

"Memoirs of Stephen Grellet."

Walker's "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation" and his "Philosophy of the Divine Operation."

Clowes' "Journals."

Hare's "Mission of the Comforter" and his "Victory of Faith."

Goulburn's "Thoughts on Personal Religion."

Pheips' "Still Hour."

George Steward's "Religion the Weal of the Church and the Want of the Times."

Frances Ridley Havergal's "Memorials" and "Life of Hedley Vicars."

Caroline Marsh's "Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicars."

Bonar's "Memoir of M'Cheyne."

Norman M'Leod's "Earnest Student."

George Macdonald's "At the Back of the North Wind" and his "Diary of an Old Soul."

Todd's "Student's Manual," the last two chapters.

Bushnell's "New Life;" likewise his "Nature and the Supernatural."

Dr. Reynolds' "Philosophy of Prayer."

Dr. Dale's "Fellowship with Christ, and other Discourses," his "Lectures on the Ephesians," and his work on "The Atonement."

Robertson's, Spurgeon's, and Maclaren's Sermons.

Parker's "Paraclete."

Stalker's "Imago Christi," and his "Trial and Death of Jesus Christ."

J. G. Paton's "Autobiography," edited by his brother.

"Life of Mackay, of Uganda."

Pearson's "Memoirs of Schwartz."

Williams' "Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands."

Moffat's "Missionary Labours and Scenes in South Africa."

Spenser's "Faery Queene."

Milton's "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained."

Keble's "Christian Year."

Selections from Cowper, Wordsworth, Tennyson and Whittier.

Blair's "Grave."

Pollok's "Course of Time."

"Stepping Heavenwards."

Drummond's "Greatest Thing in the World," his "Pax Vobiscum," his "Changed Life," and "City Without a Church."

Newman's "Sermons," Parochial and to Mixed Congregations.

Ian Maclaren's "Potter's Wheel," and his "Mind of the Master."

The Booklets of Mr. Meyers.

Dr. Miller's "Waysides and Bye-ways," his "Things to Live For," and his "Personal Friendships of Jesus."

Gannett's "Blessed be Drudgery."

Dr. Whyte's "Sermons" and his Lectures on Devotional Books, such as the "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Rutherford's Letters."

"Jacob's Ladder and How to Climb it," by Rev. W. Griffiths, M.A., (published by Marshall Brothers).

"Christ Come and Coming," by Folland, (published by Elliot Stock).

Leaders on the first page of the "British Weekly."

Papers of "J. B.," and Sermonettes of Dr. George Matheson, in the "Christian World."

"Morning by Morning, with Daily Readings for the Family and the Closet," by C. H. Spurgeon.

"Evening by Evening, or Readings at Eventide for the Family and the Closet," by C. H. Spurgeon.

This list is drawn from many sources, and even wise heathen are contributors. "The saints in prayer appear as one": Catholic and Protestant, Established and Free, Calvinist and Arminian, kneel side by side and blend their voices in perfect harmony. Our Hymn books are widely representative, and it must be the same in any adequate list of books for devotional reading. We draw the pleasing inference that the spirit of piety is broader than any particular creed. We see that it has refused to confine itself to a single sect, and has created a spiritual bond of union between men who were widely sundered by circumstance, form and opinion.

I would advise you to supplement my list with another from some one whose reading has lain in a different direction from mine.

Yours in Christian bonds,

SENEX.

P.S.—"Till I come, give heed to reading, to exhortation, to teaching. . . . Be diligent in these things; give thyself wholly to them; that thy progress may be manifest to all."—1 Tim. iv. 13, 15.

The Older Chapels of Metropolitan Nonconformity.

V.—CROSBY HALL PRESBYTERIAN MEETING-HOUSE.

By REV. ALBERT A. BIRCHENOUGH.



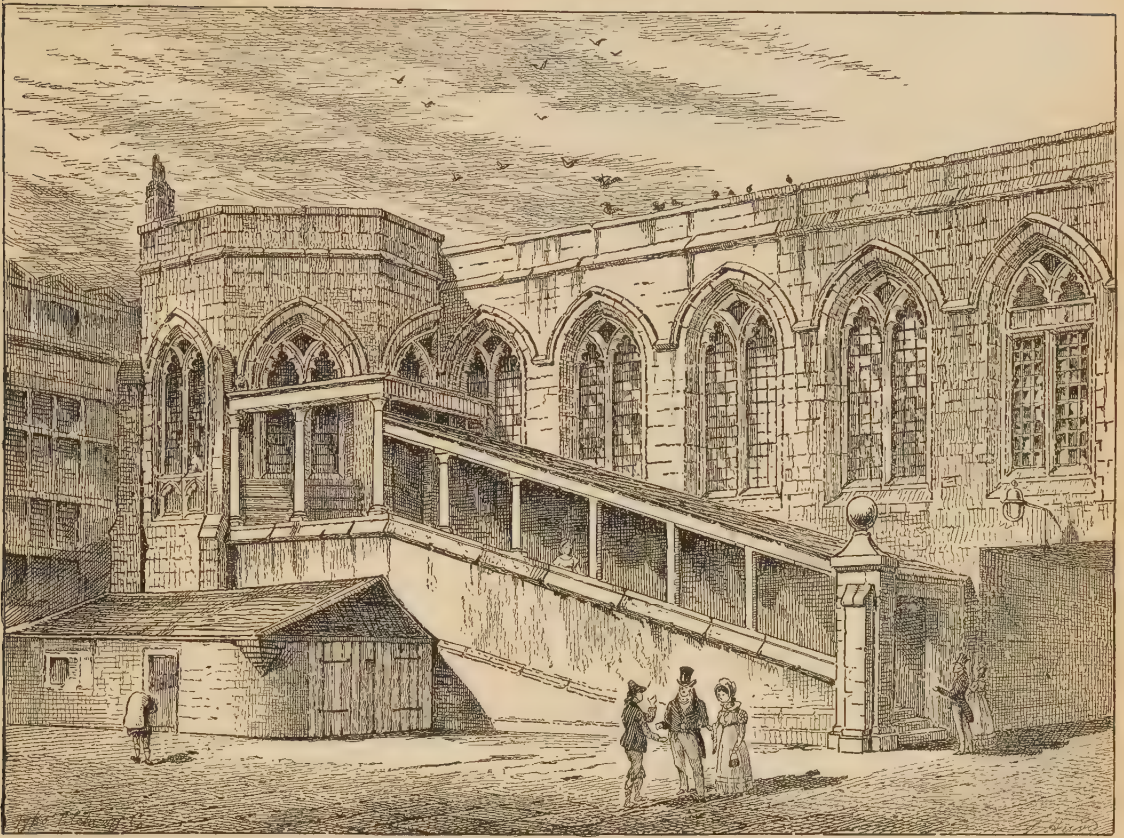
HE seventeenth and eighteenth century Metropolitan Nonconformist meeting-houses and dissenting chapels were far more numerous than is generally supposed. Nearly all of these old-time buildings, with their Puritan memories, have disappeared for street improvements, or

by being forsaken by their worshippers in their migrations to the fashionable suburbs. The old meeting-house of Crosby Hall in Bishopsgate Street, happily, has survived all the changes of the centuries. In the year 1674, the dwelling-houses adjoining the hall were completely destroyed by fire, but fortunately, Crosby Hall itself remained uninjured. The Great Hall is a spacious room forty feet high, with a minstrel's gallery at the south end. For some time it was known as Richard the Third's Chapel, because the "Crookback" happened to

lodge there, and within its precincts he planned some of his villainous schemes.

As a building Crosby Hall is equally interesting to the archæologist as well as to the student of Free Church history. It is one of the finest of the few remaining specimens of domestic architecture of the perpendicular period to be found in the City of London. Since it was used as a meeting-house by the Presbyterians it has passed through many humiliating changes. In turn it has been used as a warehouse for the East India Company; as a workshop by a master-carpenter for the making of packing cases; and by a wine dealer for the selling of intoxicants. In 1831, Miss Hackett purchased the building, and thus saved it from the hands of the spoiler. From 1842 to 1860, Crosby Hall was employed as a Literary and Scientific Institute, and at the present time it is used as a city restaurant.

It was built about the year 1470 by Sir John Crosby, who was a city grocer and woolstapler. The site was leased from Dame Alice Ashfield, the



CROSBY HALL IN 1790.

prioress of St. Helen's Convent, at a yearly rental of £11 6s. 8d. It is generally supposed that this historic house was composed of two spacious quadrangles, separated from each other by the great central hall. The entire frontage to Bishopsgate Street was one hundred and ten feet. It was constructed of brickwork, interspersed with stout timber. At the time of its erection it was the highest and most imposing domestic building in London, which would make it a source of attractiveness to the admiring citizens. Unfortunately, Sir John only lived for four years after its completion to enjoy the comforts of Crosby Hall.

The widow of Sir John sold the magnificent mansion to the notorious Duke of Gloucester, who afterwards became King Richard III.; and Crosby Hall was raised by him to the dignity of a city palace. Shakespeare was fully acquainted with the beauties and magnificence of Crosby Hall, for he was frequently a welcome guest at the hospitable table of the Dowager Countess of Pembroke during her tenancy of the mansion. Evidently England's greatest bard took a delight in immortalising this

famous city dwelling. In his drama, "Richard III." he has three distinct references to Crosby Hall. In this building Richard was offered the royal crown by the Mayor of London. There he persuaded Anne to await his return from the funeral of the murdered King Henry. To Crosby Hall the news was brought him of the cruel execution of the two helpless princes. In June, 1483, King Richard III. left Crosby Hall to take up his residence at the Royal Palace of Westminster. At the dawn of the sixteenth century, Princess Catharine of Arragon was entertained at Crosby Hall by Sir Bartholomew Reed, Mayor of London. From its festive precincts this unfortunate lady went to the bridal altar, where she espoused the short-lived Prince Arthur.

For seven years Crosby Hall was tenanted by the distinguished Sir Thomas More, Lord High Chancellor of England. The learned Erasmus compared More's house "to the academy of Plato," or more correctly, to "a school and an exercise of the Christian religion," where all the attendants devoted "their leisure to liberal studies and profitable read-

ing, although piety was their first care. No wrangling, no idle word was heard in it, every one did his duty with alacrity and not without a temperate cheerfulness." In the year 1523, More sold Crosby Hall to Antonio Bonvici, a wealthy merchant of Lucca, to whom some twelve months later he sent his farewell letter, written the night before his execution with a piece of charcoal in the gloomy dungeon of the Tower of London.

During the reign of England's maiden queen, Crosby Hall was the residence of several foreign ambassadors, and occasionally of a Lord Mayor. In the days of the Stuarts, the mansion became a temporary prison for those unfortunates who daringly opposed the despotic doings of King Charles.

In 1672, the Great Hall of Crosby Mansion was engaged for higher and nobler purposes than the brilliant entertaining of kings and queens, and the holding of fashionable pageants. In that year the Parliament passed the declaration of Indulgence, which was regarded as a great concession to the persecuted Nonconformists. Through the friendliness of Sir Thomas Langham, who owned Crosby Hall, and was on intimate terms with some of the leading Puritans, Thomas Watson, the ejected minister of St. Stephen's, Wallbrook, hired the Great Hall, and converted it into a Presbyterian Chapel. It was used as a meeting-house until 1769, and twelve distinguished Nonconformist divines, including the co-pastors, presided over the interests of the Church that worshipped within its historic walls.

Before founding the Church at Crosby Hall, Watson, during the ten years of banishment from his parish pulpit had faithfully preached the Gospel as opportunity presented itself. The date and place of Thomas Watson's birth are unknown. He, however, was educated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, which was the "nursing mother" of many of the noted divines who took a foremost position in the Puritan struggles, and who suffered much privation in their allegiance to their Nonconformist principles. For sixteen years Watson was the faithful rector of St. Stephen's, Wallbrook. His church was constantly filled with devout worshippers, for his fame and popularity as a learned and God-fearing divine were known throughout the City.

Calamy, in "The Nonconformists' Memorial," says: "Watson was so well known in the City for his piety and usefulness, that though he was singled out by the *Friendly Debate*, he yet carried a general respect from all sober persons along with him to his grave." He was a man of considerable learning, a popular but judicious preacher, and eminent in the gift of prayer. Of this, the following incident is a sufficient proof. Once "on a lecture day before the Bartholomew Act took place, the learned Bishop Richardson came to hear him at St. Stephen's, who was much pleased with his sermon, but especially

with his prayer after it, so that he followed him home to give him thanks, and earnestly desired a copy of his prayer. 'Alas!' (said Mr. Watson), 'that is what I cannot give, for I do not use to pen my prayers; it was no studied thing, but uttered *pro re nata*, as God enabled me from the abundance of my heart and affections.' Upon which the good Bishop went away wondering that any man could pray in that manner extempore."

Mr. Watson was a prolific writer, his principal and best-known work being, "A Body of Divinity," comprising one hundred and seventy-six sermons upon the Assembly's Catechism. It is said to be "one of the most precious of the peerless works of the Puritans, and those best acquainted with it prize it most." His "Christian Soldier" resulted in the conversion of Colonel James Gardiner. "The Saints' Delight," "God's Anatomy upon Man's Heart," "A Christian on Earth though still in Heaven," and other important works bearing the singularly fantastic titles of the Puritan period were the products of his busy pen.

Watson remained at Crosby Hall until failing health compelled him to retire from the pastorate. His last years were spent in rural retreat in the county of Essex. In the year 1689-90, he died suddenly in his study while engaged in prayer.

In the year 1675, the Rev. Stephen Charnock, B.D., became co-pastor with Watson at Crosby Hall, and ministered to its flock until his death in 1680. It is said: "That men of such most extraordinary gifts and graces were seldom, if ever, united in one pastorate." Distinguished and accomplished as Watson was, Stephen Charnock, as a preacher and author, was a far abler divine, and ranked higher amongst the Puritans. Charnock was the son of a city lawyer, and was born not far from Crosby Hall. He accompanied Henry Cromwell to Ireland, and lodged with his patron in Dublin Castle. The Irish were captivated by his powerful intellect, his fertile imagination, and the rich flow of his extempore eloquence.

Charnock was forty-seven years of age when he entered upon his important duties at Crosby Hall. His incessant studies had made him prematurely old. His memory was beginning to fail, and his eyesight was growing dim. During his ministry at the old Hall, and while residing with a Whitechapel tradesman, he commenced his famous sermons on the attributes of God, "which have rendered his name famous to Biblical students wherever the language in which they were spoken is known." He was in the midst of their delivery when death, in July, 1680, released him from his labours, and called him to the higher service of heaven. His remains were carried from Whitechapel to Crosby Hall, where he had so faithfully preached the Gospel, and from thence to their last resting-place in St. Michael's, Cornhill. His executors published his whole works, including his volume on "The

"Divine Attributes," and within twenty-two years the Christian public showed their appreciation by calling for a third edition.

The Rev. Samuel Slater, M.A., succeeded Charnock, and held the Crosby Hall pastorate for twenty-four years. He was an excellent preacher and an able scholar. He was greatly devoted to his pulpit preparation, and always "kept a stock of sermons beforehand." The Rev. John Reynolds was his assistant. He was one of the selected Presbyterian representatives who presented the address of thanksgiving to King James the Second, in recognition of his Proclamation of Indulgence to the Nonconformists. The Rev. Daniel Alexander was another of Reynolds' distinguished co-pastors, who resigned in the year 1704.

From 1703 until 1749, Dr. Benjamin Grosvenor held the pastorate of the Crosby Hall Church. Under his fostering and prayerful care the Church reached the height of its growing prosperity. The congregation was wealthy and educated, and was composed of some of the most influential of the City households. Dr. Grosvenor was greatly respected by the Nonconformist leaders of his day. He was one of the first divines entrusted with the delivery of the Weigh House Lecture. In 1716 he was Merchant Lecturer at St. Salter's Hall; and some years later he stirred the citizens of London by lecturing in the same place on the tendencies of Romanism, at the time when the throne of England was threatened by the claims of the young Pretender. The able ministry of Dr. Grosvenor was supplemented by his co-pastors, who included the talented Dr. Wright and the Rev. John Barker, who removed from Crosby Hall to the pulpit rendered vacant by the death of the distinguished Matthew Henry of commentary fame. The Revs. Clerk Oldsworth and Edmund Calamy, the son of a more distinguished father of Puritan fame, were also fellow-workers with Dr. Grosvenor at Crosby Hall.

The succeeding pastor was Dr. Hodge, who was followed in the pastorate by the Rev. Richard Jones. During his ministry the lease of the old Hall expired, and as the Church and congregation had become reduced in numbers, it was decided not to make application for its renewal. For the last



THRONE ROOM, CROSBY HALL.

time, on October 1st, 1769, the congregation assembled in Crosby Hall to listen to a farewell sermon delivered by Mr. Jones, who afterwards removed to a church at Peckham, where he continued his ministry for many years.

The thoughtful visitor to the famous Bishopsgate Restaurant cannot forget how it sheltered the ark of God in the time of storm, and that its walls resounded with the living voice of some of the ablest and most godly Nonconformist preachers of Presbyterian times.





Revivals: How to Make them Permanently Effective to our Churches.

PART II.

A *S to methods to be adopted.* We must recognise our converts are of very different temperaments and gifts. No two are precisely alike, and some are very unlike. Jacob and Esau were brothers, but how unlike! as different as the North Pole and the Tropics. Mary and Martha were as the East and West apart. So please do not think what binds one to the Church will always bind another. The converts not only have different temperaments and gifts, but come from very different homes; and so require very diverse treatment. Some are like Bunyan's "Ready to Halt" and "Feeble Mind," and need special care. We suggest what, in our judgment, are some of the essentials.

Help some to mental culture.

Many of our converts are seriously defective in education. Their reading has been meagre, and the little done often of the poorest type. Especially if they be young men and women, it is helpful to start them to mental development. We cannot hope for much strength of character in a contented ignorance. To slay error, face it with truth. A Bible Class, on the heels of a Revival, is an agency for much good. To understand God's revelation to man, and to gain clearer views of God, are helps to spiritual stability. A Mutual Improvement Class in a church has often been the starting hour to mental culture. As far as we can, it should be ours to stimulate study in all legitimate branches; but especially ours to inspire them to private study of the Scriptures.

True social intercourse will help to make permanent the fruit.

Remember the social side of some proves their ruin. Some visit the public-house because they like the deceiving cup; but many others turn their steps thither because of its cosiness and sociality. We take some from the public-house; are we supplying its place? When possible, especially in connection with some of our larger Churches, it is highly beneficial to have a room where they can read current literature and have brotherly intercourse. Some urge: "They have their homes."

The home of every convert, be it remembered, is not an ideal home. A young member of our Church said to me the other day, "You have no idea what difficulties I have at home." The world does its best. The gin palace is gaily painted, well lighted; and as the moth rushes to the flaming candle to court death, so do thousands of our young men, fascinated by the glitter of the gin-shop, hasten on to their ruin. We condemn the public-house, but in too many cases we have no rival or true substitute. It is not unscriptural to plead for such facilities, especially for some converts. Jesus was social. His first miracle was to add brightness to a bright ceremony. His association with others so provoked the Pharisees, as to lead to a comparison between Jesus and John the Baptist, as the Pharisees thought, somewhat to the detriment of Jesus. "The Son of Man came eating and drinking, and they say, Behold a man gluttonous, and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners."

We want sympathy in our churches. Sympathy! that is an electric word. Is it too much to ask that the Church should be a home, a spiritual home, with all a home's sympathy, a home's love, a shelter from the world's cruel storms. Are our churches such homes? Doubtless there is much unjustifiable censure on the coldness, formality, and utter lack of sympathy of some churches; but is there one that dare say our churches are always what they should be to the stranger that has just come within their gates. The parody hits off certain churches:—

"Whenever I take my walks to church,
How many folks I see;
And 'cause I never speak to them,
They never speak to me."

Let us bury our false etiquette and starch. They were wise, weighty words that Dr. John Hall—who has just passed to rest—uttered, "Kind looks, kind words, kind acts, and warm hand-shakes,—these are a secondary means of grace when men are in trouble and fighting their unseen battles." My brothers, see the converts and grip them with the

grip of sympathy. It will help to keep them in the Church.

As a third help, *provide them with suitable work*. They have changed masters, and that implies change of service. Provide them with work on two grounds:—

1st. *For personal safety*. There is safety in work. It is the idler who is caught. We have read of a fisher who adapted his bait to the fish; but the idle ones needed no bait, for they swallowed the naked hook.

2nd. *For personal enrichment*. There is growth in spiritual work. They are filled with new-born zeal; and by all means utilise that zeal, for the Church's sake, the world's sake, and particularly for their own spiritual upbuilding. In serving others, they will be served. In living for others, they will find a larger self.

Find them work then, but let it be suitable work. As a rule, it is not a prudent step, meaning neither gain to themselves nor others, to place them as exhorters three months after conversion. There are many avenues open to the converts. To the young, our Young People's Society of Christian Endeavour, by mapping out fitting Christly work, has come as a decided boon. For example, there is tract distribution—a simple task, and yet show them it is something to be God's postman, and the King's business requires discretion as well as haste. They can swell the mission ranks. They can sing to others the Gospel that has saved them. In the Church's prayer meetings, and in Cottage prayer meetings, they can voice their deep yearnings after a higher life. Work, suitable work, is helpful.

But we come back to the point from whence we started; as all-essential to make Revivals permanently effective to our Churches, we must have, and keep, a deep spiritual life in the Churches.

Yes, Keep. No spiritual lull or dead calm after the excitement. We must keep the spiritual fire burning. The others are accessories, helps, but this is an all-essential. We need true Church Fellowship. Am I right in thinking, one of our most serious defects in our modern Church-life is suitable class-leaders? We have known revivals; and a class-leader, utterly unsuited for his post, has by persuasion gathered a number of converts into his class. We trembled for their future, because we had memories of defective guidance in the past. To keep our converts we need the best men, men of intelligence, of sound judgment, and, above all, men rich in spiritual experience. We are afraid in some districts the race is in danger of the fate of the dodo—extinction. Our best men plead so many other duties, and often the Church goes begging for its class-leaders. A Church with suitable leaders is in a fair way to keep its converts. We need such fellowship. A Presbyterian minister

told me a few months ago, they needed something answering to the Methodist Class Meeting.

We plead, then, for spiritual life. Give us that, and we shall have the other requisites. We asked for sympathy, kindness, as a lever to higher things. Some few weeks ago a young lady detailed to me her experience of a certain church—a Primitive Methodist Church, forsooth. She attended the church a stranger, and she left,—a stranger. It was very much—Look after yourself. The atmosphere chilled her, and months elapsed ere she again entered that church. But the second reception was so different that she wondered, “could it be the same church?” The icebergs must have floated south, and been melted by the genial sun; for the church, the same church, and yet another church, instead of raising thoughts of Polar regions, made her feel it was, spiritually, a warm, a tropical realm. The secret was, that church had realised a marvellous influx of spiritual life, and truly all was different. Give us life, and life and love will settle this problem. Yes, a spiritual life revealed in the membership of the Church will help us to keep our converts. Upright living on the Mondays and Tuesdays, straight walking, are the best helps to others. Kingsley well said: “If the Church were but one day what she ought to be, the world would be converted before night-fall;” and might we add, not only converted, but also kept.

Finally, then, our suggestions are: stimulate mental culture, provide social intercourse, let the Church be a home of friendship, and give the converts suitable work. If, however, you are to keep them, see the revival has its birth in the deep, passionate, spiritual wrestling of a living Church.

But we see even a better day. John has permitted us to see it through his spiritual telescope. He sees the Ideal City, the Ideal Life, and the Ideal Church, translated into the actual; and of that Church he tells us:—“The nations shall walk by the light thereof; and the kings of the earth do bring their glory into it.” How does that day come? *It comes when we pay God's price,—a living faith and self-surrender; and that means union with God.* John says that Church lightens the outer world, and they troop into it. A God-lit Church will always be an attractive Church. The magnet attracts; a holy zealous church is a spiritual magnet, it attracts and keeps as nothing else can. It is through such a consecrated Church God wills by His Holy Spirit to do His great work. “Ye shall receive power when the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be My witnesses.” Brethren, God still speaks to His Church. Not merely to our fathers, but to us is the promise. A veteran local preacher of our Church, a man whose reputation is faultless, told me an incident, which I give to you as he gave to me. He said: “I was to preach at a specified village. The sin of the neigh-

bourhood was a source of deep concern to all, but especially to a saintly man of over seventy years, who lived at a village two miles distant. Through infirmities he could not attend the services; but his yearning, day by day, morning, noon, and eventide, went up to God. He was a saintly man, a man that dwelt not in the outer court, but knew the way into the Holy of Holies; and so, like the rose-tree, that scents for good the surrounding atmosphere, from his life there went out a moral fragrance that sweetened the entire neighbourhood. The day I was to preach, at tea he looked at the clock, and said, in his own vernacular, to the one in charge of his domestic affairs: 'Thou mun gan to the meetin' the neet; there is gannin' to be somethin' wonderful astir there; for when I was prayin' in the wood the day at one o'clock, I heard the angels gan that way. God revealed to me a marvellous break-down the neet.' The meeting began in dense darkness; all the devils in hell seemed let loose; but we prayed and believed, and the darkness mysteriously vanished; and I preached that night as I never preached in my life, under a power I never knew before. It was the birth-hour of souls, and the beginning of a work whose fruit abides to-day." I give it to you, brethren, as it came to me; and it may be there are some other simple souls—as the world calls us—who, like myself, believe God did thus reveal, and has such other revelations for a consecrated people.

It was exceptional when, the other week, owing to the clearness of the atmosphere, from the English coast, across the Channel, we sighted some of the towers and spires of France. Greater visions can be ours. "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." Yes,—

"God, who at sundry times, in manners many,
Spake to the fathers and is speaking still,
Eager to find if ever, or if any
Souls will obey and hearken to His will—
Who that one moment has the least descried Him,
Dimly and faintly, hidden and afar,
Doth not despise all excellence beside Him,
Pleasures and powers that are not and that are.
Aye, amid all men bear himself thereafter,
Smit with a solemn and a sweet surprise,
Dumb to their scorn and turning on their laughter
Only the dominance of earnest eyes.
Whoso has felt the spirit of the Highest
Cannot confound nor doubt Him nor deny;
Yea, with one voice, O world, though thou deniest,
Stand thou on that side, for on this am I."

Such visions mean a full life in the Church, not a fitful uncertain life, but a Holy Fire, like the old altar fire in the temple, that burnt on and on, and never went out. That life assures us, brethren, not only of conquests, but of holding the trophies safe for our King; then shall we permanently keep the fruit gathered into the Church. May that life, in all its abundance and fruitfulness, be ours.

M. T. PICKERING.

Rose Cottage.



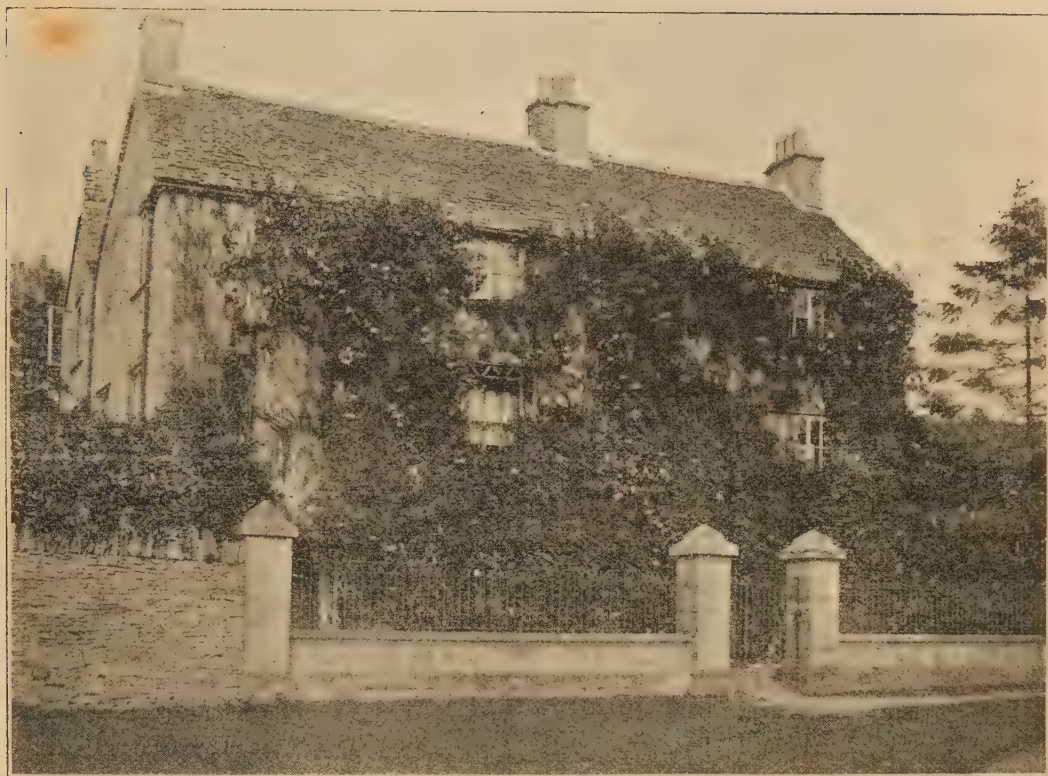
It is some years now since I first read Mrs. Craik's popular story, "John Halifax, Gentleman." Since its issue by our Book Room as the first volume of "The Aldersgate Library," I have read it a second time, under circumstances which vastly enhanced its interest. Almost all the events introduced are represented as having taken place at Nortonbury, and in the neighbourhood of Enderly. These two names are, of course, fictitious, but the places described are real,

the one being Tewkesbury, in North Gloucestershire, and the other, the village of Amberley, about four miles from Stroud, in the same county. This latter place it has been my privilege to visit more than once. The approach from Stroud is beautifully described in chapter ix. of the book. Bruin still swings aloft on the sign-board of the quaint hostelry; from the higher ground the estuary of the Severn can be distinctly seen; and when you have crossed the common, and reached the further side

of the village, you find there, nestling under the edge of the flat, the church with its quiet grave-yard, and just beyond it, the charming residence of which an illustration is given above,—a double cottage "all in a bush of cluster roses, up to the very roof." It is the "Rose Cottage" of Mrs. Craik's masterpiece.

Rose Cottage is associated in the story with many interesting scenes. Here, John Halifax, the tanner's apprentice, met Ursula March, the heiress, whose many good qualities inspired in him a love as deep and true as it appeared to be hopeless. Here, when the barriers that separated them had been broken down, and he had won her for his wife, they returned with their children in order that John might be near his cloth mills. Here, his eldest child, blind Muriel, sickened and died. To its upper-room they brought the body of the father, who had suddenly passed away in the calm of the sunset, as its rays rested on the slopes behind. And in the same room, Ursula, already sick unto death, laid herself down by her husband's body and expired.

Several of the places represented as being in the



ROSE COTTAGE.

Photo by W. Watson.

neighbourhood can easily be identified. The four poplars are still standing—three together and one apart. Enderly flat, is Minchinhampton Common, with its wonderful historical and religious associations. Thick furze bushes cover the slope in front of the garden. Below is Amberley Court, the Beechwood Hall of the story; and still lower, at the bottom of the beautiful Nailsworth Valley, is the mill where machinery is said to have first been used in the locality. Longfield lies a little further down the valley. The familiarity with which these places are described is explained by the fact, that

for a considerable time, Mrs. Craik lived at Rose Cottage, and consequently had ample opportunity for studying the surrounding scenery; and it is shrewdly suspected that this study included several local celebrities who, in character, if not in name, occupy subordinate positions in the story. A lady who was personally acquainted with the authoress informs me that most, if not the whole, of the book was written during her residence at Rose Cottage.

Our photograph is a last summer one, and shows the roses in full bloom.

W. WATSON.





Love's Fealty.

BY RAMSAY GUTHRIE.



HENEVER the life-story of Richard Strong and Mary Bartlett is recalled, some lines of James Russell Lowell come to mind. They occur in "A Legend of Brittany." It is of love the poet speaks—the faithful, patient, all-absorbing and all-confiding love of a woman.

"She had no dreams of barter,
asked not his,
But gave hers freely as she
would have thrown
A rose to him, or as th t
rose gives forth

Its generous fragrance, thoughtless of its worth.

She questioned not his love, she only knew
That she loved him, and not a pulse could stir
In her whole frame but quivered through and through
With this glad thought"

There is no licence in this poetic eulogy. Mary Bartlett's love was of that transcendent order. It became the wonder of the man upon whom it was bestowed. Its height he never scaled; its deeps no soundings could reach. She had given her love to him; it was no longer hers, but his. Unworthy the loved one seemed, unmindful, unthankful, contemptuous, nevertheless she loved him. They were severed by the measurements of miles and the distances of years. She loved him none the less. There is faith in love, and hope, and patience. Love "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." Love was life to Mary Bartlett; but her love was his; he was her life. He was an exile. Over the seas he had sailed. There was a void in her soul. He had taken her love. Her love was in exile.

It is like love to seek in order to save. She sought him, and seeking, found him, and finding him, she found her life.

The story may now be told. To have breathed it sooner would have been an outrage. Then his

memory was torture. The mention of his name was a trembling whisper. We had known him, the shamed one and the sinner self-banished. It was kindness to her to be silent. Others were anguished as well as she, but there was no anguish like hers. All who had known him were vengeful toward him while pitiful for her. She had anger for none, and only love for him. Providence has a "white" as well as "a black side." It is the "white" we see. Life is full of surprises, gracious and gladsome. The surprise abides. The sequel is the surprise and we are living in the sequel's joy. His name may now be mentioned and the story narrated. There are many reasons why it may, but the chiefest of them all is that homage may be paid at the shrine of love.

She had neither kith nor kin. Orphaned early, she had but the dimmest recollections of her parents. No other child had been born to them, and death seemed cruel in taking them, to leave her to loneliness.

There was a home for her. "The Father of the fatherless" provided it. David Dale conducted the negotiations, and was the intermedium of the finances.

Mrs. Taylor was more than an hireling. Her heart rebelled that her hand should be subsidised. Gladly the widow would have taken the child without the traffic of fees; but necessity drives hard bargains. She was reckoned as a foster-mother by the unimaginative and factual world. In heaven she was counted with the mothers. She was glad to have the child, for childless widowhood in pinching poverty is bitterness extreme. Better she was with the child than without, in substance and in soul. The orphan's entrance was a real enrichment. She was lavish with her new-found wealth. The best was for the child, the tasty morsel, the corner in the warmth, the gentle handling, the tearful rebuke, the kindest counsel. Atmosphered in tenderness was little Mary Bartlett.

There are guardianships in law and guardianships

in love. The right was not legal by which the "Excelsior" proprietor assumed the orphan's supervision. That he had the right he knew. It is the right of the heart, the world and the ages over, to be humane.

He watched her as she grew from childhood to girlhood, from girlhood to maidenhood, and he loved her as she grew, for her growth, while physical, was mental and moral. In knowledge and truth, in grace and beauty, she matured with the years. David Dale had the heart of a father, not the selfish paternity which clings to its own, and its own alone, but the fatherliness which feels paternal to others' children.

Homeless again was she. She had lost her second mother. David Dale had explained everything to her. Till then she had never realised that she had lived through the favour of others. "I have nothing, nothing," she moaned in the pain of the disclosure, "nothing that is really mine. The food I eat, the clothes I wear, all, all are charities. It was kind of him to do it then, but not now. Why did I not think sooner?"

Independence, newly-born, is frequently morbid. The knowledge that she had been nourished through the generosity of her self-elected guardian, stung her in the place where her heart was tender. With tears and kisses she poured on him her thanks for the blessings past, and, dashing the tears from her eyes, and springing erect, declared her resolve to provide herself for the future's needs. David Dale was a man of discernment, and helped her to self-help. She grew the more quickly now that she had awakened to life's meanings, stern and sharp.

Her foster-mother had been wont to tell the neighbours of Mary's "clever fingers." The cleverness of the fingers provided the means of sustenance. In the dress and mantle warehouse there was room for girls of taste and skill. With fear and trembling she asked to be received whenever a vacancy should occur. It was good of God to save her the pain of waiting. There was a place for her. She could begin at once.

She got the lodging herself, one room, in a tiny house in a mean street. It was the cheapest, and therefore the acceptable.

She was content, and with good reason. Her fingers were her fortune. She proved an acquisition to the staff of her employers. Her knowledge was so varied, and her experience so matured, that her judgment was decisive in the niceties of her art. Her wages were increased without request. She could have left the shabby lodging, but had no wish for change.

Thus she grew to womanhood. Her life was full of interests. "Rosehill" was "the House of God" and "the Gate of Heaven." In the Sunday School she taught a class of boys, and ascended in position as the boys ascended. She had taken them when they were young. They were unwilling to

move to higher classes if the advancement meant separation from her. They were "her boys" for years. In the chapel they sat in the pew beside her, and by-and-by they rented the pew among them. Sometimes she was needed in the choir, to sing a solo, or to strengthen the chorus. When she was required she walked to the singers' seats and performed her part; then she returned to her own place with the boys.

There was love in her life. Loneliness is impossible where love is. Richard Strong was a clerk in the Engineering Company's offices. He was one of the youths who had grown up at "Rosehill." Fortunate he was considered in having secured a position so genteel and so prophetic of greater gain. He was one of the secretaries of the Sabbath School and a member of the choir. It seemed to him that he had always loved Mary Bartlett. Well he knew that others envied him the honour of her preference. She had liking for all, but love alone for him. They were sweethearts.

The Superintendent of Police was in the private office of the "Excelsior" owner. His professional instincts were alert. He was manifestly impatient. The paper was in his hand. The line of action would be clear when the signature of David Dale had been appended.

"Ah! Good-morning, Superintendent. What have you in hand to-day?" was the master's cheerful greeting on his arrival.

"I want your signature for a warrant, Mr. Dale. A bad case, the worst for years. The fellow's decamped!"

"Indeed! Let me see!" and the engineer held out his hand for the official document.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated, when his eyes had scanned the particulars. "It cannot be. You must be mad to think of such a thing. Dick Strong is incapable of the crime. Have they thoroughly searched the premises, and have you questioned the other men in the offices? He is one of our chapel lads, and I cannot sign a warrant for his arrest."

"I understood he was a religious fellow," the officer replied, with the suspicion of a sneer. "They told me over at the engineering works that you would know all about him. But religious or otherwise, he's the man we want. The money's gone; and now he's bolted!"

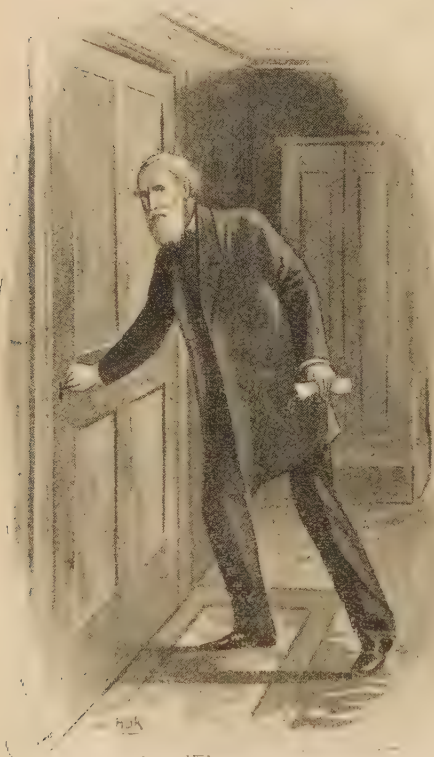
"Give me the facts!" said Mr. Dale. He was ill with dread, and miserable in the thought of the wretchedness inevitable.

"Last night the cashier of the Engineering Company had been compelled to leave the premises before closing-time at six. This Richard Strong was left in charge. He was to see that all was in order before leaving, lock the books in the safe, and instructed to leave the keys at the cashier's house on the way home. The keys were left, and the cashier suspected nothing. When Carlston went this

morning he found that notes to the value of thirteen hundred pounds had vanished, and that the cash-box, with forty pounds at least, had been cleared. He immediately searched the book where the numbers of notes are recorded, and found that a page had been torn out, the very page with the numbers of the missing notes. The managing-director was informed, and the communication sent to me."

"There must be some mistake," Mr. Dale impatiently interjected.

"There's no mistake, sir!" the Superintendent



"HE HAD THE PRESENCE OF MIND TO TURN THE KEY WHEN SHE HAD LEFT."

emphatically affirmed. "Conscience makes cowards, you know. The fellow never looked near the place this morning. He had good reason for giving it a wide berth. A clerk was sent to inquire the reason of his absence, and found his mother in a fearful state. He had been out for the evening, but returned home in an excited state. They could get nothing out of him. He went upstairs to bed rather early. Lo and behold! he had fled during the night! So the case is plain enough, I think. But we're losing time. He has taken to his heels. We must be on the trail. Be good enough, sir, to sign the warrant!"

It was gall and wormwood to Mr. Dale. This

was the penalty of being a magistrate. Again he read the hateful particulars. His duty was obvious. He must sign the warrant.

"Why did you come to me?" he piteously inquired. "There were other justices who would not have found it so degrading. I've known him since he was a bairn. He was one of the 'Rosehill' boys, and his people are as decent as can be found in the neighbourhood."

The man of the law was relentless. With the magistrate's scruples he had little sympathy. He was keen to be on the scent of the absconding thief.

With trembling hand and aching heart, David Dale wrote his name at the foot of the warrant. Richard Strong might be captured at any moment.

The "Excelsior" proprietor had many engagements for that day. There was a meeting of the Governors of the County Hospital at 12.30. He was to arbitrate in a Trade dispute at 2.15. The French Consul had wired for him to call before five in the evening. He had no heart for business, personal nor public. This awful charge against Dick Strong had stricken terror to his soul.

He was alone, alone with his anxious thoughts and tormenting fears. He was thinking of the lad suspected, of the family of the Stronges, of the chapel on the mount, and of Mary Bartlett.

He rang for Bob, and related to his son the miserable intelligence. Bob Dale looked at his father with eyes of unutterable dismay. His voice was a whisper.

"Is the Super. certain? This cannot be true of Dick!"

"He tells me that Dick has absconded. That is the strangest thing of all. It is a confession of guilt. I have signed the warrant for his arrest."

"You? father! you?" his son exclaimed, overwhelmingly surprised.

"Yes. I—I could do no other as a magistrate."

Bob turned his head to hide his emotion.

Neither spoke. The clock was ticking.

"I cannot attend to these affairs to-day. I have no heart to go to the city. Wire to the Chairman of the Governors and to Monsieur Chateauray! Express my regrets! Ring up the Federation Secretary, and see if to-morrow will do!"

David Dale spoke listlessly. The life had gone out of him. What could be done?

He walked over to the Engineering Company's offices and had an interview with the Managing-Director. Mr. Lambton was furious, angered with the cashier for leaving before time, and still more enraged with the thief. The clerks were at the desks, industriously scribbling. Not a sound was heard. They had been bullied by the frenzied manager.

"There's not the shadow of a doubt, Dale!" he declared, as they stood facing each other. "This is your nice, religious young man. I hope you're proud of 'Rosehill' now. He has done it cleverly.

I admire his smartness. I never suspected he had so much in him!"

It was bitter to listen to the cynicism of the angered manager. The facts seemed conclusive. There was no escape from the verdict of guilt. Dick Strong was a thief.

In the home of the fugitive's parents David Dale found consternation. It was cruel to believe that Dick was a culprit, but the facts were pitiless. His mother remembered his unwonted excitement, and that seemed ominous in the presence of the dark suspicion. The father dared not lift his eyes; the brother was in Dick's room weeping piteously.

The awful news had been breathed to Mary Bartlett during the hours of business. She would not believe it. Deliberately she dressed, and proceeded to the offices of the police.

"What is this you are saying of Dick?" she demanded, when she stood before the Superintendent.

He was a man of blood and iron, but even he was moved by the haughty yet pleading face of the beautiful maiden. He found it awkward to be sympathetic.

"You'll be somethin' akin to him, I reckon!" he suggested.

"I am to be his wife!" she proudly replied.

"Oh! he was your sweetheart?"

"He *is*," she meaningly corrected.

"Then you'd better change your mind, young lady. He's been an' stolen the money of his employers, thirteen hundred pounds an' more, an' politely shifted his lodgings without leavin' his address. He may have fancied a trip. Anyway, he's gone, an' we're just keepin' our eyes open to catch him to give him the chance of explainin'. Don't you bother yourself about him, my girl! He'll have no time for sweetheartin' when he comes back. There's plenty of fine lads in the world, an' you can have your pick!"

"Do you mean to say that Dick has stolen the money—that he is a thief?" she demanded, keenly watching the officer's face.

"Well, that's what it looks like!" he rejoined.

"Never mind what it looks like! I ask you if you say that Dick has stolen this money."

The Superintendent was not accustomed to cross-examination of this style.

"I'm inclined to think he did!" he answered, moving uneasily from side to side.

"Did you know Dick?" she next demanded.

"I cannot say that I did," was his reply.

"No, I thought not!" she contemptuously declared. "If you had known Dick you would never have been so silly as to imagine that he could do such a thing. It is a lie—a horrible lie. I don't care what you say," she protested, with uplifted hand silencing his proof. "The money may have gone, and Dick may have gone, but he isn't a thief, and never will be."

Then she burst into tears.

He would have sent her home in a cab, but she refused with imperious disdain, and walked through the town with head erect, flashing defiance at all who gazed.

She went to see Dick's mother, and alternately compassionated and railed at the woman who feared she had a son who was a villain.

David Dale saw her in her lodgings that night, and was cowed in the presence of her unswerving conviction of the fugitive's innocence. He had meant to comfort her as best he could. She founded him with bitter reproaches for his credulity in crediting the suspicion against Dick. The world was antagonistic to the man she loved. She defied the world, and championed Dick.

The police never laid hands on the man they sought. Though the particulars of the warrant were wired the country over, he eluded arrest. Anxious were the days and weary the weeks ensuing to those immediately concerned in the exile's fate. The newspapers were scanned morning and night. There were anxious souls who triumphed in the discomfiture of the police. He had fled, and none knew whither.

There were changes apart from, and in consequence of, the suspect's flight. His father was mentally enfeebled; his brother roamed the fields as a lost child; his mother was beaten and broken.

Mary Bartlett again was lonely. She presented a brave and valiant front to the world, but when she was alone her tears were scalding. Sunday by Sunday she attended school. It was a task, and a terrible trial, but she doggedly persisted. They asked her once to sing. She looked at the inquirer, and the look was a refusal and a reproof.

Life was no longer a bliss. It was a Gethsemane. She was treading the wine-press alone. Her lover was a guilty coward even in the judgment of his mother. She alone believed in him. It was useless to affirm her faith. They smiled at her credulity, and answered her with silence.

The years passed on. There was a paragraph once in the newspapers that "Richard Strong was in the Argentine Republic, and living there to escape his country's laws."

The world goes on even though hearts are breaking. There was this shadow at "Rosehill," but as the Sabbaths came the congregations assembled. Sometimes she wondered how others could be glad when her lover was over the seas. All seemed to continue as though Dick were non-existent. They were singing the very hymns he used to sing. Oh! it was cruel! It was the anthem with the tenor recitative. She had wont to be proud when Dick took the part. Harold Dodgson was in his place, and singing. There were some who remembered, and felt with her. The majority had forgotten. It

was years since the day when Dick Strong was placarded as a vagabond.

Mary had a photograph—two, indeed—his and hers. They were in a silver locket. The trinket was his gift. It was the food-stuff of her greedy love. It was an altar, even an idol. On her heart she wore it, night and day. Forget him? She never forgot.

The Government-Inspector had arrived. By hundreds the plague-lists were swelling. Small-pox was raging. Business was stagnant. The schools were closed. Terrified families dared hardly cross their thresholds. The doctors were wearied to death with the odious and devastating epidemic. Questions had been asked in the House of Commons, and the Government had despatched an Inspector to superintend the remedial measures, and to investigate the cause of the outbreak.

The district near "Rosehill" was the least affected, but even here there were numerous cases.

David Dale met the Director of the Engineering Company as he passed into the room where the Emergency Committee was to meet the Government Inspector.

"Are all your men right, Lambton?" he interrogated.

"They were all right up till yesterday, and Carlston was stricken," the other replied. "From the first he said he would. We got him re-vaccinated, but he was as frightened as ever. I saw the doctor this morning, and he shakes his head. If the fellow had pluck he would throw it off, but his nerves have completely mastered him."

In the first week of the Inspector's visit, the death-rate reached the highest total. Carlston was one of the victims. The clerks in the offices remembered Dick Strong now that re-arrangements and promotions were taking place in consequence of the cashier's decease. If all had gone well with Dick he would have succeeded Thomas Carlston.

Eleven weeks later, the widow was searching the desk at which her husband had worked at home. Thomas Carlston had had a substantial salary, and many outside sources of income. She expected they had been saving for years. A few pounds only had come to light. High and low she had searched, but her efforts had been fruitless. Again she opened the desk. All unwittingly she touched the spring of a secret drawer. A sealed letter was within. With eager haste she clutched it, and ran to the light. A deep sigh of disappointment escaped her. The missive was not for her. It was addressed to David Dale. The instruction was on the outside: "To be delivered into his hands when I am dead." Long she searched in the hope of finding other hidden places, but no other spring was she able to find.

She never knew her husband's guilty secret; neither did she guess that she was the bearer of

its written disclosure. Into the hand of David Dale she placed her husband's letter. She had hoped it might have had some bearing on herself and her children. She saw the start, the flush, the knitting of the eyebrows, the keen survey. It was unlike the gracious engineer to leave her comfortless. Probably it was an affair of business with which she had no concern. So she thought.

He had the presence of mind to turn the key when she had left. His soul was swayed with conflicting emotions; joy, grief, triumph, despair. He was reading the confession of a horrified, terrified, conscience-stricken soul.

He knelt and prayed. A higher guidance he needed, a clearer wisdom. How long he was alone he knew not. His son passed him in the corridor leading to the outer gate. His father never saw him.

On the step he looked at his watch. It was three in the afternoon. Mary Bartlett would be at business. It would be impossible to tell her there. Re-entering the office, he called for Bob, and desired him to go to Mary, and to bring her back with him to the works.

David Dale crossed the railway-sidings to the Engineering Company's office. In the private room he found the manager.

"Read that!" he said, laying the dead man's letter on Mr. Lambton's desk.

A moment he read, then springing to his feet, read on with gathering rage.

"Thunder and lightning! What an infernal scoundrel he must have been! The wretched, lying, thievish knave! So Dick Strong is not the rascal we supposed he was, and this was why he cleared the country! The idiots that we were to be so easily duped!"

It was long before he was composed to listen to David Dale's suggested procedure.

"The man is dead, and will have to answer to his God for his sins." David Dale was standing with his hand on the other's shoulder. "It will do no good, but evil, to make the world the wiser with this knowledge. The widow need never know. Let us save her and the helpless little children from this shame! Mary Bartlett must know all. She was the only soul that believed in Dick. His parents need no other knowledge than that Dick is coming home. You can see the Superintendent, and destroy the warrant. Even he need not be told. It will be sufficient for him if you declare that you have information as to the whereabouts of the money, and that the man suspected has been falsely accused. Do you agree to that? Promise me solemnly, now and here, in the sight and hearing of God!"

"You are a good man, David Dale!"

There were tears in the eyes of William Lambton. "It shall be as you desire, and whatever else you think should be done, you have but to say!"

Mary Bartlett was waiting. Whatever could this

mean? To be summoned from business was without precedent. She rose as the engineer entered. He took her hand, and, smiling faintly, said: "Mary, I have news for you, good and bad. The truth has come to light. Dick's innocence is established. Another man took the money, and made him the scapegoat of the sin. This letter came to me an hour ago. I want you to read it for your own satisfaction."

He left her with the dead man's confession.

The heart of a woman is full of unsuspected tendernesses. It was a proud moment for her. Her faith was vindicated; her love triumphant. The man she loved was free from stain. He had erred in taking flight. She was open-eyed. It was weak of him to allow the cashier to play on his fears. He should have faced the ordeal. His cowardice was his infirmity. But guilt was not in him, and at the last the sinner had unburdened his sin, and saved the suspect. Clearly she saw the facts. Dick was innocent; his exile was over; the shame was passed; all would yet be well. All this she thought, yet strangely her heart was full of the other woman, the widow of the man who had written the letter she held in her hand. Did *she* know? God help her if she did! She hoped she did not. Why should she know?

When David Dale re-entered, he was amazed at her passionate appeal.

"For pity's sake, keep this from the eyes of his wife! Has she seen it? Oh, surely not!" Her hands were tightly clasped. Her eyes were shining.

"Mrs. Carlston does not know, and never will. It was necessary that Mr. Lambton should read it. He has pledged his word to secrecy. You are the third to be informed. It only remains for Dick to see it, and then it can be burned. This is a glad day, and yet a sad one. The triumph comes, but only through shame's exposure. There is bitterness even in the sweetness. It was the least poor Carlston could do. We should be thankful he did it. He might have gone to his grave with his secret!"

There were many more than curious as to the

actual facts, but they never knew more than the Press paragraph declared. A frightful mistake had been made. Information had come to the knowledge of the Managing-Director which proved that Richard Strong was absolutely innocent of the crime of which he had been suspected. His disappearance had been the design of a dupe. Regret was expressed for the evil done to the innocent, and intimation was publicly given that reparation would be made to the injured man on his arrival home. Such was the newspaper report.

The exile returned. David Dale and Mary Bartlett found him doing hack-work in Buenos Ayres. He was better after the ocean's voyage, and freshened wonderfully when he was home again.

He had learned his lesson, and learned it bitterly. Well he remembered that night, the meeting with Carlston, the cashier's threats, the impending doom. It was cowardly to fear suspicion when innocence was his. It was a terrible price to pay for the experience.

It would be folly to say that life to him was joy without alloy; but he is growing into peace. His father's mind is gathering strength; his mother now lifts her head; the brother has ceased to roam.

The Engineering Company had appointed another to the succession of Carlston. They created an office for the man they had wronged. Dick Strong is the Secretary of the Company.

Carlston had squandered his substance in ruinous gambling. He had lived a lie, and died a debtor. His widow never knew, nor his children. They have enough and to spare. Their affluence stands to the credit of William Lambton. David Dale had taught him the art of secret generosity. He is beginning to believe that "it is better to give than to receive."

Mary Strong is at rest. Dick and she are one—in law and love, in home and heart. She has all her heart could wish, and thanks God daily for His loving-kindness.

There are strange thoughts in Dick Strong's mind as he muses on his fate, but the strangest of all is the love of the woman who bears his name.





CONFERENCE CHAPEL 1880 AND 1899.
HAINTON STREET CHAPEL AND SCHOOLS, GRIMSBY 3RD CIRCUIT.

Primitive Methodism in Grimsby.

BY REV. J. STEPHENSON.



PRIMITIVE Methodism is always a subject of interest to Primitive Methodists; and rightly so. For were it the subject of more frequent and intelligent thought, and especially so by the leaders of the Connexion, it would doubtless be to our advantage as a religious community. For it is by such study that we discover

the points of weakness or of strength, the causes of failure or of success. And the history of Primitive Methodism furnishes abundance of matter for such thought from the greater success that has been realised in some stations than in others. And there are a goodly number of stations in the Connexion which have gained an enviable position because of their great success. Now to ascertain the cause or causes which have contributed to that success, we take it, is the duty of all lovers of Primitive Methodism. Moreover, if that duty be intelligently and faithfully discharged, it cannot but

result in good. For, in looking at the matter as it comes before us, we cannot but ask how is it that the Connexion has succeeded so much better in one station than it has in another? For the same Gospel has been preached in this circuit as in that; and in some cases, by the same preachers; and to a large extent in similar circumstances; and yet, while in some cases there has been glorious success, in others there has been comparative failure. Hence, to ascertain the reason of this difference is of no small importance, and, therefore, should be done with the greatest care. The only safe method of procedure is to take some typical cases, and observe the character of the workers, their method of working, the principles by which they were guided, and other collateral facts in their church life as may be regarded as contributing to their success or failure. When these are thoughtfully considered, and their results seen, they become to us very instructive.

Now, of all the places in Primitive Methodism with which we are acquainted, none afford more important matter for thought in relation to progress

than Grimsby. The men who have taken the lead in all that has made Primitive Methodism what it is in Grimsby, were not men of wealth, of education, or social position, but young men who had their way to make in the world. But they were men of tact, of skill, of pluck and energy, and coming under the power of religion as they did, they were sure to succeed, both in business and in church life. Hence, as might have been expected of men of such gifts and religious fervour, they soon began to succeed in business. Some of them took rank with the foremost business men of Grimsby. But as they became successful in business, they would not allow the claims of God and His cause to have a secondary place in their lives. Hence they



REV. J. P. LANGHAM, CHAIRMAN OF CONFERENCE ARRANGEMENTS COMMITTEE.

felt it a duty they owed to God and to the world, to do all they could to save men. One duty that pressed upon them, was to provide adequate accommodation for themselves as a Church and congregation in which to worship God. Hence, from the time that Primitive Methodism took hold of these men, this seems to have been a marked feature in their Christian life and work.

"Old Loft Street" was the first place of any considerable size that they possessed. In this chapel it was that some of their most important work was done. For here the work of conversion and sanctification was prosecuted with a vigour and success rarely equalled. It was here that the marvellous work under the ministry of the sainted Parkinson



COUNCILLOR J. C. WRIGHT, J.P., VICE-CHAIRMAN OF CONFERENCE ARRANGEMENTS COMMITTEE.

Milson was seen, when hundreds of souls were saved. In fact, so mightily did the good work prosper, that "Loft Street" soon became too small and inconvenient for the congregation to worship with comfort. Hence it became clear to all, that if further progress was to be made possible, a larger sanctuary was absolutely necessary. This was not a matter for debate, but for action.

Under the superintendency of the Rev. H. Campbell, a site was secured close by the old chapel, and the present beautiful chapel in Victoria Street was erected to take the place of the old one. From this we may date the wonderful progress in chapel building, and the rapid advancement in social position of a number of the members and officials in Grimsby. The business aptitude and energy of some of the officials, to which we have already referred, began to be manifested. The brethren began to rise in social position and influence as a consequence. This greatly increased their power for good, a power they were not backward in using for God.

Soon after the erection of Victoria Street Chapel, Mr. Campbell was succeeded by the Rev. C. Kendall, under whose superintendency the Bethel Chapel was built to take the place of the "Ropery Chapel." By this time such men as Alderman Smethurst, (whose memorial stands in the Park), Joseph and A. Robinson, J. W. Emerson, G. Shankster, Joseph Benton, and others had

become foremost workers. Under the able superintendency of the Rev. C. Kendall the several societies prospered greatly, and became consolidated. The ministry of the Rev. H. Clarke was made a great blessing, many being brought to God through his agency. For several years the spiritual work prospered greatly, both in the town and country. In the meantime a splendid site had been secured at Cleethorpes, on which a good chapel was erected. In fact, we have had some three successive chapels there; the present one being one of the best in the Connexion.

The progress of the circuit had been such that in 1867 the number of members stood at nearly 1,200. It was now thought advisable to divide the circuit. This was done under the superintendency of the Rev. J. Wood. Tetney was made the head of a circuit, and Grimsby, with some of the country places, was divided into two. The wisdom of dividing soon became apparent, for the work of conversion went on so gloriously, that Victoria Street Chapel was filled, and Bethel also was crowded with attentive hearers. In order to increase further, it was clear to all that more accommodation must again be made. This led to the erection of Ebenezer Chapel, which, however, soon became too small, and had to be greatly enlarged. With this greatly increased accommodation for worshippers came increased opportunity for work, of which the friends readily availed themselves. Hence work in connection with Sunday Schools, chapel debt reduction, etc., was attended to all through the circuits. The spacious chapel at Cleethorpes was filled; a minister's house erected; the chapel debt

reduced, and a powerful Church established. With this self-sacrificing work, as might have been expected, the membership increased, and the societies became consolidated and greatly strengthened.

But as the population of the town was rapidly growing, and the several societies were never in a better condition for working, the question arose as to whether Primitive Methodism was doing all that it might, and ought to do to meet the growing needs of the population. The outcome of such questioning was the building of the splendid property in Hainton Street, consisting of chapel, school, and minister's house, by the First Circuit; and the spacious chapel and schools in Garibaldi Street by the Second Circuit. These two chapels have sitting accommodation for nearly 2,000 people.

When these several chapels had been erected, and the churches connected with them well established, it was soon found necessary that another project of great importance should engage the attention and tax the energies of the friends of the First Circuit. It was found that the well-to-do business men of the borough, and others, were going towards the west-side of the town. Among them a number of our own officials and friends who had succeeded in business, were building themselves villas, and going to reside in that pleasant and rapidly increasing side of the town. This fact rendered it necessary, and made it clear as a duty, to the friends, to provide another house in which they and others might worship God. The friends rose to the occasion, and built the Flottergate Church—one of the finest properties in Primitive Methodism. This undertaking was a great success.



VICTORIA STREET CHAPEL, GRIMSBY 1ST CIRCUIT. CONFERENCE CHAPEL, 1869.

A number of well-to-do friends became connected with the place, as well as our own people who had gone to reside in the neighbourhood. In fact, it became one of the most important and influential churches and congregations in the town. A number of our officials and friends had become men of position and influence in the borough—some six or eight who attended Flottergate Church had seats in the borough parliament, either as Aldermen or Councillors. In fact, we had in Flottergate for



REV. J. PEARCE, SECRETARY OF CONFERENCE ARRANGEMENTS COMMITTEE.

some three or four years the Mayors of the borough. But while these friends had their place, and gave a kind of social status, and a certain amount of influence to Flottergate Church, yet neither their social position nor office should be regarded as important factors in securing the success of the Church. For there were some who commanded, perhaps, the most respect, and who were amongst the best supporters of the Church, and did the most to build up its life and character, who never sought civic honours.

Since the erection of Flottergate Church, other sites have been secured on which smaller places, such as school chapels, have been built, and churches established in connection with them. These more recent erections will have a very important bearing on future Primitive Methodism in Grimsby, as they are selected with a view to meet the needs of the rapidly growing population in these



COUNCILLOR J. R. BENTON, TREASURER OF CONFERENCE ARRANGEMENTS COMMITTEE.

neighbourhoods, and will eventually be replaced by larger places. This is a thing of great importance.

But while this great, we might perhaps say unequalled, work of chapel building, etc., was proceeding in the town, it must not be supposed that the country places in the circuits were neglected. For during this time, chapels were built at nearly every place on the plans of the two circuits. Those who know the size and character of those chapels, the amount of money expended, and the self-sacrifices cheerfully made by the friends in the town, and the money they raised, cannot but regard it, when all is taken into consideration, as one of the greatest successes in Primitive Methodism. This is a strong statement, but we believe, not too strong. For when it is remembered that nearly a score of chapels in the town and country have been built with sitting accommodation for nearly eight thousand people, and that, at the present time, that property, including ministers' houses, is worth nearly fifty thousand pounds, and that none of the property is heavily burdened with debt, and some of it entirely free; and that all this has been done by a people by no means wealthy, and to meet the needs of only some 75,000 people, we cannot but think that the case is unique.

Although we have dealt principally with the material aspect of the work done and the growth in the number of Church members in Grimsby, this is only one side of their Church life and

work. There are other things that should be noticed. There is, for instance, the important temperance and other social work done by the Primitive Methodists in Grimsby. There are few places in England where more hard work has been done in connection with the temperance cause than in Grimsby; and in this work our friends were always in the front rank. It was largely through the influence and the efforts of our officials and friends that the commodious Temperance Hall was built. But not merely in temperance work were our friends conspicuous, but in every kind of social work, no matter whether that work was in the interests of the "fisher lads," the sailors, or the poor, our friends were always well represented. This fact, no doubt, did much to give Primitive Methodism the standing it has in Grimsby to-day. This was inevitable: for working amongst the people, and for the people, could not fail to impress them favourably.

Another thing we have noticed in the "Primitives" of Grimsby is their consistent loyalty to the Connexion. They were Primitive Methodists from principle. They believed its doctrines, they appreciated its liberal polity, and were at home in its laws and usages. Hence, when their worldly circumstances improved, they did not lose their heads and first look down on the Connexion which, under God, had made them what they were, and then sigh for some so-called "good society," for which they

themselves might have been perfectly unfit; and then run off to some other Church to seek it; while all this has been repeatedly done in other places we have known, we have not known any such vain disloyalty in Grimsby. Nor has the loyalty of our friends to the Connexion taken this form only. It has been of a much more active kind. For anything of a Connexional character that was likely to extend the Kingdom of Christ, was almost sure to have the sympathetic support of our Grimsby friends. The Missionary Society, for instance, has long had the generous, and often the enthusiastic support of the Grimsby Primitive Methodists.

We have thus attempted to bring a few of the salient facts in connection with Primitive Methodism in Grimsby before the readers of this Magazine; yet, as it will be seen, we have given in the briefest possible form what is a mere sketch of the subject, and what some may regard as a most inadequate sketch of what is in reality one of the most notable instances of progress in Primitive Methodism.

We must now turn for a moment or two to the consideration of a few factors which have contributed to this success in the extension of Primitive Methodism in Grimsby. But before we do so, let us disabuse the mind of the reader on one point. It must not be supposed for a moment that the societies in the Grimsby Circuits have been composed exclusively of the best of men, for they, like



HAINTON STREET MINISTER'S HOUSE, ADJOINING SCHOOL PREMISES.



REV. A. JUBB, SECRETARY OF PLAN, PRESS AND
PUBLIC SERVICES COMMITTEE. (CONFERENCE
ARRANGEMENTS COMM.)

other churches, have had their share of questionable characters. But they were not dependent on these

men for success, but succeeded in spite of them. With these characters, however, we have nothing to



REV. R. W. KEIGHTLEY, SUPERINTENDENT OF
GRIMSBY 2ND CIRCUIT.

do, and shall, therefore, turn to the more congenial subject of considering a few of the things which have



EBENEZER CHAPEL, GRIMSBY 2ND CIRCUIT.

contributed to the success of Primitive Methodism in Grimsby.

The first thing that strikes one is the fact that the



COUNCILLOR WATKINSON, SECRETARY OF HOME COMMITTEE (CONF. ARRANGEMENTS COMM.)

officials were out-and-out Methodists in doctrine, life, and usage. This was clear to even an occasional observer. The clear, distinctive doctrine, the devout spirit, and the zeal that flamed in the pulpit, which were characteristic of early Methodism, always excited their sympathetic admiration. The class meeting and other social means of grace were

regarded by these men as being absolutely indispensable. In fact, they gauged the life of the Church by the attendance of the members at these several meetings. They believed in the witness of the Spirit, and enjoyed it. They delighted in clear, good testimony in their classes and love-feasts. They insisted on short praying and speaking. They also cultivated lively singing, being much more concerned about spiritual profit than the cultivation of the musical taste. They thought little of a religion that had no zeal for God and souls in it. They had learned by experience that revivals were essential to the progress and general welfare of the Church, not merely because they increased the number of her members, but because they saved the Church herself from stagnation and from drifting—two of the worst things that can come to any Church. The leading officials were never satisfied with the talk about “building up the Church,” and “building up Christian character,” if souls were not saved. For this, in many cases, means little more than a small increase of a certain kind of intelligence or social respectability. Hence, for this kind of talk they had no ear. For they well knew that revivals would tend to build up the Church, making her healthy and strong.

Moreover, they knew that revivals could be had by living for them. For, they had learned by experience and the reading of God’s Word that, by the prayer of faith and rightly directed effort on the part of a people wholly devoted to God, such revivals could be had almost any time.

Another striking feature in the Primitive Method-



FLOTTERGATE CHAPEL, GRIMSBY 1ST CIRCUIT.

ists of Grimsby was that the leading officials were such practical matter-of-fact men. Religion was to them a great reality; the work of God was real; and they felt they were responsible for doing it. Hence the leading men were not in the habit of leaving the Sunday night prayer meeting to be sustained by a few of the feeblers members of the church. They took the lead, not merely in debates at the Quarterly Meetings, and other official meetings; but in the general work of the Church.

Another thing we cannot forbear to mention is, that the Primitive Methodists of Grimsby have been blessed in having a few unobtrusive but most devout souls, who, while they did not talk much in public, prayed much in secret. And we have no doubt that in the Divine record it will be found that the secret prayers of such saints as dear old Mrs. Emerson have done much to secure the success that has been realised.

Grimsby Primitive Methodists always know how to appreciate and love their ministers. They tried to get good men, and they treated them well. There are names which are as "ointment poured forth." Such names as H. Campbell, C. Kendall, P. Milson, T. Whitehead, J. Wood, J. T. Shepherd, and many others, will long be remembered in Grimsby.

If the younger Primitive Methodists in Grimsby emulate the example of the fathers, there is a great future for them in Grimsby.

[It should have been stated that Alderman Dobson, J.P., whose portrait appeared in our June number, is Chairman of the Grimsby School Board. The block of Flottergate Chapel we owe to the courtesy of the *Grimsby News Co.*, and the photo.



MONUMENT IN PEOPLE'S PARK TO THE LATE ALD. H. SMETHURST.

of the Conference Chapel to Mr. H. Jancowski, Photographer, Grimsby.—EDITOR.]



The Blankshire District Meeting.

BY ONE OF THE ELECT.



WAS elected a delegate to the Blankshire District Meeting. The Quarterly Meeting of my own circuit had declared by unanimous vote that, in its judgment, "I was a fit and proper person to be a member of that august assembly; that I was *not* embarrassed in my circumstances, and that I was attentive to discipline—always submitting with becoming

modesty to the 'ecclesiastical powers that be,'—never giving trouble to the authorities, but diligently minding mine own business." With such a certificate of character, signed by the Chairman and Secretary, in my possession, I duly arrived at the place appointed—a somewhat sleepy town, which was just rubbing its eyes to get a good look at the visitors who, for the next few days, were to be quartered upon the generosity of its inhabitants.

I travelled with seven or eight other delegates, and a very jolly company we were, as full of fun as a lot of school-boys just off for a holiday. Four were ministers—all dressed in their Sunday best—but only one white tie amongst them, and that not *very* white. This distinguishing badge of office seems gradually going out of fashion, and is likely soon to be followed by the black coat and clerical hat; for our parsons are approximating nearer and nearer to the laity in the matter of dress, and the only way of distinguishing some of them from their lay brethren is by the way they carry their umbrellas, or the well-worn condition of their travelling bags. After good-natured greetings and a little desultory conversation "on things in general, and a few other things beside," the conversation drifted on to the question, "Who is to be Chairman?" Several brethren were mentioned, and their chances canvassed, and their disqualifications discussed. Before I left home my better half, with the sententious wisdom of her sex, had reminded me that it is "a still tongue that makes a wise head," and that there are few occasions in life that a man regrets being silent, but very many that he regrets having spoken, and so I started with the determination to use my ears much and my tongue little. And so to keep myself in remembrance of my own good resolution, I had written across my District Meeting plan Carlyle's famous epigram, that "Speech is silvern, but silence golden." And here I may as well state that before the District Meeting was over I thought more of Carlyle than ever before. But

if I said little I thought the more. Was there just a tinge of censoriousness in the way these ministers spoke about their brethren? And why was there no layman named as a possible Chairman of the District? Does a layman ever take the highest honour in the gift of the District or Conference? I wondered, but held my peace.

Duly arriving at the station, we found the platform pretty well crowded with hosts and hostesses who had come to meet their appointed guests. For my part, I was taken in charge by two young ladies, who for the next few days devoted themselves to my comfort with as much good-will and heartiness as if I had been a young unmarried swain come out to seek a bride. As the brother who proposed a vote of thanks to hosts and hostesses at the public meeting, with startling originality, said, "My every comfort was attended to and my every want supplied," and without doubt mine was the best home that any delegate had, although there were others who, in their ignorance of my experience, claimed that honour for their homes. The friends I stayed with were Congregationalists—and next to Primitive Methodists, I think Congregationalists are nearest to the Kingdom of Heaven. In the home there were as visitors a young man who was a Churchman, and a young lady who belongs to the Friends. But when we got round the table it was impossible to tell the Methodist from the Churchman, or the Quaker from the Congregationalist. All our differences vanished before the sight of a leg of mutton and the smiling face of our hostess. The sweet, joyous atmosphere of that home was itself a benediction.

Of course, I went to hear the Official Sermon. It was a good service: the singing hearty, the people receptive, and the preacher master of his subject and of himself. But—ought not there to be a distinctive element in the Official Sermon? Is it not an occasion to emphasise some of the peculiar doctrines, or cardinal principles of our creed? The sermon, we heard it said, "was an old horse," and though he trotted well, and there was no jibbing, it would have been as well perhaps, to have kept him in the stable on this occasion. It was an opportunity for a clear and distinctive declaration of faith and practice thrown away. I confess that I would like to see the Official Sermon made more of. We heard much denunciation during the District Meeting of Sacerdotalism. But is it enough to denounce? Should we not emphasise the positive side of truth, and state not only what we do not believe, but what we do?

District Meeting commenced on Saturday morn-

ing. In looking round upon the assembly two things impressed me—the large proportion of young men and the absence of the leading laymen of the District. This is undoubtedly the result of the growing tendency to send men who have never been before. There is a great danger in doing justice, or what appears justice to individuals, of becoming unfair to the Church. It ought to be distinctly understood that long connection with the Church does not necessarily fit a man to represent it in the ecclesiastical courts. Democracy is all right as a principle, but in actual practice its limitations must be recognised. He was a cynic who declared “democracy to be government by those who ken the least and shriek the loudest,” but there is certainly some cause for fear lest the power of government fall into incompetent hands. “Has he been before?” is the question instantly asked when delegates have to be elected to the District Meeting or the Conference. An affirmative answer materially damages the chances of a candidate. Thus we get a constant change of men, and there is no continuity of policy. Four out of six of my co-delegates never spoke a word in the meetings. One or two men, however, made up for the taciturnity of the rest by speaking on every available opportunity. They knew everything worth knowing, and uttered their *ipse dixit* with all the assurance of pure unadulterated ignorance. But the business in the main fell into the hands of the ministers. After all, in practice does it much matter what the proportion of lay representation is, if the laymen always follow the lead of the preachers? It is the rule of the fittest.

Officers elected, we proceed to business. The G. C. D. is affable and business-like, and we get over the rough places with ease and without friction. Small jokes enliven ever and anon the proceedings. Individuality begins to show itself as the meeting proceeds. The wit of the company is the man with the saddest-looking countenance in the assembly. His humour oozes out of him almost unconsciously. Once or twice, when the atmosphere is surcharged with electricity, he saves the situation by a well-timed interjection. The meeting owes much to him, and every District should see to it, that by hook or crook one humorist at least is amongst the elected delegates. The bore is soon in evidence. He is most indefatigable. He is the first man at the meeting, and the last man away. He makes notes on scraps of paper at such times as he is not addressing the assembly. His “Mr. President” becomes the most familiar of familiar sounds. His speeches would fill a Blue Book. The President listens with the air of a tired archangel, but occasionally the patience of the audience is exhausted, and it breaks out in stamping and clapping of hands. But he is utterly oblivious to the true condition of things, and thinks the clapping is to encourage him to proceed. “More sound, least

sense,” mutters the humorist, but nothing daunted, he goes on to the bitter end. The meeting has its revenge when the election for delegates to Conference comes. The loquacious brother finds his place at the end of the list of “Vices,” at which he is very much surprised and grieved.

Sunday newspapers and Sacerdotalism are the two topics which form the staple of the various speeches at the public meetings. It is made abundantly clear that Primitive Methodism may to a man be reckoned on to fight for a quiet Sabbath and a sound Protestantism. The camp-meeting was good as camp-meetings go, but we missed the old fire, directness of appeal, and immediate conversions of former times. There was much preaching—preaching of a high order—but there was no thunder or lightning, and there were no sinners crying for mercy. The superintendent of the circuit, by-the-way, was surprised to learn how many of his brethren suffer from “throat affections” and other complaints, which disqualify them from preaching at a camp-meeting. He was full of sympathy, and did his best, but was compelled to plan some of these brethren after all. It is pleasing to know that there were no coroner’s inquests on the Monday, nor any additional applications for superannuation. The decadence of the camp-meeting is to be regretted, especially if it marks, as we fear it does, to some extent, the decadence of the glowing evangelism of our early history.

The stationing of ministers is now largely a formal matter so far as the District Meeting is concerned. In the old days it was the chief item of business. Delegates went armed with a long list of men they were instructed to move in the order arranged for them by the circuit authorities. What a battle royal it used to be over “the popular brethren!” Every rusty weapon was refurbished, and every argument, good, bad and indifferent, was pressed into service to serve its end. Then the fathers waxed eloquent, and fought and wrangled, and considered and reconsidered, and moved and amended with as much warmth as is safe for Christian men to engender. Sometimes painful scenes were witnessed when ministers of unpretentious gifts were to be stationed. Sensitive men were wounded when circuits objected to receive them. But that is all past now. By one resolution the G. C. D. fixes the generality of the stations, and only special cases are discussed. Many even of these have no special element in them. One circuit wishes to retain its minister for longer than the allotted term because the friends at one of the places propose to repaint and decorate the chapel. It comes out in debate that the contract for this important undertaking is *nearly fourteen pounds*. After such an overwhelming proof of necessity, there is nothing for it but for the District Meeting to sanction the re-stationing.

The ordination service is a time of special attraction. The young men finishing probation are wel-

came into the great brotherhood of the ministry with great cordiality, and with advice enough to last any ordinary men a lifetime. The Charge is delivered by a senior minister. It is surcharged with good practical suggestions. The presentation of a Bible to each candidate follows, and then another charge to the Church. Personally, I could not but wish that a deeper reverence had pervaded this meeting, and that there should be no exhibitions of applause. We, as a people, have some things yet to learn, one of which is "the might and majesty of silence."

What a gathering of the clans there is on Monday! Friend meets friend after many years, and hand-shaking and hearty greeting are all around us. To many this is a red-letter day to be talked about for many a year to come. Here is a farmer's hind that has walked eighteen miles to be present at the tea and meeting, and will walk eighteen back, and be at his work at six o'clock in the morning. Here, seated at the tea-table, is a dear old grandmother of eighty, who has known the evangelists and apostles of early years, and will tell you that Hugh Bourne drank tea at her mother's, and looked out bashfully at her through his fingers as was his way with women folk. Is not the tea-pot kept at home, a cherished heirloom, to be specially named in her will when she dies? And here is the most modern of Primitive Methodists—a young lady in a neat bicycling costume who has ridden her wheel for ten miles, and looks as fresh as the May blossoms on the hedges.

What chatter and laughter go on at the tea-tables, where there is plenty and to spare of the very best, for the country folks have provided and, as country folk do, have given with overwhelming liberality. It is pleasant to listen to the conversation, for it is all about ministers and preaching and conversions, and indicates a deep interest in the welfare of our Zion. A Church which lives in the hearts of the people is strong and safe.

For the big meeting the most popular ministers have been retained. The Chairman is a wealthy layman, whose contribution has sometimes to balance the poverty of his speech. We are told the three necessary qualifications for a good chairman. It would really be a relief if some ingenious person could invent some variation on "speaking funny, looking sunny, and giving money." Why is a vice-Chairman needed? Is it the donation rather than the man that is required? If so, is it worth while to run the risk of spoiling a good meeting for an extra pound? Our Vice-Chairman fortunately has nothing to say, and says it in a few minutes and sits down. Then come the speakers. The men rise

to the occasion, and speak with power. The audience catches fire, and soon we are at a high pitch of enthusiasm. The topics chosen are timely. An old story, lame and decrepit after many years' wear, occasionally mars the high tone of the oratory. How very few men use illustration well! But we go away convinced that our men can hold their own anywhere. We all agree on this, however much we may talk against our ministry among ourselves, it is the finest ministry in the world.

The place of the next District Meeting discovered considerable ingenuity in finding arguments. One place had a good water supply, another a large market-place, and the claims of a third were some good fishing and a large cemetery. The last argument was irresistible, and we decided in favour of the town which makes extensive provision for corpses.

Is canvassing legalised as a Primitive Methodist institution? More than once I was requested to "give my vote to brother So-and-so," and arguments nearly as weighty as those which determined the location of the District Meeting next year were used, as to why I should use the franchise in brother So-and-so's favour. Now, I emphatically object to canvassing in politics, and my objection is, if anything, stronger to canvassing in the Church. It is, to say the least, below the dignity of an ecclesiastical gathering to allow it. Will some reformer take this matter up?

A conversation on, "How best to promote the work of God," brought out many suggestions, useful and otherwise. It was a little humorous, and more than a little sad, to hear a brother who notoriously empties the chapels when he is planned to preach, lecturing the ministers upon how to draw bigger congregations. The heaviest man in the District recommended brighter services, and the longest preacher, shorter sermons. The ghost of Burns at this point crept through the door, and whispered,

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us."

Upon returning home I found the wife had slyly taken advantage of my absence to have a cleaning up time. Ceilings had been whitewashed, rooms papered, spiders chased from pillar to post, and everything was spick, span, and clean as a new penny. But I know from past experience, that when I want to find things I have stowed away in little corners of my own, they will be missing. Every springtime the fever comes to turn the house upside down and inside out, to the great inconvenience of such creatures as moths, cats, spiders and husbands. But one cannot have everything in this world.





Short Sermons from the Sage of Grasmere.

VII.—A VISION OF THE INVISIBLE.



KEATS writes somewhere that as four seasons fill the measure of the year, so there are four seasons in the mind of man. And if that man happens to be a poet, the saying applies to him no less, but perhaps more. Keats himself hardly knew more than the lusty spring, or but barely touched his summer; he passed before the "winter of pale misfeature" could

chill him. We can scarcely think of Shakespeare as having suffered a winter of his genius: for his muse grew in power and splendour to the end. His "Winter's Tale" is more to us, after all, than all the sunny summer-like romance of "Romeo and Juliet." But of Wordsworth the words are true, —full-circle, so to speak. His poetic productivity had all four phases. His spring is represented by the "Lyrical Ballads"; his summer by the best of his sonnets, "The Daffodils," "The Happy Warrior," the "Ode to Duty," the "Ode on Immortality," and "Laodamia." After 1815 began his autumn, and five years later set in the long winter of his genius, in which, as Dr. Fairbairn has well reminded us, his ecclesiastical sonnets stand forth as melancholy evidence of the blight with which Anglo-Catholicism visits even "poets of the imagination" when "it has ever taken possession of such." The dictum of Matthew Arnold cannot be gainsaid, (and Wordsworthians must be content to accept it with all the grace they can muster), that most, if not all, the poet's really good and abiding work was done in the decade between 1798 and 1808. Take a chronological edition of the poet's works, (that, say, of Macmillan, edited by John Morley) and turn over the pages from 1815 onwards, and you are saddened by the too too plain loss of power, the stiffening of the intellect, the vanishing of insight and elevation, the descent to platitudes, the arid waste of mere metricalised prose that lies before you. But as, even in England, and oftener of late years than before, the summer days we have been looking for will first mysteriously hide away and

then appear suddenly towards the end of autumn, so Wordsworth had his "Indian summer," and it is with one of the most exquisite flowerings of that belated season in his poetic career that we have to do to-day. Myers well writes of his autumn and winter work: "We feel that the melody is dying from his song; that he is hardening into self-repetition, into rhetoric, into sermonising commonplace, and is rigid where he was once profound. The *Thanksgiving Ode*, (1816) strikes death to the heart. . . . And yet Wordsworth's poetic life was not to close without a great symbolic spectacle, a solemn farewell. Sunset among the Cumbrian hills, often of remarkable beauty, once or twice, perhaps, in a score of years reaches a pitch of illusion and magnificence which indeed seems nothing less than the commingling of earth and heaven." Wordsworth stood, on just such a magical evening, on the little mount in front of the famous house at Rydal, and there and then this wonderful poem sprang to birth which he has called "An Evening Ode, composed on an evening of extraordinary splendour and beauty." Let us first of all note what the poet saw; then what he felt: after which I will connect this wonderful poem with a Bible story of which, somehow, it always reminds me. I do not think my readers will consider the connection forced when I have once pointed it out. What, then, was the scene the poet's rapt eyes gazed upon? Let him tell us himself. It will suffice to quote parts of the second and third stanzas:

No sound is uttered,—but a deep
And solemn harmony pervades
The hollow vale from steep to steep,
And penetrates the glades.
Far-distant images draw nigh,
Called forth by wondrous potency
Of beamy radiance, that imbues
Whate'er it strikes with gem-like hues!
In vision exquisitely clear,
Herds range along the mountain-side;
And glistening antlers are descried;
And gilded flocks appear.

Yon hazy ridges to the eye
Present a glorious scale

Climbing suffused with sunny air,
To stop—no record hath told where!

A note adds: "The multiplication of mountain-ridges, described at the commencement of the third stanza of this Ode, as a kind of Jacob's Ladder, leading to heaven, is produced either by watery vapours or sunny haze,—in the present instance by the latter cause."

But what were the feelings generated in the poet's mind by

This silent spectacle, the gleam —
The shadow— and the peace supreme?

There is, to be sure, a clear note of regret for a fast vanishing, if not vanished, past; for the loss of natural and spiritual susceptibility, as if the sense of his waning powers was already strong upon him.

Such hues from their celestial Urn
Were wont to stream before mine eye,
Where'er it wandered in the morn
Of blissful infancy.

The very magnificence of the scene is its own mark of transiency. It is too good to last. It but comes to remind of what was, but can hardly be again. To quote Myers once more, he has said it once for all: "There is something solemn in the spectacle of the seer standing at the close of his own apocalypse, with the consciousness that the stiffening brain would never permit him to drink again that overflowing sense of glory and revelation; never till he should drink it new in the Kingdom of God. He lived, in fact, through another generation of men, but the vision came to him no more."

Or if some vestige of those gleams
Survived, 'twas only in his dreams.

But let us not mistake. There was not only regret. The very poignancy of the plaint is the measure of the glory of the vision that evoked it. The hour and the mood are still those of intense spiritual enjoyment. The scene affords, as it were, an opening into heaven. There is a revelation of another world: a vision of immortality. Surely there is a noble magic in these words:

Thine is the tranquil hour, purpureal eve!
But long as god-like wish, or hope divine,
Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe
That this magnificence is wholly thine!
From worlds not quickened by the sun
A portion of the gift is won;
An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is spread
On ground which British shepherds tread!
Win, at my shoulders seem to play;
But rooted here, I stand and gaze
On those bright steps that heavenward raise
Their practicable way.
Come forth, ye drooping old men, look around,
And see to what fair countries ye are bound.

What now is the Bible story of, which, this characteristic poem reminds one? It is not that of Jacob's ladder, though the allusion to that scene in the note

might suggest as much. No! it is of a far finer one I am thinking; it is the story of the translation or assumption of Elijah. Somehow I never think of one without the other; and it is no accidental link of outward circumstance which connects the poem and the story, but something of essential analogy and affinity. On just such an evening as Wordsworth looked on might the Hebrew story-writer have imagined that the great prophet went away into the skies. The inner significance of the Wordsworthian "Ode," and of the prose-poem of the "Book of Kings" are one and the same. They both open up "worlds not quickened by the sun." The Bible story is altogether beautiful and delightful: in the simplest, best, most dignified style of heroic religious poetry. It is the picture of an idea: and a true transforming idea it is. The story shows the immense impression which the prophet's personality and work had made on his own and after generations. His death could not possibly be regarded as the death of a common man. It is therefore surrounded with pomp and circumstance; with splendour and glory exceeding.

"When beggars die there are no comets seen.

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes."

Elijah was a true prince of the moral world, and the fire and the whirlwind which were his element in life are invoked to surround his departure with a fitting stateliness and grandeur. Not even of Enoch is this symbolism used; simply it is said, "He was not; God took him." Of Moses, even, we read only that "God buried him"; but Elijah's assumption is unique; and has for the Old Testament the importance which the ascension of Christ has for the New. Elijah is taken up into the realm of the spiritual: lifted clear over Sheol, as a proof of what the Eternal can do with, and for, His faithful ones. Set this story, as it ought to be set, against the background of the early Old Testament belief about the mysterious underworld to which good and bad, great and small, went alike, and then alone do, or can, you realise the power and the meaning of it. For what was this Sheol—the Hebrew equivalent of the Greek Hades: and as like it as two cells in a convict prison? It was the abyss, the general receptacle of human spirits: a cheerless world of twilight only little removed from darkness. Homer makes the shade of Achilles clasp that of Patroclus, and see it dissolve under his embrace like smoke. "Better," says Achilles, "is it to serve for hire even a needy master on earth than to be lord over all the dead." Mr. Gladstone witnesses that "the Homeric poems are unrivalled in the perfectly natural but penetrating force with which they convey the effect of dreariness and gloom." And Montefiore truly says: "The famous expostulation of Achilles (just quoted) would have found an echo in every Hebrew heart. To the old Israelites the doctrines of immortality had scarcely begun to appear above the furthest horizon of their thought."

Job represents both the old view and a dim yearning after a better one. Who has not shuddered at his words: "Are not my days few? Cease then, and let me alone that I may take comfort a little before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and of the shadow of death; a land of thick darkness, as darkness itself; a land of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness. . . . If I hope, Sheol is mine house; I have spread my couch in the darkness; I have said to corruption, Thou art my father, and to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister; where, then, is my hope? it shall go down to the bars of Sheol, whence at once there is rest in the dust." A faint hope, which, however, he hardly dares indulge, once or twice shoots across his sky. "O that Thou wouldst hide me in Sheol, that Thou wouldst keep me secret until Thy wrath be past, that Thou wouldst appoint me a set time, and remember me. All the days of my warfare would I wait till my release (from Sheol) should come. Thou shouldest call, and I would answer Thee; Thou wouldst have a desire to the work of Thine hands."

Now you have your background, set against it this story of Elijah's translation. He is carried sheer over the gulf of Sheol. He sees not death nor the prison-house of the dead. So did Greek poets sing of favoured mortals who never died, nor went to the land of shadows, but were taken straight to the Elysian fields. In a word, there is here given in story form what in that blessed psalm of the second temple, (the sixteenth in our collection), is sung in metre: the story is but the concrete imaginative embodiment of even more than the sentiment of the hymn: "Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall dwell confidently. For Thou wilt not leave my soul to Sheol: neither wilt Thou suffer Thine holy (or beloved) one to see the pit. Thou wilt shew me the path of life; in Thy presence is fulness of joy; in Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

Am I wrong, then, in saying that both in the Wordsworth poem and in the Bible story we have equally the opening up of the heaven-world, and the affirmation of immortality? "Wings at our shoulders seem to play" as we look and listen. For what the early Hebrew story-writer gives as unique boon to Elijah—victory over decay and death—is, in our measure, now, the privilege of all God's children—His godly and therefore beloved ones. Christ hath opened the Kingdom of heaven to all believers. The secret of immortality is likeness to Him. "If we have become united with Him by the likeness of His death, we shall be also by the likeness of His resurrection. Knowing this, that our old man was crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be done away, that so we should no longer be in bondage to sin. . . . If we died with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with Him: knowing that Christ, being raised from the dead, dieth no more;

death no more hath dominion over Him." As a dear friend writes me from far-away Australia, referring to the lines of Browning in "Prospice," penned a year or two after his wife's death:

O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

"Browning *knew* they could not be parted; such a spirit as hers could not die. Do you know, that is



WORDSWORTH MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN, COCKERMOUTH.

—my proof of immortality too—my having met with just a few people who, I felt, *could* not die." And in the Browning letters, which, with the supremest pleasure, I am reading just now, I came across this passage only to-day. The words are Mrs. Browning's. Speaking of one who had confessed herself calm and resigned with no belief in soul or future state, she continues: "It is more than *I* could be. My whole nature would cry aloud against that most pitiful result of the struggle here—a wrestling only for the dust, and not for the crown. What a resist-

less melancholy would fall upon me if I had such thoughts! and what a dreadful indifference! All grief, to have itself to end in!—all joy, to be based upon nothingness!—all love, to feel eternal separation under and over it! Dreary and ghastly it would be! I should not have strength to love you, I think, if I had such a miserable creed. And for life itself, . . . would it be worth holding on such terms,—with our blind ideals making mocks and mows at us wherever we turned? A game to throw up, this life would be, as not worth playing to an end!”

Yes, communion with God is the pledge of continued life. God's own—those who love and obey Him—live on. Love is, by its own nature, immortal.

What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent,
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain.

That is a fine story of Rowland Hill's last appearance in Surrey Chapel. He had not been preacher that night, but hearer. It was in the semi-darkness, just before the last lights were put out, and he was heard murmuring as he walked feebly down the aisle between two friends, the words of the hymn:

And when I'm to die, Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus has loved me, I cannot tell why;
But this I do know, we two are so joined,
He'll not be in glory and leave me behind.

In a few days he came to the proof, and I have no doubt found it all right. It is but a modern setting

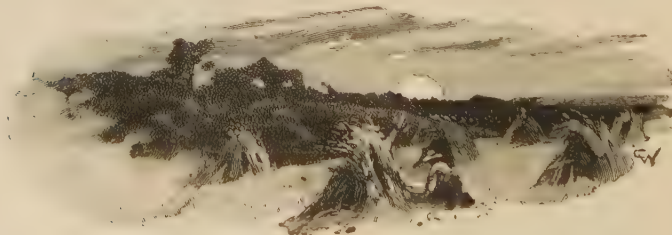
of the Saviour's words: "Let not your heart be troubled. . . . I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am, there ye may be also. . . . Because I live ye shall live also."

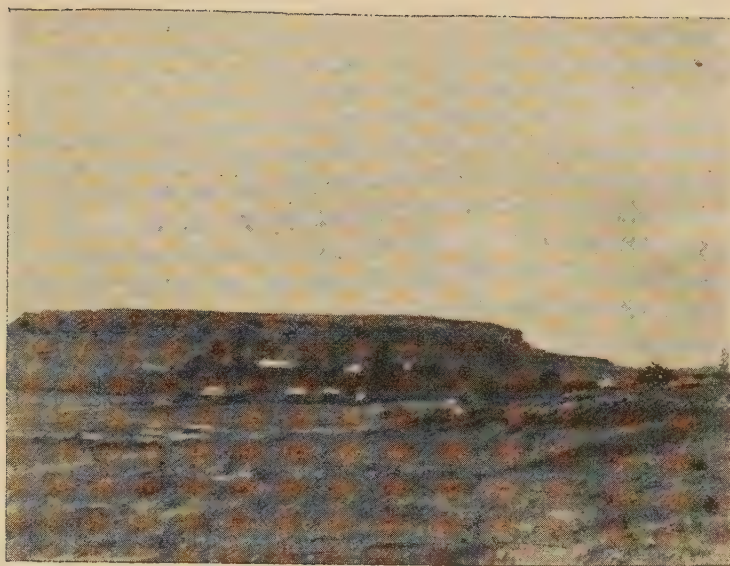
One word more and I have done. Wordsworth's hour of inspiration did not stay.

'Tis past, the visionary splendour fades,
And night approaches with her shades.

But though his genius stiffened as being enshrined in a brain of flesh, his faith abode ever elastic, and he never forgot that hour of "rejoicing in a second birth." So Elisha from the vision supernal of his master carried bodily, by a whirlwind, in a chariot of fire, and by horses of fire, into heaven, was obliged to turn again, in loneliness of heart, to do battle with the ignorance and faithlessness of the times. But he fought them all the more valiantly for the vision. Both poet and prophet, like Browning's "Abt Vogler," had, perforce, to come down to common earth once more, to "feel for the common chord again," to find for their "resting-place," after high soarings amid the harmonies of the skies, "the C Major of this life," but to no one of the three could this earth be just the same again. For he who, anyhow, in the favoured hours of life, the hours of sacred transfiguration, has caught glimpses, or heard echoes of the eternal glory, moves on with the memory of them to his sure goal in God with ever the more triumphant step, knowing in his very heart of hearts that nothing "shall be able to separate him from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

J. D. T.





THABA BOSIU.

Thaba Bosiu.

THE MOUNTAIN FORTRESS OF THE BASUTO.



ON the last day of the year 1898 I rode across the border into Basutoland from Newvale, a farm near Ladybrand, in the Orange Free State, for the purpose of fulfilling a promise made some time before to visit the mission station at Thaba Bosiu. The day was a fine

one. Typical South African weather prevailed. As I rode alone through fields of corn white unto harvest, imagining to myself my friends at home in England shivering with cold, and saying evil things about the fog and damp, I was greeted with many salutations by the workers in the fields, some weeding the promising crops of mealies (maize), and mabele (Kaffir-corn, sorghu), others reaping the ripe wheat with sickles and binding and cocking it. Here and there a group of women might be seen threshing the corn in primitive fashion by beating it with sticks, and sifting it by throwing up handfuls into the air, allowing the chaff to be blown away while the grain fell to the ground. All were happy, for the harvest they were gathering was the best for many a year, and the second harvest of mealies and mabele which will be ready in a few months promised to be equally good. Good humour prevailed, and as they worked, the men and women

kept up a wild chant, beating time with their hoes and sickles and threshing-sticks. It was a scene of unbroken peace and prosperity, and very suggestive of the change that has taken place since the days when this same plain was the arena in which long and sanguinary battles were fought. Long before reaching my destination I could see in front of me a low-lying, flat-topped mountain, standing isolated in the midst of table mountains of much greater size which nearly surround it, and far away in the distance the serrated line of the Maluti range, with Machacha, one of its highest peaks, towering to an altitude of 11,000 feet above the sea level. From the peculiar feature it has of an area of sand dunes on its summit, which in the distance have the appearance of a stratum of light-coloured rock, I immediately recognised the mountain ahead as Thaba Bosiu—"the mountain of night"—of all the mountains of Basutoland the most famous from an historical point of view.

Arrived at my destination, I was most cordially received by the Rev. E. Jacottet and his good wife, the missionaries, both of whom, it goes without saying, did everything in their power to make me comfortable during my stay. If anyone wants to know the meaning of the word "hospitality" I recommend him to come to South Africa. The mission house being in process of rebuilding, Mr. and Mrs. Jacottet on my arrival were occupying a small cot-

tage containing four rooms, including kitchen, and I was accommodated with a miniature palace with two rooms, all told. I spent a week with these friends, occupying myself in talking with mine host and wandering about the mountain. Mr. Jacottet is one of the most interesting men I have ever met. He is a Swiss by birth, and has been a missionary in this country fifteen years. He is the author of a Sesuto grammar, and an authority on African languages, generally. He showed me with evident satisfaction the grammars he has recently written of two Zambesi languages, he himself having never been near the countries where they are spoken, and proceeded to fulfil his promise to show me how to learn Seshukulumbwe in a month when I go north. My log for that week contains this statement, repeated day after day, "Spent to-day talking," followed by notes on our conversations. Seated in the study, or on the door-step, according to the time of day, we discussed every subject under the sun, mostly problems met with in the mission field. To a very great extent I was content to assume the rôle of interrogator and listener; my object being to learn what I could from this successful worker in the Great Cause. Some of the information derived from Mr. Jacottet is incorporated in this article, while for the rest I have relied upon my own observations and perusal of original documents, as well as talks I have had from other missionaries in the country.

Thaba Bosiu is what Mark Twain would call "a sort of instantaneous mountain." It rises more or less suddenly from the plain to a height of about six hundred feet, the plain itself being something

like 5,000 feet above the sea level. Running all round the mountain just below its summit, is a thick stratum of sandstone, laid bare and hardened by exposure—a feature characteristic of all the table-mountains of Basutoland. As one approaches from a distance this cap of rock appears to be absolutely unbroken, and one wonders how it can be possible for anybody to scale that precipice; but on nearer approach the wall is seen to be broken up here and there, allowing of comparatively easy access to the summit in a few, very few, places. One sees at once that this mountain is formed by the cunning hand of Nature to be an ideal stronghold. Such, indeed, the history of the Basuto has proved it to be; they are commendably proud of the fact that they have a fortress which has never yet been successfully stormed by an enemy, white or black.

The history of the Basuto centres in this rock-fortress of theirs.

At the beginning of this century the country now known as Basutoland, and that now called the Orange Free State, were inhabited by five tribes who formed part of the great Bantu migration from the north. They had exterminated the diminutive Bushmen whom they found in the country, and traces of whom are to be found to this day in the paintings on the walls of caves, and perhaps also in the peculiar "clicks" which are characteristic of Sesuto and some other modern Bantu languages in the south. These Bantu tribes were peaceful people, occupied in cultivating the soil of their country, occasionally indulging in disputes, one tribe with another, and keeping up their martial



THE MISSION-STATION FROM THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

skill and ardour by hunting the large game which then swarmed in the plains and valleys and on the mountain slopes, but which is now extinct save for occasional herds of antelope to be found in the remoter parts. A hundred years ago events were happening that were to colour the whole future history of South Africa. Some day there will arise in our midst a Motley to give us the history of the Rise and Fall of the Zulu Power, tracing its origin and progress under Tshaka and Dingaan, and its ultimate overthrow under Cetywayo and Lobengula. Such a history would include some of the most striking episodes that have occurred in South Africa, for the influence of the Zulu Power was very far reaching. It affected the whole of Eastern South Africa as far as the Zambesi, and even beyond, for the Angoni of Nyasaland are Zulus, and the so-called Marotse Empire was established by a Basuto chief named Sebituane, who migrated northwards during the disturbances created by the Zulu marauders. Born about 1783, Tshaka spent his youth in exile, where he learnt something of European methods of warfare, and earned for himself the reputation of a mighty warrior and a great general. On succeeding to the supreme chieftainship of the tribe of the Ama-Zulu, he so drilled his warriors that his army became a perfect fighting machine, the like of which has never been seen perhaps since the Roman legions made the City of the Seven Hills the mistress of the world. Enforcing their fear and respect by the most bloody acts of tyranny, and training them by physical exercises and deprivations until they united herculean strength with Spartan fortitude, this African Napoleon hurled his warriors against the surrounding tribes and "ate them up." His ideas of conquest were summed up in the one word, "extermination," and it is estimated that half-a-million of people were slaughtered by his armies. Some of the tribes, not waiting to share in the fate of their neighbours, retreated *en masse* across the Srakensberg mountains and encountered the tribes whom we have seen cultivating the soil in what are now Basutoland and the Orange Free State. The invaders found these tribes disunited and unable to withstand their onslaughts. But the crisis brought forth a leader—no other than Moshesh, the founder of the Basuto nation. The name Moshesh, by the way, means "The Shaver," and was taken by him in later days when he had risen to paramount influence in the tribe in allusion to the way in which he had overcome all others. Born in about the year 1790, in the northern part of Basutoland, he occupied by birth a very inferior position in his tribe, for he was the younger son of a petty chief, and in this land of primogeniture, was therefore a mere nobody. But he possessed just those qualities which in troublous times bring a man into prominence. He was a man of determined character. Absolutely fearless, and possessed of a powerful physique, as active as the leopards he

hunted, he had won, even in that nation of hunters, the reputation of a mighty Nimrod. When the scattered hosts fell upon his tribe, Moshesh took possession of a rock near his birthplace and stubbornly defended it against the invaders, but after a while he was compelled to abandon his position. In the meanwhile he had seen, with the eye of genius, the possibilities of Thaba Bosiu, and on his retreat from Buthé-Buthe, his first stronghold, he took up his abode there. This was in the year 1824, and Moshesh was therefore in the prime of manhood. At Thaba Bosiu he gathered around him the remnants of the five tribes, together with fugitives from neighbouring countries, who, hearing of his prowess, flocked to him for protection against the Zulus. He thus found himself at the head of a large body of people of many different tribes, and being himself a warrior and a born leader of men, he quickly reduced the heterogeneous mass to order, and as "the chief of the Mountain" became renowned far and wide as a warrior and a man of wisdom.

An instance of his power in both of these capacities was afforded in 1831 when his stronghold was attacked by the armies of Msiikazi, a Zulu chief, who for some reason had left his country and invaded what is now the Free State, and on being defeated by the Boers went northward and established the Matabele power. Again and again these fierce warriors tried to ascend the sides of Thaba Bosiu, and scale the frowning heights, but in vain. At length they withdrew discomfited, threatening vengeance on the mountain chief if they ever caught him in the plains. As they were retreating they were overtaken by a messenger from Moshesh, accompanied by a number of herdsmen in charge of a drove of cattle. The message sent to the Zulus was to this effect: "Moshesh thinks that after your hard fighting to-day you must be hungry, so he has sent you a little bread." The Zulus were astonished beyond measure. "This man," they said, "defeats us in battle, and then gives us meat! We will never attack him again." And they kept their word. Moshesh was no match for these Zulus, and he knew it. The temporary advantage he had gained was owing to the strength of his position, and not because his people could cope on equal terms with the warriors of Msiikazi. Therefore, in his wisdom, he conciliated his enemies, and gained, if not their friendship, at least their absence.

By this policy of his, which he pursued throughout his career, Moshesh revealed himself to be a statesman, and herein he differed widely from the Zulu chieftains. Tshaka and his successors down to Lobengula did not understand peace. The only policy they knew was war—war to the death. Moshesh on the contrary never waged war for mere conquest. On one occasion he declared that he was a dog, and if he was kicked he would bite. His motto was, "Peace is Prosperity," and he acted up to that motto. One of his sayings on the subject



THE MISSION STATION FROM THE EAST. THE "PALACE" IN THE FOREGROUND.

of Peace was: "Peace is as the rain from heaven which nourishes the land and makes the corn grow; but war is as the hot wind which dries up the earth and blasts the fruits of the soil." On another occasion he said: "My name is Moshesh, and my sister is called Peace." By wise dealing he united the bands who rallied round him into a strong nation, and by his wily diplomacy preserved his people against the inroads of his white neighbours, on many occasions proving himself more than a match for astute English and Dutch statesmen. The result is that to-day the Basuto are a nation, and almost alone of the native tribes, preserve their independence. They are under the protection of Britain it is true, and the representative of the Queen controls the exterior affairs of the country, but the chiefs retain to a very large extent their prerogatives, and white people are not allowed to live in the country except as traders, or missionaries, or Government officials, and may possess no land.

The wisdom of Moshesh is well illustrated by the way he treated the cannibals who were in the land when he rose to power. Probably the custom of eating human flesh was forced upon these people by the famine caused by the invasion of the tribes fleeing from the Zulus, and when once the custom had become established it was not easily abolished. The cannibals, there is every reason to believe, were few in number, and regarded with contempt by their fellow-tribesmen. Moshesh exerted his power to do away with cannibalism, and succeeded so well that since his day there has been no revival of the custom. One is continually meeting with reminders of those terrible days. One missionary told me

how he once saw a woman talking to an old man, and afterwards asked her if she knew who he was. "Oh yes," she replied with a smile, "that man ate my mother!" After leaving Thaba Bosiu I visited Cana, a mission station further north, and there I was taken to see a huge cave that was at one time the home of cannibals. The cave is high up on the side of a mountain, at the head of a deep gully, overlooking a vast fertile plain. It is well-nigh inaccessible save from the summit of the mountain above, from which it is reached by a path that could easily be defended against any number of assailants. Seated in this cave the cannibals had a splendid outlook, and woe betide any stray traveller if they caught sight of him. Issuing forth from their retreat and descending the mountain by paths known only to themselves, they would quickly overtake the unwary traveller and—cook him! Mr. Kohler, the missionary at Cana, told me that when he founded the station twenty-seven years ago, he found many human bones in the cave. He told me also of an old woman he used to know, who had had the unique experience of having actually been in the cannibals' cooking-pot, and yet escaped alive! She was at the time a young girl, and the cannibals on capturing her cut off one of her little fingers in order that she might slowly bleed to death. After some time, thinking that she was dead, they placed her in their huge cooking-pot, and poured water over her. During the night she recovered consciousness, and realising her awful position, she crept out of the pot and made good her escape. How she did it in the darkness, weak from loss of blood as she was, I do not know, for even in daylight at the present

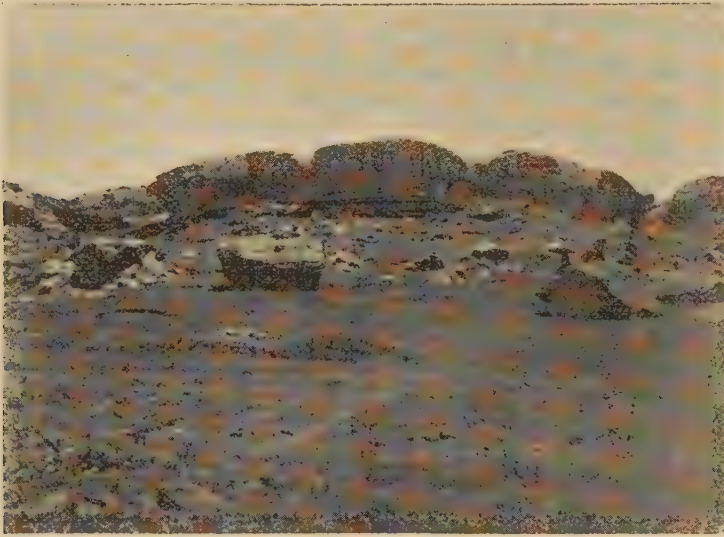
day when the path has become worn by long usage, it is not free from difficulty. Anyhow, she escaped, and bore about with her to her dying day the marks of her would-be consumers. To-day this cave is frequented by much less harmful creatures, goats, to wit, and the original floor of the cave is hidden from view, precluding the possibility of original research!

The councillors of Moshesh advised him to deal summarily with the cannibals, but he utterly refused to accept their advice. In particular they wished him to put to death a man who had eaten his grandfather, but Moshesh said: "That man is the tomb of my grandfather, and whenever did you hear of such a thing as a man disturbing the grave of his ances-

tors." The result of this good-natured clemency was that the cannibals came out of their dens, and the evil custom died out. Moshesh evidently had a fund of dry humour about him; some of his sayings are gems of piquant speech.

Another great act of his was to abolish the Drink from his country, an event which happened after he had been under the influence of the Gospel for some time.

Undoubtedly the best thing Moshesh did for his people, even from a purely temporal point of view, was to invite missionaries to settle in his country, and to take them under his protection. The manner of their coming was this. During his troubles after settling at Thaba Bosiu, Moshesh received a



A PART OF THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE, SHOWING CLIFF.

visit from a Griqua hunter, Adam Krotz by name, whom he made his confidant. Adam told him about missionaries—about Robert Moffat, and those settled in his own country. Moshesh asked him eagerly: "Do you know any who would be disposed to come? Oh, I beseech you, tell the first you meet to hasten here. I will give them the best possible welcome. I will do everything they advise me to do." After his return home, Krotz found that Moshesh had sent him 200 cattle that he might procure in exchange at least one missionary, but they had been intercepted and captured by a marauding tribe. Shortly after this, three missionaries sent out by the Evangelical Churches of France to reinforce a mission in Bechuanaland, visited Philliopolis, and there met Krotz. They determined to visit Moshesh, and Krotz undertook to guide them through what was then unknown country, marked on maps as "sandy and desert plains." After an

adventurous journey, they reached Thaba Bosiu, and ascended the mountain to meet the chief, who received them most cordially. The first impressions made on the minds of the missionaries were distinctly favourable; as one of them said: "I felt at once that I had to do with a superior man, trained to think, to command others, and, above all, himself." When the new-comers had explained their mission, the chief answered: "My heart is white with joy: your words are great and good. You see our desolation. This country was full of inhabitants. Wars have devastated it. Multitudes have perished: others are refugees in foreign lands. I remain almost alone on this rock. I have been told that you can help us. You promise to do it. That is enough. Remain with us. You shall instruct us. We will do all you wish." These events happened in 1833. In that year the missionaries settled at the entrance to a long, deep valley some

distance south of Thaba Bosiu, where they founded the station of Morija. In 1837 they formed a station at Thaba Bosiu.

The station lies at the foot of the mountain, situated on a wide elevated terrace, sloping down to the plain below. The photograph reproduced here was obtained from a position on the side of the mountain. In the background is the Berea mountain; in the foreground the low, thatched building is the school with the teacher's house alongside. The mission-house and other buildings are partially hidden by the trees, while the church is on the right. Among the buildings is that occupied by the girls' school, giving a somewhat more advanced training to thirty girls than can be obtained in the ordinary mission schools. This work is in the charge of two ladies. As the holidays were on, I had no opportunity of inspecting this institution. The result of the last examination by the inspector is very satisfactory, all the girls passing the test. The work of the Church is equally prosperous. There are about 900 approved members of the Church, including several out-stations. During last year 500 names were added to the Church roll, the highest number ever added in one year. These are admitted as Catechumens, and remain such until they are adjudged worthy of being received into full membership, as we should say. On New Year's Day there was a big gathering at Thaba Bosiu from all the country round about. At the main service, which was held under the trees behind the mission house, there were fully two thousand people present. In the afternoon another service was held in the same place, while the members filled the church for the communion. It was a sight never to be forgotten. Very patiently they listened to the young missionary as he strove to speak to them through an interpreter. As I watched the long line of black figures march in procession before the Communion table, I saw in my mind's eye Africa stretching out her hands unto God. During the week following, being the first week in the New Year, a prayer meeting was held every afternoon in the church, and was well attended. One of the most regular attendants was an old man of ninety-five, who lives a mile away from the church.

One morning after breakfast I started off to walk round the mountain, a tramp which lasted two hours. On the way I passed through a deserted village, once occupied by the chief Masupha, a son of Moshesh. Last year, however, there was some trouble, and he was turned out of his village. Near by stands a Roman Catholic Church. It was built, as the Romanists said, in the very heart of Protestantism. Masupha is friendly to them, but the friendship of a drunken, heathen old renegade from Christianity cannot be of much value to them. Anyhow, since his removal the church has been closed.

The appearance of the mountain is most striking as one walks round it. The side of the mountain

slopes more or less steeply, with huge boulders scattered about, behind which giants might play at hide-and-seek. At the summit there is the perpendicular rock, a hundred feet high in places. Here and there the rock is broken up, and in the crevices there are places by which an ascent to the summit can be accomplished with more or less difficulty. In such places Moshesh constructed breastworks of rock, one within the other. These stones served a double purpose. Ensnconced behind them the warriors awaited the enemy, armed with their assegais, and later on, with guns as well; then as the enemy approached, the rocks would be hurled down the mountain slope with terrific force, carrying destruction and dismay before them. These breastworks, or the remnants of them, may still be seen.

One afternoon after the meeting in the church, I watched a long line of natives ascending the mountain. They advanced very slowly, and as they reached the summit they seemed to be confronted by a veritable wall of rock. Then they disappeared, and presently I saw them on the top of the mountain. Evidently there was a path through the rock somehow; so armed with my camera, I climbed the mountain by the same path one morning. On reaching the foot of the rock I found myself on a terrace, defended by a breastwork of stones. Then up the side of the cliff I noticed a series of rough steps, formed partly by Nature, partly by the hand of man, and by this means I gained the summit. This is one of the four or five paths leading to the top. Along one or two of them cattle and horsemen can pass, though I expect very few of us would care to be the horseman. By this same path a party of Boers tried to storm the mountain during one of the wars between the Basuto and the Orange Free State. Under their brave leader, Commandant Wepener, the Boers advanced, sheltering themselves behind the boulders as well as they could, and exposed to a galling fire from all points. They reached the terrace near the top, and were preparing to ascend the narrow stair when Wepener was shot through the heart, and the Boers retreated precipitately, followed by the yells of the Basuto, and more substantial missiles in the shape of rocks hurled down from above.

The top of Thaba Bosiu is a plain, fairly level in some places, covered with rich grass, in others the basaltic rock is showing, while over one portion is the series of sand dunes already referred to, reminding one very much of the beach at a favourite watering place. The grass on the top used to afford food for immense herds of cattle that were kept there during troublous times. During one siege there were actually thirty thousand head of cattle on the mountain. There are also many springs on the top, so that the fortress was easily provisioned for a long period. Moshesh had his village on the top of the mountain. The remnants of the village are

still there, and until a few years ago, his house was standing, but empty, for the Basuto so dread the influence of departed spirits that they will not occupy a house in which a death has taken place. When a chief dies, his successor builds a new house, and often moves the village to a new site. Hence the glory of Thaba Bosiu as the Great Chief's residence has departed, since his successors no longer live there, but Basuto still regard it as the capital of the country. Moshesh was buried on the top of the mountain, and ever since then all of his house and lineage have been interred there. The graves, as will be seen from the photograph reproduced here, are merely heaps of stones, with a tablet at the head bearing the name of the deceased carved in rough letters. Moshesh's grave is fast falling into ruin. The missionaries have offered to erect a suitable memorial to the chief's memory, but are not allowed to, the superstitious nature of the people overcoming their sentiments of reverence for the founder of their nation.

The view from the top of Thaba Bosiu is full of interest to the historical mind. The plain around the mountain has been the cockpit of this part of

South Africa. It has witnessed in historical times fierce Zulu i pis, Boer commandoes, British regiments, and the armies of rival factions of Basuto arrayed against each other. Opposite is the Berea mountain, on which the British troops were defeated by the Basuto. Yonder, too, is Qeme, another flat-topped mountain, the scene of several conflicts between the Boers and the Basuto, during the long wars which have been waged between the two peoples, in the course of which the Boers tried many times, but in vain, to storm the stronghold of Thaba Bosiu. As late as last year the clash of arms was heard around the mountain. During the troubles between Lerotholi and his uncle Masupha last year, Masupha's warriors encamped in the space between the school and the church on this station, but as Lerotholi's troops failed to appear at the expected time no battle took place.

So that this mountain, if it could speak, could tell a strange and stirring story. From the days when diminutive Bushmen contended with the lions and tigers for the possession of the caves until now—what tumults it has witnessed!

Farewell, Old Mountain of the Night! Thou



GRAVES OF THE CHIEFS ON THE MOUNTAIN.

hast witnessed many strivings of man with man : henceforth thou shalt look down upon a fairer scene—a people of peace.

EDWIN W. SMITH.

Orthographical Note.

The inflections of the nouns in Sesuto are expressed by prefixes. Ba-suto indicates the people ; mo-suto, a single person ; Se-suto, the language ;

Le-suto, the country. Properly, when speaking in English, we should drop the prefixes and refer to the Sutos, etc., just as we speak of the Zulus, and not of the Ama-Zulu. But inconsistently enough people who speak of the Zulus also refer to the Basutos, using a double plural in the latter case.

Th in Sesuto is not pronounced like the *th* in English ; it is an aspirated *t*.—E. W. S.

Browsings in My Library.

V.



O a book lover it is a delightful thing to cut open the pages of a new volume or periodical, and feel that you are "the first that ever burst" into its unrifled treasure house. As the paper-knife ploughs through the folded sheets, you get fleeting foretastes of the sweets in store, and you would linger, bee-like, as you pass, but that you are eager to see the later pages, and to settle down, with as little delay as possible, to the Preface and Chapter I. You are often

disappointed with your new book, and are tempted to say, with Charles Lamb, "Whenever a new book comes out I read an old one over again." Still, if you would not be a Dryasdust, cutting yourself off completely from the living present in order to live in the past, you are bound to read new books, and it is only by experience that you acquire a scent for that which is worth buying, or worth borrowing, among the thousands of volumes that pour yearly from the Press.

Delia is dubious, and not without justice, of my new books. She has so often picked up one from the table that had a tempting cover, and the inside was some dry, and to the feminine palate, tasteless kernel of philosophy, theology, metaphysic, or sociology, instead of a charming story, or a piquantly written biography. So to-day it is not altogether surprising if my tyrant, as she comes into the book-room, and finds me cutting the pages of a thin quarto in a light brown paper cover, gives a little sniff, and says, "What have you there, Sir Book-worm? It looks thrilling, I must say."

"It is a Dictionary," I mildly reply.

"A Dictionary, indeed! You don't need to learn any more hard words. I noticed the people at the meeting the other night nudging each other

while you were talking about 'Hermeneutics' and 'Palimpsests' and what not."

"If you had been dutifully listening you wouldn't have noticed the nudging. But this is no ordinary dictionary—it is the Oxford 'New English Dictionary on Historical Principles,' on which a large number of the greatest scholars, with Dr. J. A. H. Murray at their head, have been engaged for nearly forty years, and they will be engaged, in all likelihood, for another ten or fifteen years before they get to the end of Z."

"And where, pray, are they now?"

"They have just got to *Horizontal*, but the Parts are coming out now two or three, in different letters, every quarter."

"And what will be the good of it?"

"The good? Why, it will give every word that has ever been written in English, and the Anglo-Saxon from which it sprang, during the last thousand years. It traces every one of those words to its origin, if the origin has not been lost, and it shows how those words have varied in meaning, and the variety of ways in which they have been and are used, and it illustrates each of those uses by a series of quotations from the very earliest writer who can be found to have employed it, down to writers of our own time. And some of these quotations are extremely curious. Oh, there is a great deal more than you may imagine in a good dictionary. It was a Scotchman, if I remember rightly, who was left stranded on a rainy day in a lonely inn, with nothing but Johnson's Dictionary to amuse him ; but it did amuse him, and he said, 'There is lots of fine confused feeding in it, but I wish the subject did not change quite so often.'"

"Well, I think I should prefer something more connected myself, but every man to his taste—and every woman too."

"You would find some of the articles in these *H* parts quite long enough for a sitting. Those on *Hand, Heart, Home, He, Heaven*, and so on, cover several closely-printed pages each. Besides,

you want to use your imagination, and you will find that many of the words, in their derivation and their history, conjure up pictures and awaken sentiments that make them as fascinating as any novel, and much more profitable."

Delia rippled into a silvery laugh, and said, "Now, sir, I shall make you prove that rash assertion. Give me an illustration, this very instant!"

I took up the part *Haversine to Heel*, and turned to *Heaven*. It would fill four or five pages of *The Aldersgate Magazine*, so, of course, I did not read it. That would have been to "give myself away."

You need to read the "New English Dictionary" as you need to hear sermons, "in the right spirit," and the unphilological novice is not likely to be in the right spirit. I simply skimmed gracefully over the article, as a swallow skims over a pool, and let my fancy hover over it here and there.

But what a word *Heaven* is! What a long history lies behind its euphonious Saxon syllables, going back through the centuries, and being found in various spellings in all the branches of the Germanic language, till it is lost in the mist of antiquity! Even the erudite scholars of Oxford, with their hundreds



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of willing philological volunteer helpers all over the world, have failed to trace *heaven* to its ulterior etymology. It is one of the mother words of our language, taking its place by the side of the sweet syllables, *wife*, *husband*, *home*, *hope*, *help*, *meet*, *holy*, that have sounded deliciously from the lips of our ancestors since our language was in its cradle. At its mother's knee the child lisps *heaven*, it sounds like its own music in the hymns sung by the youths and maidens, and the men and women; and when the aged pilgrim, or the prematurely fallen traveller in life's highway, nears the darkly-flowing river, it is the soft syllables of *heaven* that cheer the sinking

heart, and nerve it for the chilly plunge. The "New English Dictionary" classifies the various significations of *heaven*, and illustrates each by quotations ranging from the Anglo-Saxon through all the stages of our language till to-day. The Christian *heaven* is defined as "the celestial abode of immortal beings; the habitation of God and His angels, and of beatified spirits, usually placed in the realms beyond the sky; the state of the blessed hereafter and opposed to *hell*." The quotations range from an Anglo-Saxon Gospel of the year 1000 to Christina Rossetti's "Seek and Find," (1879), in which she beautifully says, "Heaven is

the presence of God; the presence of God, then, is heaven." Some of the quotations might serve as excellent texts, thus:

"Sufficiency dwellis nocht bot in heavin."—*Dunbar, Poems*, 1500-20.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."—*Wordsworth*.

"Heaven opened to a soul while yet on earth,
Earth forced on a soul's use while yet in heaven."
BROWNING.

"Heaven is not the firmament overhead, but the condition of the redeemed after death, of which the blue serene gives us the appropriate symbol."—*Sears*.

We are told in the course of the article, that by the Jews, (at least in later times), seven heavens were recognised; the highest, called also "heaven of heavens," being the abode of God and the most exalted angels. This division was probably of Babylonian origin, and founded on astronomical theories. *Heaven* is used sometimes in the lower sense of "a state of bliss or felicity." Delia does not approve of the quotation I read to her illustrative of this sense from a sixteenth century author, (J. Heywood, 1546), "Husbandes are in heauen whose wiues scold not." A rare, but highly expressive compound is *Heavenhood*, of which two modern examples in use are given: "Ripe, rich fruits of heavenhood," (G. D. Boardman, *Creature Weak*, 1878), and "This is the heavenhood of heaven," (Max Müller, *Natural Religion*, 1889).

When I finished, Delia was quite ready to admit that "all dictionaries were not so dull as she had thought." She would have liked to know something about the history of other words, and referred to *Wife* and *Husband*, which I had mentioned. I told her to ask me again, about the year 1910, by when the Dictionary will have got to W. I gave her the interesting derivation, however, of these old Saxon words—*Wife*, the weaver, the spinner, who makes the material of the garments she afterwards cuts out and sews; and *Husband*, the "house-band," who keeps the house together. Of course, I pointed out, wives are not now weavers, but the word points back to the simple state of society when the spinning-wheel was an indispensable part of the furniture of every house, and the wife wove from the wool of her yeoman husband's sheep all the cloth for his and her own and the children's clothes.

"It must have been a man," she said, "who invented the word *husband*." 'House band,' indeed! Poor homes most would be if they were left to the man to hold together. You, for instance. You would be like Alfred the Great, only instead of mending an arrow you would be poring over a book while the cakes were being burnt and the kettle was boiling over. But there's another word just come into my head I should like to know something about—the word *Ranter*, that used to be thrown like

mud at the early Primitives, only it never hurt them. Where did it come from?"

"You will have to wait four or five years for the Dictionary to get to R before you can have the full information. But I came upon it the other day in the 'Journal' of George Fox, the founder of the Quakers. I will get the book."

I reached down the two volumes of that extraordinary record of religious experiences and "journeyings many" in Evangelistic service, to which John Wesley's "Journal" is the only one fit to be compared. I read to Delia the full title: "A Journal or Historical Account of the Life, Travels, Sufferings, Christian Experiences and Labour of Love, in the Work of the Ministry, of that ancient, eminent and faithful servant of Jesus Christ, George Fox; Who departed this Life in great Peace with the Lord, the 13th of the 11th month, 1690." Mine is the sixth edition, printed by Antony Pickard, Leeds, in 1837. There are about a dozen references to a sect commonly called the Ranters, who held very extravagant views of Scripture, and some of them appear to have been peculiar also in their notions of morality. George Fox, who could be very peculiar himself, was sorely exercised at the Friends, who were nick-named Quakers, being often mistaken for, and called Ranters, and he says that on one occasion he "was moved of the Lord God to tell them 'that the plagues and judgments of God would overtake them, and come upon them.'" It is not surprising that the Ranters often annoyed the Quakers, who delivered such testimonies against them. We often smile at the *naïveté* of George, but let us thank God for Fox! He surely had the "inner light," and the denomination that derives itself from him has set, and still sets, the noblest example of pure living, honourable trading, fearless philanthropic intervention on behalf of the persecuted, and a robust and sanctified common-sense that is now proving of inestimable service to the Free Church Federation movement. The Quakers were shrewd enough from the very beginning. Thus, I read to Delia how, like Paul, they made the magistrates who had arrested them eagerly desire to get rid of them. It was at Wellington, Shropshire, in the year 1663—the year after the 2,000 Nonconformist ministers resigned their benefices rather than submit to the Act of Uniformity. Says Fox:

"There had been very great persecutions in that country, and in that town a little before, insomuch that some Friends questioned the peaceableness of our meeting; but the Lord's power chained all, and His glory shined over all. Friends told us, how they had broken up the meetings by warrants from the justices, and how by the warrants they were required to carry six Friends before the justices; and Friends told them, 'Carry them then.' The officers told Friends 'they must go;' but Friends said, 'Nay; that was not according to the warrant, which re-

quired them to carry them. Then they were forced to hire carts and waggons and horses, and to lift Friends into the waggons and carts, to carry them before a justice. When they came to a justice's house, sometimes he happened to be from home, and if he were a moderate man, he would get out of the way, and they were obliged to carry them before another; so that they were many days carting and carrying Friends up and down, from place to place. And when afterwards the officers came to lay their charges for this upon the towns, the townspeople would not pay it, but made them bear it themselves; which broke the neck of the persecution through for that time. The like was done in several other places, till the officers had shamed and tired themselves, and then they were glad to give over."

Delia was highly amused at the idea of these sturdy Friends in sober apparel and broad-brimmed hats mixing so much of the wisdom of the serpent with the simplicity of the dove. It is interesting to note, in these days when the most powerful of monarchs proclaims himself an apostle of peace, that it was George Fox who first delivered a clear testimony on Christian principles against war. I read a passage where he tells how he acted on his principle himself:

"There were among the prisoners, two very bad men, that often sat drinking with the officers and soldiers; and because I would not sit and drink with them too, it made them the worse against me. One time when these two men were drunk, one of them, (whose name was William Wilkinson, a Presbyterian, who had been a captain), came to me

and challenged me to fight with him. I, seeing what condition he was in, got out of his way; and next morning, when he was more sober, showed him how unmanly a thing it was in him to challenge a man to fight, whose principle, he knew, it was not to strike, but if he was stricken on one ear, to turn the other. I told him if he had a mind to fight, he should have challenged some of the soldiers that could have answered him in his own way. But, however, seeing he had challenged me, I was now come to answer him, with my hands in my pockets; and (reaching my hand towards him); 'Here,' said I, 'here is my hair, here are my cheeks, here is my back.' With that he skipped away from me, and went into another room; at which the soldiers fell a-laughing; and one of the officers said, 'You are a happy man that can bear such things.' Thus he was conquered without a blow. After a while he took the oath, gave bond, and got out of prison; and not long after the Lord cut him off."

We were interrupted by a shriek from the garden, and a violent sobbing of our hopeful five-year-old. Delia rushed out to ascertain the cause, and found that Master Wilfrid, like George Fox, had been converting principle into practice. At Sunday School he had heard an address on kindness to animals. He conceived it to be his mission to release poor flies from the meshes of cruel spiders. He told Delia, with choking sobs, "Here's a poor fly that that wicked spider has begun to eat up. Oh-h-h!" He was soon comforted, but may he always keep his heart tender, not merely to flies, but to men and women!

LIBRARIUS.

Co-operative Farms.

By J. B. PATON, D.D.

Nottingham,
April 12th, 1899.

To the Editor of
THE ALDRSGATE PRIMITIVE METHODIST MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,

Many are anxious to re-people the land and to establish rural communities that will have bright social and educational advantages such as are now only possible in towns. This can only be done where there is a Co-operative Society in which a number of families form a commune and organise themselves so as to secure these advantages and other great economic benefits. There are three classes of men who would probably wish to form such a commune or Co-operative Colony, and who,

we think, would be likely to make it thoroughly successful.

1. Men who have been brought up on the land and are acquainted with various kinds of farm-work, and who, having made a little money in town-life, now wish with their small capital to occupy a small holding under the favourable conditions we have referred to.

2. Men who are now on the land in large farms, but who find their capital insufficient to work them successfully, and who may even be losing money upon them. Many of these men would be glad to remain on the land in such a Co-operative Colony. Readers of the striking novel, "Jonathan Merle," will remember how the farmer who drifted into the city and sank in its maelstrom, sighed for some such

holding as is now offered at Lingfield; and I believe there are many such who would delight in a small holding, and would be able to make a comfortable living upon it.

3. Many enterprising agricultural labourers who have been able to save a little money by their work on allotments, are now prepared to make a distinct advance upon their present mode of life by becoming small holders. These men have the skill and the industry necessary for the thorough and intensive cultivation of a small holding, and by means of Co-operation all they do, in the way of production, purchase, and sale, could be done to the very best advantage.

We shall therefore specially encourage such men to take up small holdings in a Co-operative Colony, such as it is proposed to form alongside the Training Colony at Lingfield, and which is described in the following statement. I accordingly ask the favour of the publication of this letter and statement in your magazine.

Faithfully yours,
J. B. PATON.

The Lingfield estate was purchased not only to be, if possible, a model Training Colony for those who sought work and were fit for work, but who could not find it elsewhere; but also to provide land for a Colony of another type, namely, a Co-operative Colony of Small Holders. For this purpose ninety-six acres of good arable and grass land have been set apart. Upon this it is hoped that twelve industrious men and their families may be settled, each man holding upon an average, eight acres, a quantity which, it is believed, will be sufficient for one man, providing he cultivates the land in the most perfect way by spade labour. Of course, there must be minor and auxiliary outdoor industries, such as poultry-rearing, the producing of eggs, pig-feeding, rabbit-farming, bee-keeping, etc. Indoor industries should also be organised, for which some technical skill is required, and for which some technical education must be given. These indoor industries will occupy the long winter evenings, and

the inclement days, when work out-of-doors is impossible.

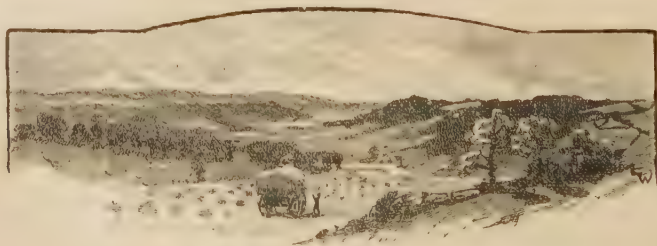
The main element, however, in such a Colony, without which it will fail of perfect success, is the Co-operative element. The several tenants will hold on a permanent tenure under a Co-operative Society of which they themselves are members, and the affairs of which they will conduct under their own Committee. This Co-operative Society will undertake, or will assist in the purchase and sale of commodities needed by the tenants, or prepared for market by them, and will also own such machinery and horses as may be required by the tenants. The Society will also establish a Co-operative Credit Bank on the Raiffeisen method, which has given such wonderful stimulus and help to the small tenants and proprietary farmers in Germany, France, and Italy.

As the land has been set apart for this purpose, the Director of the Lingfield Colony is now in a position to receive applications from industrious men, who are thoroughly acquainted with agricultural work, and who would be prepared to settle on such small holdings under the conditions named. It will be necessary for each applicant to have at his command, either of his own money or, through friends, a capital of about £8 an acre, so as to be able to contribute something to the stocking of his holding. By means of an agricultural credit society he might be assisted in more fully stocking his farm, and possibly in the erection of a cottage farm steading. The Directors would be glad to hear from any suitable men, and would be grateful to any of your readers, who know of men suitable to become pioneers of such a model colony, if they would inform such men of the offer now made to them.

Inquiries may be addressed to either of the following:—

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22, Forest Road West,
Nottingham.

REV. J. L. BROOKS,
Homestead,
Lingfield, Surrey.



Connexional Biography.

REV. C. T. HARRIS.

CHARLES THOMAS HARRIS was born at Redruth, Cornwall, March 11th, 1812. His father was married twice, and Mr. Harris was by the second wife. In his childhood he was both weak and delicate, and his life was frequently despaired of. Once he was given up for dead. Twice he had a narrow escape of being drowned, and once of being burned.

Both his father and mother were pious people, and members of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. They both lived to a good age, his father dying when he was seventy, and his mother in her eighty-seventh year. Being the son of pious parents, he was taken by them to the class meetings and preaching services, in which he received much spiritual good, as well as greatly profiting by them. It was no doubt this fact that made him such a lover of the class meeting to the end of his days, and so anxious that it should be retained as a distinguishing feature of Methodism, and especially of Primitive Methodism. Indeed, I have heard him say more than once, "If you let the class meeting go, you can write Ichabod on your chapels and schoolrooms;" and there was much truth in the remark, which ought to make us both cautious and careful to retain our distinctive features as Methodists, for if we let them go we shall deserve the reprobation and censure of all right-minded and true-hearted men.

During the year 1827, the Primitive Methodists had a glorious work of grace going on at Redruth, and a large new chapel was built there, and through a sermon preached in it by the Rev. William Driffield, on the depravity of man, Mr. Harris was convicted and converted, and became a member of the Society. Soon after his conversion, and his union with the Church of his choice, he was strongly tempted to doubt the truth of Christianity, and to go back again to the beggarly elements of worldly policy and cunning. But this temptation he kept to himself, and by prayer and faith, reading good books and conversing with good people, he overcame the temptation, and got under clearer skies and into calmer waters, where he found rest and peace and joy.

But the temptation, he tells us, caused him great sorrow and searching of heart, and he afterwards praised God for His goodness to him, and His wonderful deliverance of him.

On his recovery from this severe temptation, he says, he gave himself afresh to God and to His work, and began to feel more and more called to do the will of God.

About this time he was apprenticed to the building trade, and worked at it for several years.

In 1830 he was requested to give an address at a

prayer meeting, and complied, the Lord owning and blessing the words that he spoke to the good of others. After this, his first effort at public speaking, his name was put on the local preachers' plan, and three years afterwards he was called into the ministry.

During the first part of his ministry he travelled long journeys and suffered many privations in the performance of his duties. But none of these things moved him, or yet hindered him from doing his work. He felt he was called of God to this work and in it he must stay until God, who called him to it, should release him from it. He met with great persecution in Poole, in Dorsetshire, and suffered much in his work there.

In 1840 he was stationed at Hereford, and commenced his labours in this city for the first time, July 4th. He preached in the High Town at nine in the morning, then walked to Harewood's End, a distance of nine miles, and preached afternoon and evening.

In 1843 he entered the marriage state with Miss Elizabeth Lea, Yew Cottage. They were married at Newton Chapel, Cwm Circuit, July 11th, and their first station after their marriage was Swansea. Here they met with many kind friends, and here they suffered many privations and trials in their work, but the good work progressed and many souls were saved and added to the ranks of the Church.

In 1844 their first and only child was born, and they regarded him as a gift from God, and endeavoured to train him for heaven. The two years in Swansea Station, Mr. Harris tells us in his diary, were trying years. They, however, paid their way, and left a few shillings in the circuit steward's hand. From Swansea they removed to Salisbury, where they met with great persecution and many trials; but God blessed their labours, and the Church was enlarged under their efforts and God's blessing upon them.

During their stay in Salisbury as many as 300 souls were saved and added to the Church.

From Salisbury Mr. Harris went to Bristol for a second time; indeed, he was stationed no less than four times to Bristol, twelve years in all being spent there. Under his superintendency, Ebenezer Chapel was built and opened under favourable circumstances. The following are the stations on which Mr. Harris was permitted to travel, viz.: St. Austell, Exeter, Devonport, Bristol (four times), Poole, Dorset, Hereford, Swansea, Salisbury, Stroud, Bath, St. Ives (twice), Penzance, Pontypool, Aberdare, Tredegar. In 1876 he was superannuated and came to reside in Hereford.

During his retirement from the active work, Mr. Harris was by no means indolent or indifferent to

the claims of his Church. He preached and visited as though he was in full work, and many are the pleasing reminiscences of those visits in the minds of the people. For the last three years Mr. Harris was unable to attend the religious services of the sanctuary, but he never forgot them in his prayers, or yet in his gifts, sending his collection money regularly, although unable to attend himself. During the last six or eight months of his life his mind was somewhat affected, but he ever retained his consciousness of God's presence and power to save. He said on the Saturday before he died, "I want no other Saviour than Jesus. He is able to save me, and I will trust Him."

The writer was with him when he passed away on January 16th. There was no struggle, but a languishing into life. In fact, he went to sleep in the everlasting arms, and is now at home with God.

His remains were interred in Hereford Cemetery on Friday, January 20th, 1899, in presence of the members of his family and the officials and members of the Church. The Rev. E. Ball was the officiating minister.

Many letters of sympathy have been received by his family since his death, but they are so many that we have not space for any of them.

In estimating his character: he was a good man, fairly intelligent, a great reader of pious biographies and good devotional books, but the Bible was his chief book. He was not what would be called a great preacher, but a useful preacher, many being brought to God under his ministry. The platform was the place where Mr. Harris shone most as a public speaker. He was a hard worker, always doing and on the alert to build up and strengthen the cause of God. He was a good family visitor, and devoted much of his time to it. His methods may not have been the best, but they were his own, and he believed in them to the end. He was a true friend and lover of peace, no retailer of scandal or of reports about his brethren. He was a good husband and father, and had one of the best of women for his wife.

E. BALL.

MR. MICHAEL FELLOWS.

MR. MICHAEL FELLOWS was born at Broad Oak, near Bridgnorth, Salop, on June 6th, 1810. Being the only child of his parents, he was somewhat idolised. He removed to Enville parish, with his mother, when about twenty-five years of age, after which he was elected churchwarden; also, in 1852, he removed to Hall Close, Alveley, shortly after which he was again appointed churchwarden.

He was very regular in his attendance at church, and in his duties as churchwarden.

He began to attend our services in Alveley, when they were held in a cottage, through the influence of his cousin, Miss Fisher. One Sunday morning

he came home from church and stood with his back to the fire, when he said: "I'm starved, I feel starved somehow." Miss Fisher replied: "Yes, I know where you are starved, and what you mean, and you had better come with me to the Methodist meeting." He came to the meeting, and though religiously inclined before, he became one of the brightest examples of the Christian life in the village of Alveley, and throughout the Kidderminster Circuit.

Shortly after uniting himself with us efforts were put forth for the erection of a chapel, which proved very successful, and Mr. Fellows faithfully performed the promise he made to the Rev. W. Gwillim, superintendent minister at that period, that he would see the chapel out of debt.

Everything that the clergyman and Church people alike could do, was done, by way of entreaty, persecution and intimidation, to secure his return to the Church of England, but all to no effect. The work of God prospered, souls were saved, and a good village cause established.

As a local preacher, class-leader, society steward, trustee and treasurer, he was very conscientious in the performance of his duties, keeping a conscience void of offence before God and man; and many will, doubtless, be the crown of his rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus.

Hall Close has been the home of ministers, local preachers, and friends alike, for forty-five years, and the kind hospitality received has ever been of the most exceptional character; for though Mr. Fellows never married, yet his cousin, Miss Fisher, became his housekeeper after his mother's death, and remained so to the close of his life, though his senior in years.

The family altar was never neglected by him, the Bible and devotional books were constantly and carefully studied; and, like Enoch, "he walked with God." No one could possibly be more deeply interested in the welfare of the cause of God than Michael Fellows. His liberality was proverbial, considering that his means were limited; for several needy chapel cases in the circuit, as well as the circuit and missionary funds, were assisted by him to the utmost of his ability. His sympathies also were always with the afflicted, the poor, the widow, and the orphan; so that the whole village and circuit will seriously suffer by his decease.

For years he was called upon to suffer much from physical weakness, but his love for God's house continued undying, and on more than one occasion have we with difficulty persuaded him that he could not be assisted to chapel without adding materially to his suffering. He could not have survived so long had it not been for the incessant kind attention of Miss Fisher and other friends. I can never forget how he clasped my hand in his and held it, on the occasion of my last visit to him, and how earnestly he responded to prayer for a revival of God's

work in Alveley. His death took place on Thursday, March 18th, 1897.

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged above the common walks of virtuous life,
Quite on the verge of Heaven."

The Rev. R. Baxter thus writes of him: "During the six years I laboured on the Kidderminster Station it was my privilege to spend one or two days and nights every month in the hospitable home of the late Mr. Michael Fellows, and his estimable cousin, Miss Fisher. From the time of my first acquaintance with Mr. Fellows I have regarded him as a good and grand old man. He lived a Christly life, and had a clean conscience enlightened by the word of God and prayer. The Bible was his daily companion. It was the strong meat on which his soul constantly fed. He tried to shape his life in conformity with every Divine command. He had Scripturally conceived views on Christian stewardship, in the matter of worldly substance. He was a liberal and devout supporter of the Lord's work. For a great number of years he contributed considerable sums to our missionary funds; but, on account of heavy losses, he has not been in a position to give so largely of late as he did formerly, and I well remember his great grief when he was compelled to reduce his annual subscription. As a steward of the church, Mr. Fellows was always found faithful. As a class-leader, he diligently discharged his duties, feeding the flock committed to his care. He did not, however, devote the whole of his attention to the Church. The sick, the suffering, the sorrowing, widows and orphans left in helplessness, the aged, the infirm, the outcast, could all and always find in him a sympathising friend and helper. He was a man of much prayer. He loved the house of God. He had a firm faith in God's promises. Christ was to him 'all and in all.' Holiness unto the Lord was written on all he had, and holiness of life characterised all his doings. Perhaps he was somewhat puritanic in his notions, but he was free from sanctimoniousness. He lived in agreement of soul with God, allowed God to rule his will, and fill his whole being with His fulness. 'Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.' Michael Fellows has gone to gaze on God, and to shine in the light of God, lost in wonder, love and praise. I hope to meet him in the light when the shadows have passed away."

The Rev. Thomas Pigott says: "I have delightful soul-inspiring reminiscences of the truly religious habits of Brother Fellows, and the holy influences of his family altar have left marks for good upon my soul, which eternity will never erase. He had all the manners and respectful bearing of a country gentleman, and was one of the finest personifications of sanctified life it has been my privilege to know. He knew, loved, and lived his Bible. I bless God for my acquaintance with him. Heaven

becomes richer, and earth poorer. I do pray that Miss Fisher may be comforted and helped in her great loss."

No one could be more deeply respected than Mr. Fellows, and there will ever be a widespread regret among the officials and friends of the Kidderminster Circuit that, in consequence of undue Church influence, they were not allowed to manifest that respect at his funeral, which occurred on the Wednesday following his death.

His death was improved in the Alveley Chapel, on the Sunday afternoon of May 2nd, by the circuit minister, when the united choirs of Alveley and Highley rendered excellent service by singing "Vital Spark" and other suitable hymns specially printed for the occasion.

WILLIAM CLULOW.

MRS. ELIZA LEESON.

MRS. ELIZA LEESON, wife of Edward Leeson, local preacher, of Alveley, in the Kidderminster Circuit, exchanged mortality for life on March 31st, 1897, at the age of sixty-three. Before her marriage she was servant to Mr. Michael Fellows, when he lived at Pool Hall, in the parish of Alveley, and survived her old and much respected master only thirteen days. She was married about forty-five years, and gave herself to God before her marriage. She was a very consistent member of our Connexion, and very anxious for the salvation of her children. Ministers and local preachers were always welcome under her roof, and she would put herself to any inconvenience for their comfort. To her it was given to suffer much before the end came, and it was a trial known only to herself and God to give up her loved ones, and especially her husband, into the Lord's hands; but she gained the victory, and resigned herself and hers fully to the Lord's will. Our last visit to her was on the occasion of the funeral of Mr. Fellows, when she expressed herself as fully ready for the Master's call, and that it was her wish for her own minister to officiate at her burial; but such have been the undue Church influences of this parish for years, that this was denied. Her death was improved in Alveley Chapel, by the circuit minister, on the same occasion as that of Mr. Fellows. May her husband and children all meet her in the deathless clime.

WILLIAM CLULOW.

MR. SAMUEL BROADHURST.

SAMUEL BROADHURST was born at Oldbury, near Dudley, in the year 1851. He described his mother as a right good Primitive, and never forgot the prayers of that mother for his conversion; for though those prayers were continued for twenty-five years, and she died without any apparent answer to those prayers; yet those prayers and her death led indirectly to his conversion.

His conversion took place at Cradley Heath,

under the ministry of the Rev. W. Wright, on Sunday evening, September 19, 1880, while Mr. Wright was preaching from that text: "Wherefore He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them." It appeared to him as though the preacher looked straight at him, as he said: "He can save to the uttermost," and felt, "He means me;" and there and then he gave himself to Christ.

The Rev. W. Wright thus represents that service: "I very well remember his conversion. There was no outward manifestation of sorrow or joy noticed by the congregation or minister. No one evidently knew of the great change which was silently and invisibly wrought within him in that service, beside himself. I remember with what divine unction and force the word was attended. I called in at Mr. Wesley's the day after, and Mrs. Wesley joyfully said: 'Sam is converted!' And I said, 'Is he? When?' And she replied, 'Last night at chapel!' On interviewing Samuel, I asked him if the report were true, and he said: 'Yes, it is; I got right while you were preaching that Christ was able to save to the uttermost.' He united with our Society, and continued to conduct himself as it becometh the Gospel of Christ so long as I remained in that circuit."

In a few months after his conversion, he was proposed for the preachers' plan, and at first refused; but on being reasoned with by Mr. G. Burford, he afterwards complied. Before he was received on full plan, he removed to Kidderminster, and became so acceptable a local preacher as to be employed ten Sundays per quarter, for seven years, and never allowed an appointment to be neglected. He was circuit secretary for twelve years, and a member of the District Committee for nine years. He was sent as circuit delegate to two District Meetings, and as a District delegate to one Conference.

His health began to fail seven years ago, when the doctor told him he was not to preach any more, as it was positively dangerous. Within three months of his death, and when he felt he could not much longer survive, he said to the writer: "I cannot get to any place of worship, but God comes here and reveals Himself to me, and one of those divine revelations was overpowering. I have known what the joy of working hard and seeing conversions has been; and there is only one thing I wish now to be spared for, and that is to preach in Cross Street Chapel again. On looking back, I have much to regret."

In the paroxysms of pain, to which he was often subject, the mystery of Divine Providence was painful and inexplicable, especially as he thought of the wife so soon to become a widow, and the boy fatherless; and on these occasions the temptations of the enemy would come with almost overwhelming force. We have endeavoured again and again to comfort

him out of our own heart's sorrow, and especially from the experience of his Lord, and not in vain. How much he served God, even in suffering, we shall never know, until the day dawns and the shadows flee away. His friends desired him in case he became too weak to speak, to lift his arm in token of victory, and that arm was quietly raised, when immediately Samuel Broadhurst passed to that pure clime, "where there is no more pain," on Tuesday, April 6, 1897, in the forty-sixth year of his age.

The Rev. Thomas Pigott thus writes of him: "Brother Broadhurst was a man of rare gifts, and his aptitude for Church business was sound and solid. His sympathies were with the right, and the weakly. I have most pleasant remembrances of him as a controversialist. He knew the deep things of God, and used to talk and weep until his heart burned within him, in fact he was a man of capacious grasp in relation to the things of God and truth. His last sentences penned to me are worthy of a place in any manual of devotion; fine traits of manhood were embodied in the sayings and doings of our dear brother, and now he is with all the good and great of a long past; and the Lamb which is in the midst of the Throne is leading him to fountains of living water, and God has wiped all tears from his eyes."

The Rev. R. Reeve thus writes: "We were deeply grieved to hear of the departure of Mr. Broadhurst. It must be to him a glorious change and deliverance, for long weary years of pain have been his portion on earth. I knew him only in retirement and suffering, but that suffering was borne with exemplary patience and submission to the Divine Will, and several times after severe attacks, when the pain had subsided, a cheery remark, like a streak of sunshine in cloudy days, would burst forth, as though pain could not destroy the blithe spirit within. I was with him in Birmingham the day that he consulted a famous doctor there as to his condition. The verdict was that he might possibly live three months, and most likely less than that period. That which won my admiration and sympathy was his utter forgetfulness of self, and when in the train he repeated the doctor's words, with anguish in every feature, he looked at me and said: 'Oh, Reeve, what of my poor lad and wife?' We are thankful to know that, through strict attention to medical advice, his sojourn on earth was prolonged much beyond that period.

"He always appreciated beyond its real value any act of kindness which our people did for him to relieve his pain and weakness, but there was a manly independence about him that ever shrank from being a receiver. It was always a greater pleasure to him to give than to receive. He always impressed me as very loyal to his own Church. In circuit matters, all concerns were of interest, and sometimes of anxiety to him. A sense of honour led him to dread deficiencies in revenue, and by precept and

example he strove to bring up the members of his class to his view of the situation, and of the sacredness of giving to God's cause.

"Another feature I perceived in him was his respect for old age, his courtesy to old people, and to aged and venerable servants of God. With what admiration and respect I have heard him speak of Mr. Michael Fellows, so recently removed from your midst. The saintly life and the genial spirit of Mr. Fellows often led our brother to speak of him as a glowing example of meek and unobtrusive piety, and ere this we may believe that they have joined hands again on the eternal shore.

"We cannot, would not, call either of them back to the scenes and sorrows of this life, because we believe them to be surrounded with the glories of immortality in the presence of their Saviour and God. Our affliction, however great, our loss however painful, must be swallowed up in the thought of their exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

His death was improved in Cross Street Chapel, by the circuit minister, on Sunday evening, May 2nd, when the choir rendered "Good Night" in a telling manner; and on the same day as the deaths of Mr. Fellows and Mrs. Leeson, of Alveley, were improved.

WILLIAM CLULOW.

MRS. MARY A. S. PRITCHARD.

EARLY in the morning of the last day of the year of grace, 1896, God suddenly called my beloved partner to go up and commence the New Year amidst the glories and felicities of the Heavenly home. On the 13th of October, 1864, the now sainted Rev. Robert Hartley united us in the bonds of holy wedlock in the drawing-room of her father's house, Newtown, Sydney. As soon as the wedding breakfast was over, unsolicited, she sat down to the piano, and in the presence of a large company of assembled guests, sang, accompanying herself,

"Joyfully, joyfully onward we move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above," etc.

Thus, in the very first hour of our wedded life, she gave the key-note, and struck the chords of a bridal song which continued without interruption until she was invited to join the choir in the upper Temple. Brought up in the Wesleyan Sunday School and Church, she was specially privileged in early life. In January, 1864, she was converted in our church at St. Peter's, and from that day until the day of her departure, she was a truly devoted Christian and loyal Primitive Methodist. I do not claim for her an endowment of great gifts, as the world understands greatness; but if patient, uncomplaining endurance in the midst of trial, if a faithful, conscientious perseverance in work for God and His Church be elements of greatness, she possessed these in a pre-eminent degree.

Shortly after our union, we removed to Newcastle,

which at that time was a comparatively small mission there, worked by a hired local preacher. Our first Sabbath services were crowned with the salvation of souls, and this revival, begun that day, continued almost uninterruptedly during the nearly six years we remained on that station. Hundreds of souls were saved, and the leading position among the churches in that great coal basin of New South Wales was secured for Primitive Methodism. During those glorious years of blessing the tension on my physical and nervous system was immense. Frequently have I conducted "protracted services" in the out-stations for three and four weeks successively, and six nights, and sometimes seven, each week, I seldom or never got home before eleven o'clock p.m., and often it was midnight or past. But never once did I reach home without meeting a cheerful welcome, kindly inquiry about the progress of the work of God, and suitable provision waiting to strengthen my weary, often exhausted, frame.

In the great coming day, when God will reward our faithful services, what percentage will He accord to a devoted and patient minister's wife? For more than six years she played the organ in our church. In getting up tea meetings and bazaars she was always at the front. When duty detained me from home unexpectedly, I knew that the family altar and society class, which met in our house, were not neglected. She was always ready to "do what she could."

I can truthfully say in all our stations, both in Australia and England, she never once caused me any anxiety, or disturbed the peace of the Church by any unwise word or unkind act. Some may think when reading these lines that I am writing *con amore*, but I confidently appeal to those who knew her best for a verdict. Compelled through a serious accident to seek superannuation in 1888, we have not been settled until God graciously guided us here in October, 1895. Here we met with a small church of our own, and a nice little society of kind-hearted people. My dear wife at once identified herself with the church, and sought the social as well as the spiritual good of the poor and aged of the congregation. Ten weeks after our arrival, on the last day of the year, she gave a tea to all the poor and aged of the church, numbering seventy-five. On Christmas eve, 1896, the whole of our Sunday School were entertained by her arrangement, and at her expense, in our large kitchens. She had also arranged to give all the poor and aged a substantial tea as on the previous year on the last day of the year. While the children and teachers were enjoying her bounty, she was the prisoner of the terrible disease, influenza, and when the poor and aged should have enjoyed their feast, she was not, for God had taken her. This tea was given a fortnight afterwards.

On the 4th of January her dust was conveyed to the burying-ground connected with the Congre-

gational Church at Finchingsfield, and left to sleep in the shade of a growing tree until the Master shall awaken it, and although at the time I was in the grip of influenza, and consequently unable to follow her dust, thank God I shall meet her in the morning, where there is no influenza.

The Revs. W. Turner, of London, and C. H. Lightfoot, of Braintree, conducted the service at the house and at the grave, at the close of which a large company of sympathising friends joined in singing, "Safe in the arms of Jesus."

On the following Sunday evening, January 10th, the Rev. J. W. White preached a very affecting sermon to a crowded church, on Acts ix., latter part of 36th verse. "This woman was full of good works, and alms-deeds which she did."

At the following Quarterly Meeting, held March 4th, the following resolution was unanimously carried and sent to me by our superintendent: "That we record the death during the past quarter of Mrs. E. C. Pritchard, of Great Bardfield Hall, who during the fifteen months that she resided in Bardfield endeared herself to our hearts and to the hearts of our people, and rendered great service in our Church. That a letter shall be written to the Rev. E. C. Pritchard, expressing our deep sympathy with him and his family in their sorrow.

"(Signed) C. H. LIGHTFOOT."

Born at Lane Cove, Sydney, February 29, 1848, and slept in Jesus at Great Bardfield Hall, Braintree Station, December 31, 1896.

E. COOK PRITCHARD.

MR. RICHARD GLASSBY.

RICHARD GLASSBY, of Crowle Wharf, in the Crowle Circuit, was born at Mexbro', in December, 1842. His father was a mason by trade, but of his early years we know almost nothing. He came when in his teens to Crowle Wharf Station as passenger clerk under the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway Company, in whose service he continued upwards of thirty years, seventeen of which he occupied the responsible position of station-master. In this capacity he became very widely known, and much respected by a large circle of friends. On his retirement he received a life-long pension from the Company, and a valuable testimonial—with a purse of gold—testifying to his many excellent qualities as a public servant, and the esteem in which he was held by all classes in the district.

When our brother came to Crowle, and for some time after, he was without God and without hope in the world, and there are those still living who can recall his frolicsomeness as a youth—one very tangible mark of this tendency he carried with him to his death, very often with not a little inconvenience to himself. His attention was called to the subject of religion by a fellow-workman under in-

teresting circumstances. At that time subscriptions were being collected in aid of Crowle Chapel, and Brother Glassby was asked for a donation. He treated the matter with his accustomed playfulness, but finally consented to give a shilling. This was accepted, and the assurance was given that God would return him sevenfold, and on his own telling, the Lord did so, literally the very same day. This first lesson in Christian liberality served our brother to good purpose in after life, for generous support of the cause of God became one of his chief characteristics. He was induced immediately after the incident recorded to attend a class meeting, with the result that conviction of sin laid hold upon him, and after a night of broken rest, with intervals of earnest prayer, he found peace through believing, in his own bed-room, and on the following morning to him "all things were new," the world without answered to the world within, he was "a new creature" in Christ Jesus. He forthwith joined our society at Crowle, and subsequently identified himself with every forward movement connected with the Church. A better scribe than most of his fellows, he was qualified for offices that he filled with great credit to himself and service to our cause. Sunday School teacher and secretary, seat letter, member of chapel committee, and temperance society, trustee of chapels, local preacher, and circuit steward, include offices to which he was afterwards called.

In 1864 he resolved to join our society at Ealand, the chapel being near the station. The smallness and inconvenience of the old chapel caused him to decide to build a new one a short time afterwards; and on March 6th, 1882, a few members met together to make preliminary arrangements. By many such an undertaking was regarded as utterly impracticable; but mainly through the Christian enterprise and dogged perseverance of Brother Glassby, the premises were built, and are now debtless and valued at £500. Suffice it to say, these premises, comprising chapel and school, with suitable appurtenances, are at once an ornament to the village and an abiding tribute to our brother's memory and worth.

Mr. Glassby also felt his obligation to the world as well as the Church; but of his public offices we need not speak in particular, except to say that at his death he was a member of the Crowle School Board, and a leading spirit in connection with Crowle Wharf Dividend Society, where he will be greatly missed.

That he had his faults and failings those to whom his memory is most sacred would readily and regretfully admit. But we are not of those who regard "the ointment of the apothecary as valueless without the fly which causeth it to stink." We therefore prefer to forget his infirmities, that we may imitate his virtues and exhibit them for the emulation of others. In so doing, we adopt the language

of a living author, "We know a man truly when we know him at his greatest and his best."

Brother Glassby's last illness was brief and painful. Two weeks before his death he took a chill by temporary exposure. Influenza set in, immediately followed by jaundice and other alarming complications. The writer took an early opportunity of inquiring as to his spiritual state with the result that from first to last he expressed simple and unwavering trust in the merits of Jesus Christ. The best

medical skill and the best nursing were secured, but in vain, and after the lapse of the time named, although earlier a lease might have been taken of his life, he breathed his last in the presence of his sorrow-stricken family early on Sunday morning, May 9th, 1897, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. He was twice married, and leaves behind one daughter and two sons to mourn his loss.

GEO. LEE.

Literary Notices.

On God's Lines; and Other Stories. By RAMSAY GUTHRIE. (3s. 6d.) Christian Commonwealth Publishing Co., Ltd., 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

It is not difficult to locate Blackerton, where the scene of the stories told in Ramsay Guthrie's book is laid. The writer of the present notice knows the district well, and can vouch for the essential truthfulness of the delineations of human life and character here given. He thinks he has met with some of the very characters who live and breathe in the pages of "*On God's Lines*," or, at any rate, with some who were so much like them as to be, in the vernacular phrase, "their very spit and marrow."

Blackerton itself is not a pretty or prepossessing place. The scenery around is lovely enough, and there are many spots of historic interest not far away. But Blackerton, with its monotonous rows and pit heaps, and the usual accompaniments of mine and furnace and forge, is somewhat depressing. Ramsay Guthrie does not trouble himself much about scenery or the romantic stories of the past. There are no word-pictures of sunsets or landscapes. It is the human interest he finds in Blackerton that absorbs him, and he writes of what he has found in a direct and business-like way, as though his only concern were to communicate without loss of time what he has seen and felt. The style of writing is configured to the author's purpose. The sentences are short and clear. There are no digressions, circumlocutions, or lingerings by the way; no mere verbiage; every word tells.

Another thing should be said. Those who do not know the miners of the North, and, still more, those who have a superficial acquaintance with them and their modes of life, may fancy that they are pictures in far too roseate hues. Well; had Ramsay Guthrie been a Zola with an eye for the foul and the repulsive, he might have found material enough and to spare in Blackerton and its neighbourhood. In a colliery village you have the sharpest contrasts. In the same row the dog-man, the drinker, the gambler may live hard by the chapel-man, whose home, when you get within, you find to be the pic-

ture of cleanliness and comfort, in striking contrast to the abode of the dog-man aforesaid. Now, Ramsay Guthrie has not entitled his book, "*On the Devil's Lines*," but "*On God's Lines*." He has selected his material, and chosen to show us the humane, the nobler, the religious aspects of life as lived in a Durham mining centre; and who shall say that he is not right in so selecting his material, and that his limnings are not according to truth? Some of the truest, finest men and women it has ever been our privilege to know were working miners, and their wives and daughters, of the very district Ramsay Guthrie has made his own, and we are free to confess that as we read these stories of quiet heroism, independence and self-sacrifice, we felt our eye moisten:

See Priam! aye, praise waits on worth
E'en in this corner of the earth;
E'en here the tear of pity springs,
And hearts are touched by human things.

We cannot close this notice without expressing the gratification we feel in knowing that the pen-name "Ramsay Guthrie" but thinly veils the identity of one of our own ministers. We believe that this is his first published book, and by it he has achieved even more than a *succès d'estime*. Good as this book is, Ramsay Guthrie will, we believe, do still better work in the near future.

The Temperance Problem and Social Reform.
By JOSEPH ROWNTREE and ARTHUR SHERWELL.
(6s.) Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

THIS book will prove a valuable addition to the library of the temperance advocate and social reformer. In regard to many questions on which it is very desirable to have well-tested and reliable information, it will supply the facts desired. Amongst the questions dealt with in the valuable first chapter, are such as these: What is the *per capita* consumption of alcohol in this country? How does this stand related to the consumption in former years,

and to the amount consumed in other lands? What proportion of the national drink bill of 150 millions belongs to the working classes? What is their average weekly family expenditure upon drink? And what relation does this drink expenditure bear to the average family earnings? The fallacy as to the serious diminution of the revenue which it is alleged would follow from a decrease in the drinking habits of the country is also very conclusively dealt with. Succeeding chapters are occupied with "The Social and Political Menace;" "Prohibition;" "State Monopoly and High Licence;" "The Company System in Sweden and Norway;" and "The Solution of the Problem." A number of most valuable appendices complete the work, which also contains useful maps and diagrams. The authors are to be congratulated on the eminently reasonable tone in which they have discussed weighty problems, as well as on the mass of carefully sifted and digested facts they have brought together. All may not agree with their suggestions or conclusions, but all must thank them for the information supplied, and admit that their conjoint work has resulted in a statesmanlike production. We learn as we write this notice, that Mr. W. P. Hartley has determined to supply each Primitive Methodist minister with a copy of Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell's book forthwith. It is a wise and kindly resolve, like others which have preceded it. We rejoice to know that by this generous act such a mine of information and repertory of arguments will be put into the hands of all our brethren.

The Rajah's Daughter. By BESSIE MARCHANT.
(1s. 6d.) S. W. Partridge and Co., 8 and 9, Paternoster Row, E.C.

A WELL told tale with a carefully worked out plot. There is no padding in this story, every page contains fresh matter of interest which helps on the plot.

The characters are well and clearly drawn, though not overdrawn. The scene of the story is laid partly in Borneo, and partly in England. In the Borneo parts we find the most interest, partly because of the glamour of romance there, and because we meet there with Song, the Rajah's daughter, a thorough child of nature. To appreciate Song's many-sided, but noble character, her sad life, and her passionate devotion to the man Poyntz, the young English naturalist, who dies of consumption there, the book must be read. Song stands in strong contrast to Hester Dayrell, the practical, self-reliant and lovable English girl, whose destiny was so curiously connected with that of the Rajah's daughter. We refrain from disclosing the plot, though it is somewhat of a temptation to do so, we should not like to spoil the reader's enjoyment of the story.

Bessie Marchant, or as her friends know her, Mrs. Comfort, is no stranger to readers of our

Magazines, some of her stories having appeared in their pages in serial form.

Yesterday Framed in To-day. By PANSY, (Isabella M. Alden). (2s. 6d.) Charles H. Kelly, 2, Castle Street, City Road, E.C.

PANSY prefaces her present story with a brief explanation of her theme. In this explanation she says: "I have taken this present time, with its railroads and telegraphs and phonographs and electric lights and what not, and lifted into it from out the historic past a central figure. The central figure of all time; the One without whose coming we would not even have counted time as we now do—the Man Christ Jesus. I have conceived of Him as walking the streets of our modern cities and villages, meeting the people of to-day—people who dress and act and think in the New Testament era, yet have knowledge only of the Old. I have imagined people coming in contact with this central Light as it shone on earth centuries ago, and treating it in the same spirit that men and women treated it then; the spirit in which undoubtedly very many would receive Him now, were He to come again in the same humble, local way."

As a story the author, of course, frankly admits it to be impossible. The narrative partakes more of the nature of a supernatural hypothesis. She supposes the impossible to happen—that is, that Christ instead of having made our civilisation what it is, makes His first appearance on earth at the present day, healing the sick, raising the dead, and performing the same miracles which He did while upon earth.

"Pansy" is a favourite writer of ours, and her stories are usually marked by *vraisemblance*; but we frankly admit that this story in its strange setting does not "find" or convince us.

St. Mary's Convent. By JEANIE S. DAMMAST.
(1s.) S. W. Partridge and Co., 8 and 9, Paternoster Row, E.C.

A DARK picture of life in an Irish convent. Captain Seward, the father of the heroine, has become, while in Spain, a convert to the Romish Church. He conceives a strong desire that his daughter may embrace what he now considers the true religion. To gain this end she is taken to a convent in Ireland, where she is forced to take the veil, though at heart still a Protestant.

This book certainly shows the Church of Rome in its very darkest colours. The Lady Superior's inward depravity is only exceeded by her outward loveliness; the priests are all scheming and crafty, though all is done under the cloak of religion.

Many dramatic incidents are related before the heroine is finally delivered from her thralldom by the gentleman of her choice, and takes up the thread of her life again as the wife of a Protestant minister.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The following have been received, and are reserved for fuller notice:—

The Christian Minister: His Aims and Methods. Lectures on Pastoral Theology at the Four Scotch Universities' Sessions 1897-8 and 1898-9. By JAMES ROBERTSON, D.D. (3s. 6d.) Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier, 21, Paternoster Square.

The Calls of God. Devotional Studies. By the REV. EBENEZER MORGAN. (2s.) C. H. Kelly, 2, Castle Street, City Road.

Faith; A Story of St. Porth. By J. HENRY HARRIS. (3s. 6d.) Truro: Joseph Pollard.

London: Service and Paton, 5, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

Christ Bearing Us Company. By F. J. WILLIAMS. (2s. 6d.) S. W. Partridge and Co., 8 and 9, Paternoster Row, E.C.

Foretokens of Immortality. Studies for "the Hour when the immortal Hope, burns low in the Heart." By N. DWIGHT HILLIS. (1s.) Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier, 21, Paternoster Square.

Free Methodist Manual. By REV. EDWIN ASKEW. (3s. 6d.) Andrew Crombie, 119, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, E.C.

More Methodist Idylls. By HARRY LINDSAY. James Bowden, 10, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

The Connexional Outlook.

By THE REV. J. ATKINSON.

DISTRICT MEETINGS, 1899.

—The District Meetings for 1899 have completed their work, and collected and forwarded to the General Committee all returns and information required by the Conference. Each district in the Connexion possesses a large measure of Home Rule, and decides finally the most of what affects it locally, the Conference simply giving a formal sanction to what has been done. All executive Committees with their respective officers, and the various representatives on the Connexional Committees are appointed by the District Meeting. Questions affecting the general condition of the districts are settled locally, except in special cases requiring the attention and consideration of the Superior Court, such, for instance, as cases of aggravated chapel difficulty, and the lengthened stations of Ministers, and even in this latter case the Conference very rarely disturbs what the District Meeting has settled. All questions affecting the Connexion generally, as a matter of course, go on to Conference accompanied with such expressions of judgment as the District Meetings may deem prudent. The tendency for some years past has been to render so far as possible the decisions of each district in relation to its own affairs final, a very prudent course, and one which makes for peace and progress.

* * *

—In years past the main interest of the District Meetings centred in the stationing of the ministers, for these meetings had the appointment of the ministers entirely in their power unfettered by any previous arrangements. An old friend of ours used to say that there were only other two classes who were treated in this fashion, and had no say as to where they were to

go—soldiers and slaves. This can be said no longer, and, in fact, could not be said for some years past. Ministers and stations are now at liberty to make mutual arrangements, and it requires some very special circumstances to set these arrangements aside. In the District Meetings that have just been held, not a single invitation has been disturbed, nor will the Stationing Committee at Conference venture to meddle with any save for very grave reason. Brethren, therefore, who have accepted invitations confidently anticipate that the arrangements they have made will duly take effect.

* * *

—One of the most exciting, and perhaps interesting items on the agenda of a District Meeting is the election of delegates to Conference. Most stations are, of course, anxious to secure for one of their officials this honourable appointment, and as only a certain number can be elected, the interest and excitement sometimes run very high. In some cases at the recent District Meetings a considerable part of two sessions was devoted to this particular business, as each election had to be by a majority of the full meeting, and it happened again and again in the voting that no candidate had a majority of the votes cast. It has been rumoured—but let us hope it is not true—that the practice of canvassing for votes is somewhat extensively adopted, and rumour says, too, that even in Conference itself this practice is resorted to when appointments have to be made to official positions, and that it even reaches to appointment to the Presidential Chair. But then rumour has a loose tongue, and it is better to conclude that rumour is baseless than to think for a moment that any brethren would introduce the doubtful political

method of canvassing for the purpose of filling a position that if gained at all should be gained by personal worth and the merit of service.

* * *

—The public services connected with the District Meetings are of a varied character, and embrace Temperance Meetings, Open-air services, and processions and public meetings of a general character at which the speakers select their own topics. In some districts a meeting for the consideration of pressing social questions, or an Endeavour Rally, or a meeting for the special purpose of deepening the spiritual life of the churches was held at the recent May Meetings, and it, of course, goes without saying that camp-meetings were well in evidence; as were also meetings for the ordination of ministers completing probation. It would be singular if a District Meeting was held without any meeting for the advocacy of Temperance. The Connexion has been so long at the front, and is so definitely pronounced on this question, that to omit the Temperance Meeting would come as a surprise. There is, however, no fear of anything of this kind happening. And at the recent District Meetings no uncertain sound was given on this question. The Connexion stands committed to Local Veto, Sunday Closing, and in fact to any measure by which the demoralising agency of the drink traffic can be crippled. At a considerable number of the District Meetings early morning services were held, at which the attendance was generally very good, and one chapel of considerable size we know was well filled at half-past six in the morning of May 7th to hear the preacher appointed. We offer gratuitously the advice that if the Committee arranging for a District Meeting, wishes to have the early morning service well attended, then appoint a preacher the people all desire to hear. That will invariably bring a good congregation.

* * *

—The Sabbath services appear to have been very effective. The weather was generally ideal, and as a consequence the people gathered in great numbers. The addresses in the streets and on the camp-grounds were characterised by plainness, pithiness, and force. The preachers, true to the traditions of their church, declared with unction and power a free, full, and present salvation, and not in vain, for in connection with several of the District Meetings, many sought and found the Lord before the Sabbath-day closed. In some places, but not many, the Camp Meeting was dispensed with, and the principal services held in the churches, but in all cases open-air services were conducted at suitable times, and in localities where they were likely to do the most good. We note that from the following District Meetings come the welcome news of conversions more

or less numerous—Tunstall, Manchester, Brinkworth and Swindon, Leeds and York, London Second, North British, Bradford and Halifax, and Shrewsbury. All the other districts in their reports speak of powerful services, and of their confidence that much good was done.

* * *

—The North British District Meeting, held in the town of Motherwell, was preceded by a week of special prayer on the part of the church in that place. A meeting was held each night, at which the church gathered to pray for special blessing upon the District Meeting, and to this the remarkable spiritual power which rested upon the meetings and business sessions from first to last was unquestionably due. These preparatory prayer meetings were well attended, and the people claimed in earnest, definite pleading, full of simple, trustful faith, the presence and power of God, and the Lord hearkened and heard, and answered by seasons of refreshing that have rendered the District Meeting for ever memorable to those who attended it. This is an example that might be followed with much profit. What times of power and grace our District Meetings might be if the churches in the stations where they are held, and the churches of a district generally, preceded them by a week of special prayer, pleading definitely and trustfully for a gracious fulfilment of the Master's words: "Where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them." What means of grace might the District Meetings then become!

* * *

—The reports of Sunday School work in the districts, with the exception of Devon and Cornwall, are generally favourable and are couched in much the same language. "The Sunday Schools in the district were found to be in a prosperous condition." This is the general report with very little variation. In only one district, Nottingham, have we met with any report in detail. In this district there is an increase of two schools and nine teachers, but a decrease of 162 scholars. There is an increase in the number of scholars who are members, both above and under fourteen years of age; but there is a decrease of seven Bands of Hope and of ten adult Temperance Societies in the district. Special attention was called to these decreases, and the stations in which they had occurred were earnestly requested to give increased attention to work among the young.

* * *

—The Chapel Reports from the various districts afford evidence of a steady and prudent extension and an encouraging reduction of debt. Both are matters for congratulation. The following tabulation will afford some idea of the work done in this direction:—

District.	No. of New Chapels.	Cost.	Money Raised.	Debt Left.	Debt Paid of Old Chapels.
Tunstall	3	£1,144	£ 467	£ 680	£2,128
Nottingham	7	4,795	2,680	2,105	4,861
Hull	1	729	729		2,046
Sunderland and Newcastle	8	14,896	10,651	4,245	3,923
Norwich	3	1,014	565	449	1,384
Manchester	2	2,317	1,421	896	4,546
Brinkworth and Swindon	1 and 1 manse	1,728	498	1,230	979
Leeds and York	4	3,969	2,078	1,891	2,759
Bristol					1,430
London, I.	6	10,534	5,870	4,664	3,324
London, II.	1	2,814	914	1,900	4,763
West Midland	4	3,511	1,756	1,755	2,978
North British					68
Liverpool					no report
Sheffield	2	1,089	562	527	2,700
Grimsby and Lincoln	1	238	128	110	1,923
Darlington and Stockton	4	2,697	1,557	1,140	3,624
Carlisle and Whitehaven	3	1,820	1,020	806	401
Bradford and Halifax	2	5,035	3,125	1,910	no report
South Wales	1	851	374	477	no report
Lynn and Cambridge	2	no report	no report	no report	469
Salisbury and Southampton	3	1,616	811	805	1,647
Shrewsbury	no report	no report	no report	no report	no report
Devon and Cornwall					730
Home Missions					1,116

—It is pleasing to note that in all the districts a proportion of the ministers are remaining upon their stations beyond the traditional three years. Some, we observe, are remaining for a term requiring two figures to state it. This we regard with much satisfaction, for it indicates a growing goodwill between ministers and people and a diminution of that desire for change which formerly prevailed, as well as a growing efficiency in the ministry. It is a tendency that cannot fail to contribute to the stability and strength of the churches, and to increase their influence in the respective neighbourhoods in which they are situated. The frequent interruption of ministerial labour is by no means desirable in Church life. A station of from four to seven years will give a minister a fair opportunity of doing good service if he has any mettle in him.

* * *

—Twelve brethren are applying for superannuation from ten different districts. Rev. S. J. Wallis, Nottingham District; Revs. G. Clark and W. Robson, Sunderland and Newcastle District; Rev. W. Durance, London First District; Rev. W. Wray, London Second District; Rev. R. B. Howcroft, Liverpool District; Revs. S. Brock and T. Campey, Sheffield District; Rev. J. Jackson, Darlington and Stockton District; Rev. R. Betts, Lynn and Cambridge District; Rev. A. Glegg, Shrewsbury District; and Rev. J. Taylor (1), Missions District. Only one of these brethren is under sixty years of age, and one has reached the

threescore and ten. Five of them have travelled just under forty years, and seven of them forty and upwards. Sympathetic resolutions were passed by the District Meetings in sending on the applications to the Conference.

* * *

—Some thirty-eight candidates for the ministry are reported from the various District Meetings, all of whom have been recommended for the work. Possibly this number may be exceeded, as it is very likely that in some cases no report has been published. The number, so far as we have been able to ascertain, is as stated.

* * *

—According to the Conference Minutes of 1898, twenty-seven ministers have this year completed the fourth year of probation. Of this number we have information of twenty-one who have passed the necessary examinations with credit, and will be placed on the Approved List at the Conference as the recommendations of the District Meetings in these cases are invariably accepted. One, Rev. W. Chapman, is in Central Africa, and though not named in the report of the Missions District Meeting will, we presume, be placed upon the Approved List, as his examination will have been arranged for in some other way. The names of the other four do not for some reason or other appear. In one case, of which we happen to have some information, illness is the cause, and possibly a like cause may have been operative in the other cases.

* * *

--The membership of the Home Districts, so far as we have been able to ascertain, is given in the following tabulated form. The South Wales District received 120 members from the Missions District with Pembroke Dock, so that though the district shows an increase of 99, it has really a decrease of 21. The Bristol District gave 1,916 members to the new Devon and Cornwall District, so though it has a nominal decrease of 1,889, it has really an increase of 27. The Missions District gave to South Wales District 120 members with Pembroke Dock, and 561 with several stations to the Devon and Cornwall District, so that though it has a nominal decrease of 723, yet it has an increase of 42. The new Devon and Cornwall District, which was formed by the last Conference from the Bristol District and the Missions District, received 1,916 from the former district and 561 from the latter district, making a total of 2,477, this year reports 2,419, which though it appears as a nominal increase, yet this new district has a decrease of 58. This district, it may be remarked, has suffered much owing to the depression in the Cornish mining districts, but as there is some hope of industrial improvement in that part of the country, we may anticipate numerical progress in the future.

* * *

Number of Members in the Home Districts
reported to District Meetings, May, 1899.

District.	Number of Members.	Increase. Decrease
Tunstall	7,347	69
Nottingham	12,497	7
Hull	10,974	90
Sunderland and Newcastle	14,700	403
Norwich	6,876	16
Manchester	11,192	212
Brinkworth and Swindon	5,472	37
Leeds and York	9,133	95
Bristol	3,419	1,889
London, I.	10,152	168
London, II.	6,934	45

West Midland	9,934	46	
North British	1,585	44	
Liverpool	9,492	192	
Sheffield	9,833	93	
Grimsby and Lincoln	9,131		59
Darlington and Stockton	9,498	117	
Carlisle and Whitehaven	3,100	63	
Bradford and Halifax	9,328	114	
South Wales	4,840	99	
Lynn and Cambridge	5,929		79
Salisbury and Southampton	5,225	70	
Shrewsbury	3,339	12	
Devon and Cornwall	2,419	2,419	
Home Missions	3,996		723
	186,351	4,279	2,882
		2,882	

Nett increase in the Home Districts 1,397

Number of Members in the Colonial Districts
reported to the District Meetings, 1899.

District.	No. of Members.	Increase.	Decrease
South Australia	3,177		4
Melbourne	4,142	23	
New South Wales	2,020	26	
New Zealand	1,830	152	
	11,169	201	4

Nett Increase in the Colonies 197

The total number of members on the African Missions is 1,424, an increase of 168 for the year.

The total number of members, as published in the various District Meetings Reports, is 198,944, which shows an increase for the year of 1,762.

* * *

—As changes will take place in three Connexional offices at the approaching Conference, and vice-officers will have to be appointed, several of the districts sent up names of persons deemed competent to take these positions and discharge the duties of them:—

District.	General Committee Secretary.	General Missionary Secretary.	Connexional Treasurer.
Hull	Rev. J. Pickett	Rev. R. Harrison	Rev. J. Polwarth
Sunderland and Newcastle	Rev. R. G. Graham	" R. Hind	
Norwich		" W. A. Hammond	
Leeds and York		" E. Dalton	Rev. J. Polwarth
Bristol	Rev. R. Smith	" R. Hind	Rev. J. Polwarth
London, I.	Rev. R. S. Blair	" J. F. Porter	
North British		" R. Hind	
Liverpool	Rev. D. S. Prosser	Rev. W. Welford	
Sheffield		" J. Slater	
Darlington and Stockton	Rev. R. G. Graham	" R. Hind	Rev. J. Jackson
Carlisle and Whitehaven		" R. Hind	
Bradford and Halifax	Rev. J. Swales	" W. Sawyer	Rev. J. Polwarth

—This list must not be regarded as exhaustive, as districts in the published reports of which no names appear may probably have made nominations, and of course the Conference can add to the number of district nominations if it be its pleasure to do so.

* * *

—The Conference is to be asked to divide the following stations: Burton-on-Trent First, in the Nottingham District; Croydon, Gravesend, Chatham, and Brighton, in the London Second District; Sheffield Fifth, Sheffield District; Spennymoor, in the Darlington and Stockton District. Some of these cases will need the most careful consideration, as the wisdom of division is not by any means apparent.

* * *

—It would be a singular circumstance in the history of the Connexion if no legislative proposals were forwarded by the stations to the District Meeting, with a view to gain acceptance there, and be forwarded to Conference. This year will form no exception. Legislation was introduced into the Tunstall District Meeting on the removal of local preachers to other stations, but was not adopted. The Nottingham Meeting was requested to consider legislation on the election of delegates to District Meeting, and did so with the result that it rejected it. The Manchester Meeting was asked to send on to Conference legislation on the constitution of Christian Endeavour Societies with a view to harmonise the Connexional and International movement, and eventually decided to recommend the Conference to harmonise the active members' pledge with the international pledge, but to retain the Connexional Associates' pledge as at present. The Brinkworth and Swindon Meeting sends up legislation providing to raise the minimum salary for ministers to £25 per quarter on the ground of justice to ministers and the disadvantage at which the poorer stations are placed in securing such ministers as they desire. The North British District forwards legislation relating in some form or other to "Connexional Auditors." The Liverpool District Meeting adopted legislation relative to the formation of a District Chapel Extension and Aid Fund, and asks the Conference to sanction it. The Bradford and Halifax had three separate legislative proposals under consideration. The Bradford First Station presented a proposal to give P.S.A. Societies representation in Quarterly Meetings. This was rejected on the ground of informality. The Building Committee proposed to curtail the chapel

yearly schedule, and the District Committee presented proposals relative to the best way of preserving a permanent register of church members, and credentialling members from one station to another. The proposals from these Committees were adopted with some amendment, and sent on to Conference. There will probably be legislation from the College Committee on the extension of the College term, and the examination of probationers. The Conference, so far as published reports show, is not likely to be over-burdened with legislation.

* * *

—Various public questions were discussed at many of the District Meetings, such as—Seven Days Journalism; Lawlessness in the Established Church; the Peace Conference; the Cantonment System in India; the Licensing Question; and the Closing of Public-Houses on the Sabbath. Resolutions favourable to the purpose and work of the Peace Conference were passed; but resolutions on the other questions were invariably condemnatory, and some of them very much so. There is great need for the representative Assemblies of the Connexion to speak out on questions affecting the moral and spiritual welfare of the people. There has, perhaps, been too much reticence in the past, and it is refreshing to find that the Connexion is finding its voice on these and other great public questions touching the welfare of the Commonwealth, and taking steps to make its presence and influence felt as a power working for righteousness.

* * *

—In all the District Meetings the utmost harmony prevailed, and the delegates appear to have vied with each other in promoting such measures as would be likely to advance the Connexional interests, not only in each particular District, but throughout the Connexion generally. Some of the meetings were remarkable for the manifestations of spiritual power and influence experienced, and all gave more or less promise of a forward movement in our Connexional life, so that we look to the future with much hope, anticipating a year of progress.

* * *

—In preparing this summary of the District Meetings we have been greatly indebted to the excellent reports published in the *Primitive Methodist World*, all of which, with one exception, owing to the enterprise of the editor, appeared within two days after the Meetings closed.



The Wider Outlook.

—The Church Discipline Bill was thrown out by the Commons when it came on for second reading. It was only limited in its scope, and this limitation Mr. Balfour made one of his main grounds in opposing it. It simply proposed to deal with ceremonial, with the exception of the use of the word "Mass," its provisions related to the use of incense, vestments, etc. It, however, provided for the abolition of the Bishop's veto, and proposed to give to any two persons who had resided in a diocese for a year, the power to lay an accusation against any clergyman who indulged in the prohibited ceremonies. Cases arising under the Act were to be tried by a lay judge, assisted by the bishop, or one of his officials, and instead of imprisonment, an offending clergyman might be temporarily inhibited for a first offence, and for persistent disobedience, deprived of his benefice. The decision of the judge had to be carried into effect by the bishop within seven days, whether he approved of it or not. However, the House refused to give the Bill a second reading. The debate was remarkable for a speech by Lord Hugh Cecil, Lord Salisbury's second son, who contended for a free and established Church, though how to combine these two features he did not attempt to show. They are utter incompatibilities. If the Church is established by law, it must be subject to the law by which this position is given to it, but Lord Hugh Cecil wants the Church to have the position with all its prestige and emoluments without any of the obligations connected therewith. An impossible thing. A Free Church untrammelled by connection with the State can only be realised through disestablishment, and if Lord Hugh had said, "I, and those acting with me, want a free, self-governing church, and if we cannot have it along with establishment, then we will have it without," we could have understood him. It may be very distasteful for the Episcopal Church to be governed by men of all creeds and no creed at all, but that is the price of establishment, and if it is not relished, the way out is to relinquish the State connection altogether. The Government secured the defeat of the Bill by introducing an amendment to the effect that if the efforts now being made by the Archbishops and Bishops to secure the obedience of the clergy are not speedily effectual, further legislation will be required to maintain the observance of the existing laws of the Church and the realm. The Government are thus committed to future legislation if the so-called court set up at the Lambeth Palace proves worthless, as is not at all unlikely, for it possesses no executive power, and the clergy will pay no more attention to it than they have paid to other efforts of the prelates, unless the

threat of the Government respecting legislation in the near future has some effect upon them.

* * *

—It is sometimes asserted that the persecuting spirit of Romanism has been exorcised by the progress of enlightened civilisation, and that Rome would not persecute those of another faith as in centuries past. This is a mistaken view. Rome is the same in spirit, and shows it where its manifestation is possible. There is no change in Rome, the same spirit still prevails, though in certain places other forces contribute to repress it. It is barely fifty years since the authorities in Madeira, influenced by the priests, crushed a growing Protestantism by the harshest measures imaginable. It was forbidden to supply fuel, bread, or any other necessary of life to those who accepted the Protestant faith, and one woman, at least, was condemned to death because she refused to do homage to the consecrated wafer. This was no sixteenth century transaction, but took place midway in the present century. But there is no necessity to go back to the fifties to ascertain the real spirit of Romanism. What is happening on the Continent at present reveals it. Recently, in parts of the Austrian Empire and in Germany, there has been a remarkable movement away from Rome. A similar movement has more or less prevailed in France, and in all cases, so far as Rome can, the methods of persecution have been employed. Of course, the old methods of the Inquisition—the rack, the boot, the thumb-screw, and other similar appliances cannot be requisitioned, but other methods, animated by the same spirit, have been put in force. The movement has been ridiculed, and, that not proving effective, other measures have been introduced in Austria. Parents who have left the Romish Church have been reminded that their children, till they reach the age of fourteen, must be educated in the doctrines of the Church, and in some cases where parents have ignored this law, action has been taken against them. Committees have been formed for the purpose of espionage, so that all suspected persons might be closely watched, and report made concerning them. The Custom House officials on the frontier have received instruction to look out sharply for any travellers with Protestant literature as part of their luggage, and the officials in the districts where the movement away from Rome prevails have been warned to take no part, in any way whatever, in this Protestant movement, nor to afford it any countenance. Any official who fails to regard this warning becomes a marked man. A list of the names of the persons who have left the Romish Church has been

published, and they are held up to the scorn and reprobation of the faithful, since every good Romanist is taught to consider such persons as among the vilest of mankind. The spirit that breathes in all these measures is the same as dealt out to our fathers in this land sterner treatment, and that would resort to the sterner treatment again were it not for repressing forces active in modern civilisation. The spirit of Romanism is the same, but the conditions of modern life prevent the use of the severe measures of earlier centuries.

* * *

—The tercentenary of the birth of Oliver Cromwell has been celebrated this year. Three centuries have passed before this man, in many respects the greatest of our race, has received anything approaching a national recognition. We say approaching a national recognition, for a considerable section of the nation and a certain section of the press took no part in the celebration. Enjoying the advantages which this man, under God, secured for this nation—for if ever man was sent of God Oliver Cromwell was—they have neither the generosity nor the justice to recognise the debt they owe to him. The England of to-day is due to this man. Without him it would have been impossible. He shattered the divine right of kings, and set up in its place the divine right of the people, and though his work was left incomplete and sadly marred by subsequent folly, yet the ideas he rooted in the national life could not be uprooted, and they have developed into the free and vigorous life of to-day, and will develop into a freer and more vigorous national life in the years to come. Cromwell lives in the life of this nation as no other ruler does that it has ever had. His name stands for everything that is noblest and best in our national life. It was meet that the Free Churches of the land, the depositories of Cromwellian traditions, should celebrate his birth, and recognise the great gift that God gave to this land in him. A simple country yeoman till he was forty years of age, he ranks as one of the greatest generals of all time, though he was never trained in the art of war; as one of the ablest statesmen this or any other country has seen, though he had reached middle life before he took any part in politics; as one of the noblest rulers a nation ever had, though he had had no training or practice in methods of government. Surely he was a God-sent man. Profoundly religious, a man to whom God was ever present, a man of faith and prayer, possessed by ideas of liberty and equality far beyond his times, not without faults, but of many excellences, he is a man of whom the nation may well be proud. It is no credit to us that we have been so long in understanding and appreciating this man. Not a statue of him did any city in the land possess till a few years ago a public-spirited citizen of Manchester erected one to his memory, and had it placed upon

a rough granite pedestal. Characteristic this as it stands in one of the busiest thoroughfares of the Lancashire city. The day of indifference is past. The nation is awakening, and no longer will this greatest of Englishmen be relegated to the shade of a cold neglect. His time has come at last, and religious bigotry and sycophantic loyalty can no longer obscure his memory. He now stands forth as the man who, of all others, made this England of ours free and powerful among the nations of the earth, and the place which is his of right can no longer be denied to him.

* * *

—The May Meetings have again run their course, and the Metropolis has been visited by the representatives of various religious bodies and philanthropic societies. The Baptist Churches have suffered the loss of the President elect, the Rev. Dr. Spurgeon, but a popular substitute was found in Dr. Clifford, than whom no man is more highly esteemed by the Free Churches. This denomination has had a prosperous year, and reports an increase of fifty churches and over 16,000 admissions to Church fellowship, and an increase to the Church membership of over 8,000. The funds of the denomination are generally in a healthy condition. The Missionary income is over £2,000 in advance of last year, and is gradually working up to the £100,000 upon which the managers of the Missionary Society have set their hearts.

* * *

—At the Methodist Free Church Missionary Meeting a report of progress in the various mission fields occupied by the Society was given. The report from China was specially pleasing, and the account of the work and success of the medical mission very interesting. It was recognised that the development of native agency was the road to increased success, and to this special attention is being given. The income for the year was £14,028, and the expenditure £13,666.

* * *

—In the Presbyterian Synod over 300 congregations were represented. The Moderator, Dr. Moinet, called attention to the Anglo-Catholic revival, and expressed the opinion that if the Church had to contend successfully against the perils that threatened it, great prominence would have to be given to the sacrifice of Christ as the sole ground of forgiveness; the priesthood of Christ; and the indwelling Presence of Christ in ourselves individually and in the Church. Cheering reports of the work at home and abroad were presented. Five ministers were set apart to labour as evangelists for several weeks in the Northumberland Presbytery, and a proposal to employ a minister fully in evangelistic work was remitted to a committee for further consideration.

* * *

—The Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Anniversary this year is considered to have been among the best and most successful yet held. The attendance at the various meetings was large and enthusiastic, and the speeches fresh and interesting. An increase was reported throughout the mission field in almost every department of work. Throughout the entire Asiatic field, where the most ancient and highly organised forms of heathenism exist, there is general progress, and many openings present themselves in India and Central China. The regular income of the Society for the year has been £130,533, which is £1,100 more than last year, and £4,807 in advance of three years ago. The membership on the foreign missions is 46,262, with 11,619 on trial.

* * *

—The Bible Christian Missionary meeting was quite a success; the attendance was larger than in previous years, indicating an increased interest in the missionary work of the Connexion. An encouraging advance was reported in the income of the Society, though it did not quite reach £9,000. An excellent account was given of the way in which the money was expended, especially by a missionary from China, who gave a very interesting account of the work in Yunan, and particularly of the conversion of the first native teacher there. The membership on the mission stations at home and abroad is 11,325, an increase for the year of 200.

* * *

—The anniversary meetings of the Church Missionary Society following so closely upon the recent centenary celebration, were not so largely attended as usual. There was, however, no lack of encouragement in the various reports presented. A hundred years ago the Society began its work, and during that time it has sent out over 2,000 missionaries, not counting their wives. During the past year the adult converts received into the Church by baptism from Paganism and Mahomedanism numbered 6,829. The receipts for the year, apart from the Centenary Fund, amounted to £315,126, and the expenditure to £325,223, leaving a deficiency of £30,110. But this deficiency will be more than covered by the Centenary Fund. The Society occupies 496 stations, and employs upon them 413 ordained missionaries, 128 lay

agents, 273 lady missionaries, in addition to 314 wives of the missionaries, a total European agency of 1,118. In addition to these, the Society employs 303 native clergy and 5,700 native lay teachers. The native Christian adherents, including Catechumens, number 245,709, and the native communicants 65,387. The Society sustains 2,107 schools, in which 86,798 scholars receive instruction.

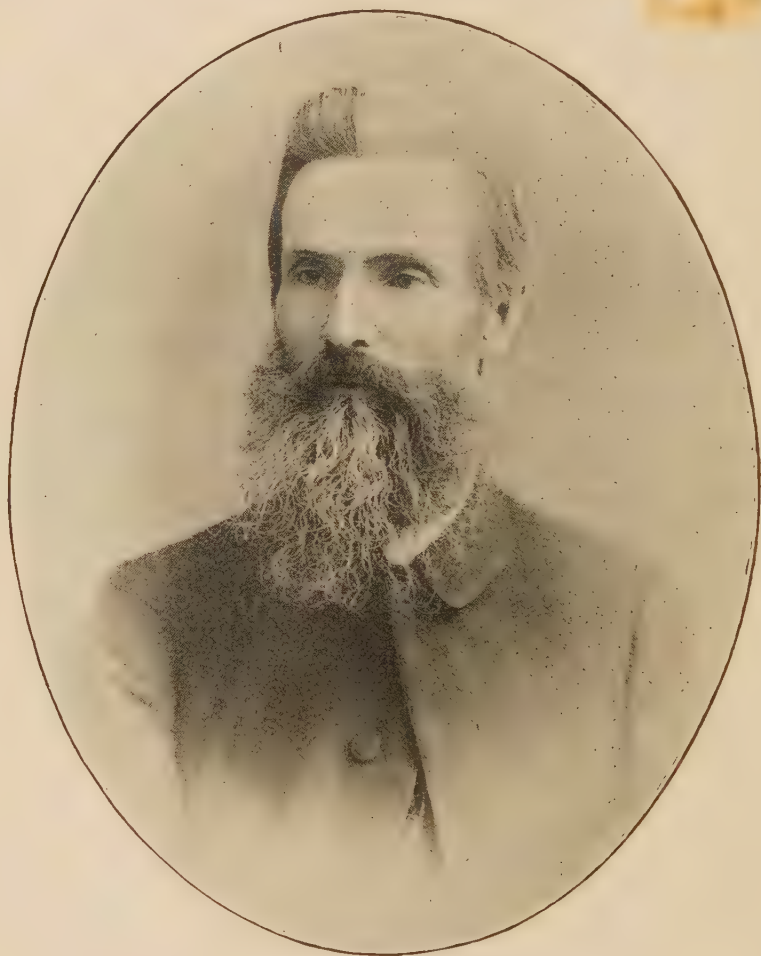
* * *

—At the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the large Exeter Hall was well filled. The report afforded abundant evidence of the work done by this excellent Society. The agents employed number 725, and more than a million and a half of copies of the Scriptures have been distributed by them in various parts of the world. It is interesting to know that during the last twelve months 30,000 copies of the Scriptures have been sent to Cochin China. The Society employs 552 native Christian Bible-women in the East. The entire issue of Bibles and portions of the Book reached the enormous number of 4,479,000, the largest issue yet in any one year. By this Society the Scriptures are circulated in almost every known language, and translations and revisions are now in progress in 100 different languages, upon which well nigh 1,000 scholars are at work. Last year the Society realised by sales £88,211, and by other income £131,755. The expenditure was £224,736, leaving a deficiency on the year of £4,769. A translation of the Scriptures is in progress for the Philippine Islands, to which free access may now be had since they have passed from under the rule of Spain.

* * *

—The work of the London Missionary Society has steadily progressed during the past year, but the income is still insufficient to meet the expenditure. For the twelve months just ended the treasurer had received £155,677, but the expenditure had been £162,240, showing a deficit of £6,563. Urgent requests are being made for the Society to extend the sphere of labour in Southern India and in China, but the difficulty in the way of doing this is the lack of funds. The Society, however, is in a much better position financially than it was a few years ago. In 1885 the income was £101,103. It is now above £50,000 beyond that.





REV. GEORGE EDWIN BUTT.

Rev. George Edwin Butt.



HE Rev. G. E. Butt was born at Motcombe, in Dorsetshire, on March 19th, 1841. From a religious point of view he had a good start. His father was a man of deep convictions, unbending principles, blameless character, and withal, a thorough Primitive Methodist. His mother was a kind and gentle Christian woman, whose chief concern was to train up her

family in the fear and admonition of the Lord. Under the influences of his Christian home the boy grew up to love and serve Christ, and during a great revival of religion that swept over the Motcombe Circuit he made his public confession of faith, and joined the society at Gillingham. From the first he was an active member. His talents and zeal immediately found scope in the Sabbath School and in the Band of Hope. The Church soon found that he had unquestionable talents for public speaking, and when but a boy his name appeared on the plan as a local preacher. At the end of 1861 he was called to the work of the regular ministry, and pledged by the Witney Circuit at the following Conference.

His stations in England were Witney, Aylesbury, Salisbury, Banbury (twice), Highworth, Oxford, Reading and Grayshott Road, London. During his first term at Banbury we had the privilege of being his junior colleague, and of living with him in the same house for two years. At that time a friendship was formed between us which has lasted till the present moment. It has been our lot, too, to be his successor on two different circuits, so that we have had ample opportunity of judging of his character and work. Knowing him as thoroughly as we do, it is a great joy to us to be able to say that Mr. Butt is a true man, a faithful friend, a thorough Christian gentleman, an earnest student and an able minister of the New Testament. Often have we sat spell-bound as we have listened to his keen analysis of texts, his clear exposition of his subjects, his play of wit and humour and pathos, his unlimping eloquence, his convincing arguments, all blended with a fine evangelical fervour. No wonder he was popular on all his home stations, and that upon some of them he witnessed very gracious revivals of the work of God.

As a foreign missionary, however, Mr. Butt is best known to the Connexion. On the return of the Rev. John Smith from Aliwal North, South Africa, the General Missionary Committee requested Mr. Butt to succeed him on that important station. At that time the Committee had under

consideration the establishment of a Technical School for the training of young native Christians; and knowing the technical training that Mr. Butt had received in his early days, together with his other qualifications, they were anxious to secure his services. His eldest son, George Henry, had previously gone out to this station as a missionary schoolmaster. This fact, no doubt, had some weight in the decision to which he came, for after careful thought and prayer, he decided to accept the invitation of the Committee. The whole history of the mission since his arrival there proves how wise and providential his decision was. He at once set himself to work to *establish the Technical School*. Before starting it, however, he, with characteristic prudence, visited all the kindred schools of other Churches that were within his reach. He was especially attracted towards the French Mission in Basutoland. Here he found three schools at work for the higher education of the natives; the Normal School, to train teachers; the Bible School, to train evangelists; the Industrial School, to teach trades. It occurred to him that it would be well to unite these three sections in one school. The Aliwal School, therefore, was founded on that broad basis. It is unique in its character, there being no other in the country like it. The school was started eight years ago with four pupils. There are now twenty-seven, and already twenty have finished their education and are serving the Church; eleven as teaching evangelists, and nine as lay workers. The youths or their friends pay a fee of £6 a year towards their food, as they are boarders; their education they get free, and this is given by Mr. Butt and his son, in addition to their ministerial work. Mr. Butt, jun., takes the work of the standards, and Mr. Butt, sen., gives them Bible and Industrial instruction, and takes the general oversight. This school has been examined each year by the Government Inspector, and not a young man has failed to pass the standard in which he has been presented. Two of them, James and John, took the Government Elementary (equal to the Oxford and Cambridge Junior), and both passed; one in the second class and the other in the third class.

It is gratifying to know that seven of the students, last December, passed the Government Examination for qualified teachers. But the supply of teachers does not cover the whole ground of need on the mission. To train young men as teachers only, would render it necessary to train other young men as evangelists only. Hence the Bible section of the Training School, and Mr. Butt's endeavour to train the students for both kinds of work. They are thus able to teach a school during the week,

and to preach on the Sabbath. This is found to be the cheapest and most effective mode of working; and then from the most useful and devoted of these the native ministry can be drawn. That great care is taken to well ground them in a knowledge of the Scriptures is evident from the Inspector's report.

The Rev. D. D. Fraser, Inspector of Schools, says:—"This day I inspected the Primitive Methodist Training Institution at Aliwal North. The results of the inspection in the elements of ordinary education will be found in my report to the Education Department. Religious instruction does not fall within the lines of my official duty. I am, however, at liberty to inspect it if invited to do so. At the request of the Rev. G. E. Butt, I examined these lads in Bible history (especially the life of David). The examination touched on Biblical geography, antiquities, and collateral subjects. The six boys who had been at school during the whole of the past year made a really good appearance, the others did fairly. While conducting the examination I could not but call to mind the time when, as a Sunday scholar in Scotland, I used to contribute to missions in Africa. The Primitive Methodist Sunday Schools in Eng'and must be of a very high class if their senior pupils in villages can do as well as these lads. Certainly, in that case, they must be quite equal to the best schools I met with in Scotland. It is but fair to say that a practical turn is here given to the instruction. An attempt is made to reach the heart as well as the head. This is my third, and will be my last inspection of this institution. It is a pleasure to be able to report on its work as in a very high state of efficiency."

The first care is to teach them self-help. They prepare their own food, mend and wash their clothes, clean their rooms, and do all that is necessary to enable them to live as good Christians. All this, as education, is more important than it seems. In their heathen state the *women* have to do all the work, except looking after the cattle, and it is only as they are brought to understand the dignity of all useful labour that they are prepared to treat their women with proper respect. They are also taught gardening, including grafting, planting and pruning of fruit trees, the cultivation of all the various kinds of vegetables which can be grown in the country, and also to grow corn. The chief feature, however, of the Industrial section is *the carpenter's shop*. This work is a source of great saving to the mission. Since the school was commenced the students have done all the carpentry and painting of three native churches and the new Training School. Already this school has sent two well-trained teaching evangelists to the Zambesi, and others are ready and waiting to start on the return of Mr. Baldwin.

But all this does not exhaust the amount of

educational work carried on by Mr. Butt. He has in addition to this, six elementary schools in which nearly four hundred children are taught by properly trained native teachers.

It is most gratifying to know that, while so much attention has been devoted to this branch of the work, *the general work of the mission* has greatly developed. It is now ten years last March since Mr. Butt went to Africa, and a comparison of the following figures will show how greatly God has blessed his work. In 1888 there were 310 members, now there are 1,044, showing an increase of 734. But this does not represent the total results of his success. The mission has lost during that time 1,818 members through removals and other causes, 1,168 of whom have been credentialed to other churches in the country, while only 243 have been received by credentials. This shows that the additions to the roll by their own labour have been 2,309, about one-third of which have been gathered from heathendom. During the same period, Mr. Butt has built seven new churches, enlarged three, built two new mission houses, the new Training School, with workshop for ten benches, dormitory and necessary offices for the students, and greatly improved Christ Church, (Aliwal North). The total cost of all this has been £4,030; towards this sum the General Missionary Committee has given £803, and the remaining £3,227 have been raised on the spot. Besides this, £5,660 have been raised by Mr. Butt for the support and extension of the general work of the mission. *Ten years ago* three ministers and one teaching evangelist were employed; now, four ministers, one lady teacher and seven teaching evangelists are employed; four of whom have been trained in our own school. From these facts it will be seen that Mr. Butt is one of the most successful missionaries that the Connexion has ever sent forth. His work in Africa is a great joy to him—for he is a born missionary, but alas! his joy has not been unmixed with sorrow. Soon after his return to Africa after his recent visit to this country, his dear wife was stricken down by death, and lies in an African grave. We cannot refrain from saying how highly we esteemed her true womanly virtues, her unostentatious piety, her ungrudging labours in the cause of Christ. She was a true helpmeet to her husband—a model missionary's wife. She is gone, but her memory lives and is blessed. It must be a consolation to Mr. Butt in his bereavement to have the presence of his eldest son with him as a co-worker on the mission field, and to know that his youngest son, whom he left behind in this country, is a local preacher with us and a partner in the firm of our Connexional lawyers. Long may the devoted missionary live to labour for his Master, and more and more may he rejoice in the prosperity of his work.

T. M. PINNOCK.



The Purple Robe.

*A STORY FOR THE TIMES.**

By JOSEPH HOCKING,

AUTHOR OF "THE BIRTHRIGHT," "MISTRESS NANCY MOLESWORTH," "ALL MEN ARE LIARS,"
"THE STORY OF ANDREW FAIRFAX," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE OPINIONS OF THOSE IN HIGH PLACES.



THE news which Lady Neville communicated to Alizon and Rutland was to the effect that Monsignor Lindley and the Bishop of Tolisco had consented to dine with her on the following evening, and that she hoped Rutland would also accept her hospitality. Duncan accepted at once. For one thing, he was still under

Alizon's spell, and was glad of any excuse to be in her company, while for another, he wanted to converse with these Church prelates. Hitherto he had conversed only with the generals of various orders, the heads of great missionary organisations, and the presidents of colleges. These men, while fully informed concerning their own particular departments of work, were utterly ignorant of the thoughts and feelings of the common people who thronged all around them. Some of them seemed to know a great deal of the life of India, and of the South Sea Islands, but they knew nothing of the government, municipal and Imperial, of Italy. Indeed, the Catholic priest is not generally a well-

informed man. His sympathies are insular, and his knowledge is generally limited to his own department of work. Rutland hoped, therefore, that in meeting with Monsignor Lindley and the Bishop of Tolisco he should be able to learn something of the secular side of the Church-work in Italy. He had learnt that vast changes had taken place in Rome since 1870, and he wanted to know how these Church dignitaries regarded these changes. Lady Neville's invitation gave him the opportunity he desired, and he looked forward with much eagerness towards the next evening.

After lunch the young man went on to the Pincia alone, while Alizon sat with her mother.

"I have great hopes of to-morrow night," said her ladyship. "Indeed, I made the arrangement for Mr. Rutland's benefit."

Alizon was silent.

"You see," Lady Neville continued, "Mr. Rutland's Protestant prejudices were stronger than we had imagined. Even Father Ritzoom admitted this when he visited us at the Priory a few weeks ago. As you know, it was through his wish that we decided to stay in Rome rather than in Cannes or Nice, or Monte Carlo. He builds a great deal on his conversion, and believes that when it takes place it will begin a movement which will affect the whole district of Lynford. The seeds of truth have been sown, and we must do all in our power to see that they bring forth fruit."

Alizon still continued silent. For the first time in her life she had a secret from her mother. Up to the present she had not told her of Rutland's confession, and while she longed to take her into

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her confidence, something forbade her doing so. On several occasions she had opened her lips to speak, but a weight had seemed to be placed on them, and she had said nothing. Sometimes she was afraid she was not acting quite honourably, and still she continued to hide her secret in her heart, and to brood over it in silence. Moreover, the fact that Rutland loved her became more and more pleasant. She was sure that she could never think of returning the love while he remained a heretic, nevertheless she was glad he loved her. During his illness, it was at her instigation that constant inquiries were sent from the Priory concerning his welfare, and no one knew of the sleepless hours she had spent while the young minister lay close to the portals of death.

When Lady Neville had expressed the desire to go to Rome, Alison had gladly consented, and now that she was in the Eternal City, its interest was increased to her because Rutland stayed at the same hotel.

"Are Monsignor Lindley and the Bishop of Tolisco clever men?" she asked presently.

"They are among the ablest men in Rome," was the reply, "and I am sure they will have a very beneficial influence upon our young friend."

"Do you think he will ever be converted, mother?"

"Oh, I have no doubt now! I am practically certain that his illness was caused by studying the differences between the Catholic and the Protestant faith, and the mental anxiety which such a study entailed. In his delirium he often talked about the unity of our Church, and such like matters."

"Is it fair to retail such things?" asked the girl rather indignantly.

"It was common talk," remarked her ladyship. "It is true he said nothing during his unconscious hours that could be fastened upon, but there is little doubt that his illness was owing to his great anxiety concerning religion."

Alison heaved a sigh of relief. She had often wondered whether he had at any time mentioned her name during his fever-stricken days, and had longed to inquire. But she had reflected that in a town like Lynford, where all kinds of gossip was eagerly fastened upon, had he spoken of her she would certainly have heard of it. She felt sure, moreover, that she knew more concerning the real cause of his illness than anyone else, and because of it she had often prayed for his recovery. She did not feel any love for him, but if he had died she was sure that his love for her would have been the main cause of his death.

"The fact of his coming to Rome shows the drift of his mind," added her ladyship.

"Yes," said Alison, remembering the conversation they had had together as they walked through the woods near the Priory.

"And so, for his own sake, and for the sake of our faith, we must do what we can that the good seed may bear fruit," continued Lady Neville. "I verily believe it would mean a new Reformation in Lynford. Was he impressed with the service at St. Peter's this morning?"

"Yes, he was much impressed," replied Alison, keeping her eyes on the floor.

"Of course, many doubts will naturally remain in his mind, but these, I hope, will be dispelled to-morrow night."

"Does Monsignor Lindley and the Bishop of Tolisco know—that is, are they aware of—how matters stand?" stammered Alison.

"Nothing in particular. I simply spoke of him as a possible convert."

Rutland saw neither Lady Neville nor Alison any more that day, and during the whole of Monday Alison remained with her mother, so that when night drew near the young man's heart beat rapidly at the thought of meeting her at dinner.

About seven o'clock Duncan met Alison in one of the corridors.

"I was just wondering about you," she said kindly. "Mother expected you an hour ago. Both our other guests have arrived. Are you ready to come? I see you have dressed for dinner."

"Yes," replied Duncan. "If I adopted clerical attire it would save me much trouble; but being somewhat of a radical in that direction, I have to go through the ordeal of putting on these things every night."

They walked along the corridor together till they came to Lady Neville's apartments, and immediately afterwards Rutland was introduced to the two Roman dignitaries.

Monsignor Lindley was a tall, corpulent man, fair of face, and florid. His features were of Irish cast, and he still retained, although he had lived thirty years in Italy, a slight Irish accent. He was a man of great influence in Rome, and occupied positions of trust in several of the important organisations peculiar to the Papacy. He spoke with apparent frankness, and impressed Rutland with his bonhomie demeanour. Dr. Rizzoni, the Bishop of Tolisco, presented a marked contrast to his companion. He was a little man, and looked almost shrivelled as he stood by Monsignor Lindley's side. His skin was dark and like parchment. His mouth was somewhat sunken, his nose was large, his brows were overhanging, making his eyes, which were really large, appear small. Nevertheless, it was the man's eyes which really impressed one. They were coal-black, and had a quick, restless movement. He spoke English, but not fluently, he often hesitated for a word, and seemed impatient because he could not express his thoughts easily. Dr. Rizzoni was a member of the Congregation of the Index, and was especially severe

on any cleric who should give expression to thoughts which in the slightest degree suggested liberality. He was the deadly enemy of the new movement in America, called Americanism, and fought with great vehemence against any modification either in the doctrine or ritual of the Church. Moreover, he hated the Italian Government with a deadly hatred. He held that Mazzini was a blaspheming atheist, an enemy to God and man; while Garibaldi was a bloodthirsty cut-throat who deserved and undoubtedly suffered the torments of the lost. It was said, moreover, that he would not pay the slightest homage to the king, regarding him as a usurper, living in a house which rightfully belonged to the Pope. Possibly Monsignor Lindley was as ardent a Catholic as Dr. Rizzoni, but he expressed himself more pleasantly, laughed more heartily, and was not averse to the good things of this life. The Irishman was a man of the people; but Dr. Rizzoni came from an old Italian family, and held to the aristocratic ideas of the country.

Both greeted Rutland kindly; Monsignor Lindley shook his hand with great heartiness, while the other watched him furtively. Both seemed to expect that the young man would pay them some homage, and were evidently surprised at his greeting them as one man is in the habit of greeting another in England. They sat down to dinner without speaking.

While the waiters hovered around them, the conversation was general, but when they had gone, and cigars and coffee had been brought, they spoke freely on subjects near their hearts. Dr. Rizzoni did not smoke; instead, he helped himself liberally from his snuff-box, and seemed to enjoy himself thoroughly. Presently, moreover, both seemed to forget that Rutland was a Protestant, and spoke without reserve on Church questions, especially on that which went by the name of Americanism.

"Of course," Monsignor Lindley remarked, "this American question is a difficult one. It is a new country and the people are imbued with new ideas. We must not forget, moreover, that there is a tremendous leakage in that country. Had all the emigrants to America remained true to the faith we should have thirty millions of adherents instead of ten millions. That is a sad state of things, and I trust the Holy Father will look at the question from a liberal standpoint."

"It must not be," said the other, "it must not be. Every concession ends in calamity. Directly the Church deviates one hair's breadth from the lines she has marked out, she lessens her power. The Church knows nothing of countries. Her laws are eternal. I hope the Holy Father will remain firm."

"But still there have been periods when she would have acted wisely if she had considered national prejudices," said the Irishman.

"Pardon me, I do not think so. The Church

is Divine, and because it is Divine it is unchangeable. America must be governed entirely from Rome, even as the rest of the Church must be."

"And yet see what we have lost by being unyielding," replied Monsignor Lindley. "Think of Italy."

"Italy will learn wisdom in time," was the other's



"THINK OF IT! THE WORLD GOVERNED FROM ST. PETER'S!" P. 571.

response. "There have been many periods in the history of the world when the Church has lost power, but God has raised up a man who has destroyed error and the results of evil counsel. Think of the condition of the Church before the coming of Hildebrand. And yet during his Pontificate he changed the thought and life of Christendom. I pray God that when Leo XIII. dies another such a man may rise—one who shall rule with a strong hand, and teach the heretic nations the laws of God. I tell you we must have no compromise."

"Do you think Cardinal Vampasia would meet your wishes?"

"Too much sympathy with the French," was the

reply. "The Spaniards and the Austrians would veto him immediately. Besides, he has so-called liberal ideas, and they are of the devil."

"Then what do you think of Lostella?"

"Weak, weak. He plays with the king. A time-server too. He has no policy, no clear, definite ideas of the work of the Church."

"Then what do you say of Fowver?"

"A Frenchman, and no Frenchman must be Pope. The Papal chair belongs to an Italian. I shall do my utmost to fight against such."

"For my own part, I favour Lostella," cried Monsignor Lindley, "and shall do my utmost for him."

"No, no," cried Dr. Rizzoni, "it will not do. He pretends to be liberal; favours education, and speaks of the power of knowledge. See what education has done for Italy."

"But is not the condition of Italy the result of the policy of the Church in the past?"

"No, no," cried Dr. Rizzoni impatiently. "The mad rampant atheism of Italy is the result of that foul thing called the education of the people. It is the outcome, too, of the devil incarnate in the shape of Freemasonry. What right has the peasant to knowledge? What good can it do him? From the time when Voltaire began to pour out blasphemy under the guise of a plea for education, knowledge among the people has only meant unbelief, discontent, disobedience, anarchy. The Church has always known best how to treat the people. It has taught them to obey the Church, and that is enough for them to learn."

Perhaps Lady Neville had scarcely furthered her purposes in bringing these two men together. Report had it that Monsignor Lindley's professed liberalism was to Rizzoni like the proverbial red rag to a bull. It is possible, too, that although neither had taken but a moderate quantity of wine during dinner, they had just drunk enough to unloose their tongues. Rutland, who never took wine, listened with keen interest, but with a cool head. Alison followed the conversation with intense eagerness; Lady Neville looked rather uncomfortable.

"Is Atheism so very strong in Italy?" asked Rutland.

"Strong, strong?" cried Rizzoni. "The country is riddled with it. The Italian parliament is atheistic, the press is atheistic, indeed, the secular life of the nation is bitterly antagonistic to the Church. If an atheistic paper criticises the Church it is quoted in Parliament, if a Church paper criticises the Government it is suppressed. The State robs us, throws stones at us, harms us all it can."

"But how has this bitter antagonism been aroused?" asked Rutland. "In Italy the Church has had Imperial as well as spiritual dominion. How has religion lost ground to such an extent?"

"Godless education," cried Rizzoni. "It began in France, and the wave reached us. Worldly knowledge made Italians proud. Italians wanted to form a great nation. Then Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour, and the rest of them fed the childish vanity of the people, and led them to oppose the will of the Church. The bloodhounds of lies were unloosed, open rebellion against the Holy Father became the order of the day, and truth was left to lie bleeding on the ground."

"But truth is stronger than lies," suggested Rutland.

"Eventually it will be," cried Rizzoni. "Only there must be no tampering with it. The Church must not yield an inch in her demands—not an inch. She is the voice of God, and must have absolute dominion. All this playing with the secular government, all this hobnobbing with worldly power is of the devil. Italy belongs to the Church, to rule as she thinks fit, and the Church must act accordingly."

"But can you resist education?" cried Rutland. "Is not knowledge the heritage of the people?"

"What does it do for the people? The truth is, men of the world fail to distinguish between true and false prosperity. You will doubtless say that knowledge leads to commercial greatness; I say that commercial greatness is nothing when compared with the advancement of religion. What is wanted to save the world is not knowledge, not wealth; it is faith and obedience."

"But what if reason rejects faith?" asks Rutland.

"Reason has nothing to do with religion," cried the old man. "Religion belongs to another realm of life. The matter is absolutely plain. Here is the Church, the will of God on earth, established by Christ Himself. He gave the keys to St. Peter and his successors for ever. Men must not reason with God. The Church demands faith and obedience, and nothing else will satisfy her. Reason has no right to advance her claim if it touches even the outskirts of the Citadel of St. Peter. The reason of the world has meant rebellion, always meant it. It was so back in the time of Arius; it was true of Huss, and of that Antichrist, Luther. It was true of Calvin, of Knox, and all the rest of them. No, no; the Church knows what is best; and it is the duty of all Christians to believe and obey the Church without hesitation."

"Still the Church is ever kind to her wandering children," said Monsignor Lindley. "It offers them a gracious welcome."

"Yes, but they must come back humbly penitent," said the old Bishop. "They must promise implicit obedience, they must denounce all error whatsoever."

"Then you contend that the Church is absolute truth: that it represents the will of God?" said Rutland.

"Doubtless."

"But can men find truth except through reason? Is not reason the medium through which God teaches His children?"

"Not unless that reason is in entire subjection to God and to the Church. The Church must be, in reality, all powerful."

"And yet you say Italy is leaving you; that every section of its life is riddled with atheism. In Protestant England aggressive atheism is dead."

"That fact is a mere bubble on the wave. We have nothing to do with success or failure. We simply stand by the Church of God. By and by she will have her power back, by and by she will not only rule over two or three states in Italy, but over the whole country."

"And when her power does come back," asked Rutland, "what will you do then? How will you treat atheism and heresy?"

"Deal with it?" said the old Italian, whose eyes flashed fire; "it will be put down with a strong hand."

Rutland ceased asking questions; but he listened to the conversation which continued mainly between the two priests. He followed the arguments expressive of the semi-liberalism of the Irishman with interest, and his heart grew hard at the stern ultramontaniam of the Italian. Monsignor Lindley, aided by Lady Neville, presented the milder aspects of the Church life. He spoke of the Pope as liberal, almost socialist in his ideas, and spoke of his endeavours to establish Christian truth everywhere. On the other hand, Dr. Rizzoni presented the sterner aspects of the Papal policy, of its unflinching attitude under every circumstance.

To the young man the evening proved an education on many subjects. He was enabled to see not only the inwardness of these men's natures, and their ideas, but also to get a glimpse of Italian life. He saw that the Church was at war with the State, while the great mass of the young life of Italy was growing indifferent, if not antagonistic, to the ideals of the Church. Reading between the lines, too, he saw that the life of the Vatican was riddled with plot and intrigue, and that while the priests of the Church were coerced into apparent unity, one part of them battled against the other.

Although neither of these men said so in so many words, he could not help gathering from their conversation that many occupying high positions were anxiously waiting for the old Pope's death, and that hundreds of hungry priests in the city were eagerly looking forward for the crumbs which might fall from the rich man's table, when the new Pope should be elected. Even while Leo XIII. was alive, cardinals were busy canvassing for votes, each seeking to outbid the other for popularity. Monsignor Lindley seemed to regard this state of things as natural and right, while Dr.

Rizzoni was terribly severe in his condemnation of what he regarded as a worldly policy.

In the midst of their conversation a messenger was announced, who brought letters for both the prelates, and Rutland noticed from the expression on their faces that the news they contained were of the utmost importance.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WITHIN THE VATICAN.

ON the face of Monsignor Lindley was a look of pleasant expectancy, while Dr. Rizzoni seemed much disturbed.

"The Holy Father is ill," said the former, "he may not live through the night."

"Indeed," said Lady Neville, "I trust this sad occurrence will not oblige you to shorten your stay here."

"Oh no," replied Monsignor Lindley, taking another cigar and lighting it, "there will be a gathering at the Vatican to-morrow, but not before."

"If the Holy Father should die," went on Lady Neville, "the question of the future Pope will be settled very soon."

"May God give us all wisdom," said Dr. Rizzoni. "It is an anxious time for us all. It is true that the power of the Holy Father belongs to the office he holds, and not to the man himself; all the same, we are very anxious that he who is chosen of God shall sit in St. Peter's chair."

"But does not the election of the Pope depend entirely on the Council of Cardinals?" asked Rutland. "If so, what has the feelings of others to do with the matter?"

"Ostensibly it depends on the Council you mention, my dear sir," replied Monsignor Lindley, in a tone of importance; "but the Cardinals dare not act contrary to the expressed wish of many who may not have a seat in that Council."

Rutland could not help smiling at the implication contained in Monsignor Lindley's words, but the Bishop of Tolisco spoke no word. His face was set and hard, he looked steadily on the floor as though he were thinking deeply.

"Sometimes the election of a Pope has its humorous side," went on Monsignor Lindley. "Why, it is a matter of history that on one occasion the Council of Cardinals met, and when the question as to who should be the next Pope was discussed, one cardinal got up, he was called Cardinal Vespi I think, and said, 'Well, if you want a Pope who will be popular with the people, doubtless Cardinal Homo is the man; if you want a man who is deeply pious, Cardinal Santa is the man; but if you want a good all-round, sensible fellow, you can't do better than choose me.' And he was chosen too," laughed the Irishman.

"Wasn't there some peculiar circumstance connected with the election of the present Pope?" asked Rutland.

"Oh yes, several, several. No doubt Providence directed the matter, but his election seemed to depend on chance. You know that the representatives of Catholic countries such as Spain and Austria have the power of veto. Well, the representative from Austria was instructed to veto the election of him who is now Leo XIII. But by a strange coincidence he did not reach Rome in time. He was taken ill at Bologna, and had to stay there until it was too late for him to do any harm."

"The Pope seems a man with great will force," remarked Rutland.

"Will power! He has done what no other Pope dared to do. No sooner was he elected than he destroyed hundreds of offices which were sinecures, but which had existed for hundreds of years. Then at the election of a Pope the custom is for one of those in attendance to place the tiara of the newly selected pontiff on his head, while he takes off the Cardinal's cap which he has been wearing, and gives it to the one who has given him the tiara. This act from time immemorial meant that the man was made Cardinal. But Leo XIII. on his election, took a different course. He didn't give his cap to the man who had placed the tiara on his head. Instead he put it in his pocket, and the other is not a Cardinal to this day."

Again Monsignor Lindley laughed pleasantly, while Dr. Rizzoni continued to look thoughtfully on the floor.

"Is the Pope dangerously ill?" asked Lady Neville.

"Yes, dangerously ill," replied Dr. Rizzoni. "Of course, he may get over it. He has a wonderful constitution, and can overcome almost anything. Still it is an anxious time. He is fast verging on ninety, and cannot live long. I pray that we may be guided to elect the right man. We need one at this time who will move the world. Another Gregory would do it."

"But I thought the Council could not elect the wrong man," said Rutland. "I thought your belief was that the Holy Spirit guided the Cardinals to elect the right man. If that is so, what need is there for anxiety?"

"You do not understand, you do not understand," said the old Bishop testily. "It is impossible that you should. The right man would change everything. He would bow the neck of the secular Government, he would hearten the whole world; but the wrong man, a man like Lostella, would let the Church drift on the rocks of material power. He would allow liberal ideas to creep in; he would concede this, and concede that, until our power would be gone."

"I do not agree with you," said Monsignor Lind-

ley, "he is a stronger and a wiser man than you think."

Dr. Rizzoni's eyes flashed angrily. "Strong, wise!" he cried, "why, think of his attitude in relation to the Index. When I felt it my duty to bring forward the case of Schmidt, that German heretic, who, in a land steeped with heresy, taught liberal ideas to his students, and was publishing books that meant the right of individual judgment in religious matters, what did he do? He pleaded that he should be allowed to go on, and that he should not be called upon to withdraw his books. What could be worse? His action, moreover, made Schmidt bold, and for a long time he held out. Indeed, he did not yield until I made him feel that the Congregation was in earnest."

"Of course, that was a bad case," said Monsignor Lindley; "but he learnt wisdom by that affair."

"Then the Index is still in force?" said Rutland.

"In force!" cried the old Bishop, "how can it be otherwise? How could we check error else? Why, if the power of the Index were abolished we should have free-thought in the Church, we should have men daring to set up their opinions against the teaching of the Holy See. We have far too much liberalism already. Men in countries like England are allowed a freedom which can end in no good. No, no, when any man seeks to touch the doctrine of the Church he must be stopped."

"And yet it is a dead letter in most countries," said Rutland.

"That is because the law of the Church is not the law of the people."

"But what would you have?" asked Rutland. "How do you think books ought to be treated?"

"The Index should be the most far-reaching force in the world," replied the Bishop. "If the Church were all-powerful there would be placed in every great centre priests whose sole work would be to examine books submitted for publication, so that nothing should be given to the world of which the Church did not approve. In this way we should stamp out heresy at its fountain-head. All scientific books which threw a doubt on doctrine, all novels which disturbed the mind, all volumes which taught morals other than those of the Catholic faith would be burnt in unquenchable fire."

"But what effect would this have on the mental and moral condition of the nations?"

"Effect! Doubt would cease to be. There would be one fold, and one Shepherd. Nothing would be taught but the truth of God; the Church would be supreme in every realm of life."

"Would you also have it that every law passed in the legislative assemblies be submitted to the Church?"

"Is not this the will of God?" cried the old Bishop. "The Church represents God on earth. It is infallible on all matters of faith and doctrine,

therefore when that time comes, as it surely will come, the world will be governed by God through the Church."

The old man rose to his feet, and his eyes burnt like coals of fire. "This is the Church's hope, the Church's ideal," he cried. "Think of it! The world governed from St. Peter's! the world ruled by the Church of Christ, while all the forces of life, material, intellectual, moral, are used as she dictates! That is why we cannot allow compromise, that is why the Church must at all times, and under all circumstances, make her own conditions. We can no more make terms with men, or institutions, or nations, than God can. Why, think of it! Gladstone, that arch-heretic, who calls himself a High Churchman, wanted the Holy Father to recognise Anglican orders! But it could not be. It rejoiced me that Leo was firm. He saw as we all see, that the English Church is heretical. Every Anglican clergyman is nothing more than a layman, and all of them blaspheme every time they pretend to fill holy offices."

In spite of himself, Rutland could not help being impressed by the old Bishop's unflinching ultramontaniam. He saw, too, that if his conception of the Church were true, he stood upon safe ground. But was the Church an organisation such as he had conceived it? Did the Catholic Church as an organisation express the will of God?

A dozen questions rose to his lips, and he scarcely knew which to put first. He looked towards Alison and saw that she was watching him eagerly. For the moment she was carried away by the stern old Bishop's words, and she wondered what effect they would have upon the young minister.

"It ill becomes me, perhaps, to argue with you," he said, "but do you mean to say that none but those who can accept the doctrines of your Church belong to the Church of Christ?"

"Not really, how can they?"

"Then you do not believe that the true Church overleaps the bounds of all organisations, that it is the Spirit of Christ permeating society?"

"Such a statement is so much wind," cried the Bishop angrily. "The true Church must be visible, it must be united, and it must be the Church of which St. Peter was the first Pope. Without those conditions you cannot have authority, or infallibility. Without that you have merely a rope of sand. There is but one true Church, and all outside it are heretics, and the one true Church is the Holy Catholic Infallible Church."

"If that is so," cried Rutland, "how is it that those states in Italy which were governed from the Vatican, and over which the Pope had temporal as well as spiritual power, were the worst governed in Italy? And how is it that these same states were the most ignorant, the most immoral, and the most degraded in the land?"

"Those are but the lies of Protestant historians," replied the old Bishop.

"Believe me, I am asking these questions seriously," went on the young man. "They interest me more than you can think; and on the solution of these difficulties my life's happiness seems to depend. I am not carping. I have read the history of this country, written by Catholic historians, and they practically agree with the writings of Protestants concerning these same matters. Your ideas concerning one visible and universal church governing all the life of the world according to the will of God are beautiful; but then one has to look at facts. If the Catholic Church rules as God rules, how is it that Catholic countries are lowest in the scale of civilisation? Here in Italy you are miles behind England in all that makes for righteousness. I admire beyond words your stupendous organisations for converting the world, only here in Italy, the home of your Church, you are drifting to Atheism and to ruin; while the forces which seem to be putting forth efforts to save the nation, are those which are under the ban of the Vatican."

"But, my young friend," said Monsignor Lindley, "you are confounding material prosperity with real prosperity. The only real prosperity is the advancement of faith and religion."

"Yes, but the faith and religion which does not express itself in holy life is surely false."

"True, quite true," cried the Bishop, "and what holier lives can be found in the world than those which have been nurtured by the faith, the fostering care of the Church? Think of her saints, think of that innumerable host which have lived, and are living, the life of God in the world."

"I gladly recognise them," said Rutland, "and the same could be said concerning Protestant Churches; but I am thinking of its general effect on the general life. I will not enlarge on the terrible condition of Spain, which is perhaps the most Catholic country in the world; but I am thinking of England. There you number about one in sixteen of the population, and yet the Catholics supply one in four of the criminals of the country."

For a moment the two priests were silent; then Monsignor Lindley said, "You are sure of that?"

"They are the figures of the Government officials," replied Rutland.

"And what then?" cried the inflexible Bishop. "These statements are simply suggested by Protestant heresy. We have to think not of time, but of eternity. We have to deal with the great facts of the Church as our blessed Lord taught them. 'He that believeth and is baptised, shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned.' No amount of morality will save men from hell, but the humble acceptance of, and unquestioning obedience to, the laws and doctrines of the Church."

"Our Lord also said at the close of His Sermon

on the Mount, that those who heard His sayings and *did* them, He would liken to those who built their house upon a rock, but those who *did them not* were like those who built on the sand."

"That is true, and the sayings of our blessed Lord are expressed in the doctrines of the Church. All other interpretations of those words are of the devil," cried the Bishop. "It all lies here, young man. Salvation for eternity lies in the Church, damnation remains for those who stay outside. It is for all of us to remember this, and obey. All reasonings about such matters are futile, they are of the devil, we must believe and obey. I am glad you have come to Rome. Study the Church well, see her as she really is, and may God give you light."

The two priests prepared to leave, and Lady Neville rose to accompany them to the door; but Alizon sat like one stunned. She had scarcely spoken for the night, and yet she had not missed a word that had been said. Often she had looked towards Rutland with longing, wondering eyes, as though she would read his innermost thoughts. The conversation, Catholic though she was, had in many respects been a revelation to her. In England the disposition towards Protestants was far more charitable and liberal than here in Rome, while the unflinching ultramontaniam of Dr. Rizoni was almost unheard of. In England, moreover, the plea was that Roman Catholicism was reasonable, while here reason seemed to be lightly regarded.

Rutland did not stay long after Lady Neville had bidden her visitors "good night." With a wondering look in his eyes he sought his room, and for many hours he lay thinking over what had been said through the night, and wondering what the future would bring forth. When morning came, and he found his way into the dining-room, both Lady Neville and Alizon met him with a bright smile.

"And what is your programme for to-day, Mr. Rutland?" asked Lady Neville.

"I have arranged to meet Father Matthew," replied Rutland. "He has promised to take me through the Vatican. He knows the history of many of the most famous pictures there, and I am anticipating a pleasant time. Wouldn't you like to accompany us, Lady Neville?" he added, "I shall be delighted if you will."

"I should like to do so very much; but I have arranged to make some calls to-day; I dare say, however, that Alizon will be glad to accept your offer."

And so it was arranged, although Alizon's presence gave the young man almost as much pain as pleasure. To be in her society had, if possible, made his love more ardent. He felt sure that Lady Neville knew nothing of the passion which consumed him, and thus he appeared to himself

as one who acted a double part. And yet he knew not what to do. To avoid her society would seem ungracious, especially in the light of all the kindness they had shown him. Besides, he felt utterly weak in Alizon's presence, and so while he felt that his love was hopeless, he yielded to the influences which bound him more closely to her.

The Vatican proved to be a scene of constant wonder to them. The Sistine Chapel, decorated by the hand of Michael Angelo, the magnificent statuary, the wondrous frescoes, aroused their admiration beyond expression.

"As far as the decorative arts are concerned, the English seem but as ignorant children compared with these Italians," said Rutland.

Father Matthew smiled complacently, but Alizon said nothing, she seemed to be thinking deeply. Presently they came to a picture before which they stood a long time. It is the work of a modern artist, and was painted to commemorate the declaration of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary. It is a fresco, perhaps from twenty to thirty feet long, and nearly as many high. It is very largely symbolical, but its meaning is very evident. When Rutland looked at it at first, he could not believe his senses, but after Father Matthew's explanation he could no longer doubt. The lower part of the picture represents Pope Pius IX. standing with arms outstretched, while all around him are the princes of the Church. At the extreme right some angels are represented as holding the Cross, from which a shaft of light shines and rests on the head of the Pope, illuminating his mind while he enunciates the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Above the Pope three colossal figures are portrayed. On the right hand sits Christ, and the centre is the Virgin Mary, whose snowy feet stand on a globe representing the earth; on the left sits God the Father, who holds the world in His hand. The three figures are of equal size, and each is represented as having equal authority. Each has a halo around the head, and each forms a part of the Godhead. Above the head of the Virgin Mary, however, is the figure of a dove, representing the Holy Spirit. The picture from the artist's standpoint is magnificent, from the standpoint of a believer in the New Testament it is a piece of blasphemy. The representation of God as a man with a long beard suggests a ghastly caricature, while the revelation of Mary as equal with God made Rutland gasp.

"Is it not fine, is it not magnificent?" cried Father Matthew.

"But what does it mean?" cried Alizon.

"It represents our Blessed Lady as Queen of Heaven and Ruler of the world. Can't you see her snow-white feet stand upon the earth as its ruler, while above her are innumerable angels proclaiming her as Queen of Heaven. Do you know," went on the priest, "that the day on which the

dogma was declared was dark and gloomy, but at the very moment the Holy Father declared it as the doctrine of the Church, the sun shone. The Pope regarded this as the smile of heaven sealing his words."

"And this picture was painted by the order of the Pope?" asked Rutland.

"Oh yes; and he was much pleased with it. Look at the Latin inscription underneath. It tells how Pius IX. solemnly proclaimed the doctrine."

"And he accepts this picture as a true representation of the doctrine."

"Oh yes."

Rutland did not speak again concerning the picture; indeed, throughout the rest of the day he was almost silent. The picture seemed to have impressed him greatly.

When they reached the hotel in the evening, however, all thoughts of the day's sights were for the moment driven from his mind. The news reached him that Lady Neville had been taken seriously ill.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BAMBINO.

RUTLAND did not see Alizon for some hours after their return. No sooner did she hear of the dread news than she rushed to her mother's room, and nothing would induce her to leave the bedside. It appeared that just after lunch Lady Neville had been seized with severe pains, while her blood suddenly rose to fever heat. Every endeavour had been made to find Alizon, but in vain. No one knew what part of the city she was visiting, and as Lady Neville had become delirious she could give no information. The nearest doctor had been sent for, who had shaken his head gravely, and suggested that he consulted immediately with an English doctor who resided in Rome. The two physicians were holding a consultation when Alizon arrived. They agreed concerning a prescription, and left about nine o'clock, saying they would call again in the morning, but that if her ladyship was taken worse through the night they were to be immediately sent for.

About midnight her ladyship appeared to become quieter, and dropped into a fitful sleep, and it was not until then that Alizon left the room. When she got into the corridor she saw Rutland walking up and down, and with a grateful heart she went towards him. As far as she knew he was the only friend she had in the city, and this fact drew her more closely to him.

"I think mother is a little better," she cried.

"I am very glad," replied the young man.

"Have you seen the doctors?"

"Yes, I saw them as they came out."

"Did you speak to them?"

"Yes, I asked them a good many questions."

"And what did they say?"

"Oh, I judged that they regarded the matter hopefully, but they seemed very reticent. They always are, you know."

"Are they? I know so little of doctors. But, but you think mother will get better, don't you?"

"I hope so, I trust so," said Rutland. "I have been praying for you, Miss Alizon, and if I can render any service, you will not hesitate to ask me, will you?"

"Oh, thank you. You—you are the only one I could ask in Rome. Mother has friends here; but I do not know them. But it is late. Ought you not to go to bed?"

"I could not sleep if I went. I have stayed here in the corridor hoping that I might be able to help you."

"Have you? I am very glad. I know it is selfish of me; but then I am all alone, and it is helpful to think I have a friend."

"I shall always be that, Miss Alizon, whatever happens."

Tears started to the girl's eyes. "Will you?" she said. "Yes, I am sure you will," she added.

"And to show that I am your friend, I ask you to go to bed. You ought for your mother's sake."

"But I could not, Mr. Rutland. I must go back by her side. The nurses are all right I dare say. One is from a convent. She is a very good woman; but she makes me think mother will die."

"Why?"

"Oh, she is always turning up her eyes and praying. She is constantly telling me to send for a priest, too. Do you think I ought, Mr. Rutland?"

"At any rate, one would do no harm," replied the young man. "Her ladyship will very likely be conscious by morning, and the presence of a good man might comfort her."

"Sister Mary says she knows such a holy priest, a Franciscan, and she tells me that his prayers have wrought wondrous cures."

"The prayers of a good man must do good," replied Duncan. "But the doctors will be here early in the morning, you can ask them."

"Yes, I will; but I must go back now, and you ought to go to bed. You have only just recovered from an illness yourself, you know."

"No, I shall not go to bed; but I will lie down on a sofa in your drawing-room if you will let me. I shall be near you then, and ready to render you any service if you need me."

"Oh you are kind!" said the girl, "good night."

"Good night, and remember that God is good. Nothing happens by chance. He never makes a mistake."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I am sure. I shall be praying for you."



"OH, I AM AFRAID SHE IS GOING TO DIE!"

The girl went back to her mother's room. In spite of her anxiety she felt better for her talk with Rutland. True, he was not a Catholic; but she felt sure that his prayers would help her. He was calm and strong too, and this helped her. She was glad, too, that he was close by. His nearness comforted her. She looked at her mother, and

saw that she slept heavily, while the two nurses stood near. One, a nun, prayed audibly, and counted her beads.

At eight o'clock in the morning, the doctors came and held another consultation. Just as they were leaving Rutland spoke to them.

"How do you find her ladyship?" he asked.

"She is very ill," was the reply.

"Worse?"

"No, we should think she is rather better."

"You think she will recover?"

"Oh yes, I should say so," replied the English doctor. "In about thirty hours from now the fever will leave her, and then she will get better. But in all such cases the fever must run its course."

"I think her daughter would like her to see a priest. I suppose there is no objection to that?"

The Italian doctor smiled scornfully. Like most of the scientific men of Italy he was an Atheist. "Let her by all means," he said flip-pantly, "it can do no harm. We shall cure her and the priest will get the credit."

"Pardon me, are you in any way related to Lady Neville?" asked the English doctor.

"No; but I knew them in England, and they regard me as a friend."

"Nothing more, I suppose? I do not ask because of mere curiosity."

"No, nothing more."

"You have no influence with Miss Neville."

"No, none in particular."

"I am sorry for that, because—but are you a Catholic?"

"No, I am not a Catholic."

"Ah, I am, that is if I am anything; but do your best to persuade Miss Neville to see to it that her ladyship is not frightened."

"What do you mean?"

"One of these nurses is a nun. I have spoken with her, but some of these women lose their heads. Try and impress upon Miss Neville the absolute necessity that her ladyship shall not be excited."

"Yes, I will do my best."

"Of course, the fever may leave her a few hours before I said, and when it does, anything like fear would do her incalculable harm."

"I understand."

"That is well." The two doctors left the room together.

"The Pope is better this morning," said the Italian.

"I suppose so. Wonderful old man, isn't he?"

"Yes, he has a constitution like nails. I suppose he attributes his recovery to the intervention of the Virgin Mary?" and the Italian doctor laughed derisively.

"A lot of the Cardinals will be disappointed again," said the other.

After breakfast Duncan returned to Lady Neville's private drawing-room. He wished to be near in order to render any necessary help; also he longed to be close to Alizon. His heart went out to her more than ever in her anxiety.

During the morning, a Franciscan monk came. It was the man so much revered by Sister Mary the nurse. Rutland admired the founder of this order immensely, and felt kindly disposed to all

those who were his followers. This man was called Father Francis, and Rutland looked at him with interest. In appearance, however, he was not suggestive of Francis of Assisi. He was a well-fed man, short and very stout, and he waddled as he walked. His face was like a full moon, and his eyes stood out with fatness. He panted much at climbing the few stairs, and his face was almost purple.

"I am not as young as I was," he said; "but I have come, Sister Mary. Take me to her ladyship at once."

Rutland could not help smiling as the brown-frocked brother found his way into the sick room. He seemed so utterly incapable of imparting spiritual help.

After about half an hour Alizon brought the priest into the drawing-room where Rutland sat. Alizon's eyes were wet with tears, her face was drawn and pale.

"Mother is saying such strange things," said the girl, "she is quite delirious. Oh, I am afraid she is going to die!"

"Do not be afraid," replied Rutland; "both doctors told me this morning that they thought she would get better. The fever will have run its course by to-morrow night."

"We must trust to the Blessed Virgin," said the old priest. "Let the doctors do all they can; but I trust in the sacred offices of the Church. I believe her ladyship will get better, not because of what the doctors have said, but because of the intervention of our Holy Mother. The Church can still work miracles," he added.

Rutland smiled.

"Why, think of the wondrous things done at Lourdes," said the old man. "Hundreds of cases have been given up by the doctors, and yet they have been completely cured by the Blessed Virgin in her grotto. There can be no doubt about these cases. All have been critically investigated by eminent doctors."

Still Rutland was silent.

"Oh, I wish we had some such power here!" cried Alizon. "Cannot something be done, Father Francis? This is Rome. Could not the Holy Father be persuaded to do something?" The girl spoke excitedly; she was almost beside herself.

"Yes, something can be done," cried the priest. "I was going to tell you about it. Surely you have heard of the Bambino in the ARACELI!"

Alizon shook her head.

"Can it be possible!" cried the old man. "I thought the history of its miracles had reached even benighted England."

"What is it?" asked Rutland. "A Bambino is a child, is it not?"

"Yes. It is the figure of the blessed Child Jesus. It has wrought, oh! such wonderful cures. Cardinals, Bishops, and old Roman nobles have

been given up by doctors, and then the Santa Bambino has been sent for, and, lo, no sooner has the blessed figure of the Holy Child entered the house than the patient has got better."

"Is this possible?" cried Alizon.

"Possible!" repeated the old priest, "possible! Why, ask any one in Rome! Of course, the Jesuits and the Dominicans do not say much about it, but that is because they are jealous that our Order possesses such a miraculous relic. But, my dear child, even Cardinal Lostella himself was cured by it, the Bishop of Tolisco was dragged back from the very jaws of death by its power; why, during the last few years the blessed Bambino has wrought cures upon the most exalted people in Rome. By the blessing of God that sainted Child shall cure your mother too!"

"And can you bring it here?" asked Alizon.

"I can obtain it for you. I must speak to the General of our Order, and obtain permission; then I must get a carriage and horses, and after that another brother and myself will accompany the sacred Child here."

"Is the figure large that you need a carriage?" asked Rutland, smiling in spite of himself.

"Oh no, it is not large, but we pay honour to the Blessed Bambino. It is drawn by two horses, just as a Cardinal is, and it has a crown on its head. It was crowned by the Holy Father's Secretary of State. I will have it brought in all its jewels."

"Jewels?" said Rutland.

"Yes, it is covered with jewels. It has wrought so many miracles that the recipients have covered it with costly presents; it has been a source of vast revenue to our Church too. People like to give large offerings, you know," added the priest.

"And it has really worked miracles?" queried Alizon like one in doubt.

"Why, yes, my child, yes, hundreds, thousands! Heaven only knows the number of people it has cured. The Holy Father thinks highly of it too, it is not generally talked about; but many believe that it is through the Bambino that his life has been prolonged. He has sanctioned a prayer in honour of the image, and on January 18th, 1894, Leo XIII. accorded a hundred days' indulgence, applicable to all souls in Purgatory, for every time this prayer was repeated with contrition. The indulgence can be gained every day. Why, it is the most renowned relic in Rome, more renowned even than that of the Blessed Virgin herself!"

At this moment Sister Mary the nun entered the room.

"You are speaking of the Blessed Bambino in the Araceli," she cried, "oh, yes, bring it, Father Francis, bring it."

Alizon looked at Rutland as if in doubt, but the young man's face was perfectly motionless.

"Yes, send for it," she cried, "if it has been blessed to so many people, it may also restore my mother to health."

"By the blessing of the Church, and through the prayers of her children, it will be blessed," cried the old man. "Oh, it has a wonderful history. I will tell you about it to-night when I bring it. If, indeed, the General of our Order condescends to allow it to be taken out of the Church."

"But surely there can be no doubt about it?" cried Alizon.

"I hope not, I think not. And when her ladyship is cured, she will doubtless remember the power of the blessed image, and show her thankfulness."

"Oh, I am sure she will," cried Alizon.

"I think, I *think* our General will give his consent," said the priest, as though he were in doubt; "it is seldom taken out of the Church now except to confer a blessing on some renowned and faithful member of the Church. Why, the last time it was taken to a sick bed, and the patient recovered, it was for an Italian Countess, Countess Pelanti, doubtless you have heard of her. She belongs to an old Italian family, but she has lost nearly all her fortune, as so many more of them have. When she recovered she was exercised greatly how she should manifest her gratitude. She had no money, but she possessed some old family jewels, and although they were very precious to her, she sold some of them in order to give one thousand lira (francs) to our Order."

"Oh," cried Alizon, "if my mother is cured, I will give two thousand lira to your Order."

"Ah!" cried the old man, taking his snuff-box from his pocket, and taking a pinch with evident enjoyment, "of course, we brothers of the Order of St. Francis possess nothing. We have taken the vow of poverty, and have but few luxuries, indeed. our vows forbid it; but our Order needs money in order to carry on its great missionary work. But I will go straight to our General."

"Let me accompany you to the street," said Rutland, "you may get lost in the passages," and he led the way down stairs, the old monk following him.

"Have you seen our Church?" asked the old man.

"No, not yet. I have seen your General though, I visited him the other day with Father Matthew, of the Society of Jesuits."

"Oh, indeed, and what is your name?"

Rutland told him.

"Ah, I heard him speak of you. And you are a friend of Lady Neville. Oh, I shall be able to prevail on him I have no doubt. Lady Neville is a faithful child of the Church, I suppose?"

"Oh yes."

"The titled people of England are not poor like those in Italy, are they? I have been in England

myself. I learnt your language there. I think I have heard that Lady Neville is rich."

"Yes, I believe she is. How long will it take you to walk to the monastery?"

"Oh, a good while. It is half an hour's journey for me. I am getting old and stout. Simple living agrees with me, you see."

"Let me call you a carriage."

"Oh, there is no need. We followers of St. Francis always walk."

"But this is a special circumstance," said Rutland, noting the look in the old man's eye, "you will be able to get there in a few minutes then."

"Then let it be a close carriage, my son, a close carriage."

A few minutes later Rutland was back in Lady Neville's drawing-room again.

"Oh, I am so frightened!" cried Alizon. "That Sister Mary is such a good woman, such a holy woman, but she makes me think mother will die. She has such an awful expression on her face when she looks at her, and moans out her prayers as though she were afraid. The other nurse fell asleep through the night, and I was alone with her. I don't think I should be frightened a bit, but she is always talking about death."

"Do not fear," said Rutland, "both the doctors seem capable men, and they agree that the fever will cease to-morrow night. It will begin to abate soon now, and then your mother will be better."

"Do you believe in this Bambino, Mr. Rutland?"

"It doesn't matter what I believe. I am sure Father Francis believes in its miraculous power, and that he has implicit faith that it will make your mother well. I suppose he has been praying beside her?"

"Yes," said the girl absently, "and Sister Mary says he is such a holy man. Do you think so?"

"He is doubtless a sincere believer," said Rutland.

The doctors called again during the afternoon, and reported favourably concerning her ladyship's condition. The fever would soon begin to abate, they said. Their words, however, brought no comfort to Sister Mary, who bade Alizon not to trust in the skill of man, but in the intercession of the saints, and in the goodness of the blessed Virgin.

"Whatever happens, her ladyship is safe," she said. "You will be able to have many masses said for her, and perhaps she may be in purgatory only a very short time."

"Please do not talk of death, nor of Purgatory," said Alizon. "My mother must get well, she *will* get well!"

"Let us hope so," said Sister Mary lugubriously. "The Blessed Santa Bambino will be here to-night, I hope; and its power is wonderful. If she does recover I shall attribute it solely to its blessed power."

The day passed slowly away, Alizon scarcely leaving her mother's bedside. At eleven o'clock at night a messenger came to announce that Father Francis and Father Anthony had come in a carriage, and that they had brought something to take to her ladyship's room.

"Ah, the Blessed Virgin be praised!" said Sister Mary, "they have brought the holy image."

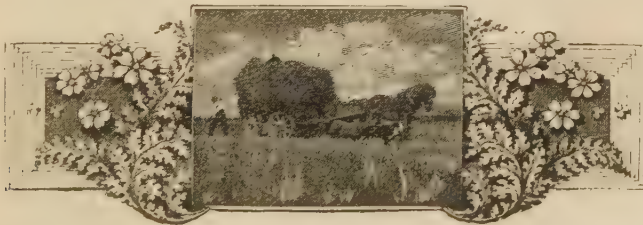
"I shall be glad if you will go and meet them," said Alizon to Rutland.

The young man found his way to the front door, where a carriage and two horses stood, while two brown-frocked friars stood as if guarding a great treasure.

"Have you brought it?" asked Rutland.

"Yes," said Father Francis.

(To be continued.)





WEST STREET CHAPEL.

The Older Chapels of Metropolitan Nonconformity.

VI.—WEST STREET AND GREAT QUEEN STREET CHAPELS.

BY REV. ALBERT A. BIRCHENOUGH.



FROM very small beginnings Metropolitan Wesleyan Methodism has gradually developed until it has become a great influence and power amongst the millions of the chief city of the British Empire. The present City Road Chapel—the Cathedral of Methodism—took the place of the old Foundry, which was the “Woolwich Arsenal” of the earlier years of the eighteenth century. It was

used by the Government for the casting of cannon, until a terrible explosion occurred, when the works were removed from Moorfields to the solitary Kentish marshes in the Thames valley. Wesley transferred this citadel of destruction into a Temple of Peace, where he preached his sermons, met his classes, and published his books. In this time-honoured Foundry, Wesley founded his church in 1739, and held the first Methodist Conference in 1744.

The site of City Road Chapel was leased from a Mr. Robert Morris, who is described as being “a haberdasher of hats.” At that time City Road was a mere lane, and close by had been the kennels

for the Lord Mayor’s fox-hounds. In the original deed, the building site is called “The Tenter Ground,” and is said to lie on the eastern side of “Dog Bar Road.” In the lease it is set forth as being “Mr. Wesley’s Chapel,” and for the first fifty years of its existence it was known as “The New Chapel.” The building was opened in November, 1778. Plain as its architectural features may appear to the present generation, it was, during the last century, the most imposing Non-conformist chapel in London.

West Street Chapel was the first extension of Wesley’s work from the historic Foundry, and it became the honoured birthplace of West End Methodism. Eventually it became the mother chapel of Great Queen Street, Hinde Street, and other important Wesleyan centres in the neighbourhood of wealth and fashion. The old chapel in West Street, Seven Dials, had been built in the year 1700, for a company of Huguenot refugees, who had been driven from the sunny lands of France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in the year 1685, and who had found a home in the neighbourhood of Spitalfields. By “a strange chain of Providence” a French clergyman offered the chapel to John Wesley, who re-opened it on May 29th, 1743, for the use of “the people called Methodists.” The dedicatory services lasted for five consecutive hours, and some hundreds of

devout persons partook of the emblems of the Lord's Supper. The sacramental silver cups became the property of Wesley, and subsequently were passed on to the trustees of Great Queen Street Chapel, where they are still used. They bear a Latin inscription, viz., "These two cups were presented by that honourable man, Peter Fenowillet, on the eighth day of July, 1697, for the use of the French congregation which meets in the Way, commonly called West Street, in the parish of St. Giles, but if the congregation is broken up they shall be sold for the benefit of the poor."

In the spring of 1764, a converted Catholic says: "I attended at West Street, Seven Dials. The great decorum and strict attention of the congregation inspired me with reverence and awe. The unaffected piety, the correct, uniform, and decent responses of the people were very moving, and I may say, to me as a stranger, astonishing. The singing was heavenly, and seemed to come from the heart. How favoured are the Methodists to enjoy such ordinances as these! And yet my heart, my vain heart, is afraid to have it known that I am become a Methodist."

During Wesley's time the West Street sacramental services were so hallowed by the Divine presence, that they became a highly prized "means of grace" to the London Methodists. The communicants became so numerous that Wesley had to make restrictions that not more than six hundred persons should partake of the Lord's Supper on any one Sabbath. Under those arrangements the ordinary service lasted from ten o'clock in the

morning until three, and even four, o'clock in the afternoon.

For nearly fifty years West Street Chapel was one of John Wesley's favourite spheres of evangelistic labour. In this historic House of God he gave thanks on an anniversary of his providential deliverance from the devouring flames of Epworth's burning vicarage. At West Street Chapel the accomplished wife of Mr. Rich, the proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre, was converted. At her house Charles Wesley, the poet of Methodism, met Handel and Lampe, who composed tunes for Wesley's hymns, and thus helped the revival of the eighteenth century. In February, 1790, John Wesley preached for the last time at West Street to the "largest congregation" he had ever seen within its walls. During the earthquake panic, Charles Wesley allayed the fears of the West Street Methodists by preaching from the forty-sixth Psalm.

One writer in describing this centre of Metropolitan Methodism, says: "Here John Wesley's coach once stood, and Charles Wesley's little horse ambled on with the absent-minded poet. John Fletcher hurried along to help Wesley in his heavy service, and George Whitefield came to charm the worshippers. The Countess of Huntingdon and her aristocratic friends drove up to these doors. But one loses sight of all distinctions of rank when the true spirit of that spot rises to meet the visitor who has turned over the biographies of 'Early Methodist Preachers' and people. To this place came men and women seeking rest for their souls. Anxious, eager faces are around you. Their lives



THE CRYPT, GREAT QUEEN STREET CHAPEL.



RIGHT HON. SIR H. FOWLER, M.P.

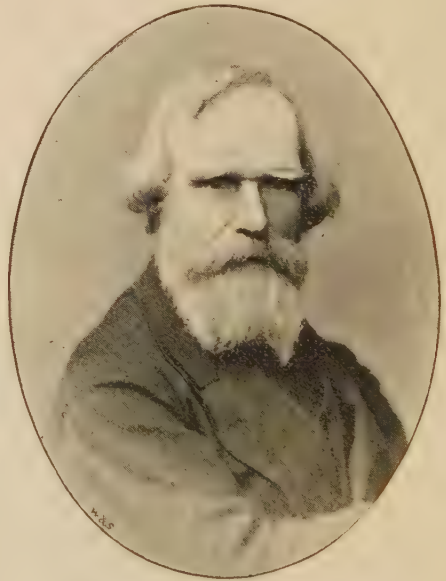
lie open in their own simple narratives, written for the glory of God and the guidance of pilgrims. The whole street is hallowed by the feet of penitent or of rejoicing worshippers."

The adjoining three-storied dwelling, with its picturesque dormer-windows, and Hanoverian front, was known as the chapel-house. For some years, Mrs. Harper, one of the sisters of John Wesley, lived there. According to tradition, during the earthquake panic of 1750, she was visited by "Old Jeffrey," the mysterious ghost that haunted the Epworth Rectory, and was a source of great annoyance to the Wesley family.

Seven years after Wesley's death, the lease on West Street Chapel expired. Such an extravagant price was demanded by the proprietor for its renewal that the officials regarded the conditions as prohibitory. Through the influence of an enterprising Methodist Scotsman of the name of John Arthur, who resided in Great Queen Street, a suitable property was secured. Adjoining Mr. Arthur's premises, and forming part of the same estate, was a disused chapel-of-ease belonging to the Established Church. From Mr. Arthur's house a private passage-way led to a family pew constructed in an alcove in the wall. In palmier times, the wealthy

proprietor could walk from his mansion to the chapel without exposure to the weather. This chapel-of-ease had been built in 1706 for the accommodation of the fashionable families resident in and near to Great Queen Street. The first clerical appointment thereto appears to have been most unfortunate. A man of the name of William Ragulley, under the pretence of being a Church of England clergyman, regularly preached therein, and administered the sacraments, without holding the usual ecclesiastical licence. In December, 1706, two declarations from the Bishops of London and Peterborough were read therein, which eventually silenced the pretending cleric; and a clergyman with the regular credentials and full authority was appointed. In their earlier career, the Wesleys occasionally conducted services in this Episcopal Chapel. Charles Wesley, in his Journals, says: "1738, Sept. 17.—I preached at Queen's Street Chapel in the afternoon. My brother entertained us at night with the Moravian experiences."

Mr. Arthur was delegated by the West Street Church to commence negotiations for the pur-



MR. G. P. E. GREEN.

chasing of the Great Queen Street Chapel-of-ease. He had an interview with the lady who owned the property, who expressed her willingness to sell. The price was settled and the building was secured. The old lady was strongly prejudiced against all Nonconformists. At a subsequent interview she said to Mr. Arthur: "I would never sell it if I thought at any time it was likely to get into the hands of the Methodists." The probability is, that she thought her prosperous tenant was going to add it to his thriving cabinet-making establishment,



GREAT QUEEN STREET CHAPEL TO-DAY.

and would convert it into workshops. Mr. Arthur, however, did not enlighten her that he wanted it for a Methodist Chapel; and he allowed the matter to proceed. His grandson says: "He practised no deception, and doubtless would have felt himself obliged to answer honestly, had the question been proposed at the proper moment, 'To what use is the building to be appropriated?'"

Dr. Adam Clarke and Mr. Joseph Butterworth, M.P., the philanthropist and friend of Wilberforce, completed the negotiations, and purchased the property for £3,500. The deed bears date July 19, 1798, and the chapel was dedicated for Methodist worship on September 30th of the same year. About £500 had to be spent in necessary repairs and improvements to the property. By a special appeal in London, about £2,000 was raised, and at the opening, £2,000 was left as a consolidated debt. The chapel contained eight hundred sittings, and the pew rents during the first year amounted to £305. By September, 1812, the consolidated debt had been reduced to £700.

In the opening years of the century the pulpit at Great Queen Street was occupied by the leading ministers in Methodism. The "giants of those days" included such notables as Dr. Clarke, Dr. Jabez Bunting, John Pawson, Alexander Mather, Walter Griffith, Richard Reece, Robert Newton, James Wood, Joseph Sutcliffe, Jonathan Edmondson, Henry Moore, and others who filled departmental offices, and occupied the chair of the Conference.

Great Queen Street was the home of a Church possessing numerous organisations, and exercising wide-spread influence. In 1803, Dr. Bunting wrote: "When I consider the spirit and abilities of many of its leaders, I cease to wonder that the Queen Street Society should so much excel all others in the London Circuit. Methodism here is conducted on a large scale. They exceed all other societies I ever knew in the liberal provision they make for their poor." Between the years 1764 and 1796, West Street Society alone had raised and distributed amongst the poor of the neighbourhood, some £3,000. Throughout the century of its existence the collections for the destitute and the deserving poor have been continued. As recently as the year 1894, £740 was collected and devoted to the relief of the outcasts and the needy.

The West Street Society established a Charity School for poor children, which was continued at Great Queen Street. The school was originated by a devoted woman named Margaret Stilles, who had been a domestic servant in the employment of John Wesley. She became interested in the circumstances of a poor orphan boy, and she contributed towards his education to the extent of "sixteen halfpennies" which she collected weekly from the fellow-members of her society-class. The ladies of the congregation took a great interest in the welfare of the children, and made them garments. It is said: "The boys and girls were dressed in a homely and distinctive fashion, and

formed a picturesque group in the upper gallery on Sunday mornings. The members of the congregation were permitted to take the children home with them to dine."

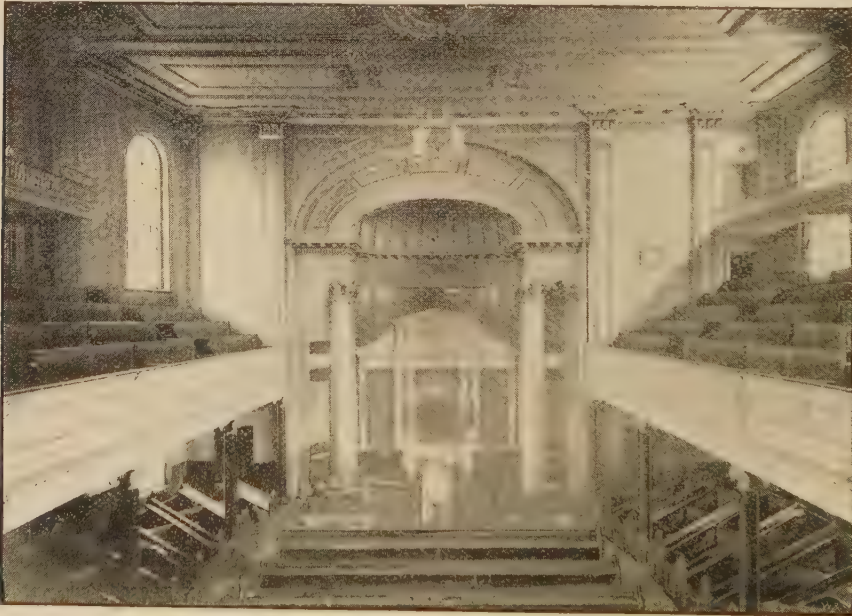
The old chapel was dismal and inconvenient. It was lower than the street level, and, like other chapels of the past centuries, for the safety of the worshippers, the approach led through a narrow passage belonging to a private house. In spite of all drawbacks, the work of God prospered, and the congregations increased. Consequently, the adjoining property was purchased for the erection of a larger sanctuary. The present enlarged chapel was erected on the same site, and was opened in the year 1817. In the year 1841, the chapel was fronted with four Ionic columns, and the Venetian window was ornamented with Corinthian columns and pilasters.

The remarkable crypt extends under the whole area of the chapel. It was opened for interments in 1828, and was said to be "one of the most complete burial places in London." In 1858, the trustees were compelled, by an order in Council, to remove the coffins from the catacombs, and bury them beneath the floor of the crypt.

The notables who have belonged to the Great

Queen Street congregation include the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, of Railway Bookstall fame, and Sir Henry Fowler, who gave the villages the Parish Councils. Both men rose to high position in the British Parliament. Although belonging to opposite political parties, they have gained the respect of all intelligent men throughout the empire. Dr. Ince, Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, and Dr. C. Radcliffe, the eminent physician, "who was called in to alleviate the dying throes of such opposite celebrities as Frederick Maurice and Cardinal Newman." Mr. George Pycock Everett Green, the artist, and father of Miss Evelyn Green, the eminent Methodist authoress. The Rev. Dr. Abbott, head-master of the City of London School, and Mr. W. G. Rushbrooke, author of "The Common Traditions of the Synoptic Gospels."

Great Queen Street Chapel is a hive of religious, educational, and social industries. Besides the spiritual work accomplished, there are such varied agencies as the Social Hour, The Church Parlour Gatherings, The Boys' Brigade, and The Girls' Sewing Class, Gospel Temperance Concert, The Slate Club, which have for their object the salvation of the lost, and the ennobling of the degraded.



INTERIOR OF GREAT QUEEN STREET CHAPEL.





Short Sermons from the Sage of Grasmere.

VIII.—THE IDEAL IMPERIALIST.



UR land echoes to-day, and has echoed for many a day, with loud and somewhat foolish bickerings between what are called "Big Englanders" and "Little Englanders"—the former phrase being understood to indicate those who would have

English rule and influence as nearly as co-extensive with the globe as possible; the latter, those who, believing that we have now on our hands as much territory and as many tasks as we can properly administer, ask that we should henceforth stay our ambition and rest quietly at home. And to say truth, with the record and the memory of our "exploits" in Africa of late years before us, it is well that the voice of protest should be raised against a certain sort of Imperialisers of the Rhodescum-Jameson type. Our treatment of the native races of South Africa, like our relations with the Maories in older days in New Zealand, or with the Kanakas of the Pacific of to-day, will hardly bear the light of a candid moral scrutiny, and it is well that powerful voices like those of Olive Schreiner and her husband should be raised, whether in speech, pamphlet, or story, against the scandal of our heedless cruelty and injustice. It is all very well to fire the imperialistic imagination with the vision of a triumphant iron way from the Cape to Cairo, opening up the whole of Africa to British influence and British trade, but there is another kind of imagination which sees but too well the foul greed and the bitter wrong and the track of blood which will mark that railroad whithersoever it may go. As Louis Becke in one of his fine stories makes an educated Maori say: "So long as we live, breathe, and have our being, so long will the strong oppress

and slay the weak; so long will the accursed earth-hunger of a great Christian nation be synonymous for bloodshed, murder and treachery; so long will she hold out with one hand to the children of Ham the figure of Christ crucified, and preach the benefits of civilisation; while with the other she sweeps them away with the Maxim gun." The allegations lodged against British treatment of the wounded in the last conflict in the Soudan have been burked rather than bottomed; and about the most satisfactory feature of the recent debate on the outrageous vote to Lord Kitchener of Khartoum was the practical unanimity with which his gratuitous insult to the head of a fallen foe was condemned from both sides of the House. The *Spectator's* somewhat sickening and certainly specious apologies notwithstanding, the British conscience sees illustrated in the incident of the "Mahdi's head," the grave moral peril that besets our relations with the inferior or alien races who happen to stand in the way of our realising our dreams of empire. It is all very well cynically to say, as Lord Salisbury said ten years ago at a Guildhall banquet, that "the few small wars we have in hand just now are merely the surf that marks the edge of the advancing wave of civilisation," and the guests, being well out of the way of the surf, cheered heartily; but a spirit is happily abroad which cannot content itself with describing moral enormities in this euphemistic fashion. It cannot subscribe to the doctrine that such killing is no murder.

I am not forgetting my text from Wordsworth, though I have not yet announced it. There never was a finer patriot than he, and never a truer Imperialist. To associate the peaceful recluse of the vales with Imperialism—Wordsworth with war—seems absurd on the face of it; but he was no peace-at-any-price man. He believed in peace, even at that price of war which has unhappily sometimes to be paid for it, and when, in sonnets and tracts, he pleads for Spain against the usurper of France,

and sounds forth a ringing call to Englishmen to arm on behalf of the down-trodden and the weak, we fail to see why he should be called less Christian than when he sings the praises of a peaceful and industrious Cumbrian peasantry. His early enthusiasm for the French Revolution, and his indignation that England should take up arms to crush this movement for the freedom of the human spirit, both cooled and changed, as we all know, as the years went on. For that Revolution created a monster whom it could not rule, but who ruled it, and turned its passion to the service of his own base ends, and when Napoleon sought to bestride the world like a Colossus, he had no more passionate opposer than Wordsworth. He was to the poet the hateful incarnation of a false Imperialism. Hear the poet's stately invective:

"When looking on the present face of things
I see one Man, of men the meanest, too!
Raised up to sway the world, to do, undo,
With mighty Nations for his underlings,
The great events with which old story rings
Seem vain and hollow; I find nothing great:
Nothing is left which I can venerate;
So that a doubt almost within me springs
Of Providence, such emptiness at length
Seems at the heart of all things. But, great God!
I measure back the steps which I have trod:
And tremble, seeing whence proceeds the strength
Of such poor Instruments; with thoughts sublime,
I tremble at the sorrow of the time."

In the first Napoleon a base and bastard Imperialism was permitted to show its true face and feature; to appal and sicken by its utter ugliness. "Of men the meanest," truly, was this portent of the time. To amazing ability he joined amazing unscrupulousness. The youth was father of the man, and at school he was described as "taciturn, fond of solitude, capricious, haughty, extremely disposed to egoism, seldom speaking, energetic in his answers, ready and sharp in repartee, full of self-love, ambitious, and of unbounded aspirations." Lying, deceit, and misrepresentation were his forte. His autobiography teems with deliberate and elaborate falsifications. "And thus," says Seeley, "it has been, and is, particularly difficult to eradicate the Napoleonic legend, which has grown up in the very midst of the nineteenth century, and would, perhaps, never have been seriously shaken but for the failure of the Second Empire. . . Look," he continues, "at Napoleon's career between 1803 and 1814, when it was shaped most freely by his own will; here everything is anti-popular, illiberal and immoral, as well as ruinous beyond all precedent. In particular, he stands out as the great enemy and oppressor of nationalities, so that the nationality movement, when it begins in Spain and Tyrol, and spreads through North Germany, is a re-action against his tyranny." The dates just mentioned were just those of Wordsworth's finest poetic productivity, and his patriotic poems are topful of

passionate appeals to the spirit of truth and freedom in England and on the Continent. No wonder that a spectre like Napoleon sat heavy on Wordsworth's simple and unsophisticated conscience, whether artistic or moral. Here was a man who lied by habit, who never penned a page but in bad faith; who betrayed his best friends with fair pledges; who promised clemency to his foes, and put them to death as soon as he had them in his power; whose cruelties shocked even his own none too squeamish officers; who hired assassins to put inconvenient antagonists out of his way; who, to give his mistress the pleasure (?) of witnessing a real engagement, ordered a useless attack on an outpost, in which scores of lives were wantonly sacrificed; and finally, whose lust of despotism caused a total mortality of not fewer than two millions of lives from his first rise to power till his fall. Was there any wonder that at a career like this Wordsworth's gorge rose, or that his voice vibrated with a moral anger which seemed to transfigure the whole personality of the man?

But Wordsworth did not content himself with mere negative censure—and here I come at last to my text. His poem, "The Character of the Happy Warrior," portrays, with a literary dignity, a fit terseness and nobility of phrase, and a suppressed moral passion all his own, the true patriot, the ideal Imperialist. Myers well calls it, "A manual of greatness," with "a Roman majesty in its simple and weighty speech." It is an idealised picture, but with real examples on which the idealisation reposes. Englishmen of Wordsworth's day found amongst themselves a fitting foil to the stormy selfishness of Napoleon, and that foil was supplied by the naval hero Nelson. In his prefatory note to the poem, Wordsworth says, "Lord Nelson carried most of the virtues that the trials he was exposed to in his department of the service necessarily call forth and sustain." Unfortunately, however, the poet could not make the whole Nelson his ideal. He continues, "I have not been able to connect his name with the poem as I could wish, or even to think of him with satisfaction in reference to the idea of what a warrior ought to be." In Wordsworth's, and in the common view even until now, Nelson's fair fame was stained by a serious crime—his alleged intrigue with Lady Hamilton, the wife of an English ambassador. But Myers avers that certain recent researches have placed his connection with that lady in an unexpected light, and so practically absolved him from blame. However this may be, Wordsworth was driven to piece out the imperfections of his public hero by borrowing, as he does in a very naïve way, certain traits from the character of his own brother John. Two things are clear: first, that a greater contrast cannot be conceived than that between Nelson and Napoleon, and secondly, that the poem of "The Happy Warrior" hits off the better Nelson

Is such a sermon-poem as this obsolete? Has it not a message, all too well needed, for England to-day? Its manner, its majesty, its rhythm, are all Roman, classic to the highest degree; but its spirit is purely Christian. It rests greatness not on territorial greed, but on truth, honour, mercy and moral sympathy; on service to humanity, on sacrifice, not on base egoism. It is a worthy version of the saying of the Master: "Not so shall it be among you: but whosoever would be great shall be your minister. The Son of Man (the true ideal man) came (still comes) not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom (a means of manhood and enlargement) for many." Happy the Anglo-Saxon people, whether on this side the Atlantic or the other, which for its moral guidance at the beginning and at the close of this wonderful but not immaculate nineteenth century can have sung for it such poems as Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior," and Kipling's call to America not to shirk, in selfish love of wealth, its God-given task and duty.

"Take up the White Man's burden,
Send forth the best ye breed—
Go, bind your sons to exile,
To serve your captives' need ;
To wait, in heavy harness,
On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught, sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child.

Take up the White Man's burden—
In patience to abide,
To veil the threat of terror,
And check the show of pride,

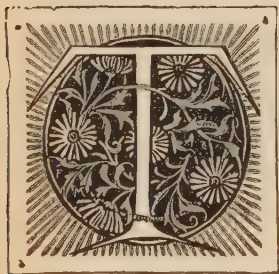
By open speech and simple
An hundred times made plain,
To seek another's profit
And work another's gain.

Take up the White Man's burden !
Have done with childish days—
The lightly proffered laurel,
The easy ungrudged praise :
Comes now to search your manhood
Through all the thankless years,
Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,
The judgment of your peers."

J. D. T.

Browsings in My Library.

VI.



O make an open confession, I am not spending much time in the bookroom just now. Even the book-worm cannot resist the call of the fields and the woods, the country lanes and the hills, the path through the waving cornfield, the river-

side and the breezy common with its golden glory of gorse and furze, that made Linnæus, when in England, fall on his knees and thank God that He had made anything so beautiful. And when the month is July, and the summer has put on her royal robes, and every garden is gay with flowers, and you are lulled by the "murmur of innumerable bees," and the birds are joyous in every tree, or chase each other through the air as the day is dying in the crimson and golden and pearly west,—why, then you close the books of man's making and go out to study the great book of God.

I do not say that I do no reading in the summer time. Ask Delia about that, and she will say, "Notice his coat-pockets, and see how they bulge. He always carries some of his treasures with him—not that anyone would want to steal them if they were left at home." Well, I will not attempt to deny it. It is sweet, after a long walk by the side of some purling brook, or seated on a fallen trunk in the glade of a wood, or on a rustic bench beneath some road-side tree, to take out a favourite book and enjoy a few pages of poetry or romance attuned to the surroundings and the mood of the moment. Years afterwards, when I open books so read, it may be on a December evening, with the thick fog outside, or a gale howling down the street, I get pleasant visions of summer scenes

again, and can almost hear the lark's upsoaring trill, and almost smell the perfume of roses and lavender.

Thank God for summer! Let us gather its sunshine and its odours as much as possible into our memories and hearts. Some of us, unhappily for ourselves, never get rid of the winter's chill and gloom. Many poets have sung the praises of the summer and the country. Here are a verse or two from "The Garden," of Andrew Marvell, Cromwell's secretary, whom I have already quoted in praise of his master.

What wondrous life is this I lead !
Ripe apples drop about my head ;
The luscious clusters of a vine
Upon my mouth do crush the wine ;
The nectarine and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach ;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide ;
Then, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state,
While man then walked without a mate ;
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet !
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share,
To wander solitary there ;
Two paradises are in one,
To live in paradise alone.

"The curmudgeonly old woman-hater!" said Delia, when, on returning from a ramble, I read the last stanza to her. I do not quite remember whether Andrew was an old bachelor, but whether that, or an ill-mated Benedict, he would, no doubt,



ON THE BEACH.

have avoided so ungracious a cadence if he had had a Delia.

A living lady Irish poet, Katharine Tynan Hinkson, who has written much graceful verse, has also an "Orchard" poem, which has gathered into it much of the spirit of summer. Are not these verses daintily beautiful?

Very good in the grass to lie
And see the network 'gainst the sky,
A living lace of blue and green,
And boughs that let the gold between.

The bees are types of souls that dwell
With honey in a quiet cell;
The ripe fruit figures goldenly
The soul's perfection in God's eye.

Prayer and praise in a country home,
Honey and fruit; a man might come,
Fed on such meats, to walk abroad,
And in his orchard talk with God.

Unhappy those, "in populous cities pent," and especially those in sordid slums, who know little or nothing of the country in summer! How it would brighten tired eyes, and flush pallid cheeks, and impart springiness to limbs that have lost their

elasticity! May all the Children's Holiday Funds in this overcrowded London be supported this summer till their coffers run over, and every child has had its fortnight, or at least its week, on the green lap of Mother Earth, and for a time has forgotten the cramped court and the dusty and noisy street!

Delia is busy making preparations for the children's visit to the sea, and one of her worries is my incorrigible propensity to make an increasing pile of books, which I seek to wheedle her to pack with the luggage. She ruthlessly reduces me to half-a-dozen volumes, "and they must be small ones." With a sigh I submit to the restriction, and hope the weather will be fine, for should it rain what will be the use of half-a-dozen small volumes?

"You must learn them by heart," is Delia's unsympathetic consolation.

The charm of the sea is a different charm from that of the country. It is the charm of continual movement and constant change of colour of water and sky, yet both the movement and the change are inexpressibly restful. Walt Whitman, in that uncouth, unlicensed measure of his, has pictured this charm of motion:

O to sail in a ship !
 To leave this steady, unendurable land,
 To leave the tiresome sameness of the streets, the side-
 walks and the houses,
 To leave you, O you solid motionless land, and entering
 a ship,
 To sail and sail and sail.

Well, we are not going "to sail and sail and sail," but we are going to a children's sandy paradise—if paradise is not a misnomer for a beach—on the south coast, where the houses are of the reddest among the greenest of trees, and a grassy common stretches between the marine front and the sand, which slopes so imperceptibly that you can follow the tide out on its shining surface for nearly a mile. On the hottest day you are always sure of a cool breeze on the sands, and it is pleasant to sit there leaning against one of the piles of the wooden sand defences, with a book of poetry, or a story, in the hand, while the children are paddling or castle-building, and now and again one sun-burnt little rogue or another runs up to show you a crablet she has caught in her pail, or some various coloured pebbles that have been rolled smooth by the tide. The sea-side is God's graciously provided sanatorium and strength-restorer. "Why is the sea salt?" somebody asked a philosopher, and he could not explain. Why, surely, because in the chemistry of nature salt is the great preservative, and the salt sea that washes the shores and impregnates the air, fills the lungs and the blood with the purifying

particles, and healing and vigour come on the sea breezes.

At our favourite place by the sea there is a river which loses itself in the salt water, and you never weary, as the tide is coming in, of watching the fishing boats, from the pier alongside, racing into the mouth of the river, and racing out as the tide recedes. At the entrance to the pier there is a tiny lighthouse, which at intervals a coastguardsman or the harbour-master mounts, and surveys the sea around with a telescope, and every boy wishes that he could have a look through that telescope. No wonder the children just now, out in the garden, are rehearsing with buckets and spades the occupations of the shore, and Delia and our Abigail are busy as busy can be in getting together and packing the things that will be wanted.

There has not always been appreciation of the sea. It still, too often, claims its sacrifice of ships and lives, although man prides himself on having tamed and curbed its savage ferocity. We build our ships of steel, with mighty ribs, and watertight compartments, and we drive them with engines of a cumulative power equal to that of thousands of the stoutest horses. We snap our fingers, so to speak, at old Ocean, but he bides his time, and in the gloom of some night, or the murkiness of some mist, by some trifling miscalculation, or the insidious force of some unanticipated current, our lord of ocean, that "walks the waters like a thing of life," finds a gaping leak in its bottom, and sinks,



IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

perchance with hundreds of lives, or is left ignominiously impaled on some jagged tooth of rock.

Such things happen, and such things, it is too likely, will happen as long as people "go down to the sea in ships," but what must it have been in the old days, when the ships were frailly built of planks, were absolutely dependent on the wind, and absolutely at the mercy of the gale, and when there was no magnetic needle to guide the mariner

securely while the stars by which he steered his course were obscured?

As we read old literature, and especially the old epics, and the legends of ancient peoples, we see that it was the terror of the sea, that "mighty monster," that impressed people, and not its beauty and its health-giving qualities. The Greeks were the great sea-rovers of antiquity, and the "Odyssey" of Homer is an epic of the sea. Ulysses appears



"A CHILDREN'S SANDY PARADISE."

in that poem as tossed about, up and down the world, for twenty years by the malignant ocean, which seems always to be setting some new snare for him to prevent him ever returning to the faithful Penelope in his island-home of Ithaca. In the epic of "The Argonauts," which tells how Jason and his companions sailed in search of the wonderful golden fleece, we have the same picture of the sea as a cruel and ravaging monster. Even in the Bible there is very little that is good said of the sea. Of course the Jews were, during the greater

part of their history, practically shut off from the sea, the coast being in the possession of alien races, but what the Jews did know of the sea inspired them mainly with terror. They associated the sea with the Flood, with the escape from Egypt, when it barred the way till God miraculously divided it, with Jonah's shipwreck. One who loved the sea would not have compared the wicked to "the troubled sea, which casts up mire and dirt." In the New Testament we associate the sea chiefly with Paul's shipwreck, and we have a glimpse of the

feeling with which the early Christians regarded it in John's vision of heaven as a place where "there shall be no more sea."

We English people, who boast that we "rule the waves," are probably the greatest sea lovers who have ever lived, and we have reason to be so. Storms may sometimes cast our ships away, yet still it is the sea that brings us wealth from all the world, and it is "the silver streak" that keeps our land secure against every foe. Our English poets and writers, at all events, since Shakespeare, have been the laureates of the sea, because, in Shakespeare's words,

England is
This other Eden—demi-paradise—
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea.

Year by year, as we take our seaside holiday, and lazily watch the ships that sail in endless procession along "the silent highway," we become "Big Englanders," in spite of ourselves. Is it because we are proud that our Empire is one "on which the sun never sets," that, in the words of the song, "We've fought and we've conquered again and again?" I trust not. It is an ignoble pride that swells over the mere possession of territory, and the rule over other races. God, we believe, has made our England great, but for what? Not, surely, to flaunt our banner in the faces of our great Continental rivals, not to colour the map of the world our own hue, but to spread among the peoples that glorious Gospel that, we believe, God has given into our charge in fullest measure, and

in greatest purity. I like to think of our ships carrying, on every outflowing tide, missionaries, Bibles, and lesson books to those in heathen darkness. I like to think of our Empire preparing the way for that kingdom which—

Shall stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

But here comes Delia. "I see, sir," she says, "you are in a brown study. I am just going to pack the box that the books are to go in, so let me have them at once, and then you can come down and cord the box."

Of course, I obey, and descend from high speculation to the prosaic duty of life, but is it really a descent? With Delia and the children in wild excitement looking on, who would not cord a box or do any other thing, and like George Herbert's servant, who swept a room, "make drudgery divine"? How little children twine themselves, like tendrils, round a father's heart, even when the father is a devotee of books! Well Longfellow felt that when he wrote:

Come to me, O ye children,
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your cares-es,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

LIBRARIUS.

Our Lady of Leisure.

WHO IS SHE? WHERE IS SHE? AND WHAT CAN SHE DO?



THE answer to the first question of these three is most easily given by saying who Our Lady of Leisure is not. She is by no means the new woman, not because she is unlike the best type that goes by that new name, indeed she is often inclusive in it, but because she is not at all new, but, instead, of the most ancient lineage. Depend upon it, on that very day on the shore of Coreyra long, long ago, when Nausicaa, kneeling at nature's wash-tub on behalf of her family, saw the hero Ulysses coming along, there was somewhere

encourtained in a tent not far away one of the ancestresses of Our Lady of Leisure. Depend upon it too, that lady in the tent had not always been simply a lotus-eater. No; she in her time had also played the handmaid's part by the crested wave, as also within her primitive home. But all this was when the world was young, when every Adam delved, and each Eve span, and no one as yet had seen the fine gentleman nor his feminine counterpart.

But the young world went round and round, and as it twirled in space year in and year out, many wonderful changes were wrought. Farther and farther man developed from his early ancestors, and the always improving cunning of his right

hand (or shall we say, with a great naturalist, of his right thumb?) gave him increasing mastery over natural forces, and with that mastery the possibility of leisure came, for some one, at least, and that one, first of all, was the lady of the great war-leader. In course of time her daughters shared the privilege too, and still later, all the ladies of all the war-lords. May we not think that this quieter life of theirs was the earliest germ of our present civilisation?

Everywhere this opportunity for leisure spread, and when long ages after, in Europe, feudalism became the law of the nations, and Christianity the ideal law of life, then also came certain natural modifications of leisured life which have left their impress on society to the present time. Let us look at our own country for an illustration of what we mean. At any moment, in the middle ages, the over-lord could summon his vassals to follow him to battle; what then in such rough times was it best for many ill-protected ladies to do? Nothing was safer or better for them than the refuge of the convent. There, refinement and religion, or should we not rather say religion and refinement, for the one was the parent of the other, went hand in hand. Works of charity, gentle study, meditation and prayer filled up the time till the war-lords returned and the ladies were claimed again to scatter around them, as *châtelaines*, the improved influence born of their monastic seclusion. But what of those who were never required more for home life, those to whom the battlefield meant both defeat and a huge burial mound, where young life and young hope lay hid together? For these no other spot but the same convent could offer solace, no other aim remained but to spend the still hours of disappointed life in ministering to the needs of other broken lives. And thus the convents were asylums and shelters for the needy, and our ladies of leisure were to be found up and down the land, wherever a convent raised its head, here by a marsh, or there by a primeval forest. No modern rush disturbed their peace, the railway whistle which centuries later should pierce their solitudes was not yet even a dream.

Yes, the religious houses of those twilight times had their uses; they were the flower of their age, and long continued beneficial. But there is an end to all things, as there should be, in order that the beginnings of still better things should be possible. Most institutions, perhaps all, have been right in their inception and in their early life, but the wrong of them comes in when they are allowed to continue with us after all that is good in them has been used up, when they have quite outlived the spirit and the needs of the times that called them into being. What if we should continue to wrap our athletic boys and our graduate girls in the swaddling clothes of their infancy! Charming as the babe looks in these, the growing man requires the outfit meet for the demands of more active, stronger life. And

just so is the infancy of the ages over, the nations are now in their manhood, perhaps early manhood only, the perfection of maturity may still be far off. But is there not a glimmer of its coming shining from The Hague at this present moment—a glimmer bright enough to show us, at least, that the leading strings of the darker ages are no longer needed, indeed, that they now stop the way, impede the pursuit, and must be dropped as the crutch is dropped by the lame man when his undeveloped limb becomes strong and straight?

But of those religious houses of which we have been speaking, the beginning of their end was perhaps discernible to the few, who had eyes to see, when the Crusades began; then men first travelled, and is there any eye-opener like unto travelling? When we *know* each other, mercy and justice have a chance of acting and inter-acting. The Crusades, failure as they were in their prime object, were anything but a failure in their incidental results. They brought into our country the secrets of other lands, the beauties and benefits of other modes of thought, and altogether accelerated the march of our national life beyond the dreams of the most far-seeing of the followers of Peter the Hermit. The Grand Tour of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the globe-traversing of our own day—are they not the lineal descendants of the Wars of the Cross?

In the many changes they brought, the women of the country could not fail to share, and the chate-laine became the Lady Bountiful of the countryside, with her hand-prepared simples and balsams for the hinds of the estate, and many ladies with fewer claims went still further; for be not surprised, dear reader, to learn that in what we are pleased to call the dark (?) ages, the doctors-in-chief were women.

But peace and war were for ever alternating and staying or spreading progress. The Wars of the Roses came like the blast of death over the land, but, nevertheless, brought life. The nobles left their acres, and the sons of the soil had room to grow, and the impulse then gained went on and on, till we became the free people we now are. And Our Lady of Leisure, through the ups and downs of political life, was also widening her views with the revolving suns, and still better, her number by these changes began to increase. She now took pleasure in the deeper learning, and received her lessons in Greek and Latin from "The Scholmaster," one Roger Ascham, and for diversion read her "Horace" and "Virgil," and if the vicissitudes of high condition claimed her for a victim she knew how to lay her beautiful head on the block and die without a murmur. Or, she was the dutiful daughter accompanying to the scaffold the great statesman who, like the young queen, paid the penalty of greatness according to the grim custom of his time.

Of self-renunciation, of culture, and of heroism, our annals contain many brilliant examples, and the lives of our learned ladies of leisure must have influenced enormously the unleisured and hard lives of the women below them.

But those old times with their wonderful romance, their broad, lurid effects, their deep, dark shadows, went, like the dead, downward with the stream, the stream of time that has taken them to an ocean which we hope will never give up its burden.

And a new England was born, an industrial England; old acres had passed from the sons of the over-lord into the hands of the sons of his one-time serfs,—all old conditions gave place to new. The many were now about to enjoy what had hitherto been only the privilege of the few. And a new Lady of Leisure came along as surely as all the rest. She was herself the sum total of the Labour and Economy which had enabled her father to take the place of the old lords of the soil, and she gave right well of her advantages to all around. She was among the earliest to endow schools for girls to train them in the two principles which were leading the country forward. Alms-houses and hospitals were her especial care. True, convent life had ceased to allure her, but the churches still needed the successors of Martha and Mary, of Phœbe and Dorcas. As such, the Puritans found them true and strong; the early Methodists employed them largely when John Wesley was evangelising the dark Eng and of the eighteenth century, helped in high circles by Selina, Countess of Huntingdon. And those whose bent was for other forms of social work found it in allied paths. As Mrs. Fry, Our Lady of Leisure visited the prisons and rested not till humanity penetrated even there. As Hannah More, she attached herself to a noble sect, and gave her talent to the cause of negro freedom, of improving the manners of the great, of checking the inflow of revolution from the heaving country next us, or, as the quieter years brought the silver hair to crown her brow, she sat down to write at a king's command; those "Strictures on the Education of a Princess," which were to make of the nation's darling, had death spared her, what her successor has been to us.

And then the political economist appeared in Harriet Martineau, to whom the Government of the day appealed for counsel in the surging troubles that preceded the Reform Bill. How much of that Bill, let us ask, do we owe to her clear mind? Perhaps the greatest honour, however, one great enough to satisfy the whole sex were it shared amongst them, was that which fell in the mid-century to Harriet Beecher Stowe, who wrote down in America "that sum of all human villainies," as John Wesley rightly named the slave trade. Her hand may be joined with H. More's—the two women in the two hemispheres who had a passion for freedom for all who breathed in each. At the same time, and

in a similar field, our greatest woman-poet, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, was voicing triumphantly the woes of the almost slave children of manufacturing England, and somewhat later we have the story of "the lady with the lamp," and how, through that lady, the nursing-world has been reconstructed is common knowledge, whilst Florence Nightingale is still amongst us. Curiously does history repeat itself—but always with a new-born modification. In the old days of chivalry the knights toasted their "ladye-loves" in a parting-cup as they made off for the battle fray. When the Russian war was ended, and the surviving heroes among the officers met to celebrate their return, a toast was proposed to the one whose name should commend itself to the majority as *the name of the campaign*. Unanimously was given the name of Florence Nightingale.

But more than a generation has passed since then.

Where now are the descendants of those ladies whom the nation delighteth still to honour? As their prototypes were, they are—everywhere, and as various as all their forerunners joined together. Just as in some parts of the world geological strata crop up and tell the whole story of the earth's pre-Adamite arrangement, so do these tell of all the successive layers of woman-life that have been—the difference is *we* have them all at once, whilst previous ages had them in succession. They are, indeed, "a quotation from all our ancestors." They represent the spirit of all the past, the manifestation only has changed.

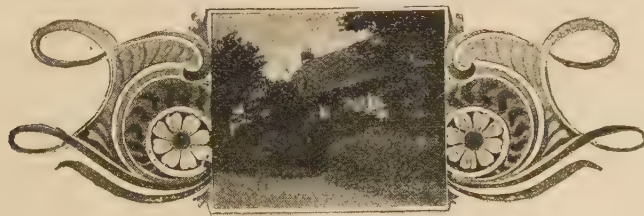
And *what* can they do? To-day every woman of leisure, and we may divide our present large number into three broad classes, may find something to do that needs doing, and something that in her default might go undone. The first class of them, the young who have not yet taken up the responsibilities of home-life, may receive training to fit them for their chosen work, and they will be the more fit for private life if they give two or three years to the public weal, especially to that department of it where children are in need of care. Then that other class of ladies with small independent incomes and free from personal claims, how many avenues are open to them! the demand is always greater than the supply. And that other class, those experienced ladies who, having discharged faithfully the duties of house matron and mother, and having set their fledglings on wing, still find themselves with plenty of activity and ripe judgment in balance—how very useful they can be. Who so fit for guardians of the poor? We know one such, who, on a suburban vestry, has been able to remedy a state of things with respect to girl delinquents few would have believed possible to exist had not the lady in question narrated it herself. Surely this one act were better worth than petting all the macaws that ever screeched "Pretty Poll" since the world began, and better worth than

thousands of yards of unneeded "fancy" work, which frequently gratifies no eye but that of the woman who washes it, if hers be not too tired to take pleasure therein. How one wishes that to such matrons as these the purely domestic side of our social hive were relegated, leaving the spear-side, or the imperial side, or whatever you may choose to call it, to the men. Why should they be burdened with both? No home is a success where a bereaved parent tries to do the part of two; and no community—the larger home—is well served by only half its members. We would give to the spindle-side the management of our streets as the people of Chicago have given theirs. One year after Mrs. Paul's appointment there the improvement was so great, the litter and the unsanitariness so literally swept away, that great New York looked on and said, "We too must have a woman." Whilst our ladies of affluence and influence lead the way in attacking the drink fiend and its corollaries, there are quieter spheres well adapted to the quietest leisured woman that lives. With Miss Rye, or with Lady Aberdeen, some of them can do what so far has not been sufficiently done—they can transfer a part of the too great female population from our shores, where it blocks the way, (for, as Lord Lorne, in reference, naively says, it is quite possible to have too much of a good thing), and place it where corresponding wrongs exist, because there is too little of it. Wherever a young girl is unsafe a woman is needed, and if the way to work is not quite clear, there are plenty of agencies to make it so—Mrs. Booth's, for instance, to name the first that comes to mind. "Too old at forty," is a cry that would be less frequently heard if young women, who would do well in our colonies, were not, as cheaper workers, ousting our men at home.

Nevertheless, the singing of birds is plainly at hand, but in matters social the singing would come all the earlier if every woman whose time is her own were to feel that at least a certain number of its years were *largesse* due to her generation. In the first place, to be thoroughly useful, her own mind should

be thoroughly cultivated. Thanks to such pioneers as Miss Clough and Mrs. Sidgwick and Mrs. Fawcett and many another, the places are well known where the daughters of the well-to-do can improve their natural tastes, as in the last generation only the sons could do. Having found out what they can do best, the work suitable will certainly present itself, and we think that just as men look to politics, or to the professions, or to business for the outlet of their energies and the sharpening of their faculties, so should unencumbered women look to things social. It were well, and of this the older women among our public workers are wisely giving a hint to their juniors just now, to keep up a well marked differentiation of work as between masculine and feminine. Not collision, but distinction in effort will be most successful. There are large areas of need, the fringes of which have not as yet been so much as touched. Besides the incomplete management of our streets, with their weekly, or, at best, bi-weekly sweepings—(just think what a kitchen or nursery would be like with such slight attention, and that is what our streets are like)—where have we any homes for the friendless aged, rich or poor; for young lads and girls alone in great cities, to which they could go of right; any receptacles for the inhabitants of infected homes, too poor to make a removal unhelped, or for little children suddenly bereaved of an only parent, and for many another needy section too numerous to name here? Were the full number of women in England who have the power to help, to set to work on these, or any of these, the volume of sadness and sorrow that night and day is always with us would soon roll away, or take the smallest proportions. The removable would disappear, and the remainder would be assuaged. And how may we know, asks a timid one, if we have a call to such work? This way. Wherever a cry of pain is heard, wherever a weak brother or sister is in danger, wherever some fellow-creature needs what another can give, there may be read her letters patent for social work by every lady of leisure in the land.

J. M. DAVIES.





A GROUP OF LUSHAIS, SHOWING WOMEN'S PIPES AND EAR-ORNAMENTS.

Pioneering in Assam.

RECENT PIONEER EVANGELISTIC AND LINGUISTIC WORK AMONG INDIAN HILL TRIBES.



AMONG the missionary workers of various nationalities, and the heroes of strange experiences who have been trained in medicine and surgery at Livingstone College, London, E., it is tolerably certain that never before in the history of this famous institution has it counted two such students among its numbers, as the subjects of our sketch.

Messrs. J. Herbert Lorrain and Fred. W. Savidge, B.A., Ph.D., having already spent four years in an unsurveyed and comparatively unknown district of N.E. India, have returned to the homeland for a brief furlough. These intrepid pioneers have experienced the immense value of medicine in winning the confidence and love of savage hill tribes, and they are now spending their furlough by bravely working hard at medical and surgical problems in order to still further fit themselves to use this important aid to missionary work.

An enumeration of some of the points of resemblance between their pioneer work and that of our missionaries in the trans-Zambesi mission field, may stimulate interest in the splendid work which has

been accomplished by these daring, faithful ambassadors of the Cross.

The two fields—Lushai-land and Mashukulumbwe-land—are under British control.

The two tribes—Lushais and Mashukulumbwes—were previously unevangelised.

When these gentlemen went to their new sphere they found that the language was not reduced to writing—so with Seshukulumbwe.

They were considerably hindered at first in their efforts to enter the country, so were our brave pioneers to South Central Africa.

Mr. J. H. Lorrain went to India when scarcely twenty-one years of age. He has a remarkable faculty for the facile acquirement of Eastern languages, and being still under thirty, there is in him the rare combination of the enthusiasm of youth with a great deal of experience. Mr. F. W. Savidge has special qualifications for his work. Having had a thorough classical education, he acted as a private tutor for several years in this country, and has acquired thoroughly scientific methods of teaching and of learning the intricacies of the highways and by-ways of knowledge.

Our great Indian dependency is a continent of villages. It is estimated that there are 700,000 villages, and their awful need is but partially conveyed when we say that the whole Protestant force

in the Empire represents *only one worker to four hundred villages!*

To put it in another way: It is estimated that the population of India is fully 300,000,000 of souls; and of this vast number there are only 2,000,000 of professed Christians. Especially when we remember that in India one generation follows another at nearly twice the speed as in this country, do we see how imperative is the call for more labourers into this white harvest field.

Therefore we welcome news of missionaries who have attempted to cope with the difficulties of this field, especially when those workers have surmounted the enormous difficulties of reducing a hitherto unwritten language to writing, and have given to the people parts of the Bible in their native tongue, and so have helped to bridge the still yawning gulf between God's revelation and heathendom.

At the beginning of 1891. Mr. Lorrain commenced to learn Bengali at Brahmanbaria, a New Zealand mission in eastern Bengal, with a view to future work among the hill tribes of N.E. India. (Please consult map.) After having been out for a year he was joined by Mr. Savidge, and together they went to Chittagong with the fixed idea of reaching some of the hill tribes. After inquiries they received permission to go to Kassalong, near the Lushai frontier, and there they learned that fighting was taking place in Lushailand. A regiment had been sent by the British to punish the Lushais for their head-hunting expeditions into the plains. They discovered that the Lushais had frequently gone down to the plains with the scarcely benevolent intention of cutting off the heads of the coolies who were working on the tea gardens, and of carrying away Europeans or natives into captivity. Therefore these two peaceful Britishers were not allowed to go into the country because of the danger which the Government officials feared they would incur. In Kassalong they settled down—by the kind permission of the Deputy Commissioner—in one of the Government "rest-houses"—which are provided so that travelling Europeans may stay for a little time. While in this temporary home, which was but a solitary hut in the forest, an epidemic of small-pox broke out among the nearest natives, which so scared the healthy natives that they fled into the adjacent forests, leaving their dead and dying in their huts. Our friends had a Mahomedan servant who knew that they were fresh to the ways of the country and its inhabitants, so he begged piteously that he might be allowed to go to the coast to see "his wife" who was "very ill."

At that time they did not know that "the wives, mothers and other relations have a habit—according to the false pretence of the wily native—of dying periodically." They allowed him to go, and during his absence these two alone did all their own



MR. J. H. LORRAIN.

domestic work, including cooking and washing, except when they both together had jungle fever, which caused them at times to be delirious. Occasionally one of the sick men would be a little better than the other, and would painfully creep out of bed, make up some Liebig's Beef Extract, and give to his fellow-sufferer. As the condition of each varied, one waited upon the other. As soon as they recovered, their servant came back, and invented a yarn concerning his doings.

As at Kassalong the climate in the rainy season was very bad, they were advised to return to Chittagong on the coast, where Savidge became ill again. This compelled them to cross the north-eastern portion of the Bay of Bengal to Calcutta, where he spent some time in the General Hospital.

As soon as he was sufficiently recovered to travel they returned to Brahmanbaria. As matters were still unsettled in Lushailand, they endeavoured to reach another hill tribe—the Tipperahs, so among the Tipperah hills they went to interview the Rajah, who, unfortunately, had been converted to Hinduism, and would not allow them to enter. His reason was that he feared that they were "land-grabbers."

On their return to Calcutta, Savidge was again so seriously ill that the hospital doctors advised his immediate return to Europe, but he remained and recovered. After a short stay at a mountainous health resort—Darjeeling, in the Himalayas—they went back to Bengal, and decided to try once more to enter Lushailand—this time from the north instead of the south, as previously. They went up to Cachar, a tea district in Assam, and obtained permission to enter *in a year's time!* Nothing daunted by this postponement of their plans, they

spent the year in further work at the Lushai language as far as possible. With this purpose in view they talked with officers and traders who had been in contact with the natives, and thus mastered words and sentences of the strange tongue. During this time they worked as missionaries among the natives, and, hailing the close of the year's delay, they started for their new home on Boxing Day, 1893. They had an interesting journey by boats on a small river which runs from the heart of the Lushai hills. For seven days they were in the plains, and passed through well-cultivated tea districts, then they plunged into the mountainous districts, where the tropical vegetation of the banks hedged in the narrow rushing river, and the boats had to be dragged up innumerable cataracts. Their various hair-breadth escapes, and the serious accidents which happened to other travellers in



MR F. W. SAVIDGE, B.A., PH.D.

this little changing river, which was shallow and slow, or deep and rapid in turns, claimed their constant attention, but they did not fail to note the varied scenery of the river-sides. Here, they were hemmed in by deep cliffs and narrow gorges; there, were banks covered with wild luxuriant vegetation and tall bamboos. Troops of monkeys disported among the leafy branches, or played on the sand-banks, and occasionally tigers crashed through the brittle reeds; wild boars swam across the nose of the boats, while beautiful birds, wild fowl, and millions of mosquitoes made the journey sufficiently interesting, and at the same time reminded them that they were leaving the borders of civilisation. As one evening they were making a fire on the bank with dried bamboos, some snakes, which had been

hibernating in the snug cylinders, dropped out, and as the bamboos crackled and the lurid glare lit up the darkening gorge, a wild chase ensued. Our travellers were reminded of the incident recorded in the Acts of another missionary—the heroic Paul.

Day by day they travelled through the uninhabited northern parts with the mountains covered with dense forest towering three or four thousand feet above them, resting only on Sundays, until they arrived at a little settlement of Bengali traders at Sairang.

With much difficulty they carried their goods up the mountainous roads for some thirteen miles—to an elevation of 4,000 feet above the sea—to a place called Fort Aijal, which was occupied by five British officers and two regiments of Goorkhas and Bengal infantry, of which the latter regiment went down when the country was quieter. They set to work to build their house—as depicted in our photograph—for which they paid for labour in salt, as the supply of this commodity had been stopped because of the rebellion. Now that our men are at last fairly settled in their new home, let us look round and describe the country.

Lushailand is about the size of Wales, and has a population of 75,000 people. It is situated away in the N.E. corner of India, south of Manipur, between Upper Burmah and Bengal. With the exception of one or two tiny plains on the frontier of Burmah, its surface has the appearance of parallel ranges, running north and south, of ubiquitous steep-sided mountains covered by thick forests with deep narrow valleys between.

Therefore, in journeying from east to west one must constantly ascend and descend, sometimes an ascent of 3,000 feet is necessitated, then a descent into the valley below, then an ascent to the next summit, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

In travelling from north to south one may follow the course of the valley streams, or keep to the narrow native paths on the mountain slopes, along which one finds one's progress intercepted by various obstacles, trunks of trees, etc., over which one must scramble ingloriously. On the tops of the mountains travellers find a cooler state of the atmosphere and better paths. As there are no beasts of burden, all journeys must be undertaken on foot.

When they settled among the Lushais, the head-hunting reminiscences were carefully hidden, and the people were apparently quiet, good-tempered and intelligent. However, it was considered unsafe for them to live at more than one mile from the fort, so they settled between two Lushai villages. They trusted the Lushais implicitly, and speedily won their confidence, by kindness and medicines. The value of medical knowledge in pioneering has so impressed itself upon them that they have taken the training while on furlough, believing that it will open up their way to another unreachd tribe, as,

without a knowledge of the language they may at once begin to help the people.

The Lushais are of Mongolian descent, they are copper-coloured, have flat noses, high cheek bones, and some have almond-shaped eyes. At first it was almost impossible for the new-comers to distinguish a man from a woman, for the outside dress is practically the same, and all wear their hair long, parted in the middle, smeared with pig's fat and fashioned into a "bob" behind with great brass pins. Also the Lushai "lords of creation" have very little hair upon their faces, as the moustache does not begin to grow until they are well over twenty-one, then they pull out all the centre hairs from the upper lip, leaving just a few at the outer ends. Although there are no Lushai "barbers," yet a man with a beard is a curiosity. Their only garment consists of a large native woven sheet thrown over the shoulder, like a Scotch plaid, which reaches down to the ground. All men smoke long pipes made of bamboo, much like "churchwarden pipes."

Later they were able to distinguish women from men *by their pipes*. A woman's pipe is a curious structure, having a bamboo receptacle containing water through which the smoke is drawn. This water is impregnated with nicotine, and is then decanted into a small gourd, which is carried about by the husband in his satchel, and is presented to friends whom he may meet, as a mark of good will. The friend and the husband take a sip, hold it in the mouth for a few minutes, then expectorate it. Very occasionally they would come without their pipes, then they detected the difference by the ear ornaments worn. The man's ear ornament consists of a red cornelian bead suspended from the lobe of the ear by a piece of white string. The woman's ornament generally consists of a *section of an elephant's tusk*. (The writer saw a specimen which is a little larger than a crown piece, and three times as thick.) The method by which the lobe of the ear is prepared for the reception of this huge ornament is highly interesting. A little girl has her ears pierced when quite young, and into the tiny hole a small straw is inserted, later another straw is added, and gradually the hole is enlarged by the addition of fresh straws. By and by she is able to have a disc of clay inserted into the gaping lobe of the ear, which is enlarged by degrees, so that by the time she reaches womanhood she is capable of wearing the heavy ornament described. This custom of the votaries of savage fashions reminds us of the dress of some of the Mashukulumbwes—a quill through the lobe of the ear.

In addition to the long tartan, the Lushai women wear a short kilt of prettily woven cloth. The children, who are *not* hampered by clothes, are very clever at making traps for wild animals, and at shooting with the pellet bow, with which they are experts. They never wash, but they have an annual shower bath in the rainy season, when they disport

in the torrents of rain. The women are very industrious, indeed, they do the lion's share of the work, which consists chiefly in cutting wood for cooking purposes, bringing it from the forests, drawing water from springs in the valleys in bamboo vessels, daily cleaning the rice for meals, cooking and helping their husbands to cultivate their farms. The men build their houses of bamboo, cultivate their farms, and hunt. Men, women and children, all smoke home-grown tobacco incessantly. When an infant is peevish a mother takes her own pipe from her mouth and thrusts it into the infant's mouth to soothe it. Parents are exceedingly kind



FIRST MISSIONARIES' HOUSE IN LUSHAILAND.

to children, and seek at any expense to gratify their whims.

Lushai villages are always situated on the summit, or close to the summit of the mountains, never in the valleys. They always build houses upon the steep mountain slope, and, in order to avoid cutting a level foundation, they build upon piles which are of different length according to the distance from the bamboo floor to the side of the hill. Sometimes the slope is at an angle of 75 degrees, so that if one were to enter the front door from the steep street, walk through the house, and step out of the back door, he would have a considerable fall.

The house is made entirely of bamboo woven into mats, and thatched with cane leaves. The house of the poorer people consists of one room with a little front verandah. Underneath the houses the domestic animals are kept: bison, pigs, fowls, goats, etc. The internal arrangements are

simple. Three stones on the mud hearth support the clay cooking-pot. The furniture comprises a bamboo bin for the year's rice, a couple of bamboo shelves which act as bedsteads, a few clay cooking-pots, and a family wooden plate, from which the household feeds. The chief's larger house is divided into a number of compartments, an inspection of which would probably disclose an old widow in one, some orphans in another, a madman in another, as his house is an asylum for all who are unable to support themselves. They do as much work for the chief as they are able, and in return are fed and protected. The chief is practically the father of the village. Every village has its own chief, whose office is hereditary. He is supported by the members of the community, who give a certain proportion of their crops, and certain portions of every animal taken in the chase. An interesting building in every village is the "Zawlbuk," or bachelors' quarters. When a boy reaches his fourteenth or fifteenth year he no longer sleeps in his father's house, but sleeps with the other youths of the village in this building. It is a very

large place, in the centre is a large mud hearth upon which a blazing fire is usually burning every evening. Around this large numbers of young men gather to recount to each other the folk lore of their people, their own deeds of prowess, and incidents of the day's chase. Here the missionaries found splendid opportunities of preaching the Gospel, as the boys and youths listened very attentively for hours after the day's work. Their method of cultivation is exceedingly interesting. The male population of a village, *en masse*, armed with primitive choppers, make large clearings in the forest, fire the fallen timber, then plant their crops in the fertile debris. This system of cultivation necessitates the removal of the farms to another site at the end of every three years. This causes the Lushais to be nomadic, as both villages and plantations are often removed. This has influenced the language, so that one dialect is spoken all over the country, whereas in other tribes of settled habits almost every village has its own dialect.

T. J. RAYBOULD.

(To be continued.)

The Jubilee Thanksgiving Fund.

AN EXPOSITION AND A REVIEW.



THE Missionary Jubilee Thanksgiving Fund can hardly fail to form a landmark in the religious and financial history of the Primitive Methodist Church. It is the most successful movement on financial and Connexional lines that we, as a Church, have ever had. It has already had some most important results in many ways, and it promises others equally important when brought to an issue completely successful. It has demonstrated conclusively that, as a community, we can do something on a large scale for objects of common interest, but outside our local and personal concerns. It has shown that we can attempt great things for God and largely achieve them. The amount already realised is not only a magnificent result in itself, but is much more, in the splendid example which it affords, and the inspiration which it supplies, to larger and even more successful efforts on similar lines which will without doubt come hereafter.

THE WORK PROPOSED TO BE DONE.

We had hoped that before this date our work would have been finished; and we were quite prepared to sing a glad doxology over a completed task

in the actual raising of £50,000, the sum we set out to reach. But human calculations sometimes miscarry, more or less, and where even a notable success is achieved it may fall short of complete success. And in movements of this kind, it is impossible to foretell with mathematical accuracy, what can be accomplished. The best we can do is to fix our minds on some object that is worthy, and aim to achieve it; to fix a sum sufficiently high as to merit the general support, and sustain the reputation of the Connexion. We did this. We fixed £50,000 as the object to be reached. It was sufficiently large to tax the faith, and even call forth the ridicule, of not a few. Many then thought it utopian, and dubbed its advocates visionaries. It was ten times larger than the most successful Connexional effort on financial lines that had preceded it—ten times bigger than anything we had ever before accomplished. But what has been done proves the wisdom and practicability of what it was proposed to do. In many parts of the Connexion we have had magnificent support, and if all would have done, who could, as many have done, we should have left the mark we aimed at leagues behind, and have had not only the £50,000 in hand, but a handsome balance to the good. The movement has absolutely demonstrated that "the

Connexion possesses immense resources for public objects, and that it is prepared to use and consecrate them to those objects which commend themselves to its judgment and sympathy, and which have the support and advocacy of its preachers and leaders.

THE ORIGIN OF THE MOVEMENT.

The origin of this movement is so generally known, that that point needs no extended reference. It is a fund to commemorate the Jubilee of our Missionary Society. We claim to be the offspring of missionary zeal and effort. Revivalism made our Church; and the early years of our history witnessed a succession of great religious revivals, of signal missionary triumphs. Every circuit was then a missionary society of energy and effectiveness. And in this way singularly successful missionary work was done. Circuits multiplied and divided, and then multiplied and divided again. From 1810, when the Connexion was founded, to 1843, the community had reached the gratifying total of about 80,000 members. It was then felt that the missionary work of the Connexion should be organised, its administration consolidated, and its maintenance made a common concern; and in that year the Missionary Society for the entire Connexion was formed. Fifty years—years of splendid work in many lands, followed. We maintained in vigour our Canadian Missions till they got strong enough almost for independence, and eventually they helped to form the Methodist Church of Canada—one of the healthiest and most progressive branches of the great Methodist family throughout the world to-day. We maintained numerous missions in Australia, till they, too, are strong enough to join hands with the other sections of Methodism to form the United Church of the Methodism at the Antipodes. We opened missions in South Africa that have had exceptional success, under the able ministry that we have supplied to them—John Smith, John Watson, G. E. Butt—and now Aliwal North is one of the largest and most prosperous circuits of the Connexion. We opened missions in West Africa—with which the names of Burnett, Maylott, Welford, Luddington, Blackburn and many others are connected—that have wielded an immense influence for good on that coast. And now we have gone into the centre of the dark Continent with a pioneer missionary party—under the leadership of the heroic Buckenham, whom God has called home, and the not less heroic Baldwin, who is still with us, and who, we hope, has yet many years of successful missionary work before him. That is an inspiring record of missionary toil and success, and well worthy of a Jubilee Missionary Fund. So we thought; so we proposed; and so we have carried out.

THE EARLIER PROPOSAL OF A CHAPLAIN LOAN FUND.

Prior to the Jubilee year, 1893, a young minister, perhaps of greater zeal than discretion, proposed in the Bradford Conference (1889) the raising of a Great Chapel Loan Fund to assist in the more speedy liquidation of the debts on our chapels and schools. He named the sum of £50,000. To many it seemed absurdly large—not too large, or large enough for the urgent needs of the Connexion, but much too large in the judgment of many for the resources of the Connexion to supply. "Heads of houses" looked somewhat askance at the proposal as the vision of a young enthusiast. Well! young men see visions, and old men dream dreams. The project, however, was launched, and under a most encouraging promise by Mr. W. P. Hartley to give five per cent. on all the Connexion would raise towards that object up to £50,000, several thousand pounds were obtained.

THE PROPOSED EXTENSION OF THE COLLEGE.

Then in 1892 it was found necessary to enlarge the College for the training of young men for our ministry, at Manchester, and about three thousand pounds were promised for that object. So that when the Conference of that year met, and unanimously approved the raising of a fund of £5,000 to celebrate the Jubilee of our Missionary Society, there were three schemes before the community, each important, each appealing for support to the same constituency at the same time, and each having its special supporters and advocates. A little reflection showed the extreme unwisdom of permitting these competitive, if not conflicting, schemes to proceed on these independent lines; and after friendly conference on the subject, it was determined to unify the proposals and combine them into one appeal with such division of the proceeds as might be determined on. The sum of £50,000 was named as the amount to be aimed at, and the Rev. James Travis (President of Conference), with W. P. Hartley, Esq., and Rev. T. Mitchell, were appointed a Deputation to visit the Districts and Circuits of the Connexion in support of it.

THE OBJECTS TO BE ASSISTED.

The objects to be assisted, it was decided, should be fourfold, and the amount raised was to be given in equal proportions to these objects. (1.) The Missionary Fund, partly foreign, in the opening of new stations in Africa, and partly home, in the extension of our work in large towns and rural districts. (2.) The Chapel Loan Fund, which was now to be absorbed in the larger movement, and the amounts promised and paid to this object were to be credited to the donors in any help they might give to the united scheme. (3.) The

extension of the College, which it was thought might cost £5,000 or £6,000, and such a balance it was hoped might be obtained after meeting this cost as could be invested to secure a permanent source of income to the institution. To the new scheme, Mr. W. P. Hartley promised the princely donation of £5,000; and by arrangements made later, at the Edinburgh Conference, he generously undertook to defray the entire cost of the College enlargement, carrying out the plan on a much more imposing and costly scale, and involving an additional liability to himself, beyond his gift to the Jubilee Fund, of about £7,000. (4.) The Superannuated Preachers, Widows and Orphans' Fund, which unfortunately had incurred a considerable debt of about £3,000. These were all objects of great interest and importance to Connexional life and progress; and whilst individual preference for one or other found expression occasionally in different parts of the land, there was general and very commendable unanimity in according support to the scheme as a whole.

THE COMMENCEMENT MADE.

Having decided on the plan and objects of the Fund, it was felt it would be wise to begin at once with the members of the Conference then assembled. The amounts already promised, or in hand towards the Chapel Loan Fund and College enlargement projects, formed a valuable nucleus around which others could gather. The very inspiring offer of £5,000 from Mr. W. P. Hartley, the Treasurer of the General Missionary Fund, gave the movement an immense impetus. A direct appeal made to the members of the Conference and the hearers present, and by letter and telegram to friends in all parts of the land, brought an immediate and most generous response; so that before the Conference closed, about one-third of the entire amount, or something over £16,000 had been promised.

THE DEPUTATION WORK.

The splendid outburst of generosity at the Norwich Conference certainly marked an epoch in our history. It came as a great revelation to ourselves and to other Churches. With such an excellent commencement the Deputation started on their "financial pilgrimage," or as some have called it, their "revival mission;" and they visited during the course of the year, most of the principal centres of the Connexion. Happily the response was usually prompt and generous, and in all, over £46,000 was promised. The measure of support accorded to the movement varied considerably, as perhaps might have been expected. In some districts there was much better organisation, much more enthusiasm and much readier and larger response than in others; but all the districts did

something, and in some of the poorer agricultural circuits the contributions were most cheerfully and generously given.

THE FIVE YEARS' INSTALMENT PLAN.

It was arranged that any amount promised might be paid in annual instalments covering five years. This arrangement has undoubtedly its advantages, as it enables donors to give more largely than might be possible if the amount were wanted all at once. But its disadvantages are not small. The term is too long. Many things may happen in five years—deaths, reverses, alienations, etc., and these all affect the final result. Most careful and vigilant local organisation is necessary, and conscientiousness on the part of those who promise. And however enthusiastically the movement may be supported in its initial stages, it is not easy to retain all this warmth to the end. Still, with all its disadvantages, this method has secured considerable success, as the cash actually received proves.

THE ECONOMY OF ADMINISTRATION.

It should be said also, that the Fund has been managed on most economical lines. It is usually understood that Primitive Methodism can secure as much work for as small an expenditure as any Church in existence; and certainly the history of this movement will do much to confirm that opinion. As the cash has been paid in year by year, it has been carefully invested with the Chapel Aid Association, and the accruing interest used to meet working expenses; and as a result of this arrangement it was reported to the last Conference that not only had the interest alone met all expenses, but that there was the splendid balance of £1,200 available from that source alone for the general fund. We imagine that this is an experience altogether *unique* in any effort of this kind; and it should inspire every contributor with the fullest confidence in the executive of this great movement. The effect of it is that every donation ever given to the Fund—the small gift of the poorest widow amongst us—is available without any deduction whatever, at the close of the work for the purpose for which it was given.

CAN THE FUND BE COMPLETED?

A question that is agitating not a few of the best friends of the Connexion is, "Can we complete the work by raising the full amount?" It would be extremely gratifying if this could be done, especially in view of the success of similar projects in other Free Churches. The Methodist New Connexion, though little more than one-sixth our numerical strength, have recently raised a fund of over ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS. The Baptist Church is just inaugurating a Twentieth Century

Fund for projects of extension of TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND GUINEAS. This is *five times* the amount we have asked for, and there is every prospect that it will be raised. The Congregational Union has committed itself to the raising of a Twentieth Century Fund of FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND GUINEAS, for the enlargement of the work in various departments. This is more than *ten times* the sum we have desired, but so far failed, to reach. Whilst our Wesleyan Methodist friends are vigorously at work raising their Twentieth Century Fund of ONE MILLION GUINEAS, or *twenty-one times* as large as our Jubilee Thanksgiving Fund. In view of these magnificent efforts of sister Free Churches, our movement seems comparatively insignificant, and certainly ought to be completed without delay. Either our resources are much smaller than we believe them to be, or we have less loyalty to our own Church than our neighbours have to theirs, or there is less power of initiative and organisation amongst us than amongst them, or we are less large-hearted and liberal. We do not like to admit the validity of any of these inferences, and yet some of them are inevitable if this Fund fails of full success. In any case, our brethren of other Churches are setting us most inspiring examples of noble generosity in contributing to the enlargement of the Lord's Kingdom amongst us; and we must either fall into line, or lag behind, with all the weakness, and possibly discredit, of such a position.

THE FINAL APPEAL AND ANSWER.

At the recent Conference at Grimsby it was reported that the total amount actually raised and paid, inclusive of Mr. Hartley's entire gift to the College Extension Fund, was now £48,000. As this brought us within measurable distance of the amount originally named, it was thought prudent to at once arrange to complete the work by raising the balance of £2,000. As the gift of Mr. Hartley was just twenty-five per cent. of the entire amount raised, he very generously promised to extend that proportion to the full sum named, and give a further sum of £500 if the balance of £1,500 could be at once arranged for. This spirited offer was promptly accepted, and the representatives of the

districts engaged, on behalf of the districts they represented, to raise the amount needed to complete the work. A few private gifts also supplemented these district promises; so that when these sums are paid in, the top-stone of this financial edifice, to the great gratification of all concerned, will have been brought on. When these arrangements were completed the Conference joined heartily in singing the doxology, as an expression of its devout thankfulness to the Giver of all good, for the success with which the work has been crowned.

WHAT WILL BE ITS GENERAL RESULTS?

It is, perhaps, too soon to speak of the effect of this specific work on our Church life and progress in the future, and especially on similar proposals—say the Centenary Fund of the Connexion—which cannot be far ahead. It will form, no doubt, a worthy memorial of half a century of heroic missionary work, at home, in the colonies, and in Africa, that has been done by the ministry and laity of our Church. It will, it is hoped, foster the spirit of Connexional loyalty, making us feel that we are “members one of another,” and that the larger enterprises of the Church as a whole are but the outcome of the individual piety, devotion and generosity of the members that form it. It will enlarge our resources for several departments of our work, notably the speedier reduction of our trust debts, the training of men for the ministry, and for the founding of new interests, and the building of new chapels in the growing suburbs of our large towns. And it will surely prepare the way for a Great Centenary Fund to celebrate the hundred years of the Connexion's history—probably the most remarkable hundred years, commercially, politically, or religiously, in the Christian era—which shall be a memorial worthy in every way, in magnitude, in enthusiasm, and in success of one of the most remarkable evangelistic movements of the last nineteen centuries. We may surely anticipate that the success of our present work will supply the seeds from which shall come a much larger and more abundant harvest of blessing and of power for the generations that may follow us.

T. MITCHELL.



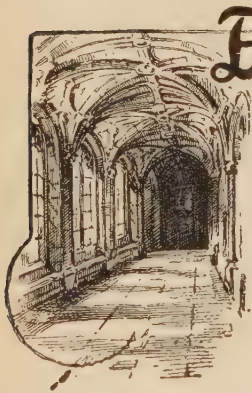


Light of Other Days.

HOW A "COMPOUND OF MISERY AND MISCHIEF" BECAME A CLERGYMAN.

BY REV. J. VAUGHAN,

AUTHOR OF "LIFE STORIES OF REMARKABLE PREACHERS," ETC.



AT the house of Mr. George Catlett, not far from Chatham, in 1725, a pious woman, the wife of a seafaring man by the name of Newton, gave birth to a son who was her only child. And like Hannah, she gave him to the Lord as soon as he was born, intending him for the Christian ministry. She called his name

John, and watching over him with all the assiduity of a Christian mother, she stored his mind with useful knowledge, and instilled into his mind the principles of the Christian religion.

The child became a quick learner. Before he had completed his fourth year he understood English, and could read correctly in any commonplace book; and in his sixth year he began to learn Latin. But before he was seven his mother died, and being left to his own will, he began to mingle with children who were careless and profane, and very soon he copied their example, and became headstrong and wayward. Soon after his father's second marriage, which took place before the boy was eight years old, he was sent to a boarding-school in Essex, and as a Latin scholar he soon took the highest place in his class. And before he was eleven he was taken by his father to sea.

His father, who was a high-spirited man, had

been educated in Spain, and was much given to Spanish airs and Spanish manners. And such was his conduct and bearing towards his son as to overawe him and fill him with dread. In fact, his father's conduct soured him, and he became very wicked. When from under his parent's eye he frequently gave way to fits of passion, and indulged freely in cursing and swearing. At this time he was exceedingly unhappy.

But the prayers of the poor boy's departed mother seem to have been heard, and God seems to have watched over him with a special care. When on shore one day, after having taken several voyages, he had a narrow escape of being killed by falling from a horse. On another occasion he agreed with a companion to seek employment on board a man-of-war. His companion succeeded, but he failed. The vessel was upset and his companion drowned. These and other Providential interferences seem to have troubled his conscience, and for two years he tried to mend his ways. But unfortunately, about this time the second volume of Shaftesbury's "Characteristics" fell into his hands; this, with the company of a vile young seaman whose acquaintance he had made, nearly ruined him.

In 1742, a Liverpool merchant arranged with young Newton's father to send the youth, then about sixteen years of age, to Jamaica. With this arrangement the lad was highly pleased. But as there were a few days intervening between the ratifying of this agreement and the time of sailing, the father sent his son into Kent on business, giving him strict orders to be in Liverpool ready to join his ship on the fourth day. On reaching Kent the youth made for the house in which he had lived

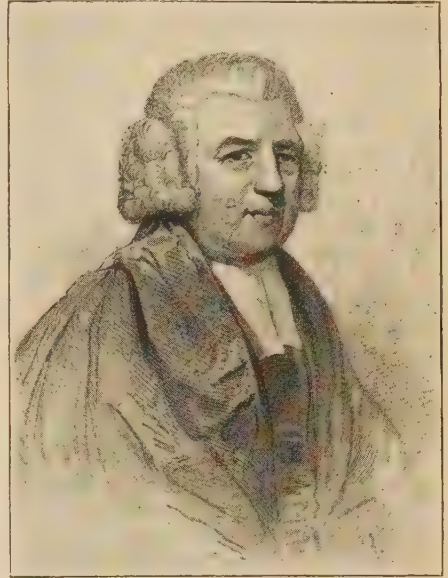
when a child, and in which his mother died. Now the occupant of this house, Mr. Catlett, the host and friend of the lad's departed mother, had two charming daughters, with the elder of whom, a girl of sixteen, the young sailor became so enamoured that, instead of reaching Liverpool in three days as he intended, he did not get there for three weeks; and when he got there the vessel had gone. And such was the impression this Kentish girl had made upon the lad's mind that she was never out of his thoughts many hours together for seven years. In fact he seems to have lived for her, and her alone. With the youth's conduct both the merchant and the father were much displeased. Soon after this, young Newton took a voyage to Venice. In this city he was troubled with dreadful dreams, which brought back to his mind the serious impressions which he received when a child under the tuition of his mother. But the impressions were of short duration.

In December, 1743, he returned to England, and as soon as possible he paid a second visit to Kent, where he foolishly prolonged his stay three weeks instead of three days, as before. With this conduct his father was exceedingly angry, having again had his designs thwarted.

In the course of a few days this young scapegrace entered the navy, and soon found himself on board the *Harwich*, a war-vessel at the Nore, and, through the influence of his father, he was at once made a midshipman. Unfortunately, the morals of the sailors with whom he associated were exceedingly low, and having no one to guide him, he soon fell into their dissolute habits, became inattentive to his duties, and incurred the displeasure of the captain. In the December following, the *Harwich* was in the Downs, bound for the East Indies. The captain, being somewhat reconciled, gave him liberty to go ashore for one day, but instead of returning to his ship at the close of the day, he hired a horse and foolishly rode at break-neck speed to the residence of his Kentish girl, and with her he stayed until New Year's Day. By this rash act he lost the little respect the captain had for him, and could never recover it.

At the appointed time his vessel formed part of a large fleet which sailed from Spithead. On the coast of Cornwall the *Harwich* and some other vessels encountered a severe storm, and had to put back to Plymouth. While at Plymouth he was one day ordered to take a boat and see that none of the people deserted. But instead of faithfully attending to his duty, he betrayed his trust, and was the first to desert the ship. This he did with a view of meeting with his father who was at Torbay, hoping thereby to obtain a berth on some vessel belonging to the African Company, with which his father was connected. On his way to Dartmouth, however, after walking all one day and part of the next, to his great consternation, he was met by a

small party of soldiers who eyed him with the greatest suspicion; and as they could not be deceived and would not be bribed, they brought him back to Plymouth and marched him through the streets, guarded like a felon. If ever a man's heart was filled with indignation, shame and fear, it was the heart of Midshipman Newton on that occasion. They kept him in the guard-house for two days, and then sent him to his ship. By order of the captain he was kept in irons for a time, and then stripped and publicly whipped and degraded from his office. At the same time the men received strict orders to show him no favour, and not even to



REV. JOHN NEWTON.

speak to him. How true it is that "the way of transgressors is hard!"

The voyage was for five years, and instead of being humble, penitent and dutiful, with a determination to retrieve, as far as possible, the respect of officers and men, he was not only sullen, passionate and revengeful, but he actually formed designs against the captain's life! And when his designs were frustrated he contemplated taking his own life by jumping into the sea.

But now an unexpected change came over the scene. This degraded midshipman had a longing desire to go to Africa instead of India; and when his ship reached Madeira, to his surprise, the commander of a Guinea vessel sent two seamen to the *Harwich* requesting the captain to give him two in exchange. No sooner did young Newton hear of this than he begged, in an almost breathless manner, to be allowed to be one of the two to be given in

exchange. The captain granted his request, and in a few minutes he found himself on board a vessel bound for Sierra Leone.

On board this ship he met with a man who owned a fourth part of the vessel, and who had made a large sum of money in the slave trade; and so inflamed was the young sailor with this trader's description of slavery as a money-making system, that he obtained his discharge for the purpose of entering this man's service. No terms were entered into; Newton trusted to the man's generosity, expecting to be justly treated, and hoping to make a fortune in course of time by dealing in slaves. But at this time none could be poorer than he, for having received no pay for his services on board this trading vessel, he presently landed on the island of Bananas quite penniless. In fact, he possessed nothing more than the garments he wore. For about a year he served his new master, the slave dealer, upon this and the adjacent islands; and but for the dislike manifested towards him by the big black woman with whom the man lived as his wife, Newton would have been quite comfortable. But for no reason whatever, this woman seems to have been prejudiced against him from the first, and always treated him unkindly. When he was ill with a burning fever, in the absence of her husband, she made him sleep on a hard board with a mat for a covering and a log for a pillow. And when he began to recover and needed food, she nearly starved him, though she lived in plenty herself. And when the poor fellow was strong enough, he was glad to crawl to the plantation and eat raw roots. On his master's return, he complained to him of this woman's conduct, but so far from believing his statement, which the woman contradicted, the man himself became nearly as cruel as his wife. The poor friendless lad was often kept whole days without food, and as for clothes, he had a shirt and a pair of trousers, but nothing more. A cotton handkerchief sometimes served him for a cap, and a small piece of cotton cloth for a coat. At this time he usually washed his shirt on the rocks in the dead of the night, and put it on wet that it might dry while he slept. His sufferings, in fact, at this period were almost unbearable. Occasionally he wrote to his father, and sometimes he snatched a few minutes to look into Barrow's "Euclid," the only book he possessed. And now another turn in his remarkable history took place. He left the service of this cruel couple as soon as possible, and entered the service of another trader, by whom he was better treated. He had been in this man's employment about three months when the captain of a trading vessel from England inquired for him, having received strict orders from his father to bring him home. In February, 1747, young Newton boarded this man's vessel. But as the captain was in search of gold, ivory, dyer's wood, and bees-wax, it took him nearly a year to

collect a cargo, and in so doing he coasted away nearly 1,000 miles farther from England. After having several hair-breadth escapes of being drowned at sea, or eaten by wild beasts when on shore, our young friend set sail for home, a distance of 7,000 miles, in January, 1748. The vessel, however, having long been exposed to sun and wind in a hot climate, was very unfit for service. All went well for a time, and as Newton overhauled a few books that were on board, he found a copy of Stanhope's "Thomas a Kempis," which he carelessly took up and read. He was exceedingly wicked at this time, and he boasted in his wickedness; but the reading of this book made an impression that he could not shake off. Shortly after this they were overtaken by a severe storm in which they all nearly lost their lives. And so disastrous was the voyage home, that the captain lost his temper, and knowing the character of young Newton, he declared several times that there was no chance of saving the ship till he was thrown overboard. All this time, unknown to the captain, Newton was coming to his senses, and had already begun to pray. On the 8th of April, in a fearfully shattered state, they managed to reach Lough Swilly in Ireland, where they anchored. By this time this ungodly young seaman had become a true penitent, and was anxious to obtain pardon. His father had now set sail for Hudson's Bay, where he was accidentally drowned, so John saw him no more.

From Lough Swilly Newton went to Londonderry to recruit his health, and here he attended prayers at church, decided to be a Christian, and received the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. At Liverpool in May, 1748, the gentleman whose ship had brought him home, offered him the command of a vessel, which he respectfully declined. But after obtaining a promise from the Kentish girl to be his wife on his return home, he engaged himself as the mate of a vessel and sailed to Guinea.

In January, 1750, he was again in Liverpool, and as soon as convenient he again made for the residence of the Kentish girl, Miss Mary Catlett, and on the 1st of February he had the happiness of making this excellent young lady his wife. He shortly after took the command of a vessel from Liverpool to Africa, with a crew of thirty. He set his men a good example in all things, established public worship on board, and himself officiated twice every Sunday by reading the Liturgy. The Bible now became his companion, and much of his leisure time was spent in the study of Latin, Mathematics, etc. He soon became acquainted with the best classics, and among the religious works he read were Scougal's "Life of God in the Soul," Hervey's "Meditations Among the Tombs," and the "Life of Colonel Gardiner," all of which were very helpful to him.

His first voyage as commander was completed in fourteen months; he was then put in command of a new vessel and sent to Africa again. All his leisure time was spent in reading and study as before.

In August 1753, he again arrived in Liverpool, and after a rest of six weeks, was sent a third time to Africa. During this voyage illness tried his faith and drew him nearer to God. He was now much given to meditation, and he spent whole hours in prayer.

In August, 1754, he returned to Liverpool, and

thus his seafaring life ended, for this proved to be his last voyage. In all these voyages he had been engaged in the slave trade, and what was most remarkable, he had no scruples of conscience as to its lawfulness, though he often saw something of its cruelty. He was within two days of sailing again on the same business, when illness frustrated his intention. And strange to say, the man who took his place, and several of the crew, died during the voyage, and it was with great difficulty the ship was brought home.

(To be continued.)

Gabriel's "Call."



It was a quiet evening in early Spring, and the fisher-folk from Rocquaine Bay in Guernsey were making their way to Les Adams Methodist Chapel, for there the annual meeting was to be held *en faveur des missions à l'étranger* (for foreign missions). The small, cheerful chapel was well filled, and scattered here and there throughout the congregation

were members of several old country families, adherents of "the cause." The deputation was from France, and he delighted his audience with his vivacity, eloquence and *bonhomie*; he gave vivid accounts of his own hard-working experience in the south of France, and appealed earnestly for interest and help in all foreign mission work.

Now it chanced that a certain young farmer was present—an indiscriminate worshipper at church and chapel; from his mother, long since dead, he inherited a strong leaning towards Methodism, but he was under the spell of a gay "church" girl, to whom he was engaged. His father, a staunch churchman, favoured the match, for Georgette Allaire had *des doubles* (money); and till this evening, Gabriel Breton had never doubted but that his path in life lay through a prosperous region of farming, whereby he was to amass any amount of golden *franc* pieces. But, as he listened to the appeals of the warm-hearted French minister, a something strange and sweet awoke in his heart, a new-born desire to give himself to distinctive work for others; for the poor, simple creatures in foreign lands who sorely needed help for body and soul. He had a knack of nursing, and a care for sick people which was well known throughout the surrounding parishes; and it struck him forcibly this

evening that his skill in sick nursing might be of use in the mission field.

But what a daring suggestion confronted him! Who was he that he should dare to contemplate becoming a minister? He—not even a Methodist—bah! the thing was impossible! And yet, as the meeting increased in fervour, Gabriel's desires turned absolutely towards this work: and with a sudden shock he heard the deputation suggest that Les Adams should send forth one of her sons to the foreign mission field; thus would she feel a specially kindled interest in the extension of this great branch of Methodist effort. With a quickly beating heart Gabriel Breton left the chapel when the meeting was over and walked back to his beautiful old home, not far from the parish church of Saint Sauveur. As he lifted the latch of the door and entered the spacious kitchen where his father sat smoking his pipe, the clock struck nine.

"You are early to-night from the Allaires," said *Mess'* Breton, knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

"I've not been to see Georgette; it's that I've been to the chapel at Les Adams, there was a missionary meeting."

"Ah!" ejaculated *Mess'* Breton, with no great interest, "your poor mother, she liked those meetings; she used to say sometimes, that she'd have no greater joy than to see you grow up to be a missionary in foreign lands."

A keen joy smote Gabriel's heart. Surely this night was an eventful one! What did it all mean? What vision of greatness hovered before him? His brain was in a whirl: he must get away to his own room and think; so, rising suddenly, he wished his father good night and stumbled up the circular stone staircase to his room. There he fought with himself, the self of the morning and of the days of his commonplace life; and he contested every inch of the ground. He had always been a good and sweet-tempered fellow, full of a pride in his family name

that kept him pure and temperate in the midst of loose companions; and he had always been an observer of Sunday worship. But he had never finally and openly declared himself as a follower of Christ. To-night—his heart and soul went out in love and adoration to the Master; his eyes were opened, and once and forever he decided to serve fully where he saw clearly. Then, as he prayed and meditated, he knew that he must take, at once, the initial step towards missionary work; he must speak to the superintendent minister of the circuit on the morrow, as to the possibility of his being admitted to "class." He fell asleep at last, with a peaceful heart and a determined will.

Much as he dreaded the morrow's interview, it passed off with help to himself and his new life, and with entire satisfaction to the superintendent, who read the fine nature of the young man in his modesty and candour. And now Gabriel had to face his sweetheart, and declare to her the new departure his life had taken. It was late evening before he could start for Les Portelets, the home of Georgette at Saint-Pierre-du-bois; and when he opened the door at the farm he found the family at supper. Thus he was compelled to pass a restless half-hour before he could see Georgette alone; but at last he whispered, "I've something to tell you, let's go out of doors."

Georgette nodded and followed him out to the lane before the house; he led the way up a steep incline to a wooden gate overlooking a slope of fields, misty and silvery in the moonlight.

"It's not cold, let's stop here," he said huskily, "it's that I have something important for to tell you, Georgette."

She drew close to him with a contented sigh, for, of course, it was of their prospects he was going to speak. Taking her hand, he said bluntly,

"I have decided to join the Methodists and go to class."

"Well!" she laughed, "that's nothing, so long as you don't ask me to join them too. I like church best—me!"

"It isn't that I've anything against the church; it's that, well, the truth is, Georgette, I've also decided to be a missionary, and there'll be studying to do, and perhaps, later, college—in England."

"Gabriel!" she interrupted, "what rubbish are you talking? A missionary! Are you mad? And what about me? And your father, what does he say, him?"

"He doesn't know yet; I've come to tell you first. But it won't make such a difference to you, *chérie*; there'll only be a little longer to wait before we marry, that's all."

"That's all! that's all! Well, I call you a cool one, Gabriel Breton! You expect me to wait for you, perhaps years and years, and then go out to foreign lands to be eaten by wild beasts, or be killed by savages!"

He smiled at her frowning face, though he was grievously disappointed in her. "Nonsense, Georgette, you will like it, helping the poor heathen people. As you know, I have money of my own, and with yours, too—we'll be very comfortable."

"You take it for granted I'm going, *Mess* Breton!" she said pettishly, turning away from him.

"Georgette!" he cried, "what do you mean? We belong to each other, you and me——"

"We *did*—yes. But I don't like this nonsense of yours; tell me, Gabriel, what put it into your head?"

He was a reserved man, and it cost him not a little to tell her the sacred experience he had lived through during the past few days; but feeling that such an explanation was her due, he dashed forward with his account. She listened with incredulous stare; her beautiful eyes fixed coldly on his glowing face.

"But," she said, when he stopped speaking, "it's all very sudden this, I didn't know you were so religious. *Là!* I'm taken by surprise that you set yourself up above us others!"

He clenched his fist at her inability to grasp his meaning.

"Ah, Georgette, you don't understand! Look! It isn't that I wish to set myself above others, it's that I have decided to be a Christian, and it's that something—I can't tell you what—calls me, calls me to foreign lands; perhaps it is my mother's prayers," he added under his breath.

Suddenly she veered round, and with all the coquetry and bewitchment of which she was past mistress, she tried to cajole him into the abandonment of his plans. But it was useless: the new life was already too deeply rooted to be eradicated, and Georgette at last burst out crying, and declared that he did not love her any more, and that she would never marry him if he gave up farming. In vain he tried to re-assure and soothe her; she was inconsolable; and at last he was forced to leave her in tears at the farm-door. Promising to see her the next evening, he hurried home to break his unwelcome news to his father, for he desired to have the worst over all at once. But he was not prepared for his father's anger and contempt, as he refused to believe in his son's plans. A gulf of separation sprang up between the two; and it was many days before *Mess* Breton became reconciled, after a halting, sullen fashion, to his son's unalterable decision.

Doggedly, and with perfect good temper, Gabriel stuck to his carefully prepared plan of campaign. He studied with one of the ministers of the circuit, in order to prepare for his examinations; he found an excellent helper for his father; he neglected nothing that could add to the old man's comfort; he worked early and late at his theology, and, at last, the day came when he was to leave Guernsey

for the theological training college at Richmond.

And Georgette? She played fast and loose with him; sometimes she was pliable and sweet, and went so far as to lay plans for their future life; at other times she sulked or stormed. But at last, when he left home for England, her pride seemed to melt away, and she was all that the most ardent lover could desire—with one exception—he grieved constantly over her lack of spirituality, hoping against hope, and praying fervently that her conversion to better things was not far off. He wrote to her every week, and worked feverishly, spurred on with the picture of her lovely face before him, and the thought of his longed-for mission to foreign lands. Thus two years passed; two years of hard work, broken only by short holiday home-comings; and still Georgette played fast and loose with him, till, at the beginning of his third year at Richmond, he was stunned by a cruel blow. She wrote him a little heartless note, stating coolly that he would never be her husband, she was tired of waiting, she hated the thought of his dull life, she shivered when she so often dreamt of the horrible mission field; and besides—well—it was best to be honest—she was on the point of marrying a London man, who had a fine shop in Oxford Street; and she was not meant to be religious, her! Not a word of regret, not a word of Gabriel—it was a letter overflowing with herself.

But even in his heart of hearts he never uttered a word against her: whatever she was, he loved her, that was enough. Only there was all the more reason to throw himself into the hardest study. He sat up late and rose early; he worked more doggedly than any other man of his time; and he imagined that he did not feel the strain, till suddenly he was attacked by violent headache, that incapacitated him for work. Then, one memorable morning, *Mess' Breton* received a telegram instead of his usual letter from his son. The old man tore open the red envelope with dread. Gabriel was very ill, brain fever was feared, brought on by overwork and some shock to the nervous system.

Mess' Breton never thought of going to Richmond, he was too conservative for that; but he had telegrams sent him twice a day, and could settle to no work, till after weary days, the crisis was past, and Gabriel was pronounced out of immediate danger. Convalescence was extremely slow; and months dragged by before the invalid was allowed to go home. When he arrived, a white, thin sufferer, *Mess' Breton* could hardly believe he saw his own son, formerly so strong and brown.

"Father," said Gabriel, a few nights after his arrival, "it is best to tell you the truth about myself; it's that I am worse than you think."

The old man cleared his throat, "Bah! when the warm weather comes, you'll be all right and go back to the college, and—and—well, I am pleased for you to be a missionary after all—*là!*"

"Ah, father, that's good news to me, to think you're glad; but don't you understand? I'll never be a missionary—I have come home to die in the old place."

"It's her that's done it, it's that Georgette, and the college to England!" cried the old man in bitter grief.

"No, no, father, it's not them—and yet it is them: but, after all, it is the Will of God. . . It's easier to bear when I think of it like that. But, dear father, let's be quiet and happy together in these last days of mine."



"BUT IT WON'T MAKE SUCH A DIFFERENCE TO YOU, *chérie*."

The stern old man bowed his head, and from that hour he was docile as a child, and wholly wrapped up in caring for his son; and the days and weeks went by. Then, one day, Gabriel received a letter from Richmond College, a letter that brought the blood to his cheeks and the fire to his eyes.

"Father," he cried, "the other fellows have got their 'calls' to the mission field! If I had been there I'd have got mine. Father, do this one last thing for me! Come with me to Richmond. It's a grand time there now."

And the old man could not refuse his son. The farm was left in competent hands, and the two men,

the one so hale and well, the other dying daily, went off to Richmond College for the great day. The relatives of the men who were "called" were present, and the great hall was packed with people, whose proud faces and tearful smiles told how they loved the lads bound for foreign parts. A thrill of intense feeling passed over the crowd as the students sang with fervour, and as with one mighty voice, sweet and clear, the missionary parting hymn:

"Blest be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part!
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart."

Then, arm-in-arm, in a phalanx, the men moved through the grounds, to escort their departing comrades to the college gates, where shouts of rejoicing and cries of farewell rent the air. And in the midst of the excitement was Gabriel Breton, none more loved, none more honoured, than he, who had received his "call" too—a "call" of infinite, awful significance, but of sweetness unutterable to his child-like soul of submission.

When the ceremony was over and he had rested awhile, he startled his father with a sudden determination to go up to "town" the next day and see Georgette.

"But, my son," stammered the old man, "I suppose she doesn't know you've been ill. She'll be startled."

"She will not see me," Gabriel said quietly, "I always know about her through a friend; and I hear she is always in her husband's shop about eleven of a morning. I'll be able to see her by looking in at the door, perhaps. I'd like to chance it, father!"

Of course the old man agreed, though he thought it a mad scheme; and Georgette, in her beauty and arrogance, little knew, as she laughed and jested with the customers in her husband's shop, that her old lover was gazing at her with eyes of tenderest devotion and a pure heart of prayer for her happiness.

This last pilgrimage made, they went home together to the farm in Guernsey; and the night of their arrival, as the father sat beside his dying son, Gabriel started up in bed, his face bright with unearthly beauty, "Father! Listen! It's my 'call' to the work! The fellows are singing—

"Blest be the dear uniting love."

It's my turn. Good-bye, *adi, mon père. Adi, adi, Georgette—chérie—*"

And with her loved name on his lips he fell back dead.

E. GALLIENNE ROBIN.

A Holiday Tour in Norway.

BY REV. GEO. ARMITAGE.



THE usually high anticipations with which one looks forward to the annual holiday were, in the case of our Norwegian Tour, by no means over-estimated. Norway is the land of Fjord, Fos and Fell,—of placid, deep, black waters and inaccessible mountains, forest-clad and towering snow-capped into the blue. It is a veritable "land of dreams."

For weeks prior to the cruise, there had been the delight of reading up its myths, legends and history. We had become acquainted with its fisheries, forests and shipping; and went open-eyed to its incomparable scenery, and curious to come into contact with its quaint customs and its simple-hearted and hardy people.

This land of the imaginative Ibsen and the intrepid explorer, Nansen, has fortunately been

brought within something like easy access of the tourist, and as a perfect rest for fagged brain-workers, surely it is the ideal spot! Newspapers, telegrams, letters are left far behind, and day after day is spent on deck of the steamer skimming in and out of the delightful fjords, or in visiting, in easy-going stolkejarres, the thundering waterfalls and the majestic mountains. One seems to be living all the time in the open air.

Our party of four embarked on the "Polytechnic" Steam Yacht *Ceylon*, at Harwich one bright Saturday afternoon in June, and very quickly the shores of Old England faded from our sight. Oh, what an experience when we tried our hands—and feet as well—at getting into a top berth! What "land-lubbers" we were! When we had successfully found our way into the narrow shelf-like bed and settled down to—not sleep, but to listen helplessly to the thump, thump of the engines and the horrid grinding of the screw; didn't one wish oneself at home again!

Sunday morning, however, with its brightness and



BONDHUS GLACIER.

freshness, made one quickly forget the troubles of the night. In the early morning we met in the ladies' cabin for prayers, and twice, later in the day, most of the passengers assembled on the deck for worship. Churchmen, Methodists and Congregationalists gathered together in one company, and as one looked out across the sparkling sea, and up into the blue above, it was not difficult to realise how near the Divine Father is to those who "worship Him in spirit and in truth." True, there were many vacant chairs at the dinner and tea table that day, for many were giving a private reception to gruff old Neptune, and paying him in secret their lowly tribute. For most of the passengers, however, the Sabbath on the deep passed happily and restfully away.

On Monday morning was sighted the low-lying land of the South West coast of Norway, and with that view, as the genial captain said, the "Doctor came on board." Even the invalids cheered up as the vessel skirted the land, and as the sailors prepared the steam-launch which was to take us ashore.

Soon the important shipping town of Stavanger, with its Dutch-like warehouses and brightly painted wooden houses, lay before us. What fun it was to crowd into the ship's boats to be towed in a long line ashore by the fussy little launch; and what a reception the excited party got from the sturdy-looking crowd assembled on the quay! Soon we were scattered through the quaint streets, visiting the old church with its curiously carved and painted pulpit, and then up to the water tower from which an extensive view of the country was obtained. One's first impression of Norway, as taken from Stavanger, is somewhat disappointing. The scenery is too English-like, soft, undulating, well-wooded and watered; but the streets, shops, manners and appearance of the people kept the few hours full

of interest. The snap-shotters were already at work, and who could count the number of plates and films that were used up before that cruise terminated! Watches were put one hour forward, and during the wonderfully light night we were gliding along the smooth waters of the Hardanger Fjord. What an entrancing panorama as one gazed in the early morning through the cabin port-hole! Creeks, mountains, waterfalls, forests, rapidly passed before the eye.

Morning found us at Sundal, our vessel lying apparently in a large lake, locked in by the mountains. The village consisted of about twenty houses, with a small hotel—all of them built of wood. The sun was struggling with the dense masses of mist that rolled about the flanks of the mountains, and excitement rose high amongst the onlookers when at last the snow was seen to lie gleaming in the sun, and clear before one could be seen the famous Bondhus glacier. "In twenty minutes we can walk up to it surely," we said one to another, but that period of time was exhausted before the party had struggled up half-way. Then came the Bondhus Lake, one mile across, deep and icy-cold, which was fed from the snow-fields, and had to be crossed in cranky-looking boats, manned by stolid natives. Immediately followed a stiff but delightful climb through woods and great beds of beech and oak ferns, up to the moraine. The glacier is four hundred feet thick, and of a greenish white colour, lying within the great mountain peak for the length of at least half a mile, and is being squeezed from the great Folgefond snowfield into the valley below. It was a brilliant morning, and the ice caves and immense flanges were lighted up



LOTEFOSS.

with most exquisite colours, whilst the melting ice spouted from its sides and rushed in a flood from its base. Climbing, by the aid of an alpenstock, to



ODDE.

one of its lowest and yet dangerous surfaces, one had the new experience of snowballing amid the heat and blaze of a June sun.

Back again by the side of the foaming torrent, and past the ingeniously constructed little saw mills, the ship's boats were reached. Overtaking a peasant, one of the party asked, "Are there any bears about here?" He slowly shook his head, not understanding the question. "Bruins?" said another, intent on making himself understood. Still no idea was conveyed to the Norseman. "Animals?" a third suggested. "Ani-miles! Oh, yes," pointing with his finger, "from Hotel Sundal to Bondhus Glacier, three and a half Eenglish miles!" So the attempt at conversation had to be given up amid laughter.

Before leaving, a shot was fired from the *Ceylon*, and the reverberation could be heard for several minutes, then slowly forging ahead, into what certainly appeared to be the mountain side, opening after opening appeared before us, and after several hours, along another arm of the fjord, and still further inland, Norheimsund was reached.

The district there was more pastoral like, the "living green" coming down to the water's edge, and the low rounded mountains were thickly wooded to their summits. Thousands of young people of both sexes were there that day on excursions from the surrounding districts, for the purpose of holding a kind of Norse Chautauqua. Very bright and happy they looked in their holiday attire, and they returned salute for salute with us. Our ringing cheers made them say, "English, English!" and in return for their National anthem, our enthusiastic party sang "God Save the Queen," "Rock of Ages," "All hail the power of Jesu's Name," etc. We then made an excursion along the valley to the fine

Ofthusfoss. The waters here fall from a great height and break into spray before they reach the ground, and the visitor can shelter himself under a huge overhanging ledge of the mountain and gaze upon the waters—if his nerves are strong enough—as it madly rushes in millions of gallons over his head. Who of the party can forget that evening spent at Norheimsund, as the frail native boats, with high sterns and bows, were rowed round and round our steamer by the women and children, whilst the men sat in the stern and steered; and as several of the native maidens boarded our vessel, and with the deepest interest inspected her cabins and saloons!

Soon the screw was revolving and we were off to new delights. It was only when the sailors washed down the decks with the hose pipe that the never-tired passengers turned into their berths. But it was, even then, going to bed in the daylight, for in the summer time in those high latitudes, literally "there is no night there."

Next morning, after a 5.30 breakfast, we were ashore again, at Odde, and one hundred stolkejarres were in readiness to convey the party to the magnificent waterfalls of Lotefoss and Espelandefoss. The stolkejarre is a small conveyance drawn by a sure-footed pony, to accommodate two travellers and the driver, who sits behind. The drive of eleven miles lay upwards along the side of the mountain torrent, past placid and dark lakes, across romantic bridges, and at times immediately under the shadow of mountain peaks 4,000 feet high, clothed with richest verdure and firs, beech and elm.

Then the thundering fall of waters, and the far driving spray announced the falls. Waterproofs and umbrellas had to be called into use as the ponies dashed across the bridges amid the thick spray. The effect beggars description, as the sun made rainbows everywhere upon the spray rising from the boiling and tumbling waters. If words cannot express "Lodore," who can worthily describe the many glories of the triple falls of Lotefoss and Espelandefoss!

Once more on board after an exciting drive along the switchback road, (where recently a German officer lost control over his bicycle and so met his death), the head of the vessel was turned towards the open sea. She was in charge of the experienced pilots who had taken the Emperor of Germany through these dangerous waters, and as the evening drew on we were facing the declining sun and passing through the far-famed Narrows. Imagine the Kyles of Bute a hundred fold increased in beauty and extent, and there is something like a worthy comparison with the Narrows of Norway. Islands, large and small, rose up in all directions, until there at times seemed no possibility of threading our way through them. The mountains were bathed in purple haze, the sky all orange, gold and blue, and

the sea of a beautiful light blue—all making up such a picture of beauty as one had never imagined, much less ever before seen. That night it was light enough to read clearly at midnight, and the

cabin port-holes had to be blocked up to make one believe it was night.

The following day was without doubt the grandest of all.

(To be continued.)



Present-Day Prophets and their Messages.

BY JAMES P. LANGHAM.

I.—JOHN PULSFORD, THE MYSTIC.

III.



A GRACIOUS MINISTRY BY CORRESPONDENCE.



INCE writing my last article some friends of Dr. Pulsford have opened for me their cabinets of treasures, and permitted me to look upon their contents—contents to their possessors more precious than gold. The perusal of these letters, so jealously guarded,

so affectionately preserved, has been to me a pure pleasure. I have realised while reading them, that rare and rich privilege—the communion of saints. Though I never saw the man who penned them, nor the persons who received them, I have enjoyed a spiritual fellowship which made me say, “Life is worth living, if only to have watched the infoldings and unfoldings of the Divine in the soul of loving John Pulsford.”

Yet some of these letters so carefully preserved refer only to the common matter-of-fact incidents of our every-day life. So strong was the fascination

of this great soul for those admitted to his friendship that they treasured every scrap of paper his pen had touched, as if it were fine gold. Great must have been the love that could thus transfigure and immortalise the commonplace.

The letters of Pulsford are necessarily precious to those familiar with his books, because of the additional light they shed on the great themes on which he loved to dwell. Swedenborg taught that, as each earth carries with it its own atmosphere, every person engenders and projects from himself a sphere, which at once protects him from the rude intrusion of the unwelcome, and becomes the medium of true communion with kindred natures. This sphere is the man externalised; for everything within the man feeds and sustains it. The spheres of men differ as the men originating them differ. The spheres of some men are cold and repellent as the hard and selfish natures from which they spring; while those of other men are genial and sweet as the breath of a June morning. In the spheres which men create and carry with them is to be found the secret of the diverse influences which they exert. All who really came within the sphere of John Pulsford's influence felt they had met with a Jesus-like man. This is true, notwithstanding the fact that some men disliked and antagonised him. Such people never entered into the sphere of his life. They could not; for life-spheres cannot mingle unless there be affinity of nature. Yet the man of whom we write ever manifested a Jesus-like disposition towards those who opposed him. The Hull ministers, who excommunicated him from

their fellowship, never had to say that he treated them unkindly, or criticised them harshly. When Dr. Campbell attacked him in the pages of the *British Standard*, a friend sympathisingly expressed his indignation, and almost advised some reply. He smilingly said, "He supposed Campbell had only written what he felt duty and conviction compelled him to write, and therefore it was only for him rather to commend than condemn." Such calmness under bitter attack could only spring from continual communion with Him who said, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." This Jesus-like man had, and has, an ever-increasing number of friends, who are bound to him by subtle chains of love and reverence. Affinity is the key which unlocks the gate of spiritual communion; and when kindred natures discover each other their life-spheres mingle, and they enter into undying friendship. For the establishment of such friendships bodily proximity is not essential, but spiritual agreement is. John Pulsford had many such friends, spiritual brothers and sisters. They treasured the letters of John Pulsford religiously, as memorials of a fellowship which, for a brief space, rendered heavenly the life of earth. Apart from references, which can only be understood by the persons to whom they were addressed, these letters contain sentences which are worthy of the brief immortality which the printed page can give them. In one sense it is unnecessary to print them, because the love and wisdom they enshrine have gained for them an immortality which the printer cannot give or take away. But the persons to whom they were addressed consent to their publication in the hope that others may be drawn within the sphere of the seraphic man who penned them. May such be the case! for he who comes into communion with a Jesus-like man is thereby led into communion with Jesus Himself. In Pulsford's books will be found his messages for the present age, messages brought by him *from God, out of the eternities*, to show men more clearly the way to the only heaven worth having, the heaven of conscious and abiding fellowship with the source of our being, the great Father-Mother of us all.

A friend asked his counsel on behalf of a seeker after truth. This is his reply.

Jan. 8, 1896.

"I am thankful to hear that my beloved friend enters on the new year in good health; and may that great blessing be hers through all its months. And may she be of good courage, and inspired by the Hope of the ultimate victory over all the evils and sorrows of our degenerate self-hood, and the grand attainment of our Divine self-hood. Deut. xxx. 6; Psa. xxvii. 14; Psa. cxxi. 8.

"Tell your young friend who is 'a seeker after truth,' that Love is greater than Truth, and there is no Truth which is not Love's Truth—of Love,

and for Love, and unto Love. Love is 'the bond of perfectness,' both with God and with all our sisters and brothers of the race. 'Love works no ill to the neighbour: therefore Love is the fulfilling of every law.'

"If we walk in Love, we shall have from time to time all the knowledge of Truth that is desirable. The leading of the spirit into all Truth will take ages; and if our hearts are in unity with God, our progress is certain towards ever clearer, broadening, and more harmonious knowledge.

"Think of blossoming spring and all the flowers of the earth, think of the charm and bliss of summer, think of its fruits and fragrance, its singing birds and honey-bees, until you delight in the Infinite Lover, whose nature and character they manifest;—until the inner world of the soul dances for joy before Him.

"Nothing teacheth like Delight. No one ever *knows* God through the conscience, nor by intellectual searching. But His 'little children' see His face, and rejoice before Him; and are His delight.

"May we be 'little' enough to pass through the strait gate into the Kingdom and home of delights!

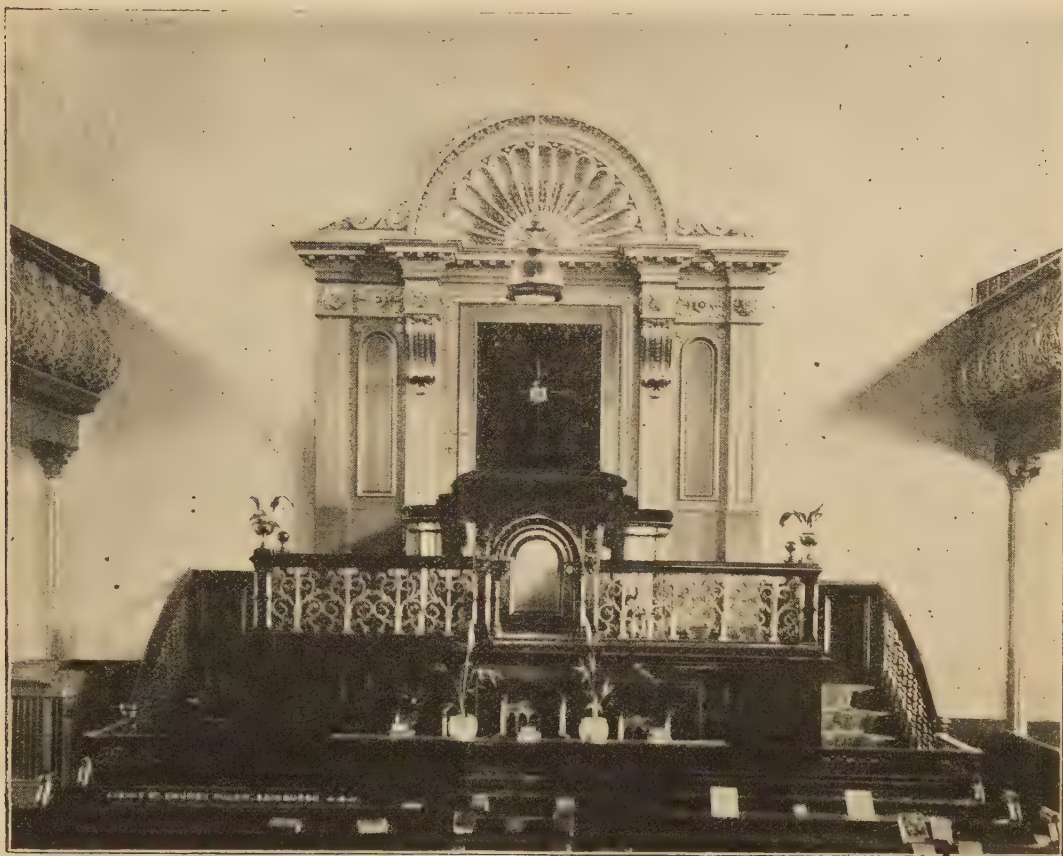
"Delight thyself in the Lord and He shall give thee the desire of thy heart."

A much-needed instruction is that which this letter contains. We are all apt to forget that Love is God's gateway to man and man's gateway to God.

In worlds where this truth is universally known there are no theological controversies, and no fierce contentions about the *religious instruction* of the young; for every child grows up in an atmosphere of love, which makes each truth necessary to its education clear to its mind, just when that truth has become essential to its fuller evolution in the Divine image.

But on *this* earth, *under present conditions*, all we can hope for is partial knowledge and limited attainment of heavenly things. Before full knowledge can be the common possession of men, our earth's atmosphere must become open to, and mediative of, heavenly influences, the common air must be continually communicative of heaven's love gifts, and man himself in all things responsive to the touch Divine. Meanwhile, all who follow the angel of Love will be led to the temple of Truth; and those who follow Love undividedly, unreservedly, and absolutely shall come into the Holy of Holies, where Love unveils to wondering eyes Truth's perfect beauty. Pascal said, "*Human things must be known to be loved, but Divine things must be loved to be known.*" The HIGHEST SCIENCE is only possible to the man whom love enfolds, infills, and completely controls.

Let us pass now to another topic. Biblical



ALBANY STREET CHURCH PULPIT, EDINBURGH.

criticism bulks very largely in the eyes of all earnest readers of the present day; and some persons are puzzled what to do with the problems suggested by the discoveries of the higher critics. They seem in danger of losing the comfort and help of the Bible because they can no longer regard it in all its statements as the accurate transcript of the Divine mind.

To all Christian men the SUPREME AUTHORITY must ever be the MIND OF THE MASTER. The Master does not require any one to hold as sacred, and as of enduring authority, anything which he cannot reconcile with the Master's teaching and spirit. Even of statements made in the sacred books it may be said, "*If any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of His.*"

In support of this position I will give a few extracts from letters now lying at my elbow.

"In reading the 'Old Testament' relegate all that is not Jesus-like to the self-love of the Jews, who were incapable of appreciating true spiritual religion; and could not, and do not, conceive of an *impartial, universal, Infinite Father* of the

human race. What the New Testament does not encourage and endorse has forever passed away. 'If the first had been faultless,' no second would have been needed. 'But finding fault' with Moses and his self-righteous people, Christ condemns his spirit and repeals his hideous laws. See Matt. v. Paul says, speaking of this very subject, 'That which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away.'

"Of course, there remain very precious things in the Old Testament—not in the ritualistic priests; but in the prophets and the poets—the Psalms."

In another letter, speaking of the same subject, he says, "The letter of the books we call 'the Bible' is one thing, the spirit of faith and reverence within the letter is another thing. Wheat, the children's bread, is wrapped up in chaff, and we are wrapped up in corruptible flesh. Books cannot be more than *partial expressions* of 'THE TRUTH,' as a painting representing the sun is distinct from the sun. The most perfect description of bread, or *definition* of bread, is *not bread.*"

"The Divine Man in the Bosom of God is 'The

Truth.' 'I am the Truth'—I am the Ideal of your humanity, and 'I am the Life;' and My Life in them is the Light of men.

"Let us hold our souls sacred to His indwelling, that the ever-ascending flame of His Life may be the top and crown of our powers."

From which statements we learn that the recognition of spiritual truth depends on knowing and obeying Him who said, "I am the Truth."

Men who are guided by the ever-ascending flame of the Christ-life within have no difficulty in recognising in the Hebrew Scriptures that which is Divinely and eternally true; and in rightly appraising that which bears the mark of the perishable thoughts of men.

In the study of the Bible, as in the attainment of personal godliness, Christ is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

Jesus said to the Jews of His day, "Verily I say unto you, Moses gave you not that bread from heaven; but My Father giveth you the true bread from heaven. For the bread of God is He which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world." Again, He said, "I AM THE BREAD OF LIFE; he that cometh to Me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst."

Jesus is saying to the men of this day, Verily, the writers of the Bible do not give you the Word of God; but My Father giveth you the Word from heaven. For the *Word of God* is He which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world. I AM THE WORD OF GOD; he that continueth in My Word shall know the truth, and the TRUTH shall make him free.

All devout followers of Jesus find themselves, sometimes, sorely perplexed how to carry out their Master's behests, and how to bear themselves in the evil environment of the present day. The more truly a man is the friend of Jesus Christ the more difficult it will sometimes appear to worthily walk in his Master's steps. At times the depression of spirit, consequent upon weakness and consciousness of failure, is almost unbearable. To one who felt the burden very heavy, Dr. Pulsford thus wrote:

"I love you and your sister, and would breathe strength and rest into your spirits if I could. But the DIVINE MAN, whom we call Lord and Christ, and is our Infinite God *expressed and manifested*, He, the Firstborn of the Children, *breathes Himself into the children* for their courage and hope. This is a terrible world to all tender, gentle spirits, whose sensibilities are always keen. To all such the earthly pilgrimage is '*the great tribulation*.' 'In the world you shall have tribulation.' The great tribulation is that the world is a huge Pandemonium of corrupt, subtle, self-willed, selfish and competitive spirits: it therefore abounds with everything that is *opposite and contrary to God*, and *His sweet Kingdom of Heaven*. But the Divine Man says, 'Be of good cheer.' 'In Me you

shall have peace.' 'I have overcome the world.' My human nature has obtained the victory, and is at one with God, and in the order of Eternal Life."

"We must be careful not to give way to *depression*; for that is the dark element in which the enemy has power. '*Be strong in the Lord*;' and defiant against the whole art and power of the enemy. The enemy is very multitudinous; but greater is He who is for us than all that are against us. *A little one who nestles in the Bosom of God-man puts ten thousands to flight.*"

"When your sister feels that a spirit of despondency is stealing over her, let her sit down at the piano and sing some triumphant strain of Love and Joy and Confidence in Christ."

"The DIVINE MAN includes the wisdom of all the theosophies in the world; *and a great deal more.*"

"I speak of the ASCENDED MAN, who is the *fulfness* of the *harmony* of all that God is. *He is my religion, my wisdom, my glory, my bliss*; and *His Breath in me will transfigure me* and make me *like Himself*."

What a glorious consummation to contemplate and await; and what divinest rapture to feel the transforming and transfiguring power at work within. The end of God in the salvation of man is seen in the glories of the Ascended Christ. To redeem us from all iniquity, and to conform us to the image of His Son, is God's purpose in redemption. Towards this goal *redemptive evolution* is continually working; and when once our wills approve and coincide with the Divine will, we learn to say, "I SHALL BE SATISFIED WHEN I AWAKE IN THY LIKENESS."

The divine end in the salvation of the individual is also the end towards which the race is to travel. Meanwhile, let all who feel the call of God to unselfish life draw near to each other that a brotherhood of loving hearts, *content to live for their fellows' good*, may be established. And may such a confederation as Pulsford saw and prayed for, be soon made actual in the midst of men. I close this paper with his proposals for—

A NEW WORLD-WIDE ORGANISATION.

"The time is come, and is ripe, for a new organisation,—an organisation of humanity irrespective of nationality and religion:—the hearts and minds of men, as men, linked together in mutual and true brotherhood:—open to the good influences of our departed kindred, and waving the pure love-spirit round and round the world, and through and through the whole human race.

"Such a compact of brothers and sisters of all nations, would be able to dictate to the Powers who divide the nations, who foment their prejudices, suspicions, jealousies and animosities; and who

hold and defend their divisions, by millions of bayonets, guns of incredibly destructive fury, and naval monstrosities.

"A confederation of loving and pacific men, girdling the earth, and having nothing in view but the common interests of humanity, would soon tell upon the thrones and powers of divided humanity; and make it impossible for them to go on robbing the people of their hard earnings, in order to arm one nation of brothers against another nation of brothers, for purposes of outrage and destruction.

"The Right Fatherly-Motherly, Brotherly-Sisterly Heavens are bending over us, embracing us all, vibrating their spirit night and day through the bosom and brain, reason and *Will*, of the race, slowly making, and will surely make, a unity below like the unity above.

"For the present, the World, especially Europe, is groaning under her gigantic War-camps. Behind these the millions of Communism, Nihilism, Socialism, Materialism and Atheism, are organising themselves. Political Europe is as surely doomed, as were ancient Egypt, Assyria and Rome.

"Brothers, men of good-will and peace, living in

London, Hindoos, Parsees, Jews, Greeks, Mussulmans, Chinese, Japanese, Africans, and Christians of Europe and America,—here you are together in one city. What a grand opportunity you have of triumphing over your divisions, and testifying for your Humanity,—your *manifold* Humanity.

"Dear Brothers, could you not arrange for an occasional meeting together, in celebration of the essential Unity, which underlies all your distinctions of race and belief?

"Wonderful would be the effect, if once or twice in the year, such a representative assembly came together in friendliness and pure brotherhood, with the One all-embracing Spirit, throbbing in their hearts and beaming in their faces. There need be no speaking; the meeting itself would speak louder than any possible preaching.

"But under the worshipful Inspiration of Music, we might all open ourselves to the Influx of One Spirit of Sympathy, and breathe together for an hour, in Perfect Unity.

"Following it, centres and confederacies of united Humanity would be formed in all the great cities of the World."

The Methodist Minister's Wheel of Fate.

By REV. S. J. WALLIS.

V.—CONCLUDING REVOLUTIONS.



REQUENT change of ministers is often, to the people themselves, of very great advantage. The itinerant principle, like the circulation of the blood in the human body, is the life of Methodism. Water that travels not, stagnates. There may be cases

where it is requisite for a minister to stay in his station for six or seven years, but such cases are very rare indeed. On the whole, ministers

"Are like our noble fruits improved
By being transplanted and removed."

Barnabas and Saul knew when their work in Jerusalem was finished, and left. Some ministers don't know as much as the Apostles. It is to the advantage of the whole Church that a minister's gifts, like money capital, should be well circulated. Variation is the order of Nature. Who likes fifty miles of dead level dirt? It is not good for the people to have to live upon food they don't relish, or to have to put up year after year with a round

man in a square hole. A minister may be so cold in the pulpit that a small iceberg beside him would seem like a furnace, and who, if he ever stirs up his audience, it is like being stirred up by the North Pole. Would it not be a blessed change to have a large-hearted preacher, whose thoughtful sermons are so bathed in feeling that one after another in the congregation wipes his eyes, and the proud man that does not want to cry blows his nose?

Or the minister may be the Rev. Mr. Thundergust, who roars like one of the bulls of Bashan, and beats more dust out of the pulpit cushion than he does sin out of the hearts of his hearers. Is it surprising the people would like to have a parson who would thunder less and lighten more?

Or it may be one so argumentative that he would dispute with a tombstone as to the truth of its epitaph, or cavil on the ninth part of a hair, and who will not believe that all heads are not made square, and that belief is not always to be worked in like a screw. Would it not be better to have a man with a little more metaphor in his preaching, which is the algebra of language, and which is more effective with the average mind than pure logic? Or it may be one who is continually repeating himself, like some old clock ticking in a cathedral

tower; who has always a new text but an old sermon, which is to his hearers like a country lane, where the traveller can see the end from the beginning; who has preached so often and so long about "The wise and foolish virgins," that he has made real old maids of them; and who, if he ever tells an anecdote, it is sure to be one of Noah's old stories which he told to his family in the ark to while away the time till the flood abated. Need we wonder after such sameness and tameness, his hearers are longing for one who can make *new* things familiar, and *familiar* things *new*?

Or it may be a brother who always preaches *from* his text, so much so that if it had the scarlet fever the sermon would never catch it. Is it not natural for his people to wish for one whose sermon grows out of the text like the oak from the acorn.

Or it may be one who, before he throws a stone at a sin, wants to know who is hiding under it; who, if the landlord of the Dew Drop Inn, (do drop in), is a seat-holder, will deal as tenderly with the drink traffic as a cow with a thistle. Sure the man for such a church is one who will roll the thunders of faithful rebuke as well as breathe the words of sympathy and hope, until the publican, who is a rogue in *spirit*, and the miller, who is a rogue in *grain*, and the milkman, who does not put milk enough to his water, and the baker who makes his bread so light that his one pound loaf only weighs twelve ounces, and the lawyer who never tells a lie—outside of business hours, and the grocer who uses long prayers and short weights, are all driven into a corner and made to feel that hell's policeman, with his red-hot truncheon, is after them, to "run them in."

It is well in this matter that once a year our people, without any friction, can be relieved of their ministers if they wish.

We knew a pastor of one of the sister churches who preached year after year to the same congregation, until his sermons, like meats served up too often, had lost their relish and their wholesomeness, and who continued to occupy the pulpit against their wish, and in spite of their efforts to starve him out, until he had made three hundred hearts to beat as one, and was left to preach to a wilderness

of empty seats as wooden as himself. True, in making the change, there is the risk of getting out of the proverbial frying-pan into the fire, for while we may *succeed* a brother, we cannot always *replace* him; and though we may be a poor preacher, we may be followed by one that is poorer still. The old lady said she had been a member twenty years, and every change of preachers had been for the worse, so that she expected Satan himself would be coming next. But we don't forget that "a poor, dry stick" may set fire to a green one, and if, like Aaron's rod, we get in contact with the Holy of Holies, we may enter the pulpit with a bloom on our garments that breathes of a distant and a purer clime. Nor have we any fear of any great change being made in the itinerant system. The Connexion exists for the whole of its members, and not for a privileged few, and what brings the greatest good to the greatest number is bound to hold the field. And should any serious attempt be made to radically alter it, as sure as death and taxes, from all parts of the Connexion a voice would come pealing like thunder in the ear of the Conference, saying, "Woodman, spare that tree." And sure we are the ministers need no reminder of that ancient brother of the cloth, who had to be well *whaled* before he would go to Nineveh, for though now and then one may take a plunge into the sea of Baptism, and one find that refuge for the destitute which the Church of England supplies, and another, on receiving a fortune, retire from the work through failing health, yet on the whole they are as loyal to the Connexion as the sunflower to the sun. So that if sent to the poorest of stations, they are enabled, by grace Divine, to spell *disappointment* with an *h—* *His appointment*. And knowing that God's "go" is always followed by, "and I will go with you," bate not one jot of heart or hope, but continue doing their level best to raise the fallen, shield the oppressed, dethrone tyranny, banish ignorance, make earth like heaven, and every man like God, and who, whether living to see the millennium's dawning beauty or dazzling perfection, care not so long as sin is destroyed, truth triumphant, humanity saved, and God's work done.

S. J. WALLIS.



Stations of the Itinerant Ministers for 1899-1900.

I.—IN CONNEXIONAL OFFICES:—

1. THOMAS MITCHELL is the General Book Steward, and Secretary of the Book Committee. ROBERT BRYANT, vice.
2. H. BICKERSTAFFE KENDALL, B.A. (Durham University), is the Connexional Editor. HENRY YOOLL, vice.
3. JOHN HALLAM is the Secretary of the General Committee and of the Connexional Fund, and Financial Secretary and Deputy-Treasurer of our Missions. R. G. GRAHAM, vice.
4. RICHARD W. BURNETT is the Secretary of the General Missionary Committee, General Superintendent of Home Missions, Secretary of our Colonial and Foreign Missions, and Editor of the *Missionary Records* and Yearly Reports. JOHN SLATER, vice.
5. GEORGE PARKIN, B.D., is the Principal and Tutor of the Theological Institute, Manchester. WILLIAM JOHNSON, vice.
6. JOHN GAIR is the Governor of the Jubilee School, Elmfield, York. WILLIAM E. CROMBIE, vice.
7. GEORGE MIDDLETON is the Governor of Bourne College, Birmingham.
8. DANZY SHEEN is the Secretary of the Connexional Sunday School Union, and of its General Committee. SAMUEL S. HENSHAW, vice.
9. JOHN ATKINSON is the Secretary of the Insurance Company and of the Chapel Aid Association.

II.—IN STATIONS, BRANCHES, AND MISSIONS:—

TUNSTALL DISTRICT.

- 1 TUNSTALL TPD LD—William Jones, John W. Chappell
- 2 RAMSOR TPD LD—James W. Haywood, Benjamin Arnfield
- 3 NANTWICH & BURLAND LD 2—Edward Maclellan, Frederick J. Hadfield, Jonathan Calvert, sup.
- 4 PREES GREEN TPD—Thomas Stones
- 5 MACCLESFIELD LD—William Newns
- 6 CONGLETON LD—John Hall (1)
- 7 LEEL LD—William Sharman
- 8 NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME LD—Joseph Aston
- 9 SANDBACH LD—George T. D. Pidsley
- 10 WHITCHURCH TPD LD—Thomas Richards, William Wilcock
- 11 STAFFORD LD—Albert A. Birchenough
- 12 HANLEY LD—Joseph A. Taylor
- 13 WINSFORD LD—Thomas Greenfield
- 14 MARKET DRAYTON TPD—John Prince
- 15 TALKE TPD LD—William Lawrence, Frederick A. Ingham
- 16 CHEADLE LD—Robert W. Russell
- 17 SILVERDALE LD—Jesse Lambert
- 18 CREWE TPD LD—John T. Horne, Harry Owen, Adam Glegg, sup.
- 19 BRADLEY GREEN LD—John Tristram
- 20 LONGTON TPD—David T. Mann
- 21 STOKE LD—John Swinden
- 22 TARPORLEY TPD—William Radnor

NOTTINGHAM DISTRICT.

- 23 NOTTINGHAM 1ST LD—*Canaan Church, Broad Marsh*—Thomas Dickinson, William Price, sup.
- 24 NOTTINGHAM 2ND TPD—*Hockley*—Thomas B. Caukwell
- 25 NOTTINGHAM 3RD TPD LD—*Forest Road, W*—Robert Bryant, George G. Martindale
- 26 NOTTINGHAM 4TH LD 2—*Mayfield Grove*—Tom Buttrick, Edward W. Pape
- 27 NOTTINGHAM 5TH TPD LD—*Blue Bell Hill*—James H. Saxton, Edward W. Challenger
- 28 LOUGHBOROUGH LD—John Stephenson, Chas. H. Boden, sup.
- 29 BURTON-ON-TRENT 1ST TPD—*Moseley St.*—John Phillips
- 30 BURTON-ON-TRENT 2ND LD—*Queen St.*—Thos. H. Richards
- 31 BURTON-ON-TRENT 3RD TPD—*Parker St.*—Fredk. Lucas

- 32 ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH TPD—John W. Gregory
- 33 SLEAFORD TPD—William Overton
- 34 LEICESTER 1ST TPD LD—*Belgrave Gate*—George Windram, William Dickinson, George Clarke, sup.
- 35 LEICESTER 2ND TPD LD 2—*Hinckley Road*—Arthur J. Smith, Sydney A. Barron, Albert Wallicker, Thos. Baron, sup., Isaac J. Hardy, sup.
- 36 LEICESTER 3RD LD—*Curzon St.*—Nadin Jefferson
- 37 MANSFIELD TPD, LD 2—John H. Hemshall, Thos. A. Wagstaffe, John Taws, Charles Priestley, sup.
- 38 ILKESTON TPD—William Evans, (1)
- 39 BOTTESFORD LD—Joseph Johnson (1)
- 40 DERBY 1ST LD 2—*Traffic Street*.—John T. Gooderidge, George T. Fawcett
- 41 DERBY 2ND LD—*Kedleston St.*—George Jones
- 42 DERBY 3RD TPD—*Central Church*—Isaac Brentnall, William Marwood, sup., John Wenn, sup.
- 43 MELTON MOWBRAY LD—Tyler Tyers
- 44 HINCKLEY LD—William J. Kirkland
- 45 WIRKSWORTH LD—John Scruton
- 46 RIPLEY TPD—William Evans (2)
- 47 NEWARK TPD—Thomas Tempest
- 48 GRANTHAM LD—Thomas McKenzie
- 49 CHURCH GRESLEY LD 2—William B. Bache, Robert Curzon, Thomas Nichols, sup.
- 50 OAKHAM LD—Shadrach Evans
- 51 SILEBY LD—W. Bramwell Carr
- 52 RUGBY LD—Joseph Burton
- 53 KIMBERLEY LD—Hy. Land, Saml. J. Wallis, sup.
- 54 ASHBOURNE TPD—Isaac R. Barnsley
- 55 LONG EATON LD—Edward Hancox
- 56 COALVILLE LD—Thomas Hartshorne

HULL DISTRICT.

- 57 HULL 1ST TPD LD 2—*West St*—Thomas Granger, Richard Crewdson, George Bicheno, James Austerbury, sup., John G. Smith (2), sup.
- 58 HULL 2ND TPD LD 2—*Jarratt St.*—Jas. Pickett, William Wheeler, John Bradbury, William Barton, William Smith (1), sup.
- 59 HULL 3RD TPD LD—*Holderness Rd.*—William Taylor, Thomas Storr
- 60 HULL 4TH LD 2—*Great Thornton St.*—Robert Harrison, John Foster
- 61 HULL 5TH TPD LD 2—*Anlaby Rd.*—Thomas Whittaker, Harley O. H. Richardson, Tom Sykes, George Parker, sup.
- 62 HULL 6TH TPD LD—*Williamson St.*—Charles Spivey, Tom Robson

63 POCKLINGTON LD 2—Henry Peach, LL.D. (Dublin University), John Cope
 64 SWINEFLEET LD—John Binns
 65 DRIFFIELD TPD LD 2—Benjn. Fell, John W. Lisle, Joseph W. Everingham, Henry Fox
 66 SCARBOROUGH 1st TPD LD—*St. Sepulchre-St.*—George Bennett, Edward Aston, Frederick Ash, Alfred Kitson, sup.
 67 SCARBOROUGH 2nd TPD LD—*Aberdeen-Walk*—William Wright, George H. Wilson
 68 BARTON TPD LD—John Alderson, Jacob Walton
 69 BRIDLINGTON LD 2—Joseph Pearce, Frederick G. Wallis, Henry Woodcock, sup.
 70 PATRINGTON LD 2—Freer Bell, Thomas Collins (2)
 71 NORTH CAVE LD—John Spensley
 72 HORNSEA TPD LD—William J. Ward, Frank Holmes
 73 SELBY TPD LD—Wm. Shaw, Fred Winterburn, John Harrison, (2) sup.
 74 FILEY TPD LD—Wm. Shipley, Thos. Fletcher
 75 GOOLE TPD LD—John Watts, James Griffin
 76 HOWDEN TPD—Francis J. Morgan, Hy. Roe, sup
 77 BEVERLEY TPD LD—Frederick Pickett, William Swales, Charles G. Honor, sup.

SUNDERLAND & NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE DISTRICT.

78 SUNDERLAND 1st TPD LD—*Chester-road*—R. Graydon Graham, William Dudley
 79 SUNDERLAND 2nd LD—*Tatham-street*—Joseph F. Sherman
 80 NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE 1st LD—*Nelson-street*—Arthur T. Guttery
 81 NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE 2nd LD—*Maple-street*—J. Harryman Taylor, M.A. (Camb.)
 82 NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE 3rd TPD LD 2—*Heaton-rd.*—Hy. Pratt, John Learmonth, Ralph Fenwick, sup.
 83 NORTH SHIELDS TPD LD—Henry Errington, William Raistrick, John Butcher, sup.
 84 SOUTH SHIELDS TPD LD—Henry Yooll, Thos. E. Currah, William Baitey, sup.
 85 HEXHAM LD 2—Joseph Tweddle, Robert B. Handley
 86 BERWICK-ON-TWEED TPD LD—Richard H. Auty, John Charlton
 87 DURHAM LD 2—John E. Leuty, Thos. Barnes
 88 SHOTLEY BRIDGE LD 2—James Taylor, James S. Nightingale, Maurice A. Drummond, sup.
 89 ALLENDALE LD—Thomas J. Watson
 90 GATESHEAD 1st LD 2—*Durham-rd.*—George Armstrong, Walter Puffield
 91 GATESHEAD 2nd TPD LD—*Prince Consort-road*—George F. Johnson, Burnhope Dennison, Charles G. Tetley, sup.
 92 HETTON LD—William R. De Winton
 93 THORNLEY TPD LD 2—John Richardson, John A. Grainger, John Williams
 94 BLYTH TPD LD—Matthew Johnson, Matthew T. Pickering
 95 STANLEY LD 2—Richd. Robinson, David Kyles
 96 LOWICK TPD—John Snaith
 97 CHESTER-LE-STREET TPD LD—Alfred J. Campbell, George Fawcett
 98 NORTH SUNDERLAND TPD—George Ayre
 99 SEATON DELAVAL LD—Christopher Longstaffe
 100 BURNOPFIELD TPD—Edward Campbell
 101 HOUGHTON-LE-SPRING LD—Ernest Lucas

102 JARROW-ON-TYNE TPD LD—George Seamah, John Moffat
 103 SEAHAM HARBOUR LD—James Young
 104 BLAYDON-ON-TYNE LD—Thomas Sellors
 105 LEMINGTON-ON-TYNE TPD—William Gellay
 106 ASHINGTON TPD LD—Martin Cuthbert, Matt Dobinson
 107 AMBLE LD—Joseph Toyn

NORWICH DISTRICT.

108 NORWICH 1st TPD—*Queen's-rd.*—Alfred E. Calvert, Jonathan Scott, sup, James Foggson, sup.
 109 NORWICH 2nd LD 2—*Dereham-road*—John Buck, George Hind, Aaron Smith, sup.
 110 GREAT YARMOUTH TPD LD—Wm. A. Hammond, Wm. L. Spooner, Ephraim Blake, sup.
 111 NORTH WALSHAM LD—William Balls
 112 EAST DEREHAM LD 2—George Edwards, Alfred Parkin
 113 WANGFORD LD—William Martin
 114 ROCKLAND TPD—Samuel Willetts
 115 AYLHAM LD—John Ford
 116 IPSWICH & HADLEIGH LD 2—Thomas Bright, Francis Morgan Ridge, William Filby, sup.
 117 BRISTON TPD—Joseph C. Mantripp
 118 COLCHESTER TPD LD—Wm. Moore (1), Francis R. Brunskill
 119 LOWESTOFT LD 2—Francis C. France, Geo. W. Bryant, Thomas W. Rous, sup.
 120 WYMONDHAM LD 2—Charles S. Dunham, Arthur T. Yaxley
 121 KEISALE TPD—William Kitson
 122 ACLE LD—Nathaniel Brown, Robt. Betts, sup.
 123 MARTHAM TPD—Matthew S. Cushing
 124 HARWICH TPD—Henry Fleming
 125 KIRBY CROSS LD—John Gill
 126 DISS LD—Robert Holman
 127 HOLT AND SHERRINGHAM LD—James H. Rose
 128 BECCLES AND BUNGAY TPD—Timothy Archer, Albert E. Rose

MANCHESTER DISTRICT.

THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE—George Parkin, B.D. (Glasgow University), Principal; Arthur S. Peake, M.A., Tutor
 129 MANCHESTER 1st LD—*New Islington*—Michael Laycock
 130 MANCHESTER 2nd LD—*Moss Lane*—Andrew Latimer
 131 MANCHESTER 3rd TPD LD—*Broughton*—John Mayles, Thomas A. Brady, Wm. Inman, sup.
 132 UNSWORTH & PRESTWICH BRANCH—Jn. Nicholls
 133 MANCHESTER 4th TPD—*Higher Ardwick*—William Barker, James Boulton, sup.
 134 MANCHESTER 5th TPD—*King-street, Stretford*—Thos. Scrimshaw, Jas. Macpherson, sup., Jeremiah Pickles, sup.
 135 MANCHESTER 6th TPD—*Great Western-street*—Daniel Neilson, M.A., B.D. (Trinity Col., Dublin)
 136 MANCHESTER 7th TPD—*Newton Heath*—Paul Peacock
 137 MANCHESTER 8th LD—*Pendlebury*—Samuel R. Woodall
 138 MANCHESTER 9th LD—*Higher Openshaw*—John Watson, D.D. (Vic. Univ., Toronto), Henry T. Butt
 139 BOLTON 1st LD—*Bridge-st.*—John Whittle

140 BOLTON 2nd TPD LD — *Moor Lane* — S. Lawrence George, Moses Holmes
 141 OLDHAM 1st TPD — *Henshaw-st.* — Frederick W. Brett
 142 OLDHAM 2nd LD 2 — *Lees-road* — John H. J. Beckhurst, Walter W. Price
 143 OLDHAM 3rd LD — *Bourne-st., Hollinwood* — Joseph Yearsley
 144 OLDHAM 4th TPD LD — *Middleton Road* — George T. Lovat, John H. Johnson
 145 BRADWELL LD — John Hancock
 146 NEW MILLS LD — James Blayney
 147 STOCKPORT 1st LD — *Wellington-road* — Francis Leadley, William Birks, sup.
 148 STOCKPORT 2nd TPD — *Lancashire Hill* — Adam Morton
 149 BURY TPD LD — *Walmsley-rd.* — Robert Jones, William J. Tristram, Thomas J. Turley
 150 KNOWLWOOD LD — *Todmorden* — Wilson Barrett
 151 ROCHDALE LD 2 — *Smith-st.* — William Huffington, Henry L. Herod
 152 LYMM TPD — Wilson Eccles, Geo. Mitchell, sup.
 153 HELMSHORE LD — George Armitage, Thomas Smith, sup.
 154 HASLINGDEN TPD — John Gillender
 155 STALYBRIDGE LD — William S. Howlett
 156 NORTHWICH TPD — Henry S. Targett
 157 GLOSSOP LD — Sam Bates
 158 LEIGH LD — Enoch Shepherd
 159 BACUP LD — William Thornley
 160 BUXTON LD — Frederick E. Heape
 161 WALKDEN TPD LD — German Hunt, Benjamin Moore, Samuel G. Delafield
 162 MIDDLETON LD — Francis N. Shimmin
 163 NEWTON AND HYDE TPD — Ernest S. Cole, Johnstone Dodd
 164 DARWEN LD — David S. Prosser
 165 LITTLEBOROUGH TPD — George K. Smith
 166 MARPLE TPD — Edward R. Davies
 167 HEYWOOD LD — George Trusler
 168 LOWTON LD — George H. Birch
 169 WOODLEY LD — John Welford
 170 HORWICH LD — William M. Kelly
 171 BOLLINGTON LD — George H. Southall

BRINKWORTH & SWINDON DISTRICT.

172 BRINKWORTH LD 2 — William Haddow, John A. Snaith, Geo. Fowler, sup., Thos. Smith (2), sup.
 173 NEWBURY LD 2 — John Neville, John S. W. Stauwell, Daniel Harding, sup.
 174 FARINGDON TPD — Geo. Hull, Arthur Marshall
 175 ANDOVER TPD LD — George Morris, Thomas H. Bryant
 176 WALLINGFORD LD — John E. Sunderland
 177 BANBURY TPD — George Wood
 178 AYLESBURY LD — Robert Middleton
 179 WITNEY LD — Edwin Millichamp
 180 CIRENCESTER LD — Richard Smith
 181 OXFORD LD — John T. Stead
 182 LEAMINGTON TPD — Nathaniel Watts
 183 MALMESBURY LD — Samuel J. Southwood
 184 CHINNOR TPD — George Burbidge
 185 CHIPPING NORTON LD — Alfred C. Hall, Frederick H. Brown, Ambrose Bound, sup.
 186 HUNGERFORD TPD — Philip T. Yarker
 187 SWINDON 1st 1 TPD LD — *Prospect Place* — John Jones, John W. Fish, George Cripps, sup.

188 SWINDON 2nd LD — *Regent-st.* — Wm. R. Bird
 189 STEWKLEY LD — George Hunter

LEEDS & YORK DISTRICT.

GOVERNOR OF ELMFIELD COLLEGE — John Gair
 GENERAL SUNDAY SCHOOL SECRETARY — Danzy Sheen
 SECRETARY INSURANCE AND CHAPEL AID ASSOCIATION — John Atkinson
 190 LEEDS 1st TPD LD — *Quarry Hill* — James Dobson, Joseph B. Bissell, Henry Worth, sup.
 191 LEEDS 2nd TPD LD — *Prince's Field* — Edwin Dalton, George Langley
 192 LEEDS 3rd LD — *Rehoboth Central Mission* — Francis Richardson
 193 LEEDS 4th TPD — *Joseph-st.* — Henry Jones
 194 LEEDS 5th LD — *Bramley* — William R. Fallas
 195 LEEDS 6th TPD — *Southfield* — Francis Rudd, Crispin Hirst, sup.
 196 LEEDS 7th LD — *Bel'e Vue* — Matthew P. Davison
 197 LEEDS 8th TPD — *Cardigan-rd.* — Joseph C. Livesey
 198 PONTEFRAC TPD LD — Bartholomew Haddon
 199 BARNSELY 1st LD — *Westgate* — Charles Dudley
 200 BARNSELY 2nd LD 2 — *Buckley-street* — Wm. H. Mason, Thomas Dowson
 201 MALTON TPD LD — William Robinson, William C. Ball
 202 YORK 1st TPD LD — *Ebenezer* — Samuel Smith, Willie S. Barrett
 203 YORK 2nd LD — *Victoria Bar* — Frederick Smith, Richard Tanfield, sup.
 204 WAKEFIELD 1st LD — *Market-street* — James Dickinson
 205 WAKEFIELD 2nd LD — *Belle Vue* — Daniel C. Cooper
 206 PICKERING TPD LD 2 — Mark Knowlson, Geo. Baldwin
 207 HELMSLEY BRANCH — Herbert Semper
 208 DEWSBURY LD — Isaiah Potts, Jas. Leadley, sup.
 209 KNARESBOROUGH LD — William Thoseby
 210 TADCASTER TPD — Arthur Wilkes
 211 HORBURY TPD — Joseph Burkitt
 212 EASINGWOLD TPD — Richard Ainsworth
 213 HARROGATE TPD — George F. Fawcett, James Polwarth, sup.
 214 CASTLEFORD LD — Robert Fairley
 215 MORLEY LD — John Teece
 216 NORMANTON LD — John Bennett
 217 OSSETT LD — Philip Gibbon
 218 PUDSEY AND STANNINGLEY LD — Hezekiah Cooke
 219 ROTHWELL LD — J. Arthur Alderson

BRISTOL DISTRICT.

220 BRISTOL 1st LD — *Ebenezer* — William Brass
 221 BRISTOL 2nd TPD — *Essex-st.* — Geo. P. Maynard
 222 BRISTOL 3rd LD — *Eastville* — Thos. Humphris, John Holmes, sup.
 223 BRISTOL 4th TPD — *Kingswood* — Joseph Jamieson
 224 BRISTOL 5th TPD — *Fishponds* — Joseph Knipe
 225 BRISTOL 6th LD — *Mount Tabor* — Sam. Mincher
 226 FROME TPD — George J. Cooke
 227 BATH 1st LD — *Westgate Buildings* — Edg. Ball

- 228 BATH 2nd LD—*Claremont*—Castle Ross, Murray Wilson, sup.
 229 STROUD LD—Wm. Watson, Thos. Hobson, sup
 230 CHIPPENHAM TPD—Thomas Tanfield
 231 RADSTOCK LD—Thomas Collins (1)
 232 CALNE LD—Charles Portnell
 233 MIDSOMER NORTON LD—George G. Pinder
 234 GLASTONBURY LD—Alfred Warcup
 235 GLOUCESTER LD—Thos. Randall, John Holmes
 236 COLEFORD LD—Robert Banham

LONDON 1ST DISTRICT.

METROPOLITAN CIRCUITS.

- 237 HACKNEY ROAD TPD—John Fletcher Porter
 238 CALEDONIAN ROAD TPD—Thomas Meakin
 239 STEPNEY GREEN LD—Wm. T. Clark Hallam
 240 HAMMERSMITH LD—*Dalling-rd*—Geo. Stanyer
 241 POPLAR TPD LD—*Chrisp-street*—Wm. Suttle, George Welbourne
 242 CAMDEN TOWN TPD—*King-st.*—Wm. Mincher
 243 TOTTENHAM TPD LD—*Northumberland Park*—Henry Carden, John Pinchen
 244 STRATFORD LD—*Henniker-rd.*—Geo. Rudram
 245 CANNING TOWN TPD LD—*Barking-road*—John Hawkey, H. T. Binnall Goodwin
 246 KENTISH TOWN & WEST HAMPSSTEAD LD—*Grafton-road*—David T. Maylott
 247 STOKE NEWINGTON LD 2—Joseph Johnson (2), Frederick S. Clulow
 248 KILBURN LD—Geo. Shapcott, Joseph Peck, sup
 249 RICHMOND LD—Chas. Spooner, Wm. Rowe, sup
 250 NORTH BOW TPD—*Driffield rd.*—Jas. W. Coad
 251 UPTON PARK LD—*Plasht-grove*—Rich. S. Blair
 252 LEYTON TPD—*High-rd.*—Joshua Lindley
 253 HOLLOWAY LD—*Durham-rd.*—Wm. Turner (1)
 254 HOUNSLOW LD—George C. Crickmay, John Wilson, lay missionary, sup.
 255 HARRINGAY TPD—Thomas J. Gladwin
 256 EALING LD—Edward Clements
 257 MARYLEBONE LD—*Seymour Place*—Robert R. Connell
 258 WEST HAM LD—Thomas H. Bickerton
 259 KING'S CROSS LD—Hubert W. Shirtcliffe

PROVINCIAL CIRCUITS.

- 260 LUTON 1ST TPD—*High Town*—Wm. J. T. Scruby
 261 LUTON 2ND LD—*Park Town*—Frank Shergold
 262 SAFFRON WALDEN TPD LD—James McKinney, John W. Normandale
 263 NORTHAMPTON 1ST LD—*Horse Market*—Jabez Bell, George A. Lucas
 264 NORTHAMPTON 2ND TPD—*Kettering-road*—Henry J. Pickett
 265 BEDFORD 1ST TPD—William J. Price, Samuel Dobson, sup., William Durance, sup.
 266 BEDFORD 2ND TPD—Richard N. Wycherley
 267 PETERBOROUGH 1ST TPD LD—*New-road*—Thos. Price, Charles H. Lightfoot, Jesse Ashworth, sup., Robert Church, sup.
 268 PETERBOROUGH 2ND LD—*Cobden-street*—George Cook, Richard Baxter, sup.
 269 LEIGHTON BUZZARD TPD—Edward A. Davies, Thomas Reeve, sup.
 270 WICKHAM BROOK AND NEWMARKET TPD LD—Charles Goodall, Arthur E. Willcox

- 271 BALDOCK LD—Theophilus Wallis
 272 BIGGLESWADE BRANCH—William J. Robson
 273 DUNSTABLE LD—Charles Leafe
 274 WOBURN SANDS LD—Edward Simkin
 275 WELLINGBOROUGH LD—Edwin I. Devenish
 276 GRAYS & ROMFORD LD—Edward Alford
 277 HAVERHILL TPD—Jacob Pilling
 278 WATFORD TPD LD—Harvey Roe, Charles Jennings
 279 ST. NEOTS LD—Gervase Hall
 280 BERKHAMSTEAD LD—Alfred Sutcliffe
 281 COLNBROOK & UXBRIDGE LD—John T. Smith

LONDON SECOND DISTRICT.

METROPOLITAN CIRCUITS.

- 282 WALWORTH & KENNINGTON LD—*East-st.*—John Bowles
 283 WOOLWICH TPD—*Sun-st.*—Fredk. W. Wilkinson, John Hill, sup., Mark Simmonds, sup.
 284 CROYDON LD—*Laud-st.*—Ernest J. T. Bagnall, J. Newton Graham, Wm. Williams, sup
 285 LAVENDER HILL TPD—*Grayshott-rd.*—William Dinning
 286 FOREST HILL LD—*Stanstead-rd.*—William E. Crombie, Thomas H. Champion, Thomas Whitehead (1) sup.
 287 SURREY CHAPEL, CENTRAL MISSION, LD—*Blackfriars rd.*—J. Tolefree Parr, Walter Barnsley
 288 NEW WANDSWORTH TPD—*Plough-rd.*—Thos. Sadler
 289 KINGSTON-ON-THAMES LD—*Richmond-road*—William Goodman, Harry Aldridge, President's Assistant
 290 PLUMSTEAD LD—*Robert-st.*—Robert Andrews
 291 BATTERSEA & BRIXTON TPD—*New-rd.*—Thos. Clamp
 292 ERITH & BELVEDERE LD—Ernest Barrett
 293 ROTHERHITHE & DEPTFORD TPD—*Union road*—Thomas Peatfield, William Wray, sup.
 294 BALHAM LD—*New-rd.*—George P. Clarke
 295 PENGE & BROMLEY TPD—Thomas Saunders

PROVINCIAL CIRCUITS.

- 296 READING TPD LD 2—*London-st.*—Henry G. Button, Luke Stafford, George Forstner
 297 HIGH WYCOMBE TPD LD—Charles Jupe, John W. White, Abijah Heaton
 298 MAIDENHEAD TPD—George C. Normandale, Daniel Day, sup.
 299 CANTERBURY LD—Daniel Moore
 300 SILCHESTER LD—Tobias Savage
 301 WHITSTABLE LD—Edwin Newsome
 302 RAMSGATE LD—Benjamin Senior
 303 MARGATE LD—Joseph Dinnick
 304 GRAVESEND LD—Richard Evans
 305 CHALFONT ST. GILES TPD—Joseph Sheale
 306 SHEERNESS TPD—Alf. Ives, Edward W. Lees
 307 MAIDSTONE LD—William Kitchen, William Freear, sup.
 308 CHATHAM LD—William Wardle
 309 WINDSOR TPD—Thomas S. Bateman
 310 BRIGHTON LD—*London-rd.*—William Dinnick (Partial relief), George T. Turberfield, John D. Dinnick, sup
 311 HOVE & SHOREHAM BRANCH—Frederick W. Norris, George H. Fowler, sup.
 312 REDHILL LD—Charles Harrison, William T. Healey, Thomas Stowe, sup., Joseph H. Daish, sup

- 313 WORTHING TPD—George Bromley
 314 TUNBRIDGE WELLS LD—Arthur Fawcett
 315 GUILDFORD LD—Richard W. Burnett (2)
 316 BRADFELD LD—Frederick W. Harper
 317 NORTHFLEET & GALLEY HILL TPD—J. Brace
 Evans
 318 NEW BROMPTON LD—Matthew Amer
 319 EASTBOURNE & NEWHAVEN LD—Alex. R.
 Walsham

WEST MIDLAND DISTRICT.

- GOVERNOR OF BOURNE COLLEGE, QUINTON, BIRMINGHAM—George Middleton
 320 DARLSTON TPD—Lucas J. Harvey, William Harvey, sup.
 321 LUDLOW LD 2—John W. Booth, Thomas Hunter, Chas. Smallman, sup., Samuel Peake, sup.
 322 BIRMINGHAM 1ST LD—*Gooch-st.*—William S. Spencer
 323 BIRMINGHAM 2ND TPD—*Lord-st.*—C. Leonard Tack
 324 BIRMINGHAM 3RD LD—*Regent-st.*—James M. Brown
 325 BIRMINGHAM 4TH LD—*Jenkins-st.*—Jos. Odell
 326 BIRMINGHAM 5TH LD—*Sparkhill*—Jas. Lockhart
 327 PRESTEIGN LD—William Sheasby
 328 KIDDERMINSTER LD—David Oakley
 329 BISHOP'S CASTLE LD—David S. Lees, James Huff, sup.
 330 DUDLEY TPD LD—Wm. H. Taylor, Harry Ross
 331 LICHFIELD TPD LD—George W. Turner, John T. Collier
 332 COVENTRY TPD—Wm. W. Goldstraw, Fred. Mosley
 333 WEST BROMWICH 1ST TPD—*Queen st.*—Edwin Richardson, William Booth
 334 WEST BROMWICH 2ND LD—*Lyng*—William C. Rose, John H. Geeson
 335 BRIERLEY HILL LD 2—W. Rees Davies, Geo. E. Rudram
 336 BROMSGROVE TPD—John Humphries
 337 DAWLEY LD—James Davies
 338 LEOMINSTER LD—George W. Stanyer
 339 BILSTON LD—Benjamin Walton, Jno. Taylor (3) sup.
 340 LEINTWARDINE TPD—Leonard Miles
 341 WOLVERHAMPTON 1ST LD—*Lord-st.*—William Carrier
 342 WOLVERHAMPTON 2ND LD — *Dudley-road* — James B. Knapp
 343 OLD HILL LD—Walter B. Cheshire
 344 KNIGHTON LD—James Richards
 345 WORCESTER TPD—John W. Ulyatt
 346 CHURCH STRETTON LD—John Graham (1)
 347 HAY LD—Edwin Clarke
 348 PEATON STRAND TPD—Fred. R. Andrews
 349 WILLENHALL LD—Joseph Ferguson, D.D. (Nor. Col. Madison, U.S.A.)
 350 BLOXWICH & CANNOCK TPD LD—Abel Taylor, George Griffin
 351 TIPTON LD—Richard Clarke
 352 CRADLEY HEATH TPD—Richard Lush
 353 HALESOWEN LD—*Birmingham Road*—John Cooper
 354 MADELEY TPD — Thomas G. Dyke, Joseph Shephard, sup.

- 355 CLUN TPD—Mark Trevethick, Jno. Heath, sup., George Eudall, sup.
 356 WEOBLEY LD—Charles A. Carter
 357 BLACKHEATH & QUINTON LD—John S. Stanwell
 358 BROMYARD TPD—Edward Icke
 359 REDDITCH LD—James Barnes
 360 WALSALL TPD—Joseph Shenton
 361 STRATFORD-ON-AVON MISSION TPD—Under care of the Evangelists' Home

NORTH BRITISH DISTRICT.

- 362 EDINBURGH—*Victoria Ter.*—Samuel Horton
 363 PAISLEY—Joseph Ritson
 364 MOTHERWELL—Robert Clemitson
 365 GLASGOW 1ST—*Turner-st.*—Herbert W. Snaith
 366 GLASGOW 2ND—*Parkhead*—P. Oliphant Hirst, William Sutton, Edward Evans
 367 GLASGOW 3RD—*Pollokshaws*—John W. Reed
 368 TRANENT MISSION—Edward Luctkar, Barnabas Wild, sup.
 369 WISHAW—Walter Stott, William Smith 3
 370 GREENOCK—Francis J. Sainty
 371 WHITEINCH (GLASGOW)—William Glover

LIVERPOOL DISTRICT.

- 372 LIVERPOOL 1ST LD—*Princes' Avenue*—James Watkin
 373 LIVERPOOL 2ND TPD—*Boundary-st. East*—Samuel Johnson
 374 LIVERPOOL 3RD LD — *Everton-road* — James P. Langham, Wm. Moore 3, Wm. Wilkinson, sup.
 375 LIVERPOOL 4TH LD — *Queen's-rd., Bootle* — William Whitham
 376 LIVERPOOL 5TH TPD—*Aintree*—J. Day Thompson
 377 PRESTON 1ST TPD—*Saul-st*—Joseph Prestwich, Robert Ayres, sup.
 378 PRESTON 2ND LD—*Fylde-rd*—Frederick Jeffs
 379 PRESTON 3RD LD—*Elton-st*—Thos. Harrison
 380 DOUGLAS TPD LD—Thomas Whitehead (2), Samuel Palmer, Edward Quine, sup.
 381 PRESTON BROOK AND RUNCORN LD—Wm. Fidoe
 382 BLACKBURN 1ST LD 2—*Montague-st*—Edward Mather, George E. Walker
 383 BLACKBURN 2ND LD — *Oxford-st., Audley*—William Spedding
 384 BLACKBURN 3RD TPD—*Clayton-le-Moors*—Jas. Shepherd
 385 CHESTER 1ST TPD {LD—*George-st.* — James Travis, Henry Davenport
 386 CHESTER 2ND TPD — *Hunter-st.* — James A. Cheeseman, James Crompton, sup.
 387 CHESTER 3RD LD—*Boughton*—William Albert
 388 CHORLEY TPD—John B. Buglass
 389 RAMSEY LD—Christopher Tinn, Robert B. Howcroft, sup.
 390 BIRKENHEAD 1ST TPD—*Grange-rd.*—T. Mostyn Pinnock, Joseph Graham, sup., John Mitchell, sup., Thomas Bramall, sup., Joseph Morton, sup.
 391 BIRKENHEAD 2ND LD—*Mount Tabor*—Albert J. Wigley
 392 ST. HELENS LD—James Wright
 393 SOUTHPORT 1ST LD—*Marshside-rd.*—John E. Hughes
 394 SOUTHPORT 2ND LD — *Derby-rd.*—Henry J. Taylor, George W. Meachim, Thomas Bennett, sup.

395 SOUTHPORT 3rd LD—*Banks & Hesketh Bank*
—Jeremiah Hopkins
396 FOXHILL BANK AND ACCRINGTON LD—John
Dudley
397 DUDLEY AND WIGAN TPD LD—*Central Hall*
—Joseph Angliss, Joseph Roxby
398 LANCASTER TPD—Thomas Wilshaw
399 CASTLETOWN TPD—Robert Hilton
400 PEEL LD—William Harris
401 BARROW-IN-FURNESS LD—J. Bastow Wilson
402 BUCKLEY LD—John Phillipson
403 WREXHAM TPD—George Rennison
404 FLEETWOOD TPD—Nathan Haigh
405 BLACKPOOL LD—William Welford, John
Vaughan, sup., Robert Pattinson, sup.
406 WARRINGTON & WIDNES LD—Charles Finch,
Matthew H. Chapman
407 SKELMERSDALE LD—William R. Brotherton
408 EARLESTOWN LD—Enoch Bocock
409 CLITHEROE TPD—Joseph Waggott
410 DALTON AND MILLOM LD—Walter Graham,
William Carr
411 ELLESMERE PORT LD—Thomas Kynaston
412 LAXEY LD—William A. Eyre
413 MORECOMBE TPD—Charles Higgins
414 KINGSLEY AND FRODSHAM LD—Albert H.
Kynaston

SHEFFIELD DISTRICT.

415 SHEFFIELD 1st TPD LD—*Bethel, Cambridge-st.*—
William Travis, John Dann
416 SHEFFIELD 2nd LD 2—*Stanley-st.*—Matthew
B. Stamp, William E. Lead
417 SHEFFIELD 3rd TPD LD—*Petre-st.*—Philip Nume,
James Badminton
418 SHEFFIELD 4th TPD—*Hoyle-st.*—John Slater,
Thomas Campey, sup.
419 SHEFFIELD 5th LD—*John-st.*—James Shaw,
William Cutts, sup.
420 SHEFFIELD 6th TPD—*Bethel, Attercliffe*—George
Newman
421 SHEFFIELD 7th TPD—*Langsett rd.*—William
Tingle
422 SHEFFIELD 8th TPD—*Ann's Road, Heeley*—
Walter Pedley
423 SHEFFIELD 9th LD—*Abbeyle, South View*
Road—John R. Tranmer
424 CHESTERFIELD 1st LD—*Holywell Cross*—A.
Lewis Humphries, M.A. (Cantab)
425 CHESTERFIELD 2nd LD—*Mount Zion*—Jesse
Wilson
426 CHESTERFIELD 3rd LD—*Whittington Moor*—
Samuel S. Henshaw
427 DONCASTER 1st TPD LD—*Spring Gardens*—
Arthur Ward, George T. Chappell, Richard Brook,
sup.
428 DONCASTER 2nd LD—*Duke-st.*—John Wilson
429 BELPER LD—William Thomsett
430 WINSTER LD—Lowther E. Ellis
431 RETFORD & WORKSOP LD—George Ford, Wm.
Clayton, sup.
432 ROTHERHAM TPD LD—Henry Clark, Joseph
Maland, Samuel B. Reynolds, sup. Samuel Brock,
sup.
433 HOYLAND LD—William Franks
434 EAKRING TPD—Joseph Hucknall
435 CLAY CROSS TPD LD—Samuel Barker, William
A. Bryant

436 MEXBOROUGH LD 2—John Shephard, Charles
Matheson, Joel Hodgson, sup.
437 STAVELEY TPD—Gad Thorp
438 ALFRETON LD—George W. Hancock
439 MATLOCK LD—Arthur Beavan
440 KIVETON PARK TPD—Thomas Vaughan
441 BOLSOVER LD—Richard Heppenstall
442 RAWMARSH LD—John T. Ecob
443 HEMSWORTH MISSION TPD—Henry Taylor,
District Missionary.

GRIMSBY AND LINCOLN DISTRICT.

444 GRIMSBY 1st TPD LD—*Victoria-st.*—William
Jones Davies, Arthur Jubb, George Shaw, sup.
445 GRIMSBY 2nd TPD LD 2—*Bethel*—Robert W.
Keightley, Henry Oliver, George Lee
446 GRIMSBY 3rd LD—*Hainton-st.*—J. Dodd
Jackson
447 LINCOLN 1st TPD LD—*Portland-place*—William
Pigott, D.D., (Gale University, USA), William Lee,
B.A.
448 LINCOLN 2nd LD—*Rasen Lane*—Jonas Holroyd
449 SCOTTER TPD, LD 2—Samuel Blackshaw, John
W. Middlemiss, Thomas Cook
450 LOUTH TPD LD—William E. Walmsley, Joseph
W. Grayson, Robert Ducker, sup.
451 BOSTON LD—John Pearson
452 DONINGTON LD—Alfred Morter
453 HORNCASTLE TPD LD—John Worsnop, Walter
Tunley
454 EPWORTH TPD—Albert E. Proctor
455 MARKET RASEN LD 2—John A. Wales, Mark
Pattison
456 BRIGG LD 2—John Strong, George Ellis,
Thomas Waumsley, sup.
457 WINTERTON TPD—John Hall (2), Joseph
Tongue, B.A., sup.
458 ALFORD TPD LD—John Hodges, Alfred Clarke
459 GAINSBOROUGH LD 2—John Redhead,
Joseph Squires
460 TETNEY LD—William Hayton
461 SPALDING AND HOLBEACH TPD—John P.
Osborne
462 CROWLE TPD LD—John Bradley, Arthur W.
Bagnall
463 LEAKE LD—Robert Thompson
464 SCUNTHORPE TPD—James Keightley

DARLINGTON & STOCKTON DISTRICT.

465 DARLINGTON LD—W. C. Trevelyan Parker,
Thos. Southron, sup., Charles T. Coulbeck, sup.
466 STOCKTON-ON-TEES LD 2—Emerson Phillipson,
George J. Lane, William Alderson, sup.
467 BROMPTON TPD—John Elliott
468 WHITBY LD—William Bowe, Wm. Robson,
sup.
469 WESTGATE TPD LD—William D. Judson,
Robert Huddleston
470 BARNARD CASTLE LD—George Annakin, James
Jackson, sup.
471 CROOK LD 2—Thos. Elliott, Charles Humb'e
472 STOKESLEY LD—John Forster
473 ST. HELENS AUCKLAND TPD, LD—John Reed,
Thomas Stephenson
474 GUISBOROUGH TPD—John A. West
475 HARTLEPOOL LD—Ralph Shields
476 STAITHES LD—George Chun

477 SHILDON TPD, LD 2—William Johnson, Wm. A. French, Ernest B. Storr
 478 SPENNYMOOR TPD LD—Daniel McKinley, Geo. C. Sharp
 479 BISHOP AUCKLAND TPD LD—George R. Bell, John Graham (2)
 480 MIDDLESBORO' TPD LD—Robert Hind, William Younger
 481 MIDDLETON-IN-TEESDALE TPD — Featherstone Watson
 482 WEST HARTLEPOOL LD—Robert Fletcher
 483 ESTON LD—John Davidson
 484 WATERHOUSES LD—George W. Moorsee
 485 SALT BURN - BY - THE - SEA TPD—Christopher Roberts
 486 BRANDON LD—John G. Bowran

CARLISLE & WHITEHAVEN DISTRICT.

487 CARLISLE LD 2—George E. Lloyd
 488 BRAMPTON BRANCH—Ward Hartley
 489 WHITEHAVEN TPD LD—John Jenkins, Ralph Laidler
 490 ALSTON TPD—Thomas Wood
 491 BROUGH LD 2—Robt. Walton, Wm. Skelson
 492 KENDAL TPD—Chas. Pettler, Jno. Taylor (2) sup.
 493 HALTWHISTLE LD—Peter McPhail
 494 MARYPORT TPD—John Sadler
 495 PENRITH LD—George Lewins
 496 WIGTON LD—T. Pearson Ellis
 497 WORKINGTON TPD—Fred Firth, John E. Carmichael, sup
 498 COCKERMOUTH LD—Colin C. Goodall

BRADFORD & HALIFAX DISTRICT.

499 BRADFORD 1st TPD—*Central Hall* — John Jopling
 500 BRADFORD 2nd LD 2—*Great Horton* — John Wilkinson, William H. Wright
 501 BRADFORD 3rd LD—*Laisterdyke* — Jackson Harding
 502 BRADFORD 4th LD—*Manningham*—Alf. Jones
 503 BRADFORD 5th LD—*Dudley Hill*—William Mainprize
 504 BRADFORD 6th LD—*Jubilee Memorial Mission* — John W. Fryer
 505 RIPON TPD—William Spivey
 506 HALIFAX 1st TPD—*Ebenezer*—William Sawyer
 507 HALIFAX 2nd LD—*Queen's-road*—Thomas H. Hunt
 508 HALIFAX 3rd TPD—*Booth Town-road*—George Newton
 509 SILSDEN LD 2—Robert Reeve, William Curry, Thomas Newell, sup.
 510 HUDDERSFIELD TPD LD—George H. Beeley
 511 MIRFIELD BRANCH—Charles S. Ball
 512 KEIGHLEY 1st TPD—*Alice-street*—Robert W. B. Whiteway, Alex. McKechnie, sup
 513 KEIGHLEY 2nd LD 2—*West Lane*—John F. Parrish, one year's rest. Ernest Warburton, Harry M. Hull
 514 BURNLEY 1st LD 2—*Hammerton st.*—George W. King, John H. Hirst
 515 BURNLEY 2nd TPD LD—*Brierfield* — John E. Jones, Francis E. Thistlethwaite
 516 OILEY TPD LD—Thos. Markwell, Jn. Bowdness, Arthur E. Goodall
 517 PATELEY BRIDGE TPD—Robert Gillender

518 THIRSK TPD—Robert H. McFarlane, George Whitehead, sup
 519 CLAYTON WEST TPD LD—Joseph Hawkins, Walter J. J. Curtis
 520 MIDDLEHAM LD—William Cox
 521 SHIPLEY LD—Jonathan Goldthorpe
 522 BINGLEY LD—John Swales
 523 COLNE LD—Thomas Shaw
 524 HECKMOND WIFE LD—John P. Mossop
 525 SOWERBY BRIDGE LD—William H. Matthews
 526 BEDALE TPD—James W. Cotton
 527 BARROWFORD LD—Jeremiah S. White
 528 SCHOLES LD—Robert E. Wheeler
 529 SKIPTON LD—John W. Lancaster
 530 GRASSINGTON LD—James H. Hindle
 531 DENT TPD—Thomas K. Upright
 532 IDLE AND CALVERLEY LD—William Bennion
 533 NELSON LD—Joseph T. Barkby
 534 BRIGHOUSE AND GREETLAND TPD—Wilfrid R. Wilkinson
 535 BATLEY TPD—Edward W. Gibson

SOUTH WALES DISTRICT.

536 PONTYPOOL LD—George Litten
 537 PILLOWELL LD—Samuel Harry
 538 SWANSEA LD—Alfred Johnson
 539 HEREFORD LD—Enoch Ball, Thos. A. Young
 540 TREDEGAR LD—John Turner
 541 ABERDARE TPD—Thos. as Graham
 542 MONMOUTH LD—John G. Cushing.
 543 NEWPORT (MON.) LD—John G. Smith (1)
 544 RHONDDA 1st TPD—John Bacon
 545 RHONDDA 2nd LD—T. Dorsey Dodsworth, (Evangelist)
 546 BRYNMAWR LD—Samuel Bryant
 547 CARDIFF 1st LD—*Severn-road, Canton*—Walter L. Taylor
 548 CARDIFF 2nd LD—*Mount Tabor, Moira Terrace* — Jos. Harding, Alfred E. Reavley, Philip Maddocks, sup, John P. Bellingham, sup
 549 BLAENAVON LD—William Forth
 550 LYDNEY LD—James Middleton
 551 CROSS KEYS TPD—William C. Tonks
 552 ABERTILLERY LD—James Whittick
 553 LYDBROOK LD—James W. Jacob
 554 CWM LD—Alfred Stabler
 555 KINGSTONE LD—Thomas M. Lakin
 556 MOUNTAIN ASH TPD—Joseph Harper
 557 PONTYPRIDD BRANCH—George Feaver
 558 NELSON TPD—Thomas A. McCready
 559 EBBW VALE LD—William Ward
 560 PEMBROKE DOCK LD—John Bainbridge
 561 RHYMNEY VALLEY TPD—J. Miles Johnson

LYNN & CAMBRIDGE DISTRICT.

562 LYNN TPD LD 2—Arthur T. Wardle, James Davidson, Thomas H. Barlow
 563 CAMBRIDGE 1st LD—*Peter-st.*—Wm. Clulow, Arthur Wood
 564 CAMBRIDGE 2nd LD—*Newmarket-rd.*—William M. Batterbee
 565 FAKENHAM LD—John T. Clarke
 566 DOWNHAM LD—James Cooper
 567 WATTON TPD—Thomas Woodall
 568 WISBECH TPD LD—Arthur W. Edwards, John W. Venables

569 SWAFFHAM TPD LD—Benjamin Bell, John W. Whittaker
 570 STOWMARKET TPD — Albert Hebblethwaite, B.D., (St. Louis U.S.A.)
 571 ELY LD—Charles Shreeve
 572 BURY ST. EDMUNDS TPD—Henry Bennett
 573 DOCKING TPD LD—James Kemish, Rd. Bolton
 574 THETFORD TPD LD—John Guy, Samuel Parlow
 575 SOHAM LD—John F. Read
 576 MANEA LD—John J. Harrison, John Harrison, sup.
 577 WELLS LD—Henry R. Didcock
 578 SUDBURY LD—Isaac Ashworth
 579 ST IVES, HUNTS LD—James Prouten
 580 BRANDON AND METHWOLD LD—Geo. Hughes

SALISBURY & SOUTHAMPTON DISTRICT.

581 SALISBURY LD—Levi Norris, John Wright (i), sup, Henry Portnall, sup
 582 SOUTHAMPTON 1ST TPD—Bevois Town—John H. Harradine
 583 SOUTHAMPTON 2ND LD—*South Front*—John Bailey
 584 MOTCOMBE LD 2—Thomas Phelps, John L. Williams, William H. Nicholas
 585 POOLE LD—Alex. W. Welford
 586 WINCHESTER LD—Joseph Wellings
 587 STURMINSTER NEWTON TPD LD—John Sheppard, Ernest G. French
 588 MICHELDEVER LD—John French
 589 BLANDFORD LD—John S. Buckley
 590 ROMSEY TPD—John Green
 591 BOURNEMOUTH TPD—Josiah Turley, William C. Dando, James Herridge, sup, George Doe, sup
 592 DROXFORD LD—Thomas Page
 593 NEWPORT & COWES LD—Alfred J. Bull, Joseph Bilton
 594 WEYMOUTH TPD—Joseph T. Evans
 595 GUERNSEY LD—Thomas Lagar
 596 JERSEY TPD—George B. Gheghorn
 597 PORTSMOUTH LD—Samuel Ainsworth, W. Ernest Webley
 598 BURTON LD—Charles Lomas
 599 PORTLAND TPD—J. Phillips Read
 600 YEovil LD—Timothy Dinnick
 601 BASINGSTOKE TPD—Joseph Beal
 602 WILTON LD—Timothy C. Rigg
 603 WOODFALLS TPD—Joseph K. Ellwood

SHREWSBURY DISTRICT.

604 SHREWSBURY LD 2—Ed. Jones, Chas F. Gill
 605 WROCKWARDINE WOOD TPD LD—Thos. Sowerby, William G. Softley, Richard Wycherley, sup.
 606 OSWESTRY LD—Peter Kay
 607 HADNALL TPD—Clowes G. Milson
 608 MINSTERLEY LD—John Clare
 609 OAKENGATES & WELLINGTON LD—Wm. Hall
 610 RHOS-Y-MEDRE LD—Thomas R. Maland
 611 WELSHPOOL LD—Alfred Smith
 612 WEM TPD—Jacob Wilson
 613 LLANMYNECH LD—John Holland
 614 NEWTOWN LD—Thomas Pigott
 615 ELLESMERE TPD—Walter Perry

DEVON AND CORNWALL DISTRICT.

616 REDRUTH TPD LD—Joseph Reavley, Jonah G. Ferriday, William Watts, sup.

617 ST. IVES LD—James H. Rollason
 618 ST. AUSTELL LD—Frederick B. Paston, Joseph Warner, sup.
 619 PLYMOUTH LD—John H. Best, Robt. Robinson, John Roberts
 620 LISKEARD BRANCH.—Lay Missionary, James S. Nunn, sup.
 621 ST. DAY LD—Frederick Harbourn
 622 PENZANCE TPD LD—James Tristram, Stanley Buckley
 623 EXMOUTH LD—Barzillai Beckerlegge, Thomas Bryant, sup
 624 TORQUAY LD—James Burton
 625 FALMOUTH TPD—George Freezer, Lay Missionary
 626 TRURO LD—Herbert P. Ellis, Lay Missionary
 627 DARTMOUTH LD—William G. Leadbetter
 628 TEIGNMOUTH AND DAWLISH LD.—Bertram B. Portnell

MISSIONS DISTRICT.

LONDON MISSIONS.

629 SOUTHWARK LD—James Flanagan
 630 WALTHAMSTOW TPD—Frederick W. Atkin, Archibald A. Kidwell.
 631 CLAPTON TPD—Thos. Jackson, Joseph Eyre, William R. Widdowson, sup.
 632 SOUTHEND TPD—Joshua Biggs
 633 FOREST GATE TPD—Arthur Lawton
 634 FULHAM LD—William Roberts

PROVINCIAL MISSIONS.

635 RYDE & VENTNOR LD—John Leach, Amos Ryder
 636 CHICHESTER LD—Wm. Holland, Alfred Sayer
 637 HORSHAM LD—George Bell
 638 HAYWARD'S HEATH BRANCH—Walter T. Cranfield
 639 HASTINGS TPD—William Smith
 640 GOUDHURST LD—Stephenson Blenkin
 641 DARTFORD TPD—John Farr
 642 ALDERSHOT TPD—John C. Wenn, Arthur J. Herod
 643 CHELMSFORD LD—George Dowson
 644 MALDON TPD—Charles E. Clarke
 645 GREAT BARDFIELD LD—Samuel Stubbings, E. Cook Pritchard, sup.
 646 HALSTEAD TPD—David Rogers
 647 BUCKINGHAM TPD—William Cuthbert
 648 TAMWORTH LD—Reuben Barron
 649 PEWSEY LD—Henry Parrot, Lay Evangelist
 650 ABERGAVENNY LD—Samuel C. B. Clarke, Lay Evangelist
 651 CHELTENHAM LD—William Turner (2)
 652 RICHMOND, YORKS TPD—William Bridge
 653 ABERAVON LD—Edward Cairns
 654 DOVER AND DEAL LD—Isaac Dorricott, Wm. Vaughan, Robert Taylor, sup.
 655 CHERTSEY LD—John H. Packham
 656 EASTLEIGH LD—Stewart Hooson, Edward Stephens, sup.
 657 BELFAST 1ST LD—*Shankhill-road*—J. Wesley Waddell, William Davies
 658 BELFAST 2ND LD—*Donegal-road*—Tom R. Holtby
 659 PORTADOWN LD—A Lay Missionary, John Taylor (i) sup

660 BIRMINGHAM CENTRAL MISSION TPD—Albert Bage
 661 FARNBOROUGH LD—*North Camp*—George Musselwhite, Lay Missionary, John W. Shenton
 MISSIONARY DEPUTATION—John Smith

AFRICA.

WEST AFRICA.

662 SANTA ISABEL—Matthew H. Barron
 663 SAN CARLOS BAY—Thomas C. Showell
 664 BANNI—William N. Barleycorn
 665 BOTTLENOSE—George E. Wiles
 666 ARCHIBONGVILLE—Nathaniel Boocock, One wanted

SOUTH AFRICA.

667 ALI WAL NORTH—Geo. E. Butt, John Msikinya, George H. Butt, William R. Somngesi, Thomas J. Raybould

CENTRAL AFRICA.

MASHUKULUMBWELAND.

668 NKALA—Arthur Baldwin, James S. Tozzo, Native Evangelist
 669 NANZELA—Wm. Chapman, Robert R. Moalosi, Native Evangelist
 670 MOOMBA—Frederick Pickering
 671 ZAMBESI—One to be sent
 672 KAYINGO—Joseph Puglinyane, Native Evangelist
 673 KAZENGA—One to be sent
 674 SHALOA—One to be sent
 675 WANKIE—Edwin W. Smith

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN DISTRICT.

BOOK STEWARD AND GENERAL SECRETARY—Henry Jas. Pope

676 ADELAIDE—Hy. J. Pope, D. C. Harris; John G. Wright, sup.

677 NORTH ADELAIDE—Brian Wibberly
 678 NORWOOD—Arthur W. Wellington
 679 PARKSIDE—Arthur J. Burt, Wlt. Howchin, sup.
 680 QUEENSTOWN—William T. Wiltshire
 681 MOUNT BARKER—Henry Holmes
 682 KOORINGA—Stephen Wellington
 683 SALISBURY—Reuben J. Rose
 684 SADDLEWORTH—Samuel Raymond
 685 STRATHALBYN—Samuel Gray
 686 KADINA—Richard Jackson
 687 WOODSIDE—Joseph J. Salmon
 688 GAWLER—Andrew G. Kennedy, Under the supervision of the Mallala Minister
 689 TWO WELLS—James H. Williams
 690 MOONTA—Henry Parkinson
 691 MALLALA—Robert J. Daddow
 692 YONGALA—Thomas Weatherill
 693 PROSPECT—W. Arthur Dunn
 694 BROKEN HILL—John Goodwin
 695 SOUTH BROKEN HILL—Harnold A. Smith
 696 DAWSON—One to be sent (to be worked in conjunction with the Yongala Circuit)

MISSIONS.

697 LAURA AND REDHILL—Thomas Theobald
 698 MORGAN—Henry Hartley
 699 PORT BROUGHTON—Henry J. Parkinson
 700 MANNUM—John A. S. Williams
 701 KAPUNDA

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

702 KALGOORLIE—Thomas Allen
 703 NORSEMAN—James E. Stone

MELBOURNE DISTRICT.

BOOK STEWARD, SUPERINTENDENT OF MISSIONS, AND GENERAL SECRETARY—William Hunt

704 MELBOURNE 1st LD—*Lygon Street*—George H. Cole, Book Steward

705 MELBOURNE 2nd TPD LD—*Collingwood*—Henry Heathershaw

706 NORTHCOE BRANCH—Henry Heathershaw, George Grey, sup.

707 MELBOURNE 3rd TPD LD—*South Yarra*—David Provan, Ernest W. Walker, H.M., Joshua Smith, sup., Samuel Bracewell, sup.

708 MELBOURNE 4th TPD LD—*Brunswick*—John Thomas Kearns, William Richards

709 MELBOURNE 5th LD—*Burwood*—Thomas Copeland

710 MELBOURNE 6th LD—*Campbellfield*—William Harris

711 MELBOURNE 7th TPD—*Williamstown (Mission)*—Henry W. Frederick

712 GEELONG TPD LD—James Wilson

713 CASTLEMAINE TPD—Frederick J. Jennings

714 EAGLEHAWK TPD LD—James R. Currie

715 BALLARAT 1st TPD LD—*Eyre-st.*—Charles Anthony, Ralph Liddell, H.M.

716 BALLARAT 2nd TPD—*Darling-st.*—Emmanuel Parsons

717 CRESWICK TPD LD—William Moore, Robert Allen, sup.

718 BENDIGO LD—Charles Mason

719 BENALLA TPD LD—William H. Youlton

720 CANIAMBO BRANCH—Francis R. Wilks, HM

721 LAUNCESTON TPD LD—Alfred Madsen

722 HAMILTON LD—Frederick C. Vian

723 MARYBORO' AND TALBOT TPD—William Gould

724 LONGFORD TPD—Michael Lawther

725 BEAUFORT LD—Henry Robinson

726 HOBART TPD LD—Henry B. Barber, Luther Williams, HM

727 PENGUIN TPD LD—James Rogers, William H. Walton, sup.

728 SALE TPD—Thomas Nichols, HM

729 BRIGHTON TPD—James H. Cain

730 GRETA TPD—Robert Jackson

731 MURTOA TPD LD—Charles H. Hammer

732 BEACONSFIELD TPD—Albert Hartlett

733 CONDAH LD—Dis. Com. Supply, John T. Pithouse, sup.

MISSIONS.

734 NILLUMBIK TPD—George R. Neilson

735 LAANECOORIE LD—William J. Bottoms

736 INVERLEIGH LD—One to be obtained

737 STAWELL LD—Leslie T. Copeland

738 ZEEHAN TPD—John Williams

739 WARALGON LD—Thomas Roberts

NEW SOUTH WALES DISTRICT.

740 SYDNEY 1st—*Albion-street Mission*.—James W. Holden, Emanuel Masterman, sup.

741 SYDNEY 2nd—*St. Peter's*—Philip S. Young

742 SYDNEY 3rd—*Forest Lodge and Leichhardt*.—John E. Metcalfe, Charles Waters, sup.

- 743 SYDNEY 4th—*Dulwich Hill*—William Atkinson, George James, sup.
 744 SYDNEY 5th—*Annandale*—Matthew Reavley
 745 SYDNEY 6th—*Balmain*—James Green
 746 GOULBURN—Elias Crozier
 747 NEWCASTLE 1st—*Brown-street*—John W. C. Horberry, John A. Foggon, sup.
 748 NEWCASTLE 2nd—*Wickham*—Theophilus Parr, M.A.
 749 WALLSEND—Stephen Kessell
 750 LITHGOW—Walter Pettinger
 751 WOLLONGONG—Thomas Davies
 752 BURWOOD—James B. Penman
 753 BOWRALL—Lewis Hurd
 754 PARRAMATTA—John Penman

MISSIONS.

- 755 MACLEAY RIVER—Robert Mowbray
 756 CAMDEN—Thomas J. Massingham, H.L.P., Jabez Ashmead, sup.
 757 MORPETH—Thomas F. Rudd
 758 MUDGE—Robert J. Thomas
 759 CROOKWELL—Samuel Gilby
 760 GRANVILLE—Bernard Kenny
 761 GRETA—Arthur W. Parton, H.L.P.
 762 PENRITH—Arthur C. Ward, H.L.P.
 763 CHARLESTOWN—James W. Leadley
 764 WATERLOO AND KINGSTON—William A. Wilson, H.L.P.
 765 STOCKTON—Under care of Minister of Newcastle 1st Circuit and a Local Committee
 766 CATHERINE HILL BAY—William N. Lock

NEW ZEALAND DISTRICT.

- 767 NEW PLYMOUTH—John Olphert

- 768 WELLINGTON 1st—George H. Mann, William J. Dean, sup., Jno. Dumbell, sup.
 769 WELLINGTON 2nd—John Dawson, Richard Hall
 770 AUCKLAND 1st—Wm. Laycock, Wm. S. Potter, Geo. P. Hunt, student.
 771 AUCKLAND 2nd—Joseph Sharp
 772 INVERCARGILL—Thomas H. Lyon
 773 TIMARU—John W. Hayward
 774 THAMES—Edward D. Ake
 775 GREENDALE—James Clover
 776 CHRISTCHURCH—Charles E. Ward
 777 ASHBURTON—Robert Raine
 778 FIELDING—Peter W. Jones
 779 GERALDINE—Henry Williams
 780 DUNEDIN—James Guy, Percy J. Cossum
 781 FOXTON—William Woollass
 782 HALCOMBE—Samuel Henderson
 783 SOUTH INVERCARGILL—Thomas A. Pybus

MISSIONS.

- 784 STRATFORD AND ELTHAM—George Clement, Ben Dudley
 785 WAIMATE AND OAMARU—John Nixon
 786 WESTPORT DENNISTON AND MOKIHINUI—J. B. Merritt, J. M. Rourne, H.M., Wm. B. Scott, H.M.
 787 HUNTERVILLE—Walter Harris, C.M.
 788 INGLEWOOD—Wm. C. Woodward
 789 BLUFF—Frederick W. Boys
 790 WAIHI—Samuel Barnett
 791 WANGANUI—James Cocker

Our Conference Chronicle.

BY THE REV. J. ATKINSON.

The delegates appointed to attend the Conference of this year assembled in the town of Grimsby on June 14th. It is the third time the Conference has met in this Lincolnshire town, and, perhaps, in no other town with the same population does the Connexion occupy a position so influential. The population is only about 60,000, and we have three circuits connected with the town. In these three circuits there are thirty Connexional Chapels, which have cost £38,895, and are valued to-day at £39,275, with a debt of £8,822. The membership of the three circuits numbers 2,156. There are twenty Sunday Schools, with 433 teachers and 3,955 scholars. Why there are no schools in connection with ten of the chapels we are not in a position to say. Possibly they are situated in small hamlets where workers are difficult to obtain. Such, however, we understand is the case. We cannot give complete statistics so as to bring this year into complete comparison with the previous years when the Conference met at Grimsby, but we

can compare progress in one or two respects. In 1869 there was but one circuit, with a membership of 770. In 1880 the one circuit had become two, with a membership of 1,370, so that in the eleven years the Church had well nigh doubled its membership. During this period, four large chapels were erected in the town in addition to the two excellent properties already in possession of the Connexion. One of them, the Flottergate Chapel, was opened during the visit of the Conference in 1880. Now the two circuits have become three, and the membership has risen to 2,156, a considerable advance upon 1880, though not so great as that made between 1869 and 1880. Still, if all our circuits had made proportionate progress we should have occupied a position considerably in advance of that occupied now.

Most of the men who attended the Conference of 1869 have "crossed the bar." Two, however, were members of the Conference this year, and were to be seen in a position where survivors of that remote

period might be expected to be found—on the Deed Poll benches. The Revs. James Huff and Robert Church sat in the Grimsby Conference of 1869, and were able to compare that day with this. The Rev. R. Tanfield, who attended the Conference of 1869, attended this year in the capacity of Connexional Treasurer, though not as a member of the Assembly—though, by-the-by, there would have been serious complaints on the part of the delegates had he not been present to honour their demands. A lay delegate from the Brinkworth District bears the name of one present in 1869, Mr. J. Sweeper, and possibly he may be the same person, though we have some doubt respecting him. It was pleasing to find a link or two connecting the Assembly of this year with that of 1869.

We noticed a few more who were present at the Conference in 1880. But as we surveyed the delegation from the various Districts, the links with the Assembly of 1880 were not many. The chief Conference officers of that year—the President, Rev. C. C. M'Kechie; the Vice-President, Rev. M. Clark; the Secretary, Rev. J. Barfoot, have been called to the higher service of the skies, and so have all the Deed Poll members of that year, save one, Mr. W. Dean, who still lingers among his brethren here. The Connexional officers then in charge of the affairs of the Church have filled up their day of work, and entered into rest, while other men have entered into their labours, and sustain the responsibilities they so cheerfully bore in their day. Workers pass away, but the work halts not. The Divine purposes depend not on any one man, or any set of men. Sometimes a man bulks so largely in the service of the Church that it is thought almost impossible to do without him, but he goes, and then it is seen some other has been quietly prepared in the Providence of God to take his place. Moses dies, but Joshua is ready, and He who was with Moses abides with Joshua, and neither fails nor forsakes him. So it has ever been, and so it ever will be.

At the Conference of 1869 the first proposal to establish a Loan Fund in connection with our chapel property was considered, and instruction was given to the General Committee and General Chapel Fund Committee to prepare a scheme for the formation of such a fund, and report to the Conference of the following year. Beyond this no far-reaching proposal was mooted. At the Conference of 1880 a number of proposals were submitted for consideration, but none of a specially important character, save, perhaps, one which had reference to an inquiry into the constitution and working of the Missionary Society, and which resulted in the discontinuance of the office of Deputy Treasurer and Secretary of Foreign Missions, an office which had been created by the Conference of 1877, as it was found the work could

be done by the General Committee's Secretary and the General Missionary Secretary.

In 1869 the Connexional statistics showed 943 ministers, 14,169 local preachers, 9,673 class-leaders, 161,229 members, 3,282 Sunday Schools, 46,193 teachers, 258,857 scholars, 3,360 chapels, and 2,963 rented rooms and other places where service was held. In 1880, ministers 1,142, local preachers 14,507, class-leaders 10,561, members 182,691, schools 4,046, teachers 58,371, scholars 372,570, chapels 4,302, rented rooms and other places where service was held 1,922. This year the value of Church property was given as £2,531,328, and the debt as £1,003, 811. Another feature of these statistics absent in 1869 was Sunday scholars above fourteen years of age who were members of the Church 11,546, under fourteen years of age 9,117. For the eleven years there was an increase: 199 ministers, 338 local preachers, 888 class-leaders, members 21,462, schools 764, teachers 12,178, scholars 113, 713, chapels 942, rented rooms and other places decreased by 1,041. These statistics show an average progress in members for the eleven years of nearly 2,000 a year, while during the same period the Connexion built well nigh two chapels every week. In all other respects, corresponding progress appears to have been made, save in the total number of places at which service was held. The rented rooms, cottages, and other places decreased by 1,041, while new chapels only increased 942, so that the area occupied had been abridged, but this probably arose mainly in the Colonies, where the migration of population led to the abandonment of many outlying stations.

The Connexional statistics submitted to Conference this year, of which we shall have to take further notice, and simply introduce here for comparison with 1880, show members 198,930, ministers 1,102, local preachers 16,617, class-leaders 10,604, Connexional chapels 4,643, rented rooms and other places at which service is held 891, value of Connexional property £3,921,621. Debt on this property £1,082,138. Sunday Schools 4,341, teachers 61,015, scholars 467,884, scholars over fourteen years of age who are members of the Church 27,631, under fourteen years of age 24,548. These statistics show for the nineteen years an increase of 16,239 members, 159 ministers, 2,110 local preachers, 43 class-leaders, 341 Connexional chapels, £1,390,293 in value of Connexional property, and only £78,327 increase of debt upon this property, 295 Sunday Schools, 2,644 teachers, 95,314 scholars, 16,085 scholars above fourteen years of age members of the Church, and 15,431 under fourteen years of age members of society classes. But these figures only imperfectly indicate the progress that has been made during this period. In 1884 the Canadian section of the Connexion separated from the British Conference, and united with other

Methodist Churches to form the Methodist Church of Canada. When this separation took place the British Conference transferred to the United Church 8,223 members, 99 ministers, 246 local preachers, 330 class-leaders, 169 Sabbath Schools, 1,253 teachers, and 9,343 scholars, 237 Connexional chapels, and 64 rented places of worship. In 1897 the Queensland section of the Connexion separated with a view to form a United Methodism in that Colony, and the Conference then practically transferred 2,120 members, 30 ministers, 160 local preachers, 71 class-leaders, 83 Connexional chapels, 143 rented places of worship, 95 Sabbath Schools, 642 teachers, 6,306 scholars. Taking these transferences into account along with the consequent loss of agency and area of work, and noting the actual advance made, it will be seen that the Connexion during the period from 1880 to 1899 has made no inconsiderable progress. It was not a decadent cause, but a living, vigorous and progressive cause that was represented in the Grimsby Conference this year.

There were two or three features connected with the Conference of this year that will contribute to render it somewhat memorable. For the first time in the history of the Connexion a lady sat as a member of the Conference. This innovation proceeded from the Bradford and Halifax District which elected Mrs. Townsend, of Shipley, as one of its representatives, and with a quiet dignity she fulfilled the duty that had been assigned to her. Had some other members of the Conference exercised the same self-repression there would not have been the repeated complaints about the escape of "gas." Mrs. Townsend made in all respects a model delegate; punctual and regular in attendance, giving careful consideration to all questions, and using her voting power with discretion, she gave an impressive object lesson in favour of her sex as delegates to Conference. If all lady delegates who may be sent act with the same prudence as Mrs. Townsend, there will be no need to regret the pious wish of the ex-President that she may be the precursor of a considerable importation of the gentler sex into the chief Assembly of the Connexion.

For the first time, too, in the history of our Church, a native African sat as a member of the Conference. The Rev. John Msikinya has been connected with our Aliwal North Station in South Africa for twenty-one years. He has served the Connexion during these years with great fidelity, as native teacher and minister. Brought from Lovedale by the ex-President when he was in charge of the Aliwal Station, he has witnessed the growth of that station till from a very small beginning it has become one of the most important stations in the Connexion, and promises, by its evangelism and educational institutions, to exercise a growing influence upon the progress of Christianity in Africa. Mr. Msikinya while in this country wishes to raise

£1,000 toward the erection of a native church in Aliwal to accommodate 1,000 persons. The undertaking will cost £2,000, and the native Church has taxed itself at the rate of £5 for every male member, £1 for every female, and 10s. for each young person. A church of native Africans prepared to do this deserves support, and we hope that Mr. Msikinya may have the gladness of returning to his native land, having accomplished this part of his mission and more. His devoutness and gentlemanly bearing endeared him to all who met him at the Conference, and will commend him to all with whom he may sojourn in this country. It was fitting that when present in this country he should have been elected to a seat in the Missions District Meeting, and sent to Conference as a representative of that District.

In the record of our Church the death of Dr. Joseph Wood will stand inseparably connected with the Conference of this year. It was with a feeling of profound sorrow that the Conference learned at the opening of the Sessions that Dr. Wood's life could only be measured by hours, and that he was unable to see the friends with whom for many years he had laboured in varied service. For more than forty years he has been a striking personality in our Connexional life. At a very early period in his ministry he took a foremost place amongst his brethren, and though at that time he belonged to the extreme left, he was recognised as one of the coming men to whom the Connexion would owe much; and this forecast has been amply verified. Possessing intellectual gifts of no mean order, combined with a devout spirit, and the courage of deep conviction, a hard student and a keen controversialist, he won his way to the highest position to which the Church could call him, and in every office he filled he commanded the admiration and respect of the churches. In pulpit and on platform he had few peers, and in administrative work he manifested conspicuous ability. His retirement a few years ago from active service was a subject of universal regret, and his failing health evoked the continuous sympathy of the whole Church. His death, which occurred on June 17th, shed a sadness over the Conference, and especially over many who had been closely associated with him in official life and work. The Conference adjourned for his funeral, and all the delegates attended. It was an impressive scene, and one that those who took part in will not readily forget. He has passed to the higher service of the Kingdom of God rich in the esteem and love of his brethren, and has left behind him a memory which will abide as one of the treasured possessions of the Church.

The Conference when assembled presented a striking evidence of the beneficial influence of the Christian faith. There were indications of comfortable positions in life to which many had risen under the influence of Christian teaching. There

was a brightness, cheerfulness and hopefulness in the Assembly that afforded the strongest testimony in support of the Apostolic saying, that "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." The known faces were fewer this year than in any previous year of which we have remembrance, many of the delegates evidently attending Conference for the first time. It is commendable that a fair proportion of new representatives should be introduced every year, but at the same time it is very desirable that a fair number of those attending should have some knowledge of Conference procedure, and be able to exercise a degree of leading influence in the Assembly. In some District Meetings, when delegates have to be appointed, an inquiry is made as to how many times a candidate has been to Conference, and a number of attendances tells against appointment, as if the possession of experience and knowledge constituted a disqualification for election. By all means let us have new men, but combine them with a fair proportion of "old parliamentary hands." The Conference was by no means exciting; there was no lack of talk, much of it of an adulatory character—in fact, too much—but no real debate. In this the recent Conference differed from any previous Conference of which we have any remembrance. There was, however, general good feeling, and no one, we think, would carry away any unpleasant remembrances of his short visit to Grimsby.

INITIATORY PROCEEDINGS.

When the delegates had quietly settled in their places, the retiring President, Rev. J. Smith, proceeded to open the Conference. He departed from the usual course of announcing the time-honoured hymn for such an occasion, "And are we yet alive and see each other's face," etc., and gave out hymn 378, which seemed more suitable and fitting. The customary hymn may suit well enough for an assembly constituted mainly of the same persons each year, but in an assembly like the Conference, in which only a few see each other's face again, it hardly seems fitting. The Conference evidently appreciated the selection, and the hymn was sung with much feeling. Then after reading the Scriptures, the President called upon the Rev. G. Seaman and Messrs. W. Glass and T. Lawrence to lead the Assembly in prayer. Here Mr. Smith observed the constitutional order of Conference, one minister to two laymen, and we did not observe that the devotions were either better or worse for this conformity to Deed Poll regulation. Mercies of the past were remembered and thankfully acknowledged, present blessing was duly recognised, and the Divine presence and guidance solicited for every Session of the Conference. It was a solemn and hallowed time, and a graciously subdued feeling pervaded the Conference. It was a meet prepara-

tion for the work that was to follow. The roll-call then followed, and most of the delegates answered to their names through the General Committee delegate of each District—a decided improvement upon the old method of each answering for himself. Satisfactory information was given respecting the few absentees, and then the usual temporary officers being appointed, the Conference properly constituted, proceeded to the election of President. Three nominations were made: Revs. W. Goodman, H. Clarke and G. Seaman. It was confidently expected that Mr. Goodman would be elected, and this anticipation was confirmed by a splendid majority, and a better appointment could not have been made. As General Committee Secretary, Mr. Goodman has won golden opinions, and the efficient manner in which he has discharged the duties of this important office had undoubtedly great influence in deciding the election for the Chair. With a knowledge of Connexional law and usage that cannot be surpassed, cool in judgment, prompt in decision, firm, yet kindly in bearing, Mr. Goodman made a model President. Never for a moment was he at a loss in relation to any ruling, and in no single case was his ruling at fault. Permitting a fair degree of liberty in the expression of opinion on any question, he, nevertheless, soon brought up any delegate disposed to wander from the point at issue. He ruled with a kindly and impartial hand, and however high he stood in the estimation of his brethren when he took the Chair, he stood still higher when the Conference closed its Sessions, and during his year of office he will command the confidence and esteem of his brethren in an even higher degree than he has done in the past. For the Vice-Presidency, which for some years now has been allotted to a layman, five candidates were nominated, all good men and true, and if the other four had only been absent, any one of them was worthy of the confidence of the Conference. The choice of the Conference fell upon Mr. William Windsor, of Manchester, and an admirable Vice-President he made. The President gave him a full share of work, and it would have been difficult for any man to have performed it better. Alert, resourceful, genial and brotherly, always "on the spot," the Vice-President when in the Chair directed the proceedings of the Assembly with remarkable skill and wisdom. Mr. Windsor is highly respected in his own District, and unless we are mistaken, he will command an equal respect and esteem throughout the Connexion during his year of office. The chief seats filled, the Conference proceeded to the election of the Secretary. This is a responsible and arduous office, but there was no lack of candidates. Evidently the prospect of hard work and close confinement in writing up the Journal does not intimidate the brethren. Five nominations were made for this position, and much was said for each nominee. If a man wants to know how clever and

excellent he is let him get nominated for Conference or Connexional office, and he will know ever after. The Conference settled upon the Rev. D. S. Prosser, and appointed Rev. J. T. Parr as his Assistant, and admirably these two brethren fulfilled their duties; the Journal was found written up each morning, and so accurate was it found when read daily, that comparatively few corrections had to be made. Other necessary appointments were then made on the nomination of the General Committee Secretary, and the organisation of the Conference for work was completed. The induction of the President was deferred, after the example of last year, to the afternoon, and this formality is now likely to become part of Conference procedure. It invests the entrance upon the office with a little more ceremony, and may be regarded as a compliance with the advice to "Let all things be done decently and in order." The service was attended by a large congregation, the Hainton Street Chapel being filled to its utmost capacity. The retiring President, in a few well chosen sentences, handed over to the President the insignia of office—the Conference Bible and Hymnal, each of which he described as "perfect," though we judge the adjective was not employed in exactly the same sense in each case. He then introduced him to the President's Chair, the custody of which forms another part of the responsibilities he has to sustain for the year. The President then gave his address, the earlier part of which consisted of interesting reminiscences of his early life. He then put in a plea for the young, and expressed his hope that the year might be "the children's year." He referred to the growing influence of Christianity as seen in the repression of the Sunday newspaper movement, and desiderated an expression of the same influence in relation to other evils which prevailed. He rejoiced in the revelation of the power of the Christian Church which recent events had made manifest, and expressed his conviction that the Gospel would bring the discord in the world to an end, and unite all in a glorious harmony. The retiring Vice-President, in a very happy mood, handed over to his successor the duties and honours of the position to which he had been elected, and Mr. Windsor, in a few felicitous sentences, expressed his anxiety to serve the Church which had called him to this office, for he regarded the position as affording an opportunity for service that, so far as ability and circumstances permitted, he would gladly use in the interest of the Church in which he had been cradled, and which it had been the joy of his manhood to serve. Heartily did he join with the President in desiring that this year might be known as "the children's year," for it had been his greatest joy to labour in the service of the youth and child-life of the Church.

THE CONNEXIONAL CENSUS.

To the Conference are sent various reports from

the Districts concerning the numerical position of the Connexion, and though these reports are generally received without much remark, they constitute an important part of the record of Conference proceedings. The membership of the Connexion stood at the close of the past Connexional year at 198,930, being an increase of 1,748. Six Home Districts and one Colonial District reported decreases amounting in the aggregate to 363, and nineteen Home Districts and three Colonial Districts reported increases, so that the increase, though by no means large, was spread generally over the Districts, and not confined in any large proportion to any one locality. This is so far satisfactory, and indicates a generally vigorous condition. With two exceptions, the decreases occurred in Districts made up mainly of agricultural stations, where migration to the mining and manufacturing localities in search of better conditions of life draws off the youth of both sexes. Surely something will be done some day to make it worth while for the people to remain on the land and place the foundation industry of the country upon a more satisfactory basis. As it is we have to witness the depletion of our rural Stations year by year, and it is to be feared that not a few who in their youth thus migrate yield to the many seductive attractions found in largely populated neighbourhoods, and are lost to virtue and to God. The land laws of this country have much to answer for in relation to the social and moral condition of the people. Reform here would render evangelistic work much easier and much more fruitful, and the power to accomplish this much-needed reform lies largely with the Churches. The responsibility of citizenship realised by the followers of Jesus Christ, and the duties of citizenship diligently discharged by them, would lead to a reformation that would in a great measure transform the social life of the country. We note with some satisfaction that the number of regular ministers has increased by fourteen. We would it had been four-fold that number, as many of our Stations are understaffed, especially in the more northerly part of the Connexion, but this increase is gratifying and we hope may be the precursor of further advance in the same direction. The number of local preachers, singular to say, is stationary, being 16,617, the same as last year. This is to be regretted, for the Connexion depends much upon these unpaid ministers, and it will be an ill day for it when the number does not advance with the increasing membership. The number of class leaders however has advanced from 10,418 to 10,604, a very fair increase in these local pastors affording promise of better oversight and care for the membership. In the Home Districts the number of Connexional chapels has been increased from 4,167 to 4,243, an increase of 76, but other preaching places have decreased from 781 to 728. Doubtless at many of these places chapels have been

erected, but it is gratifying to find that while we have added 76 new chapels to our Connexional property, the other places have only decreased by 53, so that we have, though not in a large degree, widened the general area of our Connexional work. In the Colonies, however, it has been otherwise, the number of chapels reported is 400, the same as last year, while other places are given at 163, a decrease of three. There can be no doubt that the agitation for Methodist union which has prevailed in the Colonial Districts for some time has put an arrest upon chapel extension, and we fear has not been favourable to evangelistic work. However, in a short time the period of agitation will be over, and we may then expect to hear of the progress of Methodism at the Antipodes. The value of Connexional property in the Home Districts has increased from £3,618,489 to £3,664,253, an addition to value of £45,764, and as the increase of chapels is seventy-six, it is evident that many of these new erections must be village chapels, and in this we rejoice. Evidently we are making for ourselves permanent homes in many of the villages of the land. Averaging the increase in value over the increase in the number of chapels, and the cost runs about £600 each. Of course some have been built in populous centres, but the increase in value taken along with the increase in chapels favours the inference that a fair proportion are village erections. The liabilities of our Connexional property in the Home Districts have been reduced from £1,018,794 to £1,009,198, so that though there has been considerable addition in value of property, the total liability is less than it was a year ago. In the Colonial Districts the value of Church property has deteriorated to the extent of £3,494, but the liabilities have been diminished to the extent of £2,581, still the reduction of liability has not kept pace with the deterioration in value. This is to be regretted. The Chapel reports are perplexing in no small degree, and there evidently needs some improved method in securing returns. In the Conference Minutes of 1898 the statements respecting debt and value given on pages 52 and 105 are conflicting, and neither debt nor value works out accurately when the returns published in the Conference Blue Book of this year are compared with the published accounts in the Conference Minutes of 1898. Better have no returns at all if greater accuracy cannot be secured. We offer these Chapel statistics with diffidence, as we have been unable to harmonise the various published statements so far as comparison is possible. We wish, however, to invite attention to one important matter to which we have made reference in previous years. According to statistics published this year we provide accommodation for 960,958 worshippers, but only 557,152 persons are in average attendance. It can hardly be possible to secure the occupation of every sitting, but it is surely possible to come nearer

to that position than these figures indicate. Nearly one half of the accommodation we provide is unused every Sabbath day. Then again, 557,152 persons are reported as in attendance upon the public ministry of the Connexion, and yet the membership of the Church in the Home Districts is returned at 186,359, so that we have attending the services of the Church from Sabbath to Sabbath, 370,793 persons who are not in fellowship with us, though they may be more or less closely connected with us, and possibly many of them persons of exemplary lives. Is there not scope here for evangelistic and pastoral work that might yield fruitful results, and add largely to the membership of the Church?

The Sunday School report is on the whole very encouraging, and shows general progress in this important sphere of Christian work, though we fail here to find the agreement desirable in the statistics given. For instance, in the report of last year the number of scholars in the Home Districts was given as 436,905, in the report of this year the number given is 439,783, an increase of 2,878. The aggregate increase this year is given at 18,990, and the aggregate decrease at 15,910, showing an increase of 3,080; which of these numbers is the correct increase we cannot say, but it is plain both cannot be correct. It is gratifying to find that whichever number is correct, the Home Districts show a substantial increase in the children attending our Sabbath Schools. The report shows an increase of fifty-five in the number of teachers, but as there has been an increase of 198 female teachers, there must have been a falling off in male teachers to the extent of 143. This is rather serious, for while it is pleasing to learn that an increasing number of females are entering upon school work, we see no reason why the number of male teachers should be diminished, yet such it appears is the fact. Let us hope that this decline of interest in Sunday School work on the part of the male members of the Church will not continue, for a more important work does not invite the thought and attention of Christian men. There has been a pleasing increase of thirty-six in the number of schools in the Home Districts, a larger increase than we remember to have been reported in any one year in the past. There is also a pleasing improvement in the average attendance of teachers at the Sunday morning session; the children, too, are attending much better both morning and afternoon. In one paragraph of the report it is stated there is an increase of 813 in the number of scholars over fourteen years of age. This is so far satisfactory, but it would have been easy to complete the report by giving the total number, then we should have been able to judge to what extent we were retaining our senior scholars. The number of scholars above fourteen years of age who are members of the Church is 27,002, an increase for the year of 1,562;

the number under fourteen years of age is 24,253, an increase of 635. It will be seen that these figures represent but a small percentage of the children committed to our care. The present General Secretary has devoted himself to special work among the children, and reports a considerable number as led to decision at meetings he has addressed. Miss Perrett, the special Sunday School Evangelist, has been abundant in labour during the past year, and with much success. But the work of these agents among the children needs to be followed by careful shepherding, and this, of course, devolves upon the local school workers. It is a good thing to bring a child or a youth to decide for Christ, but for that decision to eventuate in a steady growth in grace, constant care and guidance is needed by those who have charge of our schools. The Bible and Prayer Union makes steady progress. At the close of 1898 1,226 branches had been registered, and since that return was made up 161 new branches have been formed, and to the 49,896 members at the end of last December, there has been added 15,407 more. This Union is intended to promote the daily reading of the Scriptures, and the practice of daily devotion, and its steady growth cannot fail to strengthen youthful piety and prepare the youth of the Church for future service. The Christian Endeavour Movement makes steady progress. The returns of this year show that 1,042 of these Societies are now established in the Connexion, with 26,744 active members, and 8,750 associate members. These statistics show an increase for the year of 476 Societies, 11,093 active members, and 2,976 associates. We gather from the report that 4,499 active members are not in Church fellowship with us. We presume from the fact that they are active members that they are in fellowship with some Church, but we should have been more satisfied had this been explicitly stated instead of left to inference. Temperance work, another branch under the direction of the Sunday School Union, is by no means neglected. There are 1,999 Bands of Hope in active operation, though we regret to note that thirty-eight have been discontinued during the year. This is to be regretted, for in the presence of the growing power and influence of the drink traffic no labour ought to be spared to create in the minds of the young a feeling of hostility to it. There are 316 Adult Temperance Societies reported, and these are mainly in connection with our schools. Altogether there are reported 220,803 juvenile abstainers—over one-half of the scholars reported. Why not get the other half? Adult abstainers reported number 87,777, but these figures must not be regarded as representing the strength of total abstinence in the Connexion. There are thousands in membership with us who are not enrolled in any of the 316 Societies reported. Taking the Adult and Juvenile Sections, we have a Temperance

Organisation connected with our Church containing 2,315 Societies, and a membership of 308,680 pledged not only to abstain, but to promote the spread of abstinence from all intoxicants in the respective spheres in which they move. During the past year the number of juvenile abstainers connected with our Bands of Hope have increased by 6,564, and to the Adult Societies 3,496 members were added during the year.

DEPARTMENTAL WORK.

Encouraging reports of the year's work were given by the various departments. The Book-room continues to do a large and increasing business. The sales have reached the sum of £35,462 10s. 10d., which is £906 more than the highest figure of any previous year. Considering the large turn-over, the profits are only small, but it is satisfactory to note that they are £115 in advance of those of last year, and are the highest during the past nine years. In the old premises in Sutton Street, the expenses were less, hence, with a smaller business it was possible to obtain a larger profit, and considering the unparalleled competition in the book and magazine trade, it is no small achievement to succeed in increasing the sales and securing the substantial profit shown in the balance sheet. Unquestionably the least satisfactory items in the report are those relating to the circulation of the Serials. Until this year the general tendency for a long time was towards a smaller circulation, and had this tendency not been arrested some of them could not have been produced except at a loss. Happily this year there is a substantial improvement, and this is the more gratifying because an important part of the improvement is in connection with the "Aldersgate Magazine," where it was most needed. The issue of this valuable monthly this year is 1,375 copies per month in excess of last year. "Springtime," too, has advanced 4,250 copies per month. These are encouraging figures, but, even so, the circulation of the magazines as a whole, is scarcely one-half of what it should be. This conclusion is based on many considerations. First of all they appeal to a large constituency. If we say there are 100,000 families who should be subscribers we are within rather than outside the actual number. Many of these should take the whole set. Then the quality of the literature they offer should commend them to all who desire good reading for themselves and their children. For their character as literature is beyond dispute. Independent persons, editors of newspapers, and others whose judgment must be respected, have frequently pronounced them the best Connexional magazines published. We know a Wesleyan who takes a dozen copies of "Springtime" to distribute among young friends in whom he is interested; and a short time ago we knew of a Presbyterian Sunday School which took two dozen of the "Sun-

day School Journal" for its teachers. Such testimony speaks volumes for the literary quality of our Serials. Further, it should never be forgotten that no one is building up a private fortune out of the profits of the Book-room. The whole of it is devoted to worthy Connexional purposes. We are surprised, most of all, that the "Quarterly Review" has the meagre circulation of 1,150. Its praises are spoken everywhere, by intelligent and highly educated ministers of other denominations, by University professors, and able editors. There is nothing quite its equal, of its kind, in the market, and yet with 700 circuits, in some of which ten and twelve, and even a larger number are circulated, the total is less than 1,200. We hope for an improvement in the immediate future in the "Quarterly," and should not think it a great achievement if both the "Aldersgate" and the "Juvenile" should double their circulation next year. Those who have watched the manner in which the Book-room has conducted its business in recent years must have been impressed with the ability and enterprise displayed by the Editor, the Book Steward and the management. The magazines improve in quality every year, and new departures are constantly being made. Works of permanent value are now becoming the property of the Book-room, recent additions being Dr. Watson's Hartley Lecture, "The Fatherhood of God"; Rev. R. Bryant's Hartley Lecture, "Revelation and Inspiration"; and Rev. John Atkinson's "Life of Colin Campbell M'Kechie." The Hymnal sells well, over 68,000 having been sent out during the year; and a large business is done with other publishing houses. For other than trade reasons, we should be glad if the sales of the Conference Minutes could be increased ten times. In a Connexion that has over 16,000 local preachers and 10,000 class-leaders, more than 4,000 persons should feel that this valuable year-book is indispensable to them. A careful study of its contents would give them a better conception of the large and manifold work that is being done by the Church of which they are members and officials.

The Missionary Committee presented a report buoyant with success achieved, and full of hope for the coming time. It has had a larger revenue than usual at its disposal during the past twelve months. The abrogation of what is known as the 75 per cent. rule in part accounts for this, but in addition a considerably larger amount has been sent by the Stations, both to the General Fund and the African Fund. The total income for the General Fund was shown to be £18,395 6s. 9d., being £1,193 15s. 3d. more than the previous year. The total for the African Fund was £8,205 15s. 11d., which is £1,394 1s. 2d. more than the preceding year. But in reckoning the actual amount raised, £2,418 7s. 1d., balance in hand at the beginning of the year, must be deducted from the General

Fund, and £2,665 12s. 6d., balance from last year, from the African Fund. This leaves a net aggregate for the two Funds raised by the circuits of £21,517 3s. 1d., to which there should be added £17,716 10s. 1d. raised by the Mission Stations themselves, which brings the actual amount raised from all sources for missionary work at home and abroad to £39,233 13s. 2d. This is a substantial sum, though perhaps in a time of unexampled commercial prosperity, nothing to boast of. Still, there were many gratifying facts named in the report. Every District had increased its contribution to the General Fund, and out of the twenty-five, only five had sent a smaller amount to the African Fund than in the preceding year, so that the improvement is general throughout the Connexion. And the generosity of the General Missionary Treasurer, who has given twenty-five per cent. on the increase has helped to swell the income. It will not be surprising if the income for both departments of missionary effort continues to increase year by year. The number of those able to give to a substantial amount is increasing, and, what is of more importance, we are confident that the missionary spirit was never so strong in our Church as it is to-day. Special attention was called to this fact on the Missions' day at the Conference, and grateful acknowledgement made of the zeal and enterprise both of the management and the missionaries. The devotion and self-abnegation of men like Thomas Jackson, of Clapton and Whitechapel, and of those who have laboured in the foreign field, appeal powerfully to the imagination and conscience of our people, and whilst missionary work is carried on with zeal, ability, and courage, there will not be wanting those who will find the money necessary for it. Three mission-vans have worked successfully, and more agencies of this kind may soon be started. Miss Perrett, who last year was set apart for work among the young, has laboured with gratifying results. She is a very devoted servant of Jesus Christ, and of so sweet a disposition that she could hardly fail to be effective among the children. On the foreign field the work is being pushed forward vigorously. Aliwal North this year seems to have recovered from the misfortunes that impeded its progress somewhat for a year or two, and is again reporting an increase something like those to which we were formerly accustomed. After filling up all vacancies there have been added 155 to its roll of membership. In Mashukulumbweland the people have begun to gather round the missionaries, and the staff of workers, both English and native, has been increased. The outlook in that far-off land to-day is very promising, and though we would not be unduly in haste, we anticipate that soon we shall be hearing of converts to the faith of the Gospel.

CHAPEL FUNDS.

To the uninitiated there is sometimes a difficulty

in understanding the special character of the various funds that have been established to assist trustees to reduce their debts, and it may be well here to offer a word of explanation on the subject. They are four in number, the Chapel Aid Association, the General Chapel Fund, the Chapel Loan Fund, and the Insurance Company. The Chapel Aid Association is worked on purely commercial principles. It has a board of directors, and a strong body of shareholders who are guarantors for the money loaned to it. It pays $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest on the money it borrows, and then lends to trustees who have paid one-half of the cost of their property at the rate of $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., thus leaving $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. for working expenses, a small margin, but it has been found sufficient. The special advantages offered to trustees borrowing money by this Association are: (1) a low rate of interest; (2) very small legal charges when the loan is made; (3) the opportunity of paying off the debt by easy yearly instalments. The Association has proved a great boon to trustees in every part of the Connexion, and is yearly growing in favour. At the present time it is working with the splendid capital of £228,230 12s. 6½d., deposits having been made during the year of £68,519 5s. 6d., and the amount now loaned to trustees is £216,323 1s. 11d. These are large figures, and there is little need to appeal for patronage to this Fund. Persons having money to lend must see that this is an absolutely safe investment, their deposits being secured in the first instance by property more than twice the value of the loan made to it, and in the second place by the share capital. The rate of interest is as good as it is easy to secure; and it will be found convenient inasmuch as the company are ready to repay deposits at very short notice. Trustees everywhere are taking advantage of the offers of the company, so that we anticipate its growth, rapid as it has been, will not be arrested for some time to come.

The General Chapel Fund is benevolent rather than commercial in its character, and up to the present time has been largely engaged in assisting trustees whose liabilities have become too heavy to be worked successfully without special help. To such chapels it has made grants from time to time, on the condition that a given sum was raised locally. The benefit rendered to the Chapel properties of the Connexion by these grants is almost incalculable, and is not to be measured by the amount of the grant. Heart and hope have been given to the local authorities, who, stimulated by the offers of the General Chapel Fund, have worked strenuously and successfully to meet the conditions laid down. During the year the grants made have amounted to £1,100; not a large amount in itself in a Connexion whose Chapel debts total just over one million pounds. But the grants have led to local efforts by which £12,100 has been paid off the debts, so

that the total debt reduction effected by means of this Fund is £13,200. The Committee are hopeful that ere long they may turn their attention to another class of interests than those that have mainly commanded their sympathy hitherto. Gradually the number of distressed chapel cases is becoming fewer, and it is anticipated that instead of the larger portion of the grants being devoted to such cases as in the past, more will be done for new erections, and thus a more rapid extension of Connexional interests be secured. A modest start has already been made in this direction, grants amounting to £55 having been made to new chapels during the year. Besides, the Committee expects to have a larger sum of money to disburse year by year. One of its main sources of revenue is an annual gift from the Insurance Company. But this Company's funds have now accumulated to a large sum, so that the grants it will make will be more substantial than hitherto. We should not be surprised if the £500 per year recently given to the General Chapel Fund does not in the near future become £1,000, and even more. This is to anticipate, but the Insurance Company has always shown an anxiety to help the General Chapel Fund to the utmost extent compatible with maintaining the financial soundness of their own company, and therefore we believe our anticipations will be realised.

The Chapel Loan Fund is also, in part, benevolent in its character, though not to the same extent as the General Chapel Fund. It lends money to trustees free of interest, the loans to be repaid in a term of years by yearly instalments. It has a capital of £11,373 6s. 11d., which has been mainly derived from the Jubilee Fund, and this sum will be increased to £13,000, or a figure closely approaching it, during the current year, by the last instalment of the Jubilee Fund. This might be made the most useful by far of all our Chapel Funds. The trustees of the Connexion are at the present time paying about £40,000 per year in interest alone. But probably the further development of the Loan Fund would bring this amount down to £10,000. If we could have a Loan Fund of £100,000, no interest would be paid on that amount. But, in addition, the years of repayment might be limited to ten, which would tend to the very much more rapid reduction of the actual debts, and thus in two ways the amount of interest paid would be decreased. Might not the Insurance Company, now that the number of distressed chapels is so much fewer every year, devote part of its gift to the Loan Fund?

The Insurance Company has prospered from the time of its establishment. It has now a Reserve Fund of £24,325 14s. 6d., and cash balances amounting to £3,098 3s. 7d. These sums, with £50 paid on the share capital, bring the total funds in hand up to £27,473 18s. 1d. In the past twelve months the trust estates have received from

the Company in the shape of grants £1,616 13s. 8d. Since the formation of the Company Connexional trusts have been relieved out of the Company's profits, in all £12,141 3s. 8d. That is a fine record, but as has been already indicated, more may be expected of them in the future. Several circumstances have contributed to enable the Company to help embarrassed chapels in this manner. First of all, unlike some fire insurance companies, they have had no dishonest customers, and as a consequence their payments have been comparatively small. The year under consideration has been exceptionally good in this respect, only £127 15s. 9d. having been paid for fires. As the premium revenue alone was £2,367 7s. 11d., the margin of profit was proportionately large. Then again, shareholders receive no interest on their capital, nor directors any fee for their work, and the working expenses are exceedingly small. It follows, therefore, that nearly the whole of the profits go to the reserve fund, and to the relief of embarrassed chapels. Such an institution deserves well of the Connexion, and we are not surprised to be informed that nearly the whole of the chapels in the Connexion are insured in this office. Another advantage attaches to it which should not be overlooked. The office, when there has been a fire, never haggles about paying what is due, and paying it promptly. How much this means will be known best by those who have been insured in offices of a different character. Help might be afforded the Company in various ways. It will be seen that two or three large fires would swallow up the whole of a year's income, and care should be taken that nothing of the kind happens. In the case of new chapels, the hot-air method of heating should be avoided. Most fires occur in places where this method has been adopted. In addition to the risk of fire incurred, it is not healthy. Where the hot-air method has been adopted the flues and ranges should be carefully cleaned out in the autumn.

A useful institution is the London Chapel and School Extension Fund. The difficulties of chapel building, on account of the expensiveness of sites, is great in all large towns, in London it is especially so. With very limited means the friends in London are rendering help and stimulus in many directions. Last year the income, exclusive of the balance in hand, was only £176 12s. 10d. Wealthy friends in the provinces, and trust estates in easy circumstances would do well to consider the need of our London brethren.

EDUCATIONAL AND KINDRED INSTITUTIONS.

In the Manchester College sixty students have been training for the ministry, forty-two a second year and eighteen a first. At present the recognised term is two years, though any one desiring it is at liberty to remain a third, a privilege of which occasionally a student avails himself. The sub-

jects of study are linguistic, biblical, theological, and philosophical, all of them of first class importance to one who desires to be an efficient minister of Jesus Christ. If only during their college term they acquire habits of study that will remain with them to the end of their life, all will be well; if they allow their college studies to be the end of all hard reading and thinking on their part, they will become that most pitiful of all objects, a minister whose intellectual faculties are stereotyped. On the whole we believe that a very superior class of young men for some time past have been coming out of our college, and we trust that at least a fair proportion of them will rise to eminence in the Connexion. Elmfield College presented a good report. In the London University Matriculation examinations two won a place in the first division and one in the second division. In the Cambridge Junior Locals two secured third class honours and eight others passed. In the College of Preceptors, forty-eight entered and all passed. At this examination out of eighteen prizes and medals available for the whole country, four were won by Elmfield boys. In this particular, Elmfield is ahead of all schools in the kingdom. Thirty-eight boys were placed in the Honours Division of the First Class for the whole country, and of these one Elmfield boy was third, another fourth, another thirteenth, and another fifteenth. Several other distinctions were gained, and altogether this institution appears to maintain the high reputation it has held from its foundation. Bourne College also had a gratifying report to submit for the consideration of the Conference. Particulars need not be given here, but the report shows a splendid list of prizes and distinctions gained by its boys. The balance sheet is also very satisfactory, the net financial result being that after paying five per cent. to shareholders a fair amount was carried forward to the reserve fund. We recall the time when the financial position of this excellent institution was a cause of some anxiety to its friends and well-wishers, and rejoice that it is now enjoying prosperity in all respects. This, no doubt, is the result of the splendid ability and devotion of the directorate, and especially of the Governor. In this section of our Conference Chronicle we may be allowed a reference to one of the most popular and prosperous of the Connexional institutions—the Orphan Home. Last year the Committee reported the largest income it had ever received, this year the revenue has increased upon that of last year by £129 11s. 5d. During the ten years' history of this institution over 100 orphans have been cared for, educated, and many of them started on what it is trusted will prove an honourable and successful career.

THE JUBILEE FUND.

At last the Jubilee Fund is to be closed. It has taken seven years instead of five to accomplish what

was contemplated, but, at last, the £50,000 has been raised, or, at least, will be by December of this year. Taking it all in all it has been a decidedly successful effort. It is the first attempt the Connexion has made to raise a really large amount of money for great Connexional objects, and very splendidly have those at the head of the movement worked for its success. Mr. W. P. Hartley, whose courage and liberality conceived and made the scheme possible, had also the honour of preventing it from failing of its complete realisation. Instead of giving £5,000 as he had promised, ten per cent. of the whole, he gave £12,500, twenty-five per cent. This left the Districts £1,500 to raise at the Conference, and the delegates, one after another, engaged to secure each a sufficient amount by December to make up the £1,500. No doubt, after such a manifestation of liberality on the part of Mr. Hartley the Districts without more ado will send in their quota.

CONNEXIONAL OFFICES.

Two of the Connexional offices having fallen vacant this year, according to the usual order, the Vices appointed five years ago were appointed to the principal secretaryships: Rev. John Hallam to the Secretaryship of the General Committee, and Rev. R. W. Burnett to the General Missionary Secretaryship. There was no lack of candidates for the new appointments, but eventually the Rev. R. Graydon Graham was appointed Vice to the General Committee Secretary, and the Rev. J. Sater Vice to the General Missionary Secretary. Both of them are important offices, and perhaps their importance lies least of all in what is most apparent to the ordinary observer. The General Committee Secretary bulks large to the eye of the delegates, and of the Connexion at large, during the sittings of Conference, and unquestionably much depends on his business aptitude and quickness for the despatch of the business. But a much more difficult function connected with the office is the consideration of the appeals for legal guidance coming to him throughout the year, both from official bodies and individual men. Keen perception, the courage to give a direct answer, and the nice balance of judgment that saves from claiming too much authority, are needed to fill the office with success. And on the part of the General Missionary Secretary, much more is needed than popular platform gifts and zeal in missionary work. He should have the gifts of a great administrator, the power to perceive clearly the distant issues of any given policy, and great tact in dealing with men. In addition, both these officials should have the personal ability and dignity to represent the Connexion well on all sorts of occasions and among all conditions of men. Rev. W. Goodman has been an ideal Secretary, and the Rev. John

Smith has filled his position as chief of the missionary department with eminent ability. A third appointment was made, and the election took an unusual, not to say unique, turn. Rev. R. Tanfield had intimated his intention of retiring from the Treasurership of the Connexional Fund at the end of the current year, that is in March, 1900, and the Conference was therefore required to appoint one to succeed him. Hitherto the office has been given to a man who has been a long time in active work, but by a very large majority, and after a discussion, in some respects rather painful, it resolved to appoint the Rev. James Polwarth, a young superannuated minister. Whereas in the other two elections the final result was only reached after a long series of ballots had been taken, and a dozen votes or so changing sides would have given the appointment to the second in the list, in this case, Mr. Polwarth was elected on the first ballot by 119 votes against 45 cast for the other three nominees. It was said that there was an element of surprise in all the three elections, but probably the last named was the most surprising of all.

THE MINISTRY.

Barring two cases, one regarding a Station, and the other regarding a minister, the work of stationing this year was comparatively easy. Most of the Stations had made their own arrangements, and the Conference has learned from past experience, to be rather chary of interfering with these arrangements, as such interference is apt to create almost endless complications. When a case is introduced requiring special consideration, an inexperienced delegate is apt to think that when a proposal is made to appoint a minister who seems singularly adapted to take up the work, that the circuit to which he had before been engaged should not hesitate about sacrificing its own interests for the general good, but it becomes a different matter when in the complications following, that delegate's own circuit is likely to be affected. The Edinburgh Station occupied much of the time of the Conference, both in the full Conference itself and in Committee. For a few years past it has been seriously declining in finances and other respects, and a committee, which had been appointed by the Missionary Quarterly Committee, had been to Edinburgh and reported its findings to the Conference with a strong recommendation that, as a special case of special need, a man of ability and energy be appointed who should be empowered to sell the present chapel and erect new premises in a more suitable locality. Several efforts were made to secure the appointment of a minister who had been one of the deputation, but he felt he could not honourably break engagements already entered into. Afterwards Rev. S. Horton's name was brought forward, but the delegates of his District naturally objected. A representative from another District pleaded strongly for a mani-

festation of the spirit of self-sacrifice, urging that all should be prepared to yield somewhat for such a pressing need. Eventually Mr. Horton was appointed, and then the delegate who had pleaded for self-sacrifice when another was being touched, was placed in the position of having to object to the removal of the minister from her own circuit to meet the emergency that had been created. So Christly and beautiful does self-sacrifice in another seem, so objectionable is it to ourselves. However, it is to be hoped that every one will find his providential sphere of work and large opportunities of useful service. In another case the Conference was under the painful necessity of superannuating a minister who had intended to continue in active service for some time longer, but it is difficult always to find suitable stations for men long past their prime who have not given evidence of special aptitude as Methodist ministers, and we can but hope that our brother may find the rest in the eventide of life not ungrateful to him. Eleven other ministers were superannuated, making twelve in all. Several of them had travelled forty years and more, the shortest term we believe being that of Mr. Robson, who had travelled thirty-five years. Some of these men had been singularly distinguished for piety, devotion and ability. It was met that a special resolution should be passed on the retirement from active work of the Rev. James Jackson, who but two years before, by a very striking vote, had been appointed to the Presidential Chair. The Connexion loses greatly when ministers so gifted and wise are compelled to retire. Mr. Jackson's general health, we were glad to note, is still good, and we trust he may yet for many years render service to the Church of which for so long he has been a distinguished ornament and servant.

Reference has already been made in this Chronicle to the death of Rev. Joseph Wood, D.D. Thirteen other ministers were on the death roll, who had reached a ripe age and in their time manifested diverse gifts in the service of the Church. A fine tribute was paid to their worth by the Rev. James Travis. The average age of the thirteen was seventy-seven years. One of them was born three years, and another seven years, before the birth of the Connexion, so that the Church of which they had been ministers and which had reached such vast proportions, had been created during their life-time. They had been in active work on an average thirty-eight years, and since their retirement had not ceased to labour for the Church. They were all men who had a vivid consciousness of the great change which Methodists call conversion, an experience that had altered all their inner and outer life, and the memory of which remained with them ever as the most important fact of their life. They had all died in the faith, and entered into the rest of the people of God.

With them, 2,800 other members had crossed the bar during the twelve months. How large the army of the saints who now stand on the other side of the flood! In 1835 the practice of reporting deaths was begun, and since then not fewer than 126,000 had been reported having passed

"To that fair realm, where,
Sin and sorrow o'er,
Thou and Thine own are
One for evermore."

NEW LAWS.

The first new legislation proposed was defeated by a very decided vote of the Conference. The legislation aimed at providing for the representation in Conference of the more important Connexional institutions. The chiefs of these institutions of necessity must be present to give their report and speak to any question arising immediately affecting their department. Hence they are compelled to sit through the Sessions, and are not allowed to speak, save on one or two occasions, and only on their own special subjects, and are never allowed to vote. They have no chance of being elected to Conference, as the Districts hardly own them, and they are all men of experience and ability. Otherwise they could never have reached the positions they hold. A former attempt to secure them all the powers of representatives failed; but this year the legislation had been drawn, whether consciously or not, in a manner peculiarly adapted to win the suffrages of a large number of Districts, more especially the laymen of the Districts. Still it was cast out by an overwhelming majority. It is, no doubt, a fine question as to whether it is wiser to deprive the Conference of the counsels of so many of its ablest ministers, or introduce a new element into the constitution which is not thought very democratic. For the present, however, we judge that no further attempt will be made to legislate in this direction.

The second piece of legislation met with a vastly different reception. Not a hostile word was spoken about it, and so it has come to pass that at the end of the century the lowest salary that can be paid a married minister is £25 per quarter and children's money. Judging by the manner in which this legislation was adopted it might have been carried much sooner had a serious attempt to do so been made. The effect of this new rule should be to raise the salaries of those who are receiving more than the minimum. It has often appeared strange that the Stations do not take a greater pride in paying good salaries, instead of acting on the principle which we are afraid is far too common, of keeping them as far down as possible. We shall be greatly surprised if there is not a general rise at the next Quarterly Meetings.

The most considerable piece of legislation passed by the Conference was the new constitution for the

Connexional Christian Endeavour Societies forwarded from the Sunday School Committee. Practically the proposals as a whole were adopted, though a few amendments of no special importance were made. We must refer our readers to the legislation itself, embodied in the Conference Minutes, as it is too lengthy and complicated to lend itself to summarising. On the whole, the new constitution will be found to be a great improvement on the old. This was to be expected. The rules made in 1896 were purposely left incomplete because at that time our people were only feeling their way towards a Christian Endeavour movement that would operate in harmony with the other institutions of the Connexion, and the local organisations were left with large powers in the management of the Societies. It is to be feared that this liberty has not been used in all cases in the wisest manner possible. We have been told of Societies that contribute nothing to the funds of the Quarter Day, and that hitherto have had no actual connection with the Leaders' Meeting. Active workers in the movement who have been anxious to make it Connexional have thought this an almost fatal mistake, and will be glad to note that the new rules seek to remedy this evil. The class meeting is of the essence of Methodism, and the more the principles of the class meeting obtain in Christian Endeavour Societies, both in regard to the methods of conducting the meetings and the financial support given by them to the Church, the better they will harmonise with the genius and constitution of our Connexion. Whilst, however, it must be admitted that the new constitution is a great improvement on the old, it is to be feared that there is some ground for the contention made by more than one delegate to the effect that there seemed to be a greater anxiety to bring Primitive Methodist Christian Endeavour Societies into line with the National movement, than to bring them into line with our own genius and polity. This, of course, was stoutly denied, as was the statement that we were yielding up elements distinctly Primitive Methodist in order to meet the demands of the National Council. And yet almost in the same breath as the denial was made (in perfect good faith, no doubt), it was said that one of the reasons for this legislation was that Primitive Methodist Christian Endeavourers desired to have fellowship with those of other denominations, a privilege from which at the present they were debarred on the ground that they did not take the International Pledge. It is to be feared that too much is made of this pledge. At least it impresses us as a crude and faulty production, and certainly the narrow-mindedness that refuses to have fellowship with other Christian workers who do not feel inclined to adopt their pledge is not a spirit that should be yielded to, or treated otherwise than with pity. At the Conference a show of answering these objections

was made, but the attempt was futile and unconvincing. There is danger, too, of damage being done to the conscience of the young people. When it was argued that the International Pledge was too exacting, and in large Societies, where more than a hundred were present at the weekly meetings, for the want of time impossible of being fulfilled, the reply was made that in such cases the President could ask all who had not otherwise taken part in the service, save in singing, to repeat together some suitable passage of Scripture and thus meet the requirements of the pledge in a manner at once easy and expeditious! Surely this is to trifle with a serious subject, and to violate the evident intention of the pledge. It must also pervert the conscience of the Endeavourer. Indeed, the pledge, which the National Council regards as absolutely essential, impresses us as being the one objectionable thing connected with the movement. For this reason the Conference acted wisely in providing that Societies already established who have used another pledge shall not in future be bound to use the new pledge adopted by the Conference of 1899. In all other respects the new rules are an improvement, and we trust the Head of the Church may use this new machinery for the more rapid advancement of His Kingdom.

THE UNION QUESTION.

The gentlemen who have acted on the Committee of the proposed union between the Primitive Methodists and the Bible Christians were re-appointed with one or two additions. A strong attempt was made by a small section who are strongly opposed to the movement, to end the negotiations and render the effort wholly futile, but the Conference manifested no disposition to adopt such a course, and by large majorities it was resolved to submit the question to the District Committees and the Quarterly Meetings. We should be glad if the answer of these Courts is favourable to union. We have here an opportunity of proving the real value of the spirit of unity that we say has been growing so rapidly during the latter half of the nineteenth century. And there is really no principle to keep the two Churches apart from each other. In doctrine, forms of worship, religious sentiment, ecclesiastical polity and methods of work we are one. And it is safe to say that the proposed new constitution is a much better and more democratic one than the present Primitive Methodist constitution. Two other facts should be remembered. We proposed union to the Bible Christians, they did not propose it to us. Further, they have yielded nine points for every one we have yielded, in this, manifesting the broader and more Christian spirit. Even on the question of the proportion of ministers and laymen to be chosen as representatives in the higher courts they have yielded, as will be seen when the proposals are submitted to the

Quarterly Meetings. Let the officials approach the consideration of the question in an unprejudiced and prayerful manner, thinking chiefly of the result to the Kingdom of God as a whole, and they will hardly fail to affirm the desirability of union.

GREETINGS AND RECEPTIONS.

The Conference received two deputations from local bodies, one representing the Nonconformist Council and the Free Churches of the town, and the other representing the various organisations connected with the Temperance movement. The deputations were large and influential, as was to be expected in a town where Nonconformity holds so strong a position, and the function was in all respects imposing. A change has taken place in the character of the addresses on these occasions. Time was, and not in the very distant past either, when the speeches on the one side and the other were so much "small talk," superficial, and perhaps a little humorous, but all that is changed. We stand in the presence of evils of the most serious kind that threaten the nation, and especially the Free Churches themselves, and the consciousness of the gravity of the situation imparts a seriousness to these occasions that makes them all the more interesting. We do not remember an address more finely conceived and expressed than the one presented by the Nonconformists, nor a speech at once more felicitous and timely than that of the Wesleyan superintendent who spoke in support of the address. The burning questions of the hour were presented as matters which were of the deepest concern to the Free Churches, and whilst the danger was realised, there was no lack of courage in the contemplation of the situation, rather the speeches breathed a certain eagerness for the fray. The delegate who replied caught this spirit exactly, and whilst manifesting some care in expressing what he believed to be the sentiment of the Connexion on these matters, was clear and bold in indicating the real remedies for the evil. The Temperance deputation recognised the unique position our Church holds in relation to the temperance movement, and the delegate who replied on behalf of the Conference spoke wisely in urging that we should seek for one thing at a time, and that Sunday closing should be the first aim. The British Women's Temperance Association gave a splendid

reception to the delegates in the Town Hall. Quite six hundred persons were present, and the function altogether was a pleasant variation from the usual order of Conference proceedings.

FROM AUSTRALIA.

As is well known, in Australia union is in the air, and in the course of two or three years there will be in that great island continent what there is already in Canada, a great United Methodist Church. Certain questions in relation to the Preachers' Friendly Society and other matters needed settlement, and the Australian Churches sent the Rev. William Hunt to represent them in the negotiations with the home authorities. From first to last he won on the Conference. Mr. Hunt is a gentleman of considerable ability, resourceful, fluent in speech and of a decidedly judicial mind. In the Committee on Australian Union he represented his side of the case with great tact, and perhaps gained more by his geniality than he would have done by hard conflict. The Conference was also favoured for a short time with the presence of another Australian, a gentleman of great distinction and even fame, the Rev. W. H. Fitchett, author of "Deeds that Won the Empire." He is a fine speaker, and greatly interested the Conference by the address he delivered on Australia and its relations to the Home Country.

A CONCLUDING WORD.

The Conference of 1899 on the whole has been a pleasant gathering. The friends at Grimsby have been hospitable, and the religious services spiritual and effective. One of the main lacks was one or two sustained debates, which would have lifted the dialectic to a higher standard than the loose talk which characterised the Sessions to a large extent. Some soreness was felt too, that no speeches were allowed on perhaps the most important business transacted, the appointment of Vices to the Connexional offices, whilst two whole days were wasted in adulation that became wearisome and a little contemptible and undignified. But the business was done in good nature and friendliness, and on all hands it was agreed that seldom has there been abler conduct in the Chair, both on the part of the President and Vice-President.



Connexional Biography.

MRS. MARY CRAVEN.

THE Whitby Street Society of the West Hartlepool Station has recently sustained the loss by death of some of its most useful and prominent members, and in the death of Mrs. Craven, which occurred on March 31, 1897, it has also lost one of its most loyal and helpful members. From her girlhood, when she was brought into contact with Primitive Methodism in a small village, Grain-o-hey, near Pateley Bridge, till she died in her eighty-fifth year, she maintained her interest in the local and general affairs of the Connexion. She thirsted for Connexional information, and even got the Conference Minutes for a number of years. She was a regular subscriber to the Missionary, and Superannuated Preachers, Widows and Orphans' Funds. The early preachers were her ideal ministers, and of Moses Lupton, Joseph Spoor, William Dent, William Lister, C. C. M'Kechie, and others, when they were young and vigorous, she had happy memories. Her happiest remembrance was an interview with Hugh Bourne, with whose piety she was deeply impressed, but of whose social qualities she had no high opinion. Being poor in her early married life, her husband, who predeceased her seventeen years, and she used to deny themselves the luxuries of tea and sugar to have sufficient for the preachers when they came on their rounds to stay with them. This habit of self-denial she practised till the last, that she might have the means to support the cause of God, and assist her friends and relatives. Her long acquaintance with the preachers, and her respect for them, gave her a prescriptive right to advise and even to admonish the circuit ministers, and not unfrequently her favourite preachers have winced under her plain but well-meant words. Her piety was sincere and strong, but a shade sombre. It lacked brightness and hope. It suffered from her inveterate habit of introspection. She accused herself of weak faith and formal devotions, and often feared that she would fall short at the last, but some months before her death her confidence increased, and she rejoiced in the hope of the glory of God. She highly esteemed the class meeting, and having preserved her tickets for many years, she gave instructions that they, and the leaflets of the Bible and Prayer Union, should be laid in her coffin. She put her heart and conscience into her contributions to the Church. Latterly, she was not able to attend the chapel, but every Sunday she sent her shilling for the collection, and to the Trust and School Funds she generously subscribed. She was

anxious to have the debt paid off the Whitby Street Chapel, and for that purpose she has left a legacy of £200.

The funeral was largely attended. In the chapel, which was specially draped by her executors, an impressive service was held. The Rev. T. H. Richards led the devotions, Rev. C. Longstaff read the Scriptures, and the Rev. D. McKinley gave an address. She was buried beside her husband in a vault in the West Hartlepool Cemetery.

D. MCKINLEY.

MR. G. PERKINS.

MR. G. PERKINS was born in Devonport, Devon, on June 3rd, 1811, and died at Bishop's Waltham, Hants, January 8th, 1897.

At the age of twenty he left his native place for London in company with a gentleman, to explain the working of the model of a copper-mine; he soon got into bad company, and gave way to intemperate habits. After some years he was prevailed upon to sign the pledge.

About thirty years ago he sought and found the Saviour, and from that time he took a delight in working for Jesus. He took a deep interest in the young, and for many years he was a faithful class-leader. He also held the office of society steward as long as his health permitted.

For some few years before his death he was laid aside by affliction. The enemy of souls often tried him, but he told him he was trusting in the finished work of Christ. The writer often visited him, and found him very happy and hopeful. He often spoke of death, and said to die would be gain. The morning before his death he said, "I am in the valley, but Christ is with me." In the evening the enemy made his last attack, but our dear brother told him he was sealed.

For the last seven years his wife has been confined to her bed by affliction, but she is one of the brightest and most happy Christians we have ever met with. She still does what she can for the cause of God. She spends much time in prayer on behalf of the servants of the Lord Jesus.

Our brother was buried in the parish churchyard by the writer. Large numbers gathered at the grave to show their respect for him, and sang, "Safe in the arms of Jesus." May the wife and children and friends meet "Where the former things will have passed away, and where all things will have become new."

E. STEPHENS.





REV. A. HEBBLETHWAITE, B.D.

Rev. A. Hebblethwaite, B.D.



HE indebtedness of Methodism to the villages for its useful ministers becomes more manifest year by year. The subject of our sketch is of village origin. Albert Hebblethwaite was born at Wooldale, Yorkshire, June 26th, 1840. His parents gave him a godly training and a liberal education. In early life he became a follower of Jesus Christ, and the reality and depth of his piety were manifest. He soon proved himself to be a diligent student of the Bible, and the works of Wesley, Watson, Locke and Butler he carefully read. Before his seventeenth birthday he was a most acceptable local preacher; and he had the joy of seeing many souls turn to Christ. Though much pressed to enter the ministry he did not obey the call until he was twenty-three years of age. Halifax was his first circuit; and for fourteen years he most acceptably laboured in the great centres of the Leeds District. Then he went to Great Yarmouth, where he had three years of great spiritual and material prosperity.

He subsequently laboured in Cheltenham, Redruth, Halesowen, Workington, Wigan and Manchester; and in those places he saw souls saved, debts reduced, and chapels and schools built, three of which were opened debtless. He is now stationed at Stowmarket, where there are signs of prosperity.

While it often has fallen to his lot to provide for the needy poor, his work of relief at Workington, consequent upon the stoppage of the Iron Works, was very heavy; and during his last twenty-eight weeks there he provided 20,000 free meals, and distributed large sums of money. The noble part he took in the relief of hundreds of families of miners in Wigan Circuit during the coal stoppage, will never be forgotten.

He has written upwards of forty pamphlets and books, and more than 200,000 copies have been circulated. Of one of his recent books, Dr. John Watson says: "It evinces very extensive reading, and is enriched with classical passages from some of the greatest thinkers of this and other ages. You have brought to bear upon your themes light from almost every quarter." This may be said of most of his books. Did I not know his early rising and economising of time, I should wonder how he has been able to get through so much work. In his debates with Secularists, Christadelphians and other opposers of the truth, he has not proved

himself weak in argument, or unfair in spirit; even his opponents have acknowledged his ability and fairness.

A recent reviewer of the Churches wrote:—"Mr. Hebblethwaite preaches extemporaneously, in a clear, incisive voice, turning the profoundest truth over and over till he has made it plain to the children even. The sermon was a mixture of scholarship with homeliness of illustration; and the deliverance was most effective." In a finely executed illuminated address given to Mr. H. when he left his last circuit, there are these words: "One feature of your ministry, and one which has been much appreciated by us, has been the highly spiritual and intellectual level of your discourses. They have made many dark problems plain, and removed many a stumbling-block to spiritual progress."

When Mr. Hebblethwaite was made Bachelor of Divinity, he received the following note:

"London, December 5, 1879.

DEAR BROTHER,

You are hereby informed that the General Committee is satisfied of the validity of your degree, and you are free to use it.

"Truly yours,

"ROBINSON CHEESEMAN."

Mr. Hebblethwaite was most happy in his choice of a wife who has been his better half more than thirty years. In all the stations through which she has passed, she is sweetly remembered for her generous deeds and labours of love; and not a few ministers have found under her hospitable roof a home away from home.

It would be difficult to find a more kind, sympathetic and genial man than Mr. Hebblethwaite. Two or three times he has found that reformers have to suffer; but this has not kept him from doing his duty.

He is, perhaps, a little liable to that super-sensitiveness which is peculiar to the thoughtful and pure-minded. Had he been as ambitious of official position as he is able to fill it, he would have been more before the eyes of men; but that position would have robbed him of the many quiet hours needful to the production of literary matter that has life in it. If a man is to be judged by his works, the labours of Mr. Hebblethwaite prove him to be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed; and to know him is to love him. If appearances be a safe indicator of unused physical power, there are years of useful labours in Mr. Hebblethwaite; and his unpublished manuscript is proof, that by far the best work of his brain and pen has yet to see the light of day.

E. K.



The Purple Robe.

A STORY FOR THE TIMES.*

By JOSEPH HOCKING,

AUTHOR OF "THE BIRTHRIGHT," "MISTRESS NANCY MOLESWORTH," "ALL MEN ARE LIARS,"
"THE STORY OF ANDREW FAIRFAX," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

HOW THE BAMBINO CURED LADY NEVILLE.



RUTLAND led the way while the brown-frocked friars carried their precious burden along the corridors of the hotel and up to her ladyship's room. Most of the visitors had gone to bed, and none but the few waiters who watched the proceedings, some with awe, and others with a look of amusement, knew of the advent of the sacred image. Brother Francis and Brother Anthony

carried the thing into her ladyship's drawing-room, and then took off its many wrappings. Then when its outer adornments had been pulled aside, the little thing appeared to Rutland's gaze, just as it

may be seen at the Church of The Aracœli, (Altar of Heaven), by any visitor to Rome. He saw that it was about two feet long, and was lavishly decorated with gaudy ornaments. The young man looked at the relic long and steadily, while the monks knelt before it and muttered a prayer. The figure of the little child interested him greatly, not simply because of the stories told about it, but because of the system of which it formed a part. This little inanimate figure was blessed by the Pope, a pamphlet had been written on its virtues, and issued with the approval of the ecclesiastical authorities. He had gone into the Via Condotti after dinner, and had bought a picture of the image, and had carefully read the inscription and the prayer which were associated with it. On translating the former, which was written in French, he read as follows:

"Prayer in honour of the Infant Jesus, whose miraculous image is venerated within the Church of the Altar of Heaven in Rome, and crowned by the Authorities of the Vatican on May 2, 1897."

The Pope and the Authorities of the Vatican then had declared the little wooden figure to be miraculous; therefore it formed a part of the faith of the Church. As the priests knelt before it, he could not help thinking of the second commandment, and of the battle-cries of the sturdy Protestants of the Netherlands. He saw, moreover,

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that the Bambino had a round, badly-carved face, and was altogether destitute of beauty; but no part of the body could be seen because it was covered with gaudy apparel. On its head was a crown surmounted by a cross that glittered with jewels. On every part of the body gay-coloured stones had been placed. A golden chain was hung around its neck, and on its little arms all sorts of baubles were placed. The clothes which covered the shapeless form were decorated with all sorts of designs wrought in gold and precious stones. On its breast was a glittering star, while at the part of the form where the knees should be, a cross was placed, and underneath the letters I.H.S. were traced in shining stones.

While he looked Alizon entered.

"Is this it?" she asked.

"Yes, my child," said Brother Francis, "I was able to prevail on our Superior to let me bring the Holy Child to your mother's bedside."

Alizon looked at it like one fascinated. She had been bred a Catholic, and had been taught to believe in Catholic legends; but as she gazed at the little thing a cold feeling came into her heart. A chilling wave of doubt swept over her. What good could this poor little doll do to her mother? It was only painted wood covered with tinselled drapery and gaudy ornaments. What miraculous power could it have? Was it not foolishness, yes, worse than foolishness, was it not blasphemy to fall down before the senseless object and offer prayers?

But this was only for a second. She drove her doubts from her. Who was she to doubt what the Holy Father and the Vatican Council had declared miraculous?

"Will you take it in at once!" she said.

The two monks carried the Bambino into the sick room and placed it on the bed.

Lady Neville looked towards them as they entered, but there was no look of intelligence in her eyes. The priests performed the customary rites, but she heeded them not. She was moaning something about the deer-parks around the Priory, and then she spoke of Sir Charles Neville her late husband.

"Her hand has touched the hand of the blessed Bambino," said Brother Francis presently. "By the blessing of our Holy Mother, she will get better."

Meanwhile Sister Mary was frantically praying, the other nurse looking on with a scornful smile.

For a few minutes Alizon watched. She had heard how in olden times when the sick had touched even the robe of Christ that virtue went out of Him and He healed them. But her mother had touched this figure, and nothing had happened.

"Oh, she will die!" thought the girl, "my mother will die!"

Ordinarily Alizon was self-possessed; but the

thought of losing her mother had unnerved her, while the continuous moanings of Sister Mary had made the young girl anticipate the most terrible things.

An hour passed away, during which time the monks remained, and the Bambino lay on the bed beside her ladyship; but the patient seemed worse rather than better. The fever rose rather than abated, and she talked more incessantly, more incoherently.

"Be patient, my child," said Brother Francis, as he noted Alizon's grief; "the Blessed Child will heal her."

"It is time her ladyship took her medicine," said the nurse who had not participated in the rites.

"There is no need," said Sister Mary.

"I obey the doctors," replied the woman, pouring out the medicine.

She gave it to her ladyship, and then retired from the bedside. About half an hour later the patient became better, and fell asleep.

"Did I not tell you?" said Brother Francis. "Her recovery is beginning. I take this as an omen from heaven."

Sister Mary sobbed out her thankfulness, and the two priests spoke to each other in Italian; but Alizon spoke no word. In her eyes was a strange expression. Bewilderment, faith, doubt were all there.

Meanwhile Duncan sat in the drawing-room. He had slept a little through the day; but only a little. The thought of Alizon's anguish made rest almost impossible. He was anxiously awaiting news, for he was afraid lest all the excitement should hinder her ladyship's recovery rather than help it. Presently Alizon and Brother Francis returned.

"Mother is better," said the girl. "For an hour or so she seemed worse, but she has fallen asleep now."

"Yes," said the sceptical nurse, who had followed them, having to fetch something from the drawing-room, "the medicine I gave her is very soothing."

Brother Francis looked at her indignantly, but said nothing. He disliked this woman very much.

"Yes," he said, "her ladyship is better. Ah, it is not the first time I have taken the blessed Bambino to work its cures."

Rutland did not reply, he felt the utter uselessness of saying what he thought to the old monk. Besides, why should he speak of his unbelief to Alizon? If she derived comfort from the presence of the wooden figure, he would not seek to take it away. And yet the whole episode was a revelation of the mental condition of the Roman Church. From the Pope down to the brown-frocked friar, they all regarded the Bambino as a miraculous image. They venerated it, and believed in its healing power.

"I am glad her ladyship is better," he said to

Alizon. "I hope you will be persuaded to take a little rest now."

"I cannot, I cannot," said the girl. "I shall not be able to sleep until I know that mother is out of danger. You see, everything has come on so suddenly, and—and I am all alone!"

"No, no, my child," said Brother Francis, "the blessed Virgin will be near to help you. Do not be afraid."

The girl started up and went to her mother's room. Lady Neville was still sleeping quietly, while beside her was the Bambino. Alizon thought of her own childhood's days when it comforted her to have a doll by her side when she went to bed. She remembered how her playthings became real persons to her, and how she used to talk to them and call them by their names. But she was no longer a child, and she had discarded dolls with the rest of her childish associations. For a moment it seemed as though her mother was a child again, and that she was soothed by a senseless bit of wood. She looked at the grotesque form by her mother's side, and wondered. It was painted wood, that was all. Just a bit of lifeless stick carved into the likeness of a child. Its eyes were glass, and stared vacantly at her, there was no volition, no intelligence, no soul in the poor little thing. But then it was declared miraculous by the Pope himself; it was crowned by the Vatican Council, its power was claimed by Cardinals and Bishops, it was venerated in one of the most renowned Churches in Rome.

She left the room hurriedly, and came back to the room where Brother Francis and Rutland were sitting.

"Yes," the old priest was saying, "the sainted Bambino has had a most remarkable history. It was carved by one of our brothers in Jerusalem. The wood was cut from the Mount of Olives. Doubtless the tree must have been at some time associated with our blessed Lord. After he had carved it he was ordered to Rome, and so he had a box made, and brought it with him. While on the sea, a dreadful storm arose, and there was great danger lest the vessel and all hands on board should be lost. The captain gave orders that everything in the shape of baggage should be thrown overboard. This was done, and everything immediately sunk beneath the waves except the box containing the figure which our brother had carved." After a time the captain and the crew noticed that wherever the ship went the box followed. Some one said that it belonged to a Franciscan friar. Our brother was called, who immediately told the captain that if the box was taken aboard the ship should be saved, and all hands should safely arrive at Naples.

"The blessed Bambino was taken on to the boat and immediately the storm ceased. As you may imagine, the joy among the sailors was very

great, and all of them knelt before the figure which had saved them from death.

"When our brother reached Rome, he found that news of the wonderful child had gone before him, and the Araceli was simply thronged with people to see it. Sick people came, and went away well, and then our brothers at the monastery saw that the blessed Bambino had healing power. After that he was taken to the houses of sick people, and immediately they got well. No matter to whom he was taken, rich or poor, noble or humble, wherever he was received with faith he healed the people."

Brother Francis took a pinch of snuff, and looked towards his listeners to see what impression his tale was making. He noticed that Alizon was watching him with wondering eyes, and that Rutland sat looking on the ground.

"Ah, but," went on Brother Francis, "there were those who took advantage of the kindness of our Church, and the healing powers of the sainted Bambino. One day a woman came to us telling us that her child was ill, and asked that the Bambino might be brought. Nothing doubting, our brothers took it to the woman's house, and left it there. The woman's child got better, and so three days afterwards our brothers went for the image of the infant Jesus. The woman said she had carefully packed it in the box, and it was taken back to the Church, and put behind the altar. When all the brothers had got to bed that night, they were wakened by someone knocking at the monastery door. One got up and looked out. It was a bitterly cold night, and freezing hard.

"'Who's knocking?' asked Brother Philip, who had got up.

"But the only answer he heard was the cry of a child. Brother Philip immediately went downstairs, and opened the door, and there he saw the blessed Bambino, who had come all the way through the cold night.

"Then we all saw how the woman had deceived us. She had made an image in the likeness of the one we had taken to her, and had kept the real one. But the blessed Child, seeing how the brothers had been deceived, came back of its own accord."

Brother Francis ceased, and took another pinch of snuff.

"I suppose there is no doubt about this story?" asked Alizon.

"Doubt, my child? Oh no! Ever since that time two brothers have always accompanied the blessed image. It is always brought in a carriage, and taken away in the same way."

"And how long need it stay in my mother's room?" asked Alizon.

"If she continues better in the morning, I should say it would be long enough," replied Brother Francis. "With your consent I will lie on the sofa until then."

Sister Mary came into the room. "Her lady-

ship is much better," she said, "she is sleeping like an infant, and the blessed Bambino is by her side. Oh, it is beautiful! beautiful!"

"Then surely you can rest," said Rutland, turning to Alizon, "you may sleep in peace now!"

"I cannot, I cannot," said the girl. "I am too

excited, I feel as though I want to go out into the open air."

"Well, it may do you good," said Rutland. "The hotel is not closed. The last train has not arrived from Genoa yet. Let me go with you, shall I?"

Alizon threw a shawl over her shoulders and the



"SHE GLANCED AROUND THE ROOM LIKE ONE AFRAID."

two walked down the stairs and along the corridor towards the entrance hall. The hall-porter rubbed his eyes sleepily.

"The last train has not arrived yet, I suppose?" said Rutland.

"No, signore," replied the man, "it is late, very. Half hour yet, I think."

"This door will be open till then, I suppose?"

"It will, signore. The Countess better is, I hope."

"Yes, I think her ladyship is better."

"And signorina," said the man, bowing politely and looking at Alizon, "she is not bad ill, I trust?"

"Very tired, that is all," said Alizon, with a wan smile. "I am come down for a little fresh air."

"The air is good to-night," said the porter, "multo bello, what you call very beautiful. It is not always so here at night."

The two walked towards the Piazza di Spagna. Neither of them spoke while they were in the Via

Del Babuino, but when they reached the monument in the middle of the Piazza di Spagna, they both stood still. It was one of those nights the like of which can only be seen in Italy. Above, the moon sailed in a cloudless sky, and shone so brightly that only a few stars were visible. Around them was utter silence. The artists' models, the flower-sellers, and others who ply their trade in this spot had all gone, the steps which led up to St. Trinita di Monti were empty. The great church with its two towers seemed to look down upon them sadly. Behind, the night-wind blew softly through the leaves of the trees on the Pincio. The air, though chilly, was pure and bracing.

As they looked up, more stars appeared to their gaze, the heavens seemed to be peopled with new worlds.

"How little we are!" and Alizon shivered.

"How great God is!" answered Rutland.

"But He came to earth as a little child," said Alizon.

"Yes, to reveal His love, and to show us the way of life," replied the young man.

Alizon was silent.

Rutland saw that she was strangely wrought upon.

"See, yonder is a tablet erected to the memory of the poet Keats," said Rutland, seeking to distract her mind, "the light is so good that we can read it."

"Let us go back," said Alizon.

The young man obeyed without a word, and a few minutes later they were back in the hotel again.

In the corridor they saw one of the nurses.

"Her ladyship continues better," said the woman. "Everything is happening just as the doctor said."

"Oh, I am glad!" cried the girl.

"I hope you will get some rest now," said Rutland. "You ought for your mother's sake. Believe me, you will be a sorry nurse unless you study your own health."

Alizon answered him by a wan smile, and then found her way to her mother's room. Lady Neville was sleeping quietly. The fever had much abated, and her whole appearance bespoke a change for the better.

"Thank God! thank God!" she ejaculated. "Yes, I can rest now."

She went to the drawing-room where Brother Francis lay on the sofa. His mouth was wide open, and he snored vigorously. Alizon could not help smiling, for a more grotesque form it would be hard to conceive. It would be difficult to find a man whose personal appearance suggested spiritual things less than that of Brother Francis. His red pimply skin, his widely-extended mouth, and his fat stodgy figure, told of good living and freedom from care. It was impossible to conceive that this man had ever grappled with intellectual difficulties, or faced the great problems of the spiritual world.

The girl was about to leave the room when she

caught sight of a book lying on the table. On examining it she at first gave a start, then cast a hasty glance around the room. Yes, she was unobserved, no one was there but the sleeping priest. With hurried steps she went to her bedroom, taking the book with her.

Arrived there she examined the room as though she were afraid, but after making sure that she was alone, she locked the door, and then drawing a wicker-chair under the electric light, she sat down and buried her face in her hands. For more than an hour she sat thus. Evidently she was thinking deeply, and when presently she lifted her head, her eyes shone with a strange light. She rose from her chair, and for some time walked to and fro in the room, then she sat down and began reading the book she had brought with her.

"Mr. Rutland must have left it there," she said, "yes, it is his, his name is on the title-page."

For a little time she seemed to be in doubt about something; she was evidently nervous too, for her hand trembled like an aspen leaf.

"I can't sleep," she cried impatiently, "I must do something. I will go into mother's room again."

The girl hurried out, locking the door behind her, and a few seconds later she was standing by her mother's bedside.

Lady Neville was still sleeping quietly. There could be no doubt about it, she was much better. By her side was the grotesque little figure of the wooden Bambino, whose glassy eyes seemed staring into vacancy.

Alizon turned away hurriedly, and returned to her bedroom again, locking the door. Taking up Rutland's book again, she read for more than two hours. Evidently she was much interested, for she turned the leaves hurriedly, never lifting her eyes from the pages. When she had finished, she glanced around the room like one afraid. She looked at her watch, and her eyes expressed wonder.

"I had no idea it was so late," she said, pulling up the blind. The sun was rising in a clear sky, all nature was awaking into life.

She fell beside her bed, and remained kneeling until she heard someone knocking at her door.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SIGHT-SEEING.

THREE days later Lady Neville, although still weak, was pronounced by the doctors to be out of all danger. Her illness had been short, but it had been severe. Brother Francis attributed her speedy recovery to the healing power of the Bambino, Sister Mary uttered many pious ejaculations, and praised the virtues of the sainted child.

The other nurse smiled scornfully, while the doctors shrugged their shoulders.

"Pah," said the Italian physician, "did I not say that we should cure her and the doll would get the credit? But what does it matter?" and he laughed contemptuously.

Meanwhile the Bambino was taken back to the Franciscan Church, and placed in its little cabinet behind the altar. Rutland said nothing about Lady Neville's cure, and Alizon was also very reticent. She was overjoyed at her mother's return to health, but spoke to no one concerning the means which had been used. Indeed, she seemed anxious to abstain from all reference to the Bambino, for when one day Sister Mary, the pious Catholic nurse, assured her ladyship that her recovery had been a miracle, and then looked to Alizon for confirmation of her words, the girl left the room hastily without replying.

For several days Rutland scarcely saw her. She remained in close attendance on her mother, and did not appear in the public rooms even at dinner. And so the young man continued his tours around Rome, sometimes in company with Father Matthew, sometimes alone. He said nothing concerning his opinions of what he saw, but he was none the less observant. He asked many questions, and took careful note of the answers given. Evidently, too, he was deeply impressed. On one occasion when Father Matthew accompanied him to the great Church of St. John's Lateran, where a number of young priests were ordained, the Jesuit observed that he never took his eyes away from the officiating Bishop, and the young men who claimed that morning to be endowed with priestly power.

"Very impressive, isn't it?" asked Father Matthew.

"It is exceedingly interesting," replied Rutland, but although Father Matthew asked him many questions, he did not tell him what he really thought of the gorgeous ceremonial.

Also when visiting the renowned Jesuit Church of Rome, and the rooms where Ignatius Loyola wrote his famous Constitutions, he seemed like one in a trance. Father Matthew had difficulty in getting him away. He went from one room to another, and then revisited them as if anxious that nothing should escape him. Especially did he linger in the apartment where Ignatius saw a vision of the Trinity, and where a picture, which translated the vision to canvas, was exhibited. He asked many questions concerning the circumstances which attended the vision, and appeared much disappointed at the vague answers given. Then again, when examining the many relics for which this, the head-quarters of the Jesuits, is famous, he asked for some proof of their miraculous power, he was evidently much disappointed in the priest's replies.

"Oh, there can be no doubt about their healing

power," Father Matthew would say again and again.

"Yes, but what proof do you offer to a sceptic?"

"Well, now," replied the priest, "take this finger. It belonged to a most holy nun. There was a movement set on foot for her beatification, and, of course, before this could be done it had to be proved that the nun, whose name was Teresa, had worked a miracle. Well, this finger," and the priest pointed to a bit of dried bone which lay under the glass case before them, "had been preserved. It was taken to a woman, who, the doctors declared was dying, and immediately it was placed in the dying woman's hand she got well."

"Who was the woman?"

"I really don't know."

"Where did she live?"

"Here in Rome."

"How long ago?"

"Oh, sixty or seventy years since."

"But you don't know her name?"

"Oh no."

"But who were the doctors who declared that she was dying?"

"I really don't know,"

"But did they sign a certificate to the effect that the woman was dying?"

"I really never thought of it."

"Do you know if these doctors were deeply learned in the laws of health, and in the science of medicine?"

"Oh, there can be no doubt they would be. You see Teresa was made a saint, and consequently the matter would be carefully investigated. The Devil's Advocate would see to it that every point was discussed. Why, it took a long time to prove the case; indeed, it is one of the most expensive cases of the century. It cost over £3,000."

"Cost over £3,000 to make a saint! How?"

"Well, you see, when the desire was expressed to make her a saint, there was a lot of opposition on the part of the Devil's Advocate. You see, there are always two advocates appointed by the Church when there is an attempt made for the canonisation, or beatification of any one. One advocate argues in favour of the holiness, and the miraculous power of the departed one; and the other argues against it. The latter is called the Devil's Advocate. Of course, a Council of the Church is called to adjudicate; and thus you see what with fees paid to the advocates, to the Council, and to the Holy Father, it becomes a very expensive matter. In this case there was much controversy, and it swallowed up over £3,000."

"Of course, this money goes to the funds of the Church?"

"Of course; and to the advocates."

"I see. That is always the case, whether the man or woman is made a saint or not?"

"Certainly."

The foregoing is a sample of many of the conversations which took place as Rutland visited one sacred shrine after another. The young minister gave no opinion on anything he saw or heard; but he was evidently deeply impressed.

When Lady Neville was sufficiently recovered, she asked Rutland to dine with her in her private dining-room, and the young man, although almost dreading spending the evening with Alizon, consented. Try as he might he could not destroy the love which he again and again told himself was madness. And thus it was while it gave him pain to be near her and to speak with her, he was unable to resist the spell which she had cast upon him. No man knows how weak he really is until he falls in love. Then, in many cases, reason goes by the board, and men who are sane and strong in other matters, become the sport of passing impulses.

"I am afraid," said Lady Neville during the evening, "that Alizon is having what the Lancashire people call a 'weary time.'"

"No, mother," cried Alizon, "I am very happy now you are getting well."

"I don't like your pale cheeks, my darling," said her ladyship, "and yet I am not strong enough to take much exercise."

"Can I be of any service?" asked Rutland. "If Miss Alizon will accompany me on my journeys around the city, I shall be delighted."

"No, no, mother," cried Alizon, "I do not wish to leave you. I am much happier with you."

"But there is no reason why you should stay with me, my dear," said her ladyship. "It is a fortnight now since I was taken ill, and in that time you have scarcely left my side."

"I have a splendid excursion mapped out for to-morrow," said Rutland, yielding to his longing to spend another day in Alizon's company. "In the morning I am visiting 'the Sacred Steps,' close by St. John's Lateran. After that I am going to a church where a part of the true Cross is exhibited. Then I have arranged to go to the Trappist Monastery, where it is said St. Paul was beheaded. On my way there I pass by the church built on the spot where Father Matthew says St. Peter saw our Lord. On the following day I hope to visit the Forum, and also to see the dungeon where St. Peter was imprisoned. If I have time I shall call at the church where the miraculous image of the Virgin Mary is placed. Possibly also I may be able to visit another church, where the chains which bound St. Peter are kept."

"Can you resist such a programme?" said Lady Neville smiling. "I feel I must accept Mr. Rutland's kindness for you, if you will not do so for yourself."

The girl's eyes kindled as Duncan mentioned the places he intended to visit, and yielding to the impulse of the moment, she accepted.

Rutland had now been more than a month in

Rome, and was becoming acquainted with the city. He had also been able to pick up a smattering of the language, and could read the Italian papers without much difficulty. Each day, moreover, he was understanding more and more, the spell which Rome casts upon all who really breathe her atmosphere. He felt the truth of the saying that no man can understand the history of civilisation until he has spent some time in Rome.

He was now sufficiently strong to bear a day's sight-seeing without being fatigued, and it was with a fast-beating heart that he took his seat beside Alizon on the following morning, and told the cabman to drive to St. John's Lateran. He felt that the gulf between himself and Alizon was deepening and widening. Rome was affecting him in many ways, and in spite of their being thrown together by Lady Neville's illness, he knew that Alizon was less frank with him than she had been during the first part of her stay in Rome.

Close to St. John's Lateran is a little church called the Santa Scala, or the Church of the Sacred Steps. It is so named because it is ascended by a number of steps which St. Helena brought from Jerusalem. These steps, it was asserted, were those on which our Saviour trod when leaving Pilate's house.

When Duncan and Alizon arrived here they found Father Matthew awaiting them.

"This place is most interesting," said the priest. "Whoever goes up these steps has 1,000 years' indulgence granted."

"I see there are two sets of steps up to the church," said Rutland.

"Ah, yes, but it is only these on the right by which you can gain the indulgence. Look at those people."

The sight was indeed interesting; for just before them were about thirty people going up the marble stairway on their knees. Some were stooping and kissing the cold stones.

"You see," went on the priest, "the only way to get the indulgence is to go up on your knees. Indeed, you are not allowed to ascend any other way."

"A thousand years," said Duncan, "it is a long time."

"Yes, one of the Popes granted this great favour."

"Have you ever ascended them?" asked Rutland.

"No, I never have."

The young minister smiled, but he said nothing. Alizon looked at his face steadily, as if she wished to read his thoughts.

"Why do those poor people kiss the stones?" she asked.

"They are kissing the places where drops of blood fell from our Saviour," replied the priest. "It is very beautiful, isn't it? On certain days it is very crowded."

"I wonder it is not always crowded," said the girl, "that is——" but she did not finish the sentence.

"I suppose that arch-heretic Luther came here when he first visited Rome," said Father Matthew.

"Indeed," said Rutland, "did he go up?"

"Yes;—that is he went up part way. Then—he came down again."

"I can quite believe it," laughed Rutland.

"He was always a doubter," said the priest sharply.

"Are you not a doubter yourself?" asked Rutland.

"A doubter? Most certainly not! Why do you ask?"

"I was only thinking that if 1,000 years' freedom from purgatorial flames were granted to you by such an act, that it is strange you have never taken advantage of it."

The young priest coloured, but did not answer.

"Would you like to walk up by the other steps and see the picture painted by St. Luke? It is a likeness of our Lord, and the chapel is called the Holy of Holies, and no one is allowed to officiate there but the Pope."

"What proof is there that the picture was painted by St. Luke?" asked Rutland.

"Oh, we have the tradition of the Church!"

"Nothing else?"

"We want nothing more."

"Let us see it by all means; that is if you would like," and he turned to Alizon.

"Oh, yes," said the girl absently, "let us see it."

"I suppose you depend on the tradition of the Church also in proof that Christ ever trod those steps?" said Rutland, as they walked up a stairway close by.

"Yes. That is, St. Helena discovered them."

"But she lived 300 years after Christ. How did she know that He walked on them?"

"I really have not studied the matter, but no doubt there is ample proof in the Church records."

"Just so." Rutland did not speak while they looked through a grating at a blurred piece of canvas, neither for that matter did Alizon. Both of them seemed thinking deeply.

When they left the little church a crowd of beggars thronged around them, showing diseased and mutilated limbs, and soliciting alms.

"Let us get away!" cried Father Matthew. "It is a shame that these wretches are allowed around the church doors."

Alizon threw them a handful of small coins however, and they entered the carriage.

"I am sorry I have not had time to gain a permission for a lady to enter that church yonder," and the priest pointed to a building which stood some little distance away.

"What is it?" asked Rutland.

"It is a monastery," said Father Matthew, "and ladies are not allowed to enter without a special permit. It is a pity, because a part of the true Cross is exhibited there, also one of the nails driven through the hand of our Lord."

"I am very sorry," said Rutland. "You would have liked to have seen it, wouldn't you?" and he turned to Alizon.

"Oh yes!" said the girl, "of course you have proof that it is the true Cross?"

"Undoubted proof," said the priest. "After St. Helena was converted, she found three Crosses one day, and she came to the conclusion that they were the Crosses of Christ and the two thieves. Naturally she wished to discover which was the Cross on which our Lord hung. Near by was a sick man, and she took these Crosses to him. The man touched one of them and he was made no better; he touched the second and he was made rather worse; he touched the third and he was made quite well. She concluded that this was the true Cross, and a part of it is in that church."

The girl was silent.

"On certain days," went on Father Matthew, "these relics are exhibited and people are granted special indulgences. I am sorry you cannot see them to-day. I will however get permission to take you there. Meanwhile we can go and see the chains which bound St. Peter."

A little later they came to an old church, in which were magnificently carved statues, and many fine paintings; indeed the churches of Rome have a wealth of art within them, which may well make the rest of the world envious.

They went to a room beneath the Altar, and there saw a piece of chain, which certainly did not look nearly two thousand years old.

"This is a very valuable relic," said the priest. "Fancy the chains which bound him to whom the Keys of the Church were given."

"Yes, it is very interesting—if it is the very chain," said Rutland.

The priest laughed. "Oh, but you are a doubter, Mr. Rutland," he said, "you require as much proof as St. Thomas himself."

But Rutland did not reply, instead he found his way to what is perhaps one of the finest pieces of statuary of which the world can boast. It was the figure of Moses, carved by Michael Angelo.

"Do you know," said the young minister, turning to Alizon, "that when Michael Angelo had finished carving that magnificent figure, he tapped it with his chisel, 'Speak,' he cried."

"And no wonder," said Alizon. "It looks as though it could. The sculptor has conceived Moses grandly. He is prophet, warrior, statesman, and leader of men, all in one."

"You seem to think more of the figure of Moses than of St. Peter's chains," said the priest. "Ah, but it is lunch-time!"

In the afternoon they visited the dungeon where legend had it St. Peter was imprisoned. The priest told them that here St. Peter converted one of his gaolers, but he was in a dilemma, as there was no water with which to baptise him. But the Apostle struck the floor with his foot, and immediately water sprung up.

"Here is the well now," said the priest, lifting a cover. "It has existed ever since, and the water has healing power. Will you drink?"

Rutland drank, but Alizon refused.

"You see this mark here on this stone," went on Father Matthew. "One of the gaolers got angry with St. Peter and struck him. St. Peter's face fell against the stone, and the likeness is here now. Wonderful, isn't it?"

"Very," replied Rutland.

"I suppose you are wanting proof again," laughed the priest.

"I want proof that Peter was ever in Rome at all," said Rutland. "Honestly, I know of none. At any rate, if he ever was here the writers of the New Testament regarded it of such little importance that they never mentioned it."

"But we have history."

"What history?"

"The Church traditions."

"Oh yes; but outside them?"

"Well, really, I have never given the matter special attention."

"But is it not a matter of vital importance?"

"Yes, it is, and doubtless proofs can be forthcoming, but I have not given attention to them. Shall we drive to the Trappist Monastery out beyond St. Paul's Church? St. Paul himself was beheaded there."

"Yes, by all means let us go," said Rutland.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOW RUTLAND AND ALIZON SAW THE POPE OF ROME.

THE rest of their experiences during the day need not be described in detail. Although they saw many sights, the true inwardness of everything was the same. They saw the church built on the spot where legend said that Peter saw Christ, and where the Apostle's death was foretold. They visited another shrine where Peter and Paul met and embraced, and they heard stories of the most wonderful nature. For not even Jerusalem itself can boast of as many legends as Rome. The Eternal City is the home of romance. Perhaps their most interesting visit was to the Trappist Monastery, where it is said Paul was beheaded. The old Trappist monk who had a dispensation for the occasion, told them that when the headsman's axe fell the Apostle's head gave three leaps, and each time it fell a foun-

tain of water burst forth. He showed them the three wells, and told them that the water was much in demand for the cure of diseases. When Rutland asked for evidence in support of the statement that St. Paul was beheaded there, and that his death was attended by such miraculous circumstances, the monk pointed to the wells of water. The proof, he said, that St. Paul's death caused the three fountains lay in the fact that they were there before them. For his part he wanted nothing more.

The second day's experiences were like unto those of the first. Objects of wonder appeared galore, miraculous stories were told freely, but historical proof was always wanting. To those who can believe on the authority of tradition, Rome is the home of wonders, the very Mecca of faith. But to those who ask for proof, it offers nothing. And yet the two days which Alizon and Rutland spent together in the company of the young priest were full of interest. Stripped of all the gew-gaws of superstition Rome is still the cradle of history, the home of civilisation. More, the history of Roman Catholicism in Rome is the history of art, the history of the struggle of noble souls to find truth.

The stories told concerning many of the pictures might have no foundation in fact; but the pictures themselves might have been painted by the hands of angels. The wealth of the world has been poured into Rome, the genius of the world is represented there. Italy itself is a bankrupt nation, it shivers on the very verge of destruction, and yet there is stored in the churches sufficient wealth to lift from the country the incubus of its crushing debts. Its squares are triumphs of art, its statues are the highest expressions of the sculptor's power. In many respects Rome is a disappointing city, but in its disappointments it arouses admiration, enthusiasm. Every inch of the ground on which it is built is historical; on its stones is written the story of the nations. The inwardness of Rome has yet to be unfolded. To the thinking man, the city is not helpful to faith, nay, its history has been the history of error and superstition, and yet the system which it represents must at one period have been the inspiration of the world. The atmosphere of the Papal capital is the atmosphere of mental disease, and death, and yet every one must feel that in the zenith of its greatness it must have possessed a wondrous life, and that at every beat of its mighty heart it sent its life-blood through the veins of the nations.

Every stone, every statue, every picture of Papal Rome tells of unrivalled devotion, of implicit faith, and of boundless enthusiasm. They speak of a nation which blindly obeyed, and which never thought of questioning priestly authority. But they also proclaim the fact of childish credulity, of black ignorance, and of mental poverty. It is a city of contrasts, mentally as well as materially. It tells how genius can for a time go hand in hand

with ignorance, and that reason can even be friendly with baseless superstitions.

The hand of death is on Papal Rome to-day, and its struggles are but feeble. It possesses but little intellectual or national power. True, many pay allegiance to it, but that allegiance is paid not because of what it is, but because of what it was. Step by step the Vatican is yielding to the Quirinal; day by day the papal chair is sinking, while the throne is rising.

Faith is no longer the keynote of the land. Atheism has lifted its scowling face, and although superstition shrieks out its anathemas, the hoarse shouts of unbelief grow louder, while the shrieks of a dying faith become more feeble and more despairing. The ignorant still believe, and the hand of the ages is still felt by a number of the people. But the hand is cold, and gives neither hope nor confidence. Papal Rome is regarded by a vast number of Romans simply as a system, it is not felt as a life. Gorgeous ceremonials still abound, all the old forms are still maintained, and many there are who do not see that Death has set his mark. But the mark is plainly to be seen.

Rutland felt all this during the next few days. The truth came to him slowly, but when it came there was no gainsaying it. Once or twice Alizon Neville accompanied him on his journeys, but he said nothing to her concerning his thoughts.

When he had been in Rome between six and seven weeks he seemed to grow restless. He gave up sight-seeing, and wandered aimlessly around the city.

"Are you not well to-day?" asked Lady Neville, as they sat down to lunch one morning.

"Oh yes, I am nearly as strong as ever. But I am thinking of leaving Rome," he replied.

"When?"

"Oh, in a day or so! I thought of going to Naples and Pompeii for a few days, and then of returning home by way of Assisi and Florence and Venice."

"But I have a great treat for you," said her ladyship smiling.

"You are always kind to me," replied Rutland, "and I am at a loss to know in what way you can grant me further favours."

"I have had an interview with Cardinal Lostella this morning," said her ladyship. "He informs me that there is to be a great Papal function at the Sistine Chapel on Friday next, and he has secured tickets for Alizon and myself, and he told me that he would also reserve one for you if you cared to come with us."

"This is good of you!" cried Rutland. "I was talking with Father Matthew yesterday, and he was telling me that it would be extremely difficult for me to see the Pope. There was a great demand for tickets, he said, and as the chapel is so small, only a chosen few could be present."

"Well, we can be among the chosen few," replied her ladyship. "You will not, I am afraid, be able to have a seat in the chapel itself, but you will be able to stand in the passage, and see his Holiness as he is carried from the Vatican into the chapel, and also see him on his return after the function is over."

"I am favoured," cried Rutland. "I have wanted to see the Pope more than words can say. At first Father Rizzio thought he would be able to secure me a ticket, but lately he has been very dubious. But your acquaintance with Cardinal Lostella makes all the difference."

"I am sorry you cannot see the function itself," went on Lady Neville, "but Cardinal Lostella could obtain only one ticket for that, and he insists on giving it to me. So you will have to take care of Alizon."

"If she will trust herself to me, I shall be delighted," said Rutland.

The girl flushed slightly, and expressed her eagerness to witness the procession; but she did not seem so pleased as Rutland expected she would be. Indeed, the young man realised with an aching heart, that he was becoming more and more alienated from Alizon Neville. Her manner became more and more reserved, and her interest in his conversion seemed to have gone altogether. During the first few days of her stay in Rome she spoke often to him about the glories of the Catholic faith, and of the pain and poverty of those who stayed outside the fold of the Church; but latterly she had adopted a different attitude. She appeared to regard his conversion as hopeless, and the fact had evidently made the gulf between them impassable.

When Friday came Rutland was excited beyond measure. He reflected that he would that day see the Pope, king of two hundred and fifty millions of people, he would behold the last in that long succession of men who had shaped the destinies of the nations. However groundless the claims of the Papacy might be, the sight would be of paramount interest. For Leo XIII. claimed to be the Vicar of Christ, the Vicegerent of the Almighty; and there were thousands in Rome, and millions throughout the world, who conceded all he claimed. Even although power was slipping from his hands he retained its semblance, and the unthinking multitude did not distinguish between the two.

Having dressed himself in accordance with the instructions given, he accompanied Lady Neville and Alizon to St. Peter's, where a great crowd had gathered. There was something electric in the atmosphere. It seemed as though the dying embers of faith were being fanned into a flame in many hearts. The fact that they were going to see the Pope made men and women forget their doubts and their fears. Even the sight-seers who had gathered to see the favoured ones who possessed tickets of admission into the building, were evidently filled



"I WISH TO SPEAK TO YOU ALONE."

with enthusiasm. After all, human nature is the same all over the world. Mankind loves gorgeous spectacles, and there is a tendency on the part of the unthinking to regard the great ones of the world at their own estimate. Just as those who believe in a republican form of government will cry, "Long live the King!" or "Long live the Queen!" at the sight of a royal procession, even although they would in their calm moments vote for their de-

thronement, so there are many who have given up their faith in the Papacy, who will shout at the approach of the Pope.

On reaching St. Peter's, Lady Neville was conducted into the chapel, while Alizon and Rutland stayed in the corridor through which the Pope was to pass. It wanted more than an hour to the time before Leo XIII. would appear, but every inch of space was occupied. Through the influence of

Cardinal Lostella, however, both Rutland and Alizon obtained a position close to the door of the chapel where they could see everything very clearly.

"We are fortunate," said the young man.

"Yes, it is delightful," she answered, and Rutland saw that her cheeks were flushed, and that her eyes flashed with excitement.

The great majority of the people in the corridor were women. Many of them were English Protestants, but they were devoured with curiosity. Seeing the Pope was to them the proper climax of their visit to Rome. They would have been just as excited if they were in a Mohammedan or Buddhist country, and were about to behold one of their spectacular displays. Others, on the contrary, were ardent Catholics. If their faith had been dying, it was now roused into life again. Some of them were weeping with very joy. Rutland marked the trembling lips and clenched hands of the people. For the time, at any rate, the vision of the Pope was as the vision of God Himself.

"I have longed all my life for this hour," he heard them say one to another. "Oh, to see him! to be close to him! to breathe the same air which he breathes!"

Nothing is more contagious than enthusiasm and excitement. It is like the spread of a fever, for the same laws obtain in the mental and physical world. Nothing of importance was said, and yet the enthusiasm grew. Men, who when they first came, were calm and almost indifferent, became infected with the atmosphere they breathed, and were as eager as the others. Rutland felt the same influence himself. Under the excitement of the moment he felt like saying with the others, "Long live the Pope-king!"

And yet the Pope had not appeared. Leo XIII. was noted for being late, and it might be an hour before he would pass by, but the thought that he *would* come, made him forget his early training and the study of years. He was possessed with the idea of the Papacy. The unreasoning faith of those around him made him feel the mystery, the majesty of Papal claims. For the moment it did not matter whether these claims had any foundation, the fact that many around him believed in them made him forget to criticise. At that moment the chain of succession seemed unbroken, and in the eye of imagination he fancied it as a channel through which the life of God flowed. The thought was awe-inspiring. This man whom he would soon see possessed the keys of heaven. He had the power to bind and loose, to curse and bless! He was the manifestation of God on earth! All around him were those who believed it implicitly, and the wave of faith which covered the waiting throng covered him also.

Just as the multitudes in heathen lands have looked up to their wise men and witch-doctors, believing that they had power from the spirit-

world, so did the eager, panting crowd regard the Pope as the mouthpiece of God!

The minutes passed slowly by, and the air grew hot almost to suffocation, but the excitement did not grow less, rather it increased until some of the women grew hysterical. Presently however, there was movement among the people, and the cry went up, "Here he comes! Here he comes!"

Rutland felt his heart beat faster, he knew not why, while Alizon grew pale to the lips.

The procession passed slowly along the corridor. It was evidently carefully arranged, but Rutland paid but little attention to the giant forms of the Swiss Guards, or the gorgeous attire of the domestic prelates, who preceded the Pope's cortege. He strained his eyes to see the one central figure in the procession, the one man he had so longed to see. He came in sight presently, and for a moment there was a great hush, like the hush of death, and then immediately after a cry of gladness arose, as if Christ Himself had come back to earth.

Rutland saw him plainly; he was seated in a kind of chair, which was carried by strong hands. Around him was much gaudy drapery, and the old man was clothed with costly white vestments. But the young man took no notice of all these; his eyes were fixed on the features of the aged pontiff. For a moment a feeling of pity came into his heart. He was so weary, so frail, so thin, so weak. His face was as pale as death, his hands were almost transparent, he looked little more than a skeleton covered with dried parchment. He might have been dead but for his eyes; they were black and piercing, and burnt with the fire of life.

He put out his hands feebly, as if in the act of blessing, while some of the people fell to their knees sobbing hysterically, and others shouted with wild enthusiasm.

Why, he could not tell, but directly the Pope was carried near to the spot where Rutland stood, and he saw the little old man plainly, then all his excitement and enthusiasm departed. He seemed to see through the trappings, and beheld the heart of it all. The Pope struck no awe into his soul, he aroused no reverence. All around him the vast majority of the people knelt and sobbed and shouted; but he stood quite still, he was utterly unmoved. He could no more kneel before that frail man, than he could kneel before an Indian idol. All his claims were the creations of an ignorant age, they were born in darkness, and they were dying in the growing light.

Just as the Pope's cortege arrived at the spot opposite where Rutland stood, the procession was delayed for a minute, so that the Pope remained near him for that space of time. So close was he that he could have touched him if he had stretched forth his hand; indeed, some around him frantically reached forward that they might put their hands upon the chair which bore him.

How weary, how very weary he looked, and so old, so painfully old! He seemed to the young man as the symbol of a religion that was near its death, rather than as the expression of that which would never die.

"*Santa Padre, Io impetro la vostra Santa Benedizione!*" sobbed the Italians.

"*J'implôre humblement votre sacré bénédiction, sainte Père!*" cried the French.

"Bless me, bless me, Holy Father!" prayed the English.

The old man smiled. There is always something sweet in an old man's smile, especially if he be pure and good. Rutland's heart melted as he saw it. Why should he not kneel and receive the pontiff's benediction? But he could not. Not because he did not desire the blessing, but because he could not kneel to a man who made claims to power that he did not possess. He could pay him homage as a good old man, the head of a vast organisation, but he could not kneel to him as the only living successor of Peter. It was all a vain show, and the pretensions of the Popes had checked the march of civilisation, they had hindered the light of God, they had inspired bigotry and persecution, they had turned Europe into a field of carnage and bloodshed. No, he could not kneel, he could not! It would be sacrilege, blasphemy!

The Pope lifted his frail hands again, and his keen, dark, penetrating eyes swept over the crowd. He saw Rutland, one of the few standing figures, he saw the look of unbelief in his eyes. He lifted his hand and spread three fingers over the crowd, and the procession passed into the chapel.

Still the people waited. The excitement had somewhat passed away, but none of them would leave until the Pontiff returned from the chapel. They had not to wait very long; evidently the service was only brief. A little more than half an hour later he was again borne through the panting throng. This time, however, the old man paid but little heed to the shouts and sobs of the people. He was evidently worn out with the service within the chapel, and desired the quiet of his own apartments. Still he again lifted his hands as if in the act of blessing, and then dropped them wearily. A few minutes later the door had closed, and the aged head of the Roman Church was hidden from their sight. At first there was a murmur among the people

as of disappointment, but little by little the feeling passed away, and they prepared to depart. It was surprising how suddenly the interest of the gathering had ceased, surprising, too, how quickly the wave of emotion and religious enthusiasm departed. In a few minutes they were able to speak of the procession as a wonderful spectacle, and to express gratification at what they had seen.

"I wouldn't have missed it for anything," Rutland heard one woman say. (He had noticed that she had been hysterical a little while before.) "I don't think the Holy Father will last long, do you? Oh! I hope I shall be able to be present at the coronation of the new Pope! Who will it be, I wonder? Cardinal Lostella, perhaps."

"Yes," was the reply, "it was splendid. You Catholics can arrange processions far better than Protestants. It was very fine, but I don't believe much in it."

The crowd passed into the open air. They were able to gossip freely now, and to exchange views on what they had seen.

When Alizon and Rutland reached the square they waited for Lady Neville. Rutland's heart was as heavy as lead. He had during the last few minutes formed a great resolution. He looked at the girl by his side, she was subdued and did not seem inclined for conversation.

"When can I have a few minutes' private conversation with you?" he asked suddenly.

The girl looked up inquiringly.

"Oh, I must!" he cried, almost rudely. "I shall not keep you long. I wish to speak to you alone. It is most likely the last favour I shall ever ask of you."

"You wish to speak with me alone?" she repeated.

"Yes, on an important matter. What we have just seen has decided me."

Again the girl flashed an inquiring look.

"I shall be alone after dinner to-night," she said. "My mother has invited a lady to dine with us. They will be glad to dispense with me afterwards." "At nine o'clock you will meet me in the hall, then?"

"Yes, if you wish."

Soon after Lady Neville joined them, and they drove back to the hotel together.

(To be continued.)





A LUSHAI VILLAGE.

Pioneering in Assam

RECENT PIONEER EVANGELISTIC AND LINGUISTIC WORK AMONG INDIAN HILL TRIBES.

(Continued).

IN Lushailand the gathering in of the harvest is an occasion for much feasting and drinking. Large quantities of beer are made from rice, and the older men spend three or four days and nights singing dirge-like songs and drinking without cessation. This drink has a soothing effect upon them, so that when drunk they are exceedingly friendly. It is interesting to note that the Lushais as a tribe are exceedingly good-tempered, anger being almost unknown. Like all other primitive folk they are exceedingly improvident, and use so much rice in the manufacture

of beer, that long before the next harvest is due, they are without food. Women then have to go to the jungles to hunt for roots, leaves, etc. Consequently, there is then a great deal of sickness. When ill the Lushai calls in the doctor, who is called the "puithian." He feels the pulse, looks wise, and advises the patient what animal should be sacrificed "to appease the evil spirit" which is supposed to be the cause of his illness. (Truth compels us to state that the cunning "doctor" prescribes a large or small animal proportionate to the extent of his appetite, which is the only deity which he cares to appease.) The animal being at once provided, the gleeful doctor and a few friends retire just outside the village, and while he sacrifices the animal under a tree, his friends prepare a fire and pot of boiling water. The sacrifice completed, the

friends quickly boil and serve up the offering. In fairness it must be mentioned that a small portion of the sacrifice is saved and carried to the house for the sick man to eat. The uneatable remains of the slaughtered animal are left upon the tiny altar for the consumption of the spirit, who comes along in the shape of a hungry dog. As may be imagined, if the patient is seriously ill, the administration of a piece of half-cooked pork will probably hasten his departure, or at all events, be a distinct disadvantage.

These pseudo-doctors never offered any opposition to the administration of the missionaries' drugs, in fact, often both missionary and doctor were in the house at the same time.

When a Lushai dies, his friends gather, dress him in his best clothes, and put him in a sitting posture in the house. Several of the older men of the village come to the house, brew beer, sit and drink and sing about the house, while around the corpse gather his nearer relatives, and fill the air with wails, calling the dead man by his name, and beseeching him to speak. The younger men assemble outside the house, and soon begin to dig a deep grave near the front door. At sundown the deceased is interred in his clothes with his pipe, chopper, and other worldly possessions, as it is believed that the spirits of these inanimate objects accompany the deceased to the other world. If the man is wealthy, some domestic animal is sacrificed in order that its spirit may accompany him, and be his property in the Great Beyond. The "Dead Man's Village," as the Unknown World is called, is supposed to lie away to the east of the Lushai mountains.

When a little child dies it is often put into an earthen pot and buried underneath the house. When a mother died and left a little child who was too small to feed itself, their custom was to *bury the live child* with the dead mother, as the Lushais have no means of bringing up a child "by hand." Within the last few years this custom has been prevented by the British, as the good wife of the political officer has kindly undertaken to have such infants cared for until they are able to feed themselves, when they are returned to their homes.

When a chief dies he is not usually buried at all. The corpse is laid in a coffin, made by hollowing out a large tree, and sealing the cylinder with mud, which is placed in the middle of the house, in front of the family fire-place. A small bamboo tube communicating with the bottom of the coffin passes through the floor of the house, into the ground below. A fire is then lighted on the hearth, which the chief's widow keeps burning night and day for about three months. At the end of this time the coffin is opened with much ceremony, and is found to contain nothing but dried bones, which are carefully preserved in a basket in a corner of the house. Upon special occasions the skull is taken from the

basket, wrapped round with a sheet, placed upon a dummy body, and paraded around the village with great pomp.

The religious ideas of the Lushais are very vague. Happily they have no Hindoo caste system with all its exclusiveness. They believe in a Good Spirit, a Creator, and also in an Evil Spirit, who has multitudes of emissaries. Every valley, mountain, tree and stream has its own peculiar evil spirit. These are constantly trying to harm man, and all sickness is attributed to their malignant influence. Believing that the Good Spirit will do him no harm, the Lushai spends the whole of his religious energies in striving to appease the evil spirits with whom it is good policy to keep friends. Only before, and at the harvest, do they think of sacrificing to the Good Spirit. The story of the resurrection of Jesus Christ appeals most powerfully to these people, as in it they recognise that the Son of the Good Spirit is stronger than all the powers of the evil one. They believe that after death the majority of people are carried away by evil spirits.

One of the first questions which the Lushai asks upon hearing the Gospel, is: "If I believe in Jesus Christ shall I always keep quite well?" so that the missionaries have to combine the teaching of hygiene—of which the Lushais are utterly ignorant—with Christianity.

Their materialism is also seen in the fact that with them "wealthy" and "good" person are synonymous terms. The Gospel appeals most to the poor, for the wealthy are believed to go to the better place, no matter what their deeds may have been. If a wealthy man is able to sacrifice a certain number of domestic animals during his life he will possess the spirits of these animals in the after-world, and they will be his passport into the happy hunting grounds. A poor man, on the other hand, has no hope whatever of going to the happy abode of the departed wealthy ones, but will have to live and work very much as he does in this state of existence. There is some faint idea of transmigration in the minds of some, as they believe that after many years, the spirit of the departed one returns to this world in the shape of an insect, which in its turn is transformed into a dew-drop, and eventually becomes re-incarnated.

The amount of linguistic work which our friends have accomplished is truly remarkable, and they willingly gave some information with regard to the acquirement of an unwritten language. This strange people say that they never had any written language of their own, but they have a tradition to the effect that when all the nations were assembled to receive the gift of writing, the Lushais had theirs written upon a piece of leather. They were so pleased that they all got drunk, the piece of leather fell into a stream, was fished out and put upon a stone to dry; a hungry dog came near, saw the tempting morsel and appropriated it. From that time they had not

a written language, so that they hailed the work of these missionaries as the restoration of their long-lost treasure.

As may be anticipated in an uncrystallised language, there are differences of opinion among the natives themselves with regard to the exact meanings of words. They were at the outset confronted by this difficulty:—they found that the Lushai word for the Good Spirit was the same as was used down south for the Evil Spirit. When our linguists wished to know definitely whether "Pathian" were the Good Spirit or the Evil One, and interrogated six Lushais, three gave one version, while three gave another, and they were quite unable to get a satisfactory solution of that problem.

For the first two years the missionaries concentrated their attention upon the language, as they feared that with their crude knowledge of the language, they might give the people misconceptions of the actual truths they wished to teach. This policy was justified by their subsequent knowledge of the subtle differences of words which were entirely opposites in meaning. During all this time they mixed with the people, tried to identify themselves with them, and, as some people built near their bungalow on each side, the mission-

aries found themselves finally living in the centre of a large Lushai village. Eventually the natives made confidants of the strangers, told them of their joys and sorrows, asked their advice on many points, and acquainted them with their folk-lore and history. They found that the natives were fond of hearing about the wonders of Eng'land, of its Queen, and of its facilities for travel. While they showed the people their picture books and stereoscopic views, the learners listened to the remarks upon them, took notes, and in that way learnt idiomatic ejaculatory expressions. They found that the stereoscopic views gave the people right ideas of the power and influence of civilisation. Previously they had thought that the Lushai hills were the greater part of the world, as they are a simple, primitive tribe who have not mixed much with the people of the plains.

Our linguists made the acquaintance of an intelligent young Lushai named Staka, who lived near them, and whom they trained to aid them in their linguistic work. He helped them faithfully during the whole of their stay, which was very praiseworthy, as the hill people are so fond of freedom that the Europeans found that servants usually ran away after a month or so. They found



LUSHAI HOUSE; MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD.



FORT AIJAL, LUSHAI HILLS.

their knowledge of Bengali was useful, as the order of words in the two languages is similar, although otherwise the two tongues are totally different. It must be noted that the Lushais are not Aryans, but Mongolians, and that their language comes under the head of the Thibeto-Burman family of languages. In this purely monosyllabic language, the pitch of the voice makes all the difference in the meaning of words. Whether the voice be raised or lowered, or carried straight forward, makes all the difference in meanings. By prolonging the sound of words, by gesticulating and performing the same grimaces they were at length able to convey the proper meaning. At first, when attempting to imitate the sounds of words, they neglected to intone the voice sufficiently, although the word was correctly pronounced, and this was sufficient to give the word quite another meaning. It is interesting to note as an analogy, that there is a fairly long poem in Chinese which is composed of one word of the same spelling constantly repeated, and it is only the varied intonations that modify the meaning of the words.

The people exhibited the greatest delight when the missionaries were able to speak to them.

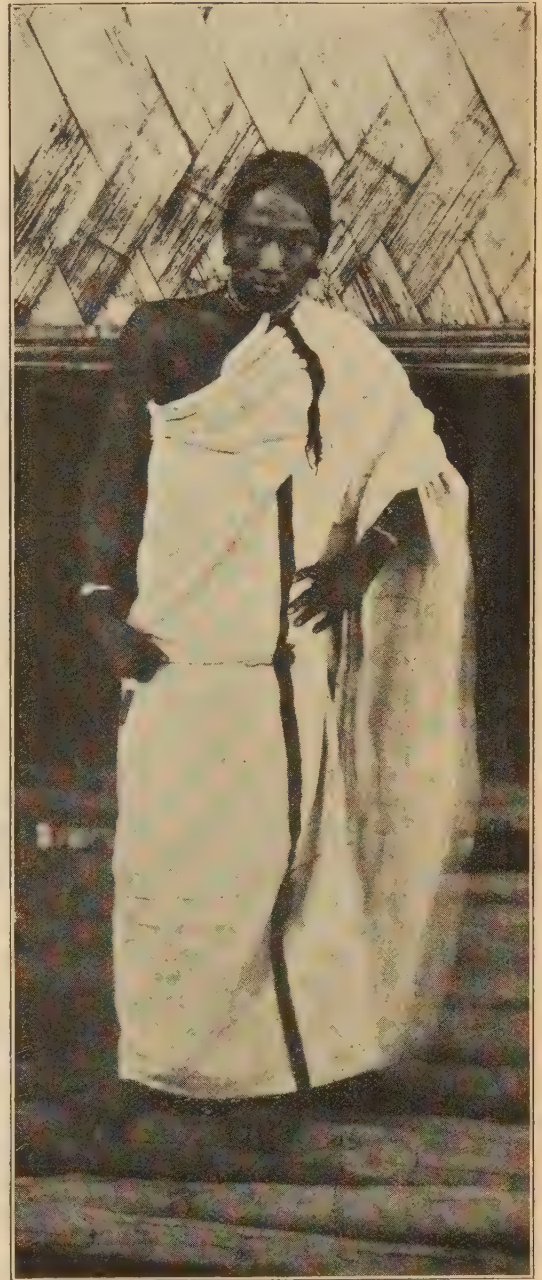
Strange Lushais visiting their mission often catechised them by asking them to give the Lushai for the simplest objects, in order to test their knowledge of the language. In attempting to derive words from their roots, they had difficulties, as the Lushais had no idea whatever of derivation. Messrs. Savidge and Lorrain endeavoured to learn something from everyone they met, and easily won the confidence and love of the natives. As they read to the people the folk-lore—which had been previously narrated to them—the natives were astonished at their ingenuity and wisdom.

They had previously, in learning and speaking Bengali, become accustomed to the “conscious and analytic sense” with regard to the position of the vocal organs, which is such a necessary aid to one learning unusual pronunciations. They had to pay particular attention to the palatal and dental sounds in this connection, and in these, as on all occasions at the first, when Suaka pronounced words, they watched his tongue, lips, etc. The aspiration of most of the consonants is a peculiarity of the Lushai, and especial care was exercised with regard to this.

Having reduced the language phonetically, ac-

cording to Hunter's system, they first printed a primer for the children. During this time of preparation they used to talk to the children on the verandah of their bungalow in a simple progressive way, then gradually adults came to the little services.

They showed one picture every Sunday, and found it better to teach with the aid of pictures of Biblical incidents. Then crowds of people came, and in their anxiety to get near, trod upon the garden and spoilt it, and it was considered to be high time to build a little bamboo church. As the people are inveterate smokers, and some of them would not be parted from their pipes even in a service, the fumes they emitted in clouds made it impossible to sing or speak in a closed building, so, (as our photo indicates), they built the church with three open sides. Then they decreed that those who *would* smoke must stand outside, while those who would leave their pipes at home could sit inside. On Sundays the church was crowded, and outside were dense walls of people. Nearly all strangers who went to trade in the Bengali bazaars in the vicinity used to go to see the missionaries and their stereoscopes. Then they had meetings with them in the little church. Upon certain evenings of the week they used to evangelise three or four villages, situate at one hour's walk in different directions, armed with their English concertinas and various pictures. A picture of the crucifixion especially attracted the attention of the villagers. Eventually they compiled a catechism comprising the substance of the Bible. Every answer was a verse of Scripture. Thus the catechised learned truths and verses of Scripture at the same time. They composed some hymns, and translated others. The boys and girls were very fond of them, and some of these hymns may now be heard "resounding o'er the hills," and conveying their glad message. In their efforts to teach the young people to read and write, they met with difficulties owing to the modesty of some who said that they could never learn to do such wonderful things, but eventually they proved to be very apt scholars. These two teachers were gladdened by the fact that their pupils were very anxious to teach others in their spare time, so that the art of reading and writing spread very rapidly. As they had to commence their translation work, it was imperative that they should cease work in the school. Then the Government sent for a Bengali to come to the missionaries to learn the language in order that he might become schoolmaster. If any chief or any man from a new village would come to the fort to learn to read and write, the Government used to provide him with board and lodgings for three months. After that the Government officials decided that they would send no more verbal orders to the villages, but that everything was to be sent in writing. Since they have left the country a manuscript newspaper has been com-



A LUSHAI CHIEF.

menced, which is written by Lushais, and circulated amongst the villages. This contains Government orders as well as local gossip.

As these gentlemen had set themselves the task of translating Luke, John, and the Acts of the Apostles, they enlisted the services of a chief, named Thangphunga, to assist Suaka in aiding them in their work. They found it very difficult to

get words to express religious ideas, as there were scarcely any abstract ideas in the language. They had to introduce a new meaning into some of the words to express a spiritual meaning, but by arduous, methodical toil the mountains of difficulties very gradually disappeared. It was interesting to them as they worked to notice the surprise manifested by the native assistants at some of the sayings and deeds of Christ. When they first heard of an incident of Christ's power to heal—such as the healing of the amputated ear of Malchus—they could not believe at first that it was true. They were much impressed by the unselfishness of Jesus' acts, and Suaka often exclaimed, "A va mak êm!" ("How very wonderful!") Having translated Luke, our friends worked at the Acts as the sequence of Luke's narration. Afterwards they translated John as being a useful book for the natives who became Christians. These translations were then revised by them three or four times, sometimes with different men, until they were idiomatically correct, and practically perfect. The language was rich enough to enable them to adhere with great fidelity to the original. They worked always with five versions of the Bible,—Greek Testament, Hindustani, Bengali, and two English versions—and by consulting these they were able to see how far they might deviate from the original when absolutely necessary. In the afternoons they worked at the translations by themselves, and on the following morning corrected it with the aid of the above mentioned assistants. In these three books are numerous Old Testament references which are incomprehensible to one who has never known of the Bible. These required to be fully explained to the native helpers in order to secure the true idiom, so that by the time the translation was completed, Thangphunga, and especially Suaka, had a complete knowledge of Old Testament history. Suaka has since been made a Government clerk, and it is interesting to note that he is the first Lushai who has received such a Government appointment.

In their translation they made a point of not introducing a foreign word, but if possible to render it by any word in Lushai, and where this was quite impossible they substituted the Greek or English word. In the three books only about six such instances occur, such as: "sponge," "myrrh," "hyssop," "cross."

Our friends left Lushailand at the end of four years, Dec. 1897, and having transferred their work to some Welsh Presbyterian missionaries they feel that God is calling them to do similar pioneer work among some other unevangelised tribes on the N.E. frontier of Assam. They hope to leave England in October in order to go to Sadiya, the most north-easterly outpost in India, situated on the Brahmapootra River, and there they will try to win the confidence of a savage tribe called the Abors, who

inhabit the adjacent Himalayan mountains, with a view to settling in their country.

The existing missionary societies, having so much work on hand in their own particular fields, seem unable at present to extend their operations, and if these tribes are left without the Gospel—which they seem so ready to accept—it is most probable that as time goes on they will embrace the Hindoo religion, and this golden opportunity will be lost.

Messrs. Lorrain and Savidge are looking to the support of Christian friends who realise this great need, and will be glad to hear from any who will



THE FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH IN THE LUSHAI HILLS.

thus co-operate with them in the work of winning these people for Christ. Their previous pioneer work, their knowledge of the modes of thought of these wild peoples, and their gift of acquiring and reducing unwritten languages mark them out as specially adapted for this arduous work. Any further information with regard to this work may be obtained from Mr. Lorrain, 175, Croydon Road, Anerley, London. The results of their four years' labour in Assam are certainly most inspiring:—

The primer was printed by the Assam Government. Their Catechism was printed by the Allahabad Mission Press. Their Lushai Grammar and Dictionary, of 7,000 native words, were printed by the Government at Shillong, in Assam. It is interesting and inspiring also to notice that their translations of Luke, John and Acts make the thou-

sandth language printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

We conclude these articles by giving the copy of a letter written by Major John Shakespear, C.I.E., D.S.O., Superintendent of the Lushai Hills, July, 1899, which bears striking testimony to the value of Missionary pioneer work in its relation to the government of the people.

‘ MY DEAR LORRAIN,

“Many thanks for your long letter and for

the pamphlet. I enclose a promise of a subscription.

“I am writing to Mr. Cotton (Chief Commissioner of Assam), regarding you and your proposed work. I hope you will have no trouble. I have in my annual reports on the Lushai Hills recorded my opinion of the valuable work done by you both, which I consider has materially assisted in the pacification of the Lushais.

“The common sense which was so conspicuous in all your dealings with the Lushais, and which made



FIRST LUSHAI SUNDAY SCHOOL

your influence over them so great, will, I am sure, enable you to gain an influence over the Abors and other tribes on the N.E. frontier which will be of great assistance to Government. If a fuller expression of the value of your work in Lushailand will be of any use I shall be most happy to write a note on the subject for publication, or you can show this letter to anyone interested in your work.

“Yours very sincerely,

“ (Signed) JOHN SHAKESPEAR.”

The Rev. W. Wright, D.D., of the British and Foreign Bible Society, (whose recent death we all

lament), says with regard to the translational work of these missionaries:—

“You and your colleague have done about as good work on limited means as any who have come before this Society.”

As they go forward to their new conquests for Christ, let us pray that they may be enabled in the future, as in the past, to win many trophies for Christ, while they smooth the way for the work of future missionaries, so that still more streaks of light may herald the dawn of the Gospel-day over those dark mountains of the great chain of the Himalayas.

T. J. RAYBOULD.





Fellowship and its Root.

"That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us; and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ."—1 JOHN i. 3



THESE words form a part of John's introduction to his first Epistle. This introduction, beginning with the words, "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, etc.," reminds us of what may be called the parallel passage, viz., John's introduction to his gospel: "In the beginning was the Word, etc.," and these again call up to memory the opening words of the Book of Genesis, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth, etc." It would seem as if we had here three beginnings. In Genesis we have the beginning of the Cosmos—of our Sidereal system—in which chaos gives place to order, and darkness to light. In the Gospel we have what may be called, so far as this is conceivable by us finite creatures, the absolute beginning. Behind the world and before it, there is the Word. While in the Epistle we see the Eternal Word manifesting Himself through the world, for the purpose of bringing about the union of man's life with God's. This dates a new beginning, "the personal relation between the Word and those to whom He had been revealed." This personal relation between the Word and Man is most fitly expressed by the word "fellowship;" and "fellowship" is the chief, the pivot-word of our text, and therefore forms the topic of our sermon.

We will speak first of Fellowship, "that ye also may have fellowship with us;" then we will speak of its Root, "That which we have seen and heard, declare we unto you." The second part of the text must be taken first, and the first part taken second.

I.

Let us try to define and to distinguish our sub-

ject. Fellowship may be said to be the communion of spirits—two souls conversing, responding, corresponding, acting and re-acting one on the other, with sympathy as the basis.

Fellowship is deeper, more interior, than companionship. There may be companionship where there is no fellowship. Two persons may be companions, but not fellows. Their bodies may be in continual contact, but their souls and sympathies far apart. Their companionship may be the result of pure accident, as when I travel in a railway train with a person with whom I can have no fellowship. There is nothing in common between us. His interests are not mine; mine are not his. He talks about things which simply bore me—I care nothing for them; and my talk doubtless bores him. We live in different worlds. We are companions on that particular journey, but we simply cannot have fellowship. There is no point at which we can touch. We cannot get into each other. So is it on the journey of life. There may be life-companions, as, for example, husband and wife, travelling together to the grave, but whose souls are as far apart as the poles. I am, of course, limiting the idea of companionship to the outward and popular sense.

The distinction between friendship and fellowship is this, that fellowship lies behind friendship, and makes friendship possible. Not *vice versa*. I say Mr. So and So is my friend, because he is my fellow. In the dark hour of my need he befriends me, because he understands me. When all others misunderstand me, and, therefore, act unfriendly towards me, he alone acts friendly, because his soul knows my soul. In other words, his friendship is the result of his fellowship.

The fellowship of souls is God's compensation for the loneliness of souls. These are the opposite pictures of the soul's life. Loneliness is the dark side, while fellowship is the bright side. Each soul is separate—alone. There is a wide chasm between soul and soul. The more reflective a man is, the more is he conscious of his isolation, and the sensation is often full of sadness and pain. We live our own life. We go through life largely alone. "Each in his hidden sphere of bliss or woe, our hermit

spirits dwell." As men approach intellectually to the height of genius, this consciousness of loneliness gets keener and more painful; the chasm gets wider, the gulf gets deeper. This is the price to be paid for being a genius. But each of us, in his own degree, realises this feeling, and it is often depressing, and sometimes even horrible. Through our own experience in this respect we get a faint insight into the meaning of the words, "He trod the wine-press alone." But what a blessed providence is this, that while each soul is isolated, while each hermit spirit dwells in his own hidden sphere, this isolation can be partially mitigated or modified! Thank God for the blessed possibility of one soul stretching its hands through the darkness of mystery and of sorrow, and grasping, lovingly, sympathetically, another soul. Through fellowship two souls can come near, can touch, can strengthen, can comfort, can inspire each other. These are sister-souls. One soul coming to another through the darkness cannot relieve that other of the burden, of the mystery, of the sorrow. Each soul must stagger under its own weight—stagger until it steadies itself. But St. Paul, who wrote, "Each man must bear his own burden," wrote also, "Bear ye one another's burdens." One soul can so cheer, so fortify another soul as to help it to bear and carry its heavy weight.

There are many forms of fellowship, and the gamut is infinite. We speak of the fellowship of books; but, really, it is fellowship not *of*, but *through* books. Our fellowship is with the author of the book, by means of the printed page. With minds low and bestial, or high and noble; with hearts gross and selfish, or pure and disinterested; with the powers of darkness, or with the Father and His Son Jesus Christ—such is the gamut.

II.

The *common root* of fellowship is *identity*. "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you" also. There must be a seeing-together, a hearing-together; there must be an identity of vision and of voice. John's desire is that they, to whom he is writing, should share in his fellowship; but he knows this is not possible until they see as he sees, and hear as he hears; and, therefore, to this end he declares to them that which he had seen and heard, that they might have fellowship also. If they are to be brought into the like fellowship with Christ they must see the same vision, they must hear the same voice. Identity of mental vision is the absolute root of all possible fellowship between soul and soul, or soul and God.

Note the rising climax of the first verse. We italicise the words: "That which we have *heard*, that which we have *seen* with our eyes, which we have *looked upon*, and our hands have *handled* of the Word of Life." "Which we have heard." All those blessed and beautiful sayings which came out

of His mouth. No evangelist has given us so many of these sayings as John himself, and yet, in the closing words of his gospel, he says that, if all had been recorded, the world could not contain the books that should be written. "Which we have seen." The eternal Word of God, who was with God from the beginning, and was God, seen in the human Person of Jesus of Nazareth. This is the mystery of mysteries. If we can accept this miracle, we shall have no difficulty with any other. John saw Him with his own bodily eyes. Privileged eyes!

"Which we have looked upon." We have here "a more deliberate and closer contemplation; for which John had special opportunities, as one of the inner three, and as he who lay on Jesus' bosom. There is a change of tense implying emphasis on the historic fact, 'which in those days we gazed upon.'"

"And our hands have handled." John is thinking of the early heresy of Cerinthus and the Doketists. Christ, however, was no phantom, as this heresy held. He was flesh of our flesh, though proceeding out of the bosom of the Eternal God.

In each of these clauses there is a rising to a climax, from "which we have heard," to "and our hands have handled of the Word of Life."

This Jesus, whom John had heard, seen, looked upon, handled, he declares, that they to whom the declaration is made might see and hear also, to the end, that having a common vision, etc., they might have a common fellowship.

We repeat that the root-condition of all possible fellowship between souls is that they see and hear in common. The same vision must fill the eye, the same voice must fill the ear. The same vision must be imprinted on the retina of the soul-eye; the same voice must strike on the drum of the soul-ear. If two souls cannot see alike, hear alike, feel alike, think alike, all fellowship is closed between them; and it is just in the measure in which they see, hear, feel, think together that they have fellowship. Hence if we are to bring others into the enjoyment of our Christian fellowship, we must first declare to them that which we have seen and heard of Christ Jesus, as our Redeemer and Mediator.

Fellowship there may be along with the differences of sex, of age, of rank. The grand, the sole condition is, that they see, hear, think together; it may be between a male and a female, it may be between an old man and a young man, it may be between one high-titled and one untitled.

The poet looks upon a piece of landscape. He has a vision. He puts the vision into poetic form. The poem is printed in a book. The book is taken up, and the poem is read by one who cannot see the vision while he reads the words. All possible fellowship is cut off between the reader and the poet.

The philosopher puts his ear to the shell of the universe, and out of the shell there come to him

sounds: these he prints in book form. Through the printed page I must hear these sounds also, if I am to have fellowship with the philosopher. If I can see the pictures drawn by the hand of Ruskin in his books, then have I fellowship with him. So of the Prophets of Israel, who said, "Thus saith the Lord;" so of the Master Himself, who said, "He that hath seen Me, hath seen the Father."

Fellowship between souls implies a community of nature. I cannot have fellowship with a dog, though a dog may be my companion. Fellowship between man and God implies that man partakes of the Divine nature. Though my life is measured out according to the clock, and God's is not—for He is eternal, I may have communion with Him, because I may partake of His Eternal Life even now through the knowledge of His Son. Though I am sinful and He is holy, we may have fellowship, because, as John says in this chapter from which the text is taken, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Though I am finite and God is infinite, there may be fellowship, for Christ has bridged the gulf, and our access is through Him.

This—to bring men into fellowship with the Father and the Son—is the real end of all our preaching. It is not merely to expound the Scriptures, or to explain ethical principles, and to apply them to our individual and collective life—to point out the reciprocal duties of men and women in all possible relationships of our earthly life. All these are of vast importance; but the primary aim of the pulpit, the grand ultimate of all preaching, is to bring individual men and women into vital communion with the Living God, the Holy Father, the Obedient Son. And there is no higher work than this; nor can there be, for it is work in which God Himself is supremely interested, and He co-operates with man in order to its realisation.

God is Love, is Life, is Light, and therefore fellowship with Him implies that we love, have His life, are in His light. John says in the fifth verse of this chapter, "If we say that we have fellowship with Him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth. But if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship," etc. There cannot be fellowship between darkness and light, between death and life, between hatred and love.

This, too, is the real end of the existence of the churches. Churches are not commercial concerns, nor are they social, political, or literary clubs. A church is a spiritual society for bringing men out of the kingdom of darkness and death and selfishness, into the kingdom of light and life and love; and therefore into fellowship with God, who is Light, Life, Love; that in the end He may be glorified, and we may enjoy Him for ever.

Now if we are to realise this, our preaching must be based on Experience. John bases his declara-

tion on his historical experience, "That which we have seen," etc. Christ to him had been audible, visible, tangible; historically real. We, as declarers of the Good News of Salvation, whether before a congregation or a class or a single person, must base our statements on our spiritual experience.

"What we have seen and felt with confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men the signs infallible."

Our evidence for the truthfulness of our statements must be rooted in our experience; and no deeper or more satisfactory evidence can there be than the experimental. We who recommend to others, must be able to say, "I have tasted." Christ must be as real to us as He was to John. Behind our utterances there must lie, "I have seen, felt, heard." Preaching must spring out of the personal experience of the preacher if he is to succeed in realising the true end of all preaching—bringing souls into vital fellowship with God; for, as we are trying to show, there can be no fellowship where there is no identity. We must get others to see what we see, and hear what we hear. In relation to things unrevealed, or only partially revealed, to things veiled, or only partly unveiled, to those things which transcend our present experience and God's Revelation, speculation has a place, but is more for the study than the pulpit. In the pulpit speculation must be held severely in subordination to experience. The man in the pulpit must stand and say, "Thus saith the Lord;" "Verily, verily, I say unto you." There must be no "if" or "perhaps" about his utterances. He must see visions and hear voices, and these must form the background of his preaching. He must be positive. As the scientist stands in the scientific realm, and speaks with scientific authority, saying, "This is so and so, and is composed of this and of that;" so the preacher, the Christian, must stand within the veil, behind the seen world, and speak with spiritual authority of spiritual things, because he speaks out of his heart's deepest consciousness and knowledge. Can you say, "I know whom I have believed"? Have you certitude in relation to Christ as your personal Saviour? John saw Jesus in the bodily form; Christ appeared to Saul of Tarsus in His glorified form, and said, "I am Jesus." I have not seen Him as John saw Him; He has not appeared to me as He did to Saul; and yet I have seen Him. I have had a spiritual vision of Him. I have seen Him as my own Redeemer, and I have heard His voice. He has spoken again and again the blessed words, "Go in peace and sin no more." And I am anxious for you to have an identical experience—to see the same blessed vision, and to hear the same blessed voice—that you and I may have a common fellowship with the Highest and the Divinest: "the Father and His Son Jesus Christ." PETER MCPHAIL.



Men Worth Remembering.

VI.—ISAAC SEPTIMUS NULLIS.

BY THE REV. DANZY SHEEN.



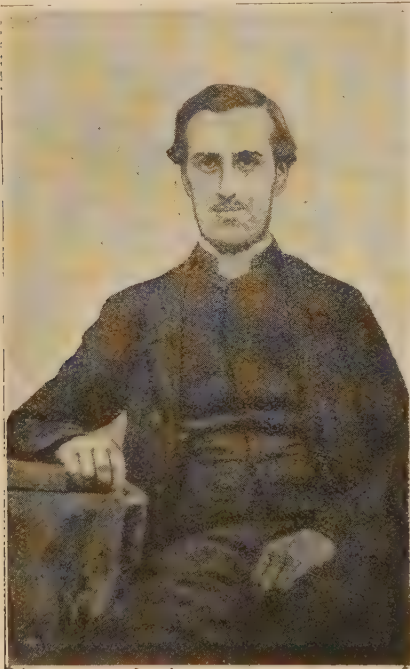
PERSONS who did not know Isaac S. Nullis are apt to suspect that they who had this privilege, speak of his character and achievements in terms of exaggerated praise. In 1860, on coming to reside in London, I had the happiness to

become intimately acquainted with one of his early friends, Mr. T. Phillips, now of Plymouth, but at that time an officer in the Metropolitan police force. He was also a local preacher in, what in those days was called, "the Second Circuit," which had on its plan: Holborn, Fulham, Hampstead, Hendon, Kentish Town, Highgate, Holloway, Islington, Caledonian Road, King's Cross, Somers Town, Camden Town, Primrose Hill, Harrow Road, and Marylebone. As the good man went to his appointments at these places, one of his chief inspirations was "Isaac Nullis," whose name was constantly on his lips, and of whose doings and sayings he never tired to tell. Among the marvels that he used to narrate of his hero was the following: While he lived at his father's home, Ashampstead, he was one day passing by a new house whose doors, if hung, were not shut. Nullis entered and looked round. He thought it would be a convenient place for prayer. Kneeling down, he was soon in rapt communion with God. The singular petition took shape in his mind, "that God would be pleased to save the next man that, after his departure, should cross that threshold." He presented that prayer until he became satisfied that God *had* heard him. Not long after he left, the foreman or some representative of the firm that had built the house arrived on the scene to make notes of all that

needed to be done to put the house in tenantable condition. While engaged in these duties he was unaccountably led to think of his relationship to God. The result of his reflections was intense anxiety for his soul's peace. In this state of mind he left the house. On meeting a friend in the street he told him his trouble, and asked if he knew anybody who would come and pray with him. "Oh," said his friend, "there's no one in Ashampstead like Isaac Nullis to pray with those seeking salvation." Accordingly, Nullis was sent for. So, here he learnt directly how God had very speedily answered his prayer. He had himself been led to God by means of prayer meetings he'd at the cottage of Mrs. Ann Street (or, as more frequently called, "Nanny Street") of Quick's Green, near Ashampstead. Mr. George Smith, afterwards an esteemed minister in our Church, was at that time pressing the young men of the place to attend the meetings. Isaac Nullis had at that time just returned to his native village, having finished his term of apprenticeship in London. His attendance at those meetings awakened him to a sense of his need of Christ, whom a few weeks later he found, his Sun and Shield. Soon after his conversion to God he gave evidence of unusual power in prayer, and sometimes made appointments to meet his friends at four or five o'clock in the morning for an hour of prayer together, remembering that it is written, "Again I say unto you, That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father which is in heaven," (Matt. xviii. 19).

His useful life lasted only about nineteen years. He passed into the home of his Saviour in 1868. It fell to my lot to labour in two circuits in which he had preceded me. His name always seemed to awaken feelings of reverence and love among those who had known him. A few years ago I wrote to one of his earliest friends, (indeed the friend who had led him to "Nanny" Street's cottage-prayer-meeting), and to whom I am indebted for the two portraits that illustrate this article. In his reply, dated Jan. 21, 1895, occurs the following passage:

"Their names (Nanny Street and Isaac Nullis) will ever be sacred to me. The many hours with Isaac in sweet retirement in woods, lanes, stables and barns are full of inspiration to me now, and never will be forgotten. One Sunday I accompanied him to dinner. After dinner, before rising from the table, he said, 'I believe Jesus died for me; don't you, George?' 'Yes,' I replied. Then he said to the servant, 'Don't you, Maria?' She replied, 'Yes.' Then he said, 'I believe Jesus saves my soul,' and then, 'Don't you, George?' 'Yes,' I replied. Then to the servant, 'Don't you, Maria?' No reply, but hangs down her head. Nullis then



I. S. NULLIS.

proposed prayer. We all knelt down, and a keen conflict ensued. First he, and then I, prayed. After about two hours, Maria rejoiced in the forgiveness of her sins. While we were praying, a young man standing outside the house heard the praying within, entered, knelt down in prayer, surrendered himself to God, and was saved. It was a meeting never to be forgotten. I think we may say the half was never told of his work and success." Mr. Nullis records in his Journal, that one day a person called on him who had on four distinct occasions attempted suicide—thrice by poisoning, and once by drowning. Finding herself watched by the policeman prevented the latter, and sickness prevented the poison from taking effect. "Oh sir!" she exclaimed, "I am miserable; I cannot believe there is anything in religion, and yet something tells me there is. I shall go mad!" She gnashed her

teeth in great distress. He proposed prayer. She knelt, but soon rose up, saying: "I can't believe He will save me." He prevailed on her to kneel again, and while he prayed she was saved. Her joy was so great that she exclaimed, "It is more than I can bear." She afterwards wrote, saying that she continued to enjoy great peace, and had been successful in establishing family prayer at her home. Again, his diary proceeds:—"Preached at Leigh; seven saved, one eighty-three years of age. . . . At Cricklade about forty have been brought to Christ. Some of us had formed a praying league, engaging to pray five times a day for God to pour out His Spirit. . . . He has answered prayer."

In August, 1859, when preaching at Boughton, near Faversham, Kent, a little girl went home from the service weeping. She was about eight years old. When he reached the home, the child came to him exclaiming: "Mr. Nullis, what must I do to be saved? Oh, I am such a sinner!" He and the whole family knelt in prayer, and the child realised salvation. The next morning he said, "Have you been praying, my dear?" "Yes," she said, "and I am so happy." Her mother, who is a Wesleyan class-leader, says, that she never saw a clearer case of conversion in her life. He reflects: "Why should not all Christian parents and teachers seek the same blessed results in their children at this important age?" The following year he preached Sunday School anniversary sermons at Sutton Street, London. Seven obtained pardon, and three sanctification. One poor sinful woman, who had walked the streets four years, bitterly wept, saying: "My sins are as numerous as the sands on the seashore. I've been everything but a thief and a murderer." The glory came and set her free. He writes: "Mrs. S. has taken her to her house. May the Lord reward her!"

Again, "Feb. 5, 1860. Witnessed at Knock (in Ireland), one of the most interesting conversions. A young woman, a Roman Catholic, servant to one of our friends, was deeply affected during the service, and cried out: 'Lord, have mercy upon me!' After explaining the privilege of a present salvation by faith in the Christ, the great High Priest before the throne, she embraced the Saviour, exclaiming: 'I do believe! O praise the Lord this night!' When she began to praise the Lord, it seemed to go through all present, yet, such was her illiteracy, that she could not read the Bible, nor tell her own age. Oh, priestcraft, what a blight thou art! How long shall this continue? I had but just finished writing the foregoing in my journal, when a man came to me in great distress of soul. We knelt down and prayed, but still he was no better. We prayed again, and then the man poured out his soul to God in a very becoming manner. While he was thus praying, deliverance came, and he was made very happy. He had been educated for a Presbyterian minister."

All the good Isaac Nullis did was not immediately visible. He left a blessing behind him. During his stay on Canterbury Circuit, he visited a lonely neighbourhood called Stelling Minis, about half-way between Canterbury and Dover. After he had left the neighbourhood, the seed he had sown sprang up. So he writes in his Journal: "Received a letter from my last station, Canterbury, which states that fruit has begun to appear. At Stelling Minis ten have joined the Church. All the servants on one farm have got converted, principally through the instrumentality of Mr. F.,* a good man and true, who works on the said farm, and has allowed his light to shine before men. This is how Christians should spread the heavenly glory."

The year 1863 finds him, the second time, in Ireland, where among other marvels, he records visiting an elderly lady between seventy and eighty years of age, and leading her to Christ. When saved, she threw her arms around the neck of her husband and wept for joy. Among about thirty seekers of salvation at the close of one evening service was a woman ninety years of age, who had come two and a half Irish miles to the meeting. When asked if she knew herself saved, she exclaimed: "Oh yes, I am sure of it, praise Him! He can save to the uttermost."

In 1864 he was still in Ireland. We have only space for one more instance of his usefulness. "After we closed the services at Clabby, a few meetings were held at Clones with good results. A Miss A——, who has recently opened a boarding-school, came forward to be prayed for, and found peace. Immediately some of her pupils followed her example. I called the next day to see how they were. Miss A—— told me they had seriously thought of calling me up in the night, as the young people were in such distress. 'I prayed with the girls,' she said, 'and they were all either praying for others or crying for mercy on their own behalf. After a time I left them, but had not long retired, when one of them came to my room, saying: "We are all saved but Emily," and when I looked in, they were all hanging upon Emily's neck, saying, "Only believe, only believe; Mr. Nullis said it was, only believe." Thus they continued till two o'clock this morning. They also led one of the pupils to Christ who was not present at the meeting.'"

My acquaintance with Mr. Nullis was made at Sutton Street on a Saturday night in March, 1863. He was holding services in what was then called, "The Third Circuit." I had gone to the neighbourhood for services on the following Sunday, I think at Stratford, and attended the Saturday night Band Meeting at Sutton Street. Among those who testified of the grace of God, in their own hearts and lives, was a man who appeared to be not much

above thirty. He was by no means fluent, yet his utterances were peculiarly impressive. His first words were:—"It seems to me, friends, as if God cannot trust us." There was something about the manner in which these words were spoken, (with pauses between them, as if his heart was pained because of what he had to say), that arrested the



"NANNY" STREET.

attention of all. Irresistibly I wished to know who this man was, and in a whisper, interrogated the friend sitting next me, and in a whisper came the answer, "Mr. Nullis." I had no idea he would attend that service. I did not inquire the name of any one else at that meeting. Why did I violate the rule of decorum by making such an inquiry concerning this man? There was a something about his manner that took hold of me. The next day we dined together at a friend's house, and felt our souls peculiarly knit to each other. Before parting, he wished me to accept from him, as a memento, Bushnell's "New Life," in which he wrote on the fly-leaf my name, etc., and on half a sheet of water-marked linear note-paper, the following lines, which are not in inverted commas:—

"THE WORLD FOR CHRIST."

Arouse thee to the combat, O my soul,
A sterner strife awaits thee than e'er past.
Come, buckle to the shield, and take the sword
And in the might of God go meet the foe;
That foe, if conquered, who returns again,
Or if unconquered, binds his enemies,
Pursuing victory to the uttermost.
Oh enter not the field unless prepared
And covered with a coat of mail. The Prince
Of Hell has summoned all his legions up;
The struggle will be fierce, and awful, grand.
The victory is sure. Our Captain comes,

* I have many times made my home at Mr. Ford's house.—D. S.

Up, Sons of God! Up, soldiers of the cross!
 The blood-red banner floats, and streams mid-air.
 Thy watchword:—"Vict'ry, vict'ry through the blood."
 The battle's not for honour or renown,
 But conquest of a rebel world for Christ.
 Then on to battle, soldiers of our God!
 On! on!! to vict'ry go, conquer or die.
 "There's no such word as fail." The foe comes on,
 The battle rages, and the two-edged swords
 Glance through, and double wounds inflict. *They fall,*
 The men of God rush on, and take the spoil,
 While demons yell and howl:—"The world is lost."
 The fiends rush headlong down like lightnings fierce,
 And leave a train, like fiery comet's tail.
 But all its sparks expire, and sin is gone!
 Hell groans through all its caverns of despair:—
 "The battle's lost—all's lost, and lost for ever."
 But "Glory to God!" resounds through earth and sky;

Angels and men shout loud:—"THY KINGDOM'S COME."
 There lies a world in Loye's triumphant arms.

Your brother in the Lord Jesus,
 March 21, 1863. ISAAC S. NULLIS.

The late Mr. Jesse Herbert, of Reading, had in his possession hundreds of letters from persons in nearly all ranks in life who had derived benefit from his words, or who were expecting help from his counsels. The three-and-sixpenny volume by Mr. Herbert, which has long been out of print, was abridged by Rev. J. Ashworth, and brought out at one shilling by our Book Room, and is, I believe, still on sale. I heartily recommend my friends to invest a shilling and read that brief record of a really wonderful life.

A Visit to Notre Dame.



"HAT! been in Paris three days and not seen Notre Dame?" said the American man at the head of the table, whom we always called "The Professor at the breakfast-table," partly because he struck us as having many traits in common with his countryman, the genial autocrat, and then as the pretty Norwegian, who sat at my left, said in an awed whisper, "I never met such a man, he knows everything."

The girl whom I had gone to visit, a student, who studied and talked art all the day, and dreamed it all the night, explained, "We have had so many studios to visit, and all the great pictures to see." The Professor shook his head. "No excuse. Suppose we go this morning." We rose with alacrity, and in a few minutes were out in the sunshine. No need to bring Murray and Baedeker with two such guides, the one to narrate the history of the district through which we passed, the other to point out beauty and symbolisms which our eyes, not so keenly trained, might have missed.

We took our way across the pretty Luxembourg Gardens, originally laid out for a Queen, but now one of the most popular resorts of the students of the Latin Quartier, across the straight and well-built Boulevard St. Michel which lovers of the intricate by-ways of the old Latin Quartier find so exasperating. We passed the schools of the Beaux Arts and the Sorbonne, went down the Rue St. Jacques, which, though it does not bear any strong marks of antiquity, is one of the oldest streets

north of the Alps. Twenty centuries ago the Rue St. Jacques was a main street leading to the great waterway which the founders of Paris, the Parisii, used for their extensive carrying trade. The Rue St. Jacques ends in a bridge connecting the larger of the two islands in the Seine, the Ile de la Cité, with the left bank. On this island, which, centuries ago, formed the nucleus of Paris, stands



SOUTH DOOR.



NOTRE DAME.

Notre Dame, surrounded by the Hotel de Ville and other public buildings.

A beautiful view is obtained from the bridge of the fine old cathedral, one of the most beautiful in the world. Its massive square towers stand out clear and majestic against the deep blue sky, and the bright sunlight showing up its exquisite and harmonious sculptured details.

The origin of Notre Dame is lost in the mists of antiquity. If legend errs not, a place for worship has stood on the same spot from time immemorial. A Pagan temple, then a Christian Basilica, have successively occupied the site. The Roman conquerors raised a temple to Jupiter here 55 B.C. It is only in the ninth century, in a charter of 867, that the Cathedral of Paris is found under the name of Notre Dame, though a Christian Church dedi-

cated to St. Stephen had occupied the site some centuries before. In the twelfth century the saintly Maurice de Sully, Archbishop of Paris, resolved to build his cathedral on a grander scale. The whole of his life was devoted to this enterprise, and the name of Maurice de Sully cannot be forgotten whilst such a monument testifies to his consecrated intellect. He commenced at the choir, the parts of the old church standing until they had to come down to make room for the new. Thus it was about a hundred years after the work was commenced that the old West front was pulled down to make way for the marvellous new one which has been the wonder and admiration of all the ages since.

In the year that the work was commenced, 1163, Pope Alexander III. was a refugee in France. It

is believed, though it is not proved, that he laid the foundation stone; at any rate, he witnessed the commencement of the enterprise and gave his encouragement.

The work proceeded rapidly, and the nave was well advanced when Maurice de Sully died in 1196, leaving a large sum of money for building a lead roof to the choir. The work was carried on by his successor, Eudes de Sully, who, before his death in

enterprise which has left to us one of the most remarkable monuments of the middle ages. The rapidity with which the scheme was carried through explains the unity which is so remarkable in the building.

Notre Dame is not a pure Gothic building; it belongs to the transition period, and has many features in common with our own Lincoln Cathedral, which was built about thirty years before the French cathedral.

Listen to what Victor Hugo says about the style: "The Saxon architect was just finishing off the first pillars of the nave, when the pointed arch, arriving from the Crusade, came and seated itself as a conqueror upon the broad Roman capitals which had been designed to support only circular arches. The pointed arch, thenceforward master of the field, constructed the remainder of the building. However, inexperienced and timid at its commencement, we find it widening its compass, and, as it were, restraining itself, as not yet daring to spring up into arrows and lancets, as it afterwards did in so many wonderful cathedrals. It might be said to have been sensible of the neighbourhood of the heavy Roman pillars."

A whole volume would be needed to recount the vicissitudes which befell the cathedral during the centuries which followed its completion. Time left its mark upon it, but time dealt much more leniently with the noble pile than did man. It was despoiled of its wealth and left terribly mutilated by the Revolution.

At last, in 1831, Victor Hugo, by his powerful novel, aroused fresh interest in the minds of the people for their cathedral, and a large sum was voted by the National Assembly for its restoration. The work was entrusted to Viollet le Duc, one of the most prominent architects of his time. His whole soul and talents were put into the work, and after twenty years of devoted study and hard work, in 1864 the cathedral was restored and re-opened with a most solemn consecration service.

It is said that could the walls of Notre Dame speak they would be able to recount the whole of French history.

For seven centuries her arches have rung with the sound of all the joy, all the sorrow, all the victories, and all the afflictions which have stirred Paris.

The large open square facing the cathedral, called the Parvis de Notre Dame, has witnessed many a grand pageant and many a stirring scene, mediæval ceremonies, festivals, coronations, funeral obsequies, royal baptisms and weddings, thanksgiving services and mob outrages. Flags of war taken from the enemy were suspended from her battlements, and during the great church festivals, flowers were showered down upon the passers-by from the galleries, and burning tow, emblematical of the Pentecostal Tongues of Flame,



SOME "GROTESQUES" OF NOTRE DAME.

1208, saw the beautiful doors of the West front in process of construction. Continued by the Archbishop Pierre de Nemours, in 1223, at the end of the reign of Philippe Auguste, the West front rose to the gallery which unites the two towers. Under the king, Saint Louis, the two doors of the transept were built, the Porte-Rouge and the towers furnished. At last, in about 1304, the work commenced by Maurice de Sully was completed; less than 150 years had sufficed to carry out the vast

Nothing could be simpler, and, at the same time, more majestic than the West front. Victor Hugo says of it: "There are, assuredly, few finer architectural pages than that front of that cathedral in which, successively and at once, the three receding pointed gateways; the decorated and indented band of the twenty-eight royal niches; the vast central, circular window, flanked by the two lateral ones, like the priest by the deacon and sub-deacon; the lofty and splendid gallery of trifoliated arcades, supporting a heavy platform upon its light and delicate columns; and the two dark and massive towers, with their eaves of slate—harmonious parts of one magnificent whole—rising one above another in five gigantic stories—unfold themselves to the eye, in combination unconfused—with their innumerable details of statuary, sculpture and carving, in powerful alliance with the tranquil grandeur of the whole—a vast symphony in stone, if we may so express it; the colossal work of a man and of a nation, combining unity with complexity, like the *Iliads* and the *Romanceros*, to which it is a sister production—the prodigious result of a draught upon the whole resources of an era, in which, upon every stone, is seen displayed in a hundred varieties, the fancy of the workman disciplined by the genius of the artist; a sort of human Creation, in short, mighty and prolific as the Divine Creation, of which it seems to have caught the double character—variety and eternity."

Crossing the wide *Parvis de Notre Dame*, we had a splendid view of this West front, and on approaching nearer we spent a considerable time in examining the sculptured details of the three western doors. Early French doorways are generally finer and more enriched with sculpture than the early English. These three doors form almost a museum in themselves, every available space and niche seems to be occupied with sculpture; full-sized statues of saints and apostles guard the entrance, while prophets, priests, kings, martyrs and virgins occupy the space between the three doors.

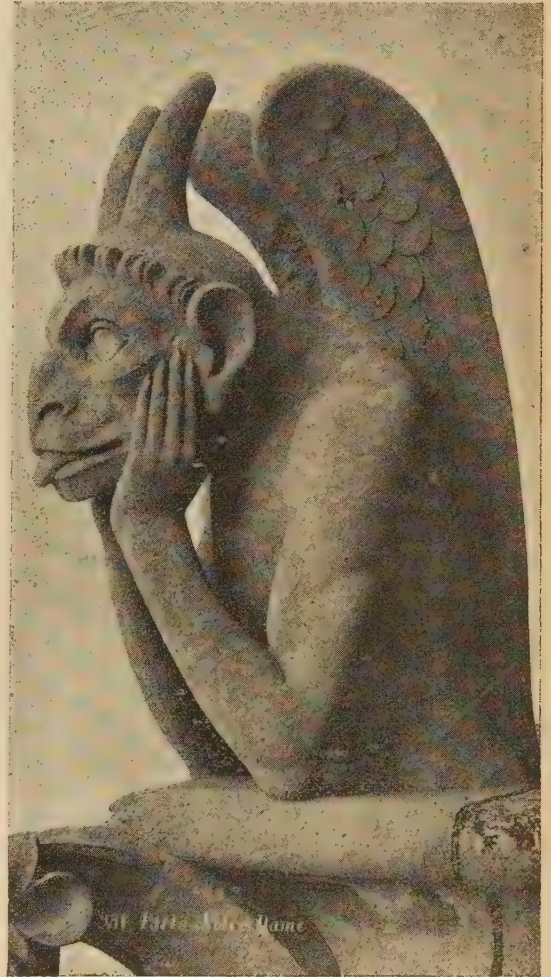
The architects of mediæval times believed in "sermons in stones." The images which they put upon their cathedral walls—beautiful images of saints and grotesque images of devils, recalled to all who passed by the articles of their faith. They engraved upon the stones images representing the highest aspirations, as well as the lowest sentiment of which the human soul is capable. As Longfellow says:—

"The architect

Built his great heart into those sculptured stones,
And with him toiled his children, and their lives
Were builded, with his own, into the walls,
As offerings unto God."

St. Anne, the door on the right, is the most ancient of the three. Above it are carved scenes from the life of the Virgin. Above the door on the left, the Virgin is also represented, but crowned,

and an adoring host around her. The middle door, the door of judgment, is the largest and finest of the three. In its deeply recessed doorway those master-builders of the thirteenth century put some of their finest work. In the centre of the arch sits Christ, judging the living and the dead, while above Him, in an attitude of devout contemplation, are



"THE HORNED DEMON GAZING CYNICALLY OVER
PARIS."

two rows of little angels. On the left side of the arch are depicted the dead leaving their tombs, and the living their work—priests, kings, children, rich and poor, young and old, all wait their turn at the judgment seat. At the right of the arch are angels guiding the blessed to their reward, while demons of the most grotesque kind, with fiendish delight depicted on their faces, are dragging the reluctant condemned to perdition. Amongst these latter the sculptor seems to have included a somewhat undue proportion of priests and kings.

One marvels at the wealth of imagination displayed in the sculptured ornamentation of these doors. It is little wonder that in earlier times it was believed that a demon came to the aid of the discouraged artist and offered to finish the doors for the price of his soul. The two lateral ones this demon finished, but the middle one he was



ANOTHER BIZARRE SCULPTURED FIGURE

unable to finish, because under its arches the sacrament had passed.

Above these three doors the statues of the twenty-eight kings of Judah and Israel stretch like a belt across the front. These statues are of modern workmanship; for the National Convention, at the instigation of the Commune, thinking these twenty-eight statues represented the kings of France, ordered them to be hurled down, and their niches were vacant until the cathedral was restored in 1831. Above these statues runs the gallery of the Virgin, ornamented by statues of stupendous dimensions. Before the great rose-window, through whose richly-coloured glass the light has streamed upon the nave for six hundred years, stands the

Virgin between two adoring angels, to the left Adam, and to the right Eve—the Fall and the Redemption.

At last we come to the two towers which detach themselves from the light mass of masonry beneath them, and rise to the height of 218 feet. Their severe lines are relieved by numerous crotchets, which give these massive towers a look of lightness which they would not otherwise have. Between, in marked contrast, the spire of the great *flèche*, added by Viollet le Duc, seems to pierce the sky.

We lingered so long here that the beggars at the doors at last gave up their whining tones of supplication and cast suspicious glances at us instead, and the Professor seemed pleased that he had proved that not every American crowds the maximum amount of sight-seeing into the minimum amount of time.

As the day was so clear we decided next to mount the towers; so, passing in at the North, we left our umbrellas with a woman sitting at the entrance, and began to mount. The ascent of the towers is full of surprises. We passed many little doors, one of which was partly open, and revealed a glimpse of the roof of one of the smaller chapels, above which the enormous flying buttresses threw their shadow. On we went, every now and again stretching up to get a glimpse of Paris through one of the small port-holes which give all the light there is on the spiral staircase. At last we came to the gallery which runs at the base of the towers. Here one seemed in a new world; as some one said when there, we seemed to be walking in a suspended forest of sculpture.

There are roofs upon roofs. The roof of the great nave and of the thirty-seven chapels are ornamented with every kind of stone ornament, windows of every shape and form, gables ornamented with crotchets and delicately sculptured pillars; while upon the balustrades of the gallery, at every corner and angle, sit or crouch numberless bizarre and grotesque figures of demons and birds, each symbolical of some vice over which the Church, and the Church only, gives the victory. Some, half ghou, half human, are crushing the life out of a smaller creature; some are depicted as taking flight, others are crouched ready to spring upon their victims, while others, like the horned demon with protruding tongue, are gazing cynically over Paris, as though waiting their opportunity to work fresh havoc. An angel with finger upon lips, stands upon the topmost summit of the middle roof, and seems to impose silence upon this motley assembly. One cannot help admiring the practical genius of those early architects. They permitted no useless and meaningless ornament. The gargoyles, or water-spouts, which carry the drainage from the roof, project considerably over the sides so as to throw the water clear of the walls. Instead of leaving bare the unsightly lead spout, they encased it in



NOTRE DAME, FROM THE BRIDGE TOURNELLE.

stone, and the water was then projected through the mouth of some demon or monster.

After leaving this gallery, we mounted the tower to the right, up and up in the dark until I was afraid my heart would be permanently affected. But the prize was worth the striving for. At the summit we obtained a glorious view of Paris. The gay city lay all around us, a perfect forest of houses, around which the Seine coiled like a long silver serpent, spanned with the dark line of her numerous bridges. To the right the heights of Montmartre, with the new cathedral of the Sacred Heart, gleamed white in the sunlight. In the distance showed the heights of Mont Valerien, the only fortress which did not surrender to the Germans; while nearer, the green roof of the Madeline gave a touch of colour, and the gilded dome of the last resting-place of Napoleon flashed in the sun and commanded attention. At our feet were the New Hotel de Ville and

Government buildings, while just behind lay the Morgue, the receptacle of the victims of all the ghastly and undiscovered crimes of Paris.

Reluctantly leaving the towers, we walked round the cathedral in order to get an idea of its exterior from the north and south. Passing the Porte Rouge, a perfect specimen of a Gothic doorway, (shown on p. 670), and the Porte Marcel, over which is carved the legend of St. Theophilus, once so popular, we entered the pretty little garden at the south end of the Cathedral, and rested awhile underneath the refreshing shade of its trees. This garden was the site of the Archbishop's Palace, built in 1161 by Sully, and sacked by the mob in 1831, when everything in the palace was burnt or destroyed, or thrown into the river, and the building itself left in such a state of dilapidation that it was necessary to remove all traces of it.

But it was time to end our too rapid visit to the

exterior of the old cathedral, so passing over the Bridge Tournelle, we turned to get a last glimpse. From this point the edifice is seen to its greatest advantage. It is not so majestic, perhaps, as the West front, but lighter and more graceful. The first thing that arrests the eye is the enormous flying buttresses which form a perfect scaffolding of stone.

In the early French style they went in for great height, and these buttresses were necessary to carry the vault. The old grey pile looked so pretty nestling amongst the fresh green of the trees in the Palace Garden that our artist was fired with a desire to return the next day and transfer it to canvas, and with this resolve we turned our steps homeward.

ROSAMOND KENDALL.

Timely Topics for Primitive Methodists.

VI.—CIRCUIT LIBRARIES.



URING the last decade the need for a more highly cultured ministry in our pulpits has been more and more recognised every year. It is not so very long since anything like a college training for our ministers was regarded with suspicion. The Education Act changed all

that, and although prejudice still lingers in some quarters, it is fast dying out, and the value of a thorough mental equipment for the work of the ministry is realised to-day as never before. The transition period between the old order and the new was no doubt a somewhat painful one; it was a time of unrest and doubt and fear to many. The Connexion had achieved such marvellous success in its earlier years that fears were entertained lest any departure from the methods of training ministers for their work might have disastrous consequences. A four years' probation, and such intellectual training as the itinerancy afforded had produced such remarkable results that it seemed folly to exchange it for something that might interfere with the spiritual fervour of the ministry. Under these circumstances it was wise to make haste slowly, and wait till the mind of the Connexion had had time to realise the necessities of the changed times. The result has been most satisfactory, and our rising ministry are now receiving a training such as the fathers longed for in vain.

But this movement has not been confined to the travelling preachers. Our ministry is local as well as itinerant. The success of the past has indeed been largely due to the devoted and self-denying labours of our local preachers. In the early days they shared the difficulties of the ministers in the matter of education. They were often placed upon the plan before they had had any opportunity of self-culture, and if some of them proved inefficient, vast numbers became able and powerful preachers of the Word. They learned to preach by preaching. To prepare themselves for their work

they had to read, and the libraries gradually gathered together were often remarkably good. In these later days books are much cheaper and more plentiful than they were twenty or thirty years ago, and candidates for the plan, and young local preachers may now obtain, at a comparatively small cost, a library which to their fathers would have seemed a veritable mental gold mine. Still there are many circuits where even yet young men find a difficulty in getting just what they want. Occasionally they discover that their money has not been well spent, and that much valuable time has been lost. Admitting that when a young man is bent on self-improvement, he will manage to procure good books and make all the better use of them for the price paid in self-denial in order to get them, the fact still remains that many suffer serious loss for lack of help in some more systematic way than has hitherto been adopted. Something has been done by local preachers' Associations, and in many quarters young men have been stimulated in their mental culture and guided in their choice of books by this means. But in many of these Associations the need of a local preachers' library has been keenly felt. It has been dimly realised that much might be done to supply this need by co-operation, and here and there a beginning has been made.

In these cases, and in many others where nothing has been hitherto done, the announcement that Mrs. W. P. Hartley had offered £1,000 towards the formation of Circuit libraries would be received with great pleasure. Complete information as to the details of the scheme will be forwarded to the September Quarterly Meetings, and it is to be hoped there will be a good attendance of local preachers in all the stations, and that they will not be slow to avail themselves of Mrs. Hartley's generous offer.

The advantages of such a library are obvious. It will place within reach of local preachers and candidates for the plan, books which will help to equip them for the more efficient preaching of the Gospel. It should serve not only to afford informa-

tion on subjects directly bearing on the specific work of the local preacher, but to widen generally the mental horizon, and tend to that freshness of conception and treatment of the great themes of the pulpit so necessary in these days. Of course, much will depend on the wisdom of the selection made by those responsible for the books that are to form the library. And this constitutes one of the difficulties. What principle should guide stations in this regard? First and foremost there should be respect paid to the needs of the young man who feels stirring in him the Divine impulse which may be said to be the earliest intimations of a call to this particular form of Christian service. What should he begin with? The question is an anxious one, and often perplexing. It were easy to say in reply, "Try your mental teeth on any good morsel you can get hold of;" but the recommendation is more heroic than helpful. A distinguished man amongst us was wont to test the young men he came across with Butler's "Analogy." He who wrestled through it with some measure of apprehension of its meaning was thought to have the intellectual root of the matter in him; but he who found the food too solid or too concentrated for his mental digestion, was given up as a bad bargain. Such Spartan discipline might serve in many cases, but now and then it would weed out other than the unfit, and discourage some who, with a little judicious leading, might have been enabled afterwards to find in Butler great spoil and lasting gain.

The library then should have a section specially for the tyro and the aspirant, where he would meet what would afford him wise hints for beginning his studies. A course of reading might follow this in theology such as would give the preacher a fair grounding in that most important of the sciences. Books of a more general kind bearing on the work of the local preacher would be included, and the standard works which should be read by us all would not be forgotten. This raises the question whether it would not be well for the Book Room to attempt an ideal list of books in some classified form of this kind. A general catalogue of books deemed suitable for Circuit libraries will be issued, but in addition to that an ideal list of the best books for a given sum might be provided, something in the nature of the "best hundred books" of which we have heard so much. Not that there should be a hundred, but such a list as would form a basis of the kind here indicated. Circuits with sufficient cash at their disposal might add what books they chose from the general catalogue or elsewhere, and increase their stock according to the individual preferences of the members from time to time.

The value of Mrs. Hartley's offer lies largely in this, that it will enable many to make a beginning who otherwise would be deterred by lack of funds. Once a library is founded it may be expected to

grow of itself almost. The appetite will grow by what it feeds on, and the value of the institution will become so manifest that means will be devised from time to time for the purpose of adding to its usefulness. There are to be found all over the Connexion well-to-do persons who would gladly add a book to an existing library now and then, but who in its absence do nothing at all. The library will become a centre of the intellectual life of the Station, and would help to direct the reading of our young men into wise channels, who otherwise will fall into those desultory habits which bring so little real mental advantage.

Of course there are many local preachers who have no taste for reading, and to whom a library will be of no use whatever. You may lead a horse to the pond, but you cannot make him drink. But in every Circuit there are to be found those who are anxious to get hold of good books, and only need the opportunity to make a good use of them. To them the proposed library will be invaluable. It is not merely, however, that the library will place books within the reach of some who otherwise could not obtain them; it will serve to stimulate and guide a much larger number who though able to buy books are in danger of spending their money to comparatively little advantage. The Circuit library should be a model for every young man's own library. He will not only read its books, but wish to possess them for himself, that they may be available for reference at any time in his own home.

This article may close with an extract from the Conference Minutes—"The Conference warmly thanked Mrs. W. P. Hartley for her extremely thoughtful and liberal offer of £1,000 for the establishment of Circuit Libraries. The proposal is broadly to give one half of the cost of such libraries up to £10 each, net price, but special cases will have special consideration, and even larger grants will be made where urgently needed. The fund will be administered through a Committee of which Rev. John Atkinson is Secretary; the books will be supplied by the General Book Steward, and a Circular explaining the proposal will be sent, with catalogue, to the September Quarterly Meetings."

JOSEPH RITSON.

[It should be stated that, owing to the lamented death of the Rev. J. Atkinson, the Rev. J. D. Thompson, 13, Orrell Lane, Aintree, Liverpool, has been appointed Secretary of the Circuit Libraries' Fund. We shall be glad if those who feel themselves competent to the task will send us an "ideal list" of books, not exceeding one hundred in number, suitable for a Circuit Library with Publishers' names and prices attached. The list adjudged the best shall be inserted in the Local Preachers' Department of the *Christian Messenger*. EDITOR.]



An Interview with the Rev. W. Hunt.

BY S. HORTON.



THE Conference at Grimsby was favoured with the presence of two visitors from Australia, the Rev. Dr. Fitchett and the Rev. W. Hunt—the former for a short visit; the latter during the greater part of the Sessions. Mr. Fitchett is best known to us as the author of that brilliant book, “Deeds that Won the Empire,” and as the Editor of the Australian “Review of Reviews.” His brief address to the Conference showed him to be a man of large outlook, varied interests and considerable oratorical power—all alive to his very finger-tips. He received a hearty welcome, and must have been pleased with his reception.

Mr. Hunt came not in the pleasant and irresponsible capacity of a visitor, but as the representative of our brethren in Australia, to arrange terms and conditions in view of Methodist Union, so soon to be consummated in the Australian churches. He is a wiry, somewhat spare man, smooth-shaven, with an open countenance which impresses one at first sight with its honesty rather than strength, and he looks remarkably hale and hearty after a ministry of over thirty years. Before the Conference ended he had abundantly proved that he possesses reserves of mental power, of tact, and of acumen which, perhaps, he did not at first get credit for. He never obtruded himself, did not commit the common blunder of talking too much, put his thoughts into as few words as possible, and made an ideal plenipotentiary. When he made concessions he made them with a good grace, and yet with sufficient apparent reluctance as to impress the Conference that he was yielding as much as he ought, and knew when, and where, to draw the line. Altogether, the Australian brethren may be complimented on their choice of a representative.

It was my privilege to have a few hours with Mr. Hunt as he passed through Hull to London. The

size and beauty of our Hull chapels seemed to delight and surprise him, for I found that though he—like many others—is soon to lose his identity as a Primitive Methodist minister in the larger Methodist Church, he is intensely devoted to the Connexion whose interests he has served so long and so well. It says much for Mr. Hunt and his fellow ministers that they have been able to make sacrifices of strong personal attachment and sentiment, in the interests of the kingdom of Jesus Christ; and while loving their own denomination much, have loved the greater Church of their Master more.

My first question was as to the general impression left on his mind by the Conference.

“I am,” he said, “very much delighted with all I have seen and heard. From the President downward, I have received nothing but the greatest kindness and consideration. What strikes me most, perhaps, about the personnel of the Conference, is the great advancement in the social condition of our people. Great strides have been taken since I left the country. The laymen impressed me as men of culture and business aptitudes, and their contributions to the debates were very helpful. The increased culture of the ministers goes without saying, and I think the future of the Connexion in the hands of such men must be very successful. We are no longer a poor people, that is evident; proving that ‘Godliness is profitable for the life that now is, as well as that which is to come.’ Though the truly Christian man will not serve Christ for the sake of gain, yet gain seems none the less sure to come.”

“Did the religious services in connection with the Conference come up to your expectations?”

“Certainly. The specially pleasing feature to me was the heartiness and fervour displayed. Then the way some of the hymns were sung will remain a life-long impression with me. It was very inspiring. The sermons I heard were characterised by a good deal of force, clearness of thought, and had evidently been carefully prepared. There is no

decline in pulpit efficiency. One thing, however, I noticed with regret, and that was the growing tendency to read in the pulpit, especially amongst the younger men. Some even read their speeches, nearly word for word; I think this is a great mistake, for it means loss of power. I hope that you will take note of that, and urge the young men to talk straight to the people without fettering themselves with their manuscripts. I believe in preparing carefully, but not in reading. Better make a few mistakes than lack 'abandon.' Our fathers knew the power there is in looking right into the eyes of their congregations."

I then questioned Mr. Hunt as to his general impressions of English life after his long absence.

"I notice," he said, "a vast improvement all along the line. The lot of the agricultural labourer, for example, is a great advance on what it was when I left the old country. Then the social conditions of the towns are altogether different from what they were. I remember walking down Whitechapel and Mile End Road years ago, and I have a very vivid recollection of the scenes I witnessed then, very much worse than anything that can be seen now. The religious and philanthropic agencies at work seem to be innumerable. I am glad also to find that Primitive Methodism is taking some part in social work in London."

In this tone of cheery optimism Mr. Hunt chatted on, evidencing not only that he was a shrewd and careful observer, but also that he possesses the happy knack of seeing the bright side of things, and that his long residence at the Antipodes has not abated his interest in the welfare of the people at home. I found also that Mr. Hunt had a robust faith in the future of Australia, and is a strong advocate of Federation. In some respects, indeed, as, for example, the treatment of criminals, the administering of the Poor Laws, and freedom of religion from the fetters of the State, Australia is forging ahead of the mother country. The financial crisis, the mad frenzy for gold, the wild speculations, and the inevitable disaster that followed, have all taught her useful, if dearly bought, lessons, and now, with the exuberance of youthful vitality, she is rising again cleansed and purified by the bitter experiences of the past few years.

I then requested Mr. Hunt to give me a brief history of the proposed Union of the Methodist Churches, and its probable effect upon the future religious life of Australia. I discovered that his own attitude had been for a long time one of watchful reticence—that he had kept an open mind until the stern logic of facts had turned him into a convert to the movement.

"It is over twenty years ago," he said, "since a paper advocating union was read by a Wesleyan layman at a meeting at Ballarat. So that it has been of slow growth, and the various churches affected have had time to look all round the ques-

tion. I am convinced that we have everything to gain by union. Of course, the conditions are very different from what exist in England. Our people remove from one colony to another; they leave the towns and go and settle in the country hundreds of miles away from the nearest Primitive Methodist Church, and with our limited resources it is impossible for us to provide for their religious wants. But when all the sections of the Methodist Church are united it will be much easier for us to deal with such cases. There are other practical difficulties which only those who have worked in the colonies can understand, which union will help to solve."

"Did you not find many difficulties in the way of union; such as the proportion of lay representation in District Meetings and Conferences?" I inquired.

"Yes, at first the difficulties seemed very great, but once they were fairly faced they began to disappear. When the desire to find as many points of resemblance as possible began to be general, it was wonderful how little that was really vital, or even of importance, was left. It is easy to make a mountain out of a mole-hill when we wish to magnify difficulties. But when we were prepared to adopt a 'give-and-take policy,' and to sacrifice our sentiment for the sake of the common cause, it was found that there was very little to keep us apart, and very much to draw us together. There was no difference in doctrine, very little in Church government, none in our aims and objects. We believe that one Church working together for the common good will accomplish more than three or four sections working apart; and at the same time an object-lesson will be given to the world, that Christian men can forget their own interests for the sake of the kingdom of Jesus Christ. Our Saviour prayed 'that His followers might be all one, that the world might know that the Father had sent Him,' and we are trying to fulfil the desire of His prayer. When the world asked, 'What keeps you apart?' there was really no good and satisfactory answer to be given. Union will save expense in Church organisation; it will prevent overlapping, and it will place both men and money at the disposal of the Missionary Department for distinctly aggressive work. It may also help to hasten on the union of the Methodist Churches at home."

"There are, of course, some," he continued, "who believe that union is a mistake, and who would much rather have continued as we were. Sentiment, as you know, plays a large part in the making of all movements, and sneer at it as we may, has to be reckoned with. It was objected that because we shall all for the present take the name of the Wesleyan Church, that we ceased to be Primitive Methodists. As a matter of fact, we shall be as much Primitive Methodists as they will be Wesleyans, for they have made as many concessions as we. The name under which the united Church

will finally work has yet to be decided. In the meantime some name was necessary, and what more suitable one could be adopted than that of the mother Church?"

I then asked Mr. Hunt whether he was satisfied with the conditions obtained from the Conference in relation to the various matters he had come specially to arrange?

"Yes, on the whole," he said. "I think the Conference has dealt fairly with us, and though I hoped it might be possible to get greater concessions in one or two instances, yet, on the whole, I have no reason to be dissatisfied with the results taken altogether. There was evidently a deep desire to deal justly with us, and no attempt was made on either side to get the advantage. There were many intricate and delicate points to be dealt with, and throughout it all there was manifested great business ability and good temper by the members of the Committee. I shall return to

Australia with a very high opinion of the brethren in England."

A hurried visit was paid by Mr. Hunt to the tomb of William Clowes, and then to the graves of the Revs. Charles Kendall, William Garner, George Lamb and Parkinson Milson in the Hull Cemetery, and to some of the largest and most notable of the chapels in the city, and then I bade him "God speed" in the new experiences which lie before him as a minister of the United Methodist Church of Australia.

Mr. Hunt has rendered yeoman service in Australia, and now goes back to take up the duties of Book Steward, and I feel sure that many in England will follow his future career with not only interest, but some degree of pride. He gave evidence while in this country, not only of great business ability, but of pulpit power, and of considerable readiness and skill in debate. He will carry back with him the good wishes of all the English Conference.

A Holiday Tour in Norway.

BY REV. GEO. ARMITAGE.

(Continued.)



AT 5.30 we had taken breakfast and were in the boats ready to be towed ashore to the quay at Bergen. We had arrived at this "New York of Norway" during the night. The party was soon comfortably settled in the little Pullman cars of the Voss Railway, and found itself speeding past lakes and mountains, in and out of tunnels, and for the distance of fifty miles winding along the very edge of the beautiful Sogne Fjord. Fleischer's commodious hotel at Vossenvangen was reached at ten o'clock, and ample justice was done to a splendid Norse lunch, consisting of fish fresh from the river, reindeer, cheese, etc. No time had to be lost in securing a stolkejarre, and the long procession of vehicles was soon en route for the thirty miles drive to the famous Naerodel. The route lay at first through sylvan plains, by the side of rushing rivers and tranquil lakes. Then the road became steep, and the scenery more and more rugged, until we were in full view of snowfields extending for many miles. At one point no less than seventeen large waterfalls could be seen at once! The English of our pleasant driver was restricted to the one word, "Yes," consequently no conversation was possible. At last, for all were

thirsty and dusty, the picturesque Stalheim Hotel was discovered perched on the heights ahead. After a late dinner we were in readiness to enjoy



THE QUAY, BERGEN.

the magnificent prospect which lay before us. The hotel is built upon a large platform some fifteen hundred feet above the sea level, and six hundred feet immediately above the valley. It commanded a view of the far-famed Naerodel valley, said to be

the finest in Europe, and along which the party was about to travel. On the left stood the thimble-shaped Jordalsnut, gleaming in its felspar-purity in the afternoon sun. The narrow valley, or gorge, lay between precipitous mountains three and four thousand feet high, and seemed to have been rent asunder by some mighty convulsion of nature. The head of the valley is reached from the hotel by a steep zig-zag road with sixteen loops, a veritable engineering triumph. Then came the excitement of a break-neck trot down the switchback road for seven miles, toward the fjord at Gudvangen, where the *Ceylon* awaited us. All along one side of this wonderful valley the waters leaped and tumbled down from the melting snow on the mountains, and in the evening sun, the immense cliffs were ribboned



GEIRANGER FJORD.

with gorgeous rainbows. The day had been brilliant and hot, and the falls and mountain peaks had consequently been seen at their best. At Gudvangen lay a village at the edge of the fjord, closely shut in between gloomy mountains of four thousand feet high. For twenty-two weeks in the year there is no sunshine in that end of the valley. In the spring the rapidly melting snow, and the avalanches cause great destruction in the village, and oftentimes refuge has to be temporarily sought by the inhabitants in a huge cave which exists in the side of the mountain.

We glanced anxiously at our Norse Pilot when the head of the vessel was turned full on the mountain side. It looked as if disaster was inevitable, but cautiously and skilfully the head of the good ship was brought round, and we glided through narrow channels, so close at times to the cliffs that a biscuit might be thrown ashore, and finally we sailed into wider waters, heading for the open sea.

The next morning brought changed atmospheric conditions, the air was raw, and a heavy mist hung over the sea, effectually blotting out the scenery. From going at quarter speed, the vessel came to anchor for several hours until the fog lifted. Our course lay still north for Aalesund and Molde, and at eight o'clock the party was landed at the former place for a stroll through the busy fishing town. It left a distinct memory with us, for the whole place was redolent with the smell of cod-liver oil! On Saturday morning the vessel lay opposite to the prettily sheltered town of Molde. Here there are good shops, well laid out streets, and large hotels. Molde is one of the fashionable Norse holiday resorts, and rejoices in the titles of "Molde the fair," and "the garden of Norway." Vegetation is most luxuriant here, and the air soft and balmy. From the Observatory in the Park a panoramic view of the surrounding mountains and fjords can be obtained. Adjoining is a large wooden church, rich in the possession of a famous picture as an altar piece. It is by the Norwegian artist Exel Ender, and represents the first Easter Morn.

Molde was the most northerly point reached by this cruise. At Ness another relay of stolkejarres was waiting to convey our party along the valley of the Romsdal to Horgheim. Again there was the now familiar "mountain and flood," and as the mist gradually melted before the afternoon sun, the majestic Romsdalshorn, at a height of five thousand feet, wreathed about the peak with a scarf of mist, stood out beautiful and clear against the blue.

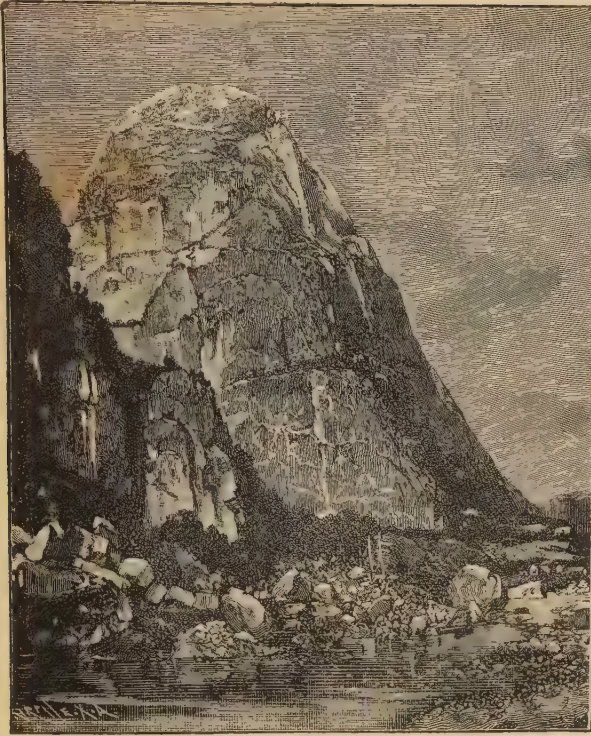
The second Sabbath brought its blessings of public worship. A Bible Christian minister officiated at the morning service, and in the evening a bright and helpful sacred song service was held, the vessel meanwhile cruising in the Joring and Norang fjords. On Monday we were sailing down the queen of fjords, the Geiranger, to Merok. The opportunity was there afforded of a mountain walk along a wind-

ing and well-built road. At the elevation of a thousand feet, the snow lay close at hand, clean and cooling, and a charming view was obtained of the landlocked fjord, with the mountain torrent pouring into it, and our yacht lying like a toy steamer close to the shore. The refreshments for our party of three at the little hostel on the mountain amounted to the modest sum of twenty-five ore, or about threepence halfpenny in English money. Dr. Horton tells how that a certain German tourist boarded at one of these little hotels for some time. When the very moderate bill of charges was presented, he declared to the honest landlord that he had had the tooth-ache and could only eat on one side of his mouth! "And what did you do?" said the doctor to the inn-keeper. "Ah, well, poor man, he was in such pain I took off one half!" This was, of course, away from the beaten track of the tourist. Nearer the towns "mine host" could not be quite so easily imposed upon.

One of the most delightful sails of the whole cruise was in the Geiranger Fjord, one afternoon. The heat on the deck was tropical, whilst right and left the mountain peaks were gleaming with snow. The Pulpit rock and the Seven Sisters falls, where seven distinct waterfalls pour over the sheer cliffs, side by side, were passed. The little farms, two thousand feet high in some cases, could be seen. The solitary dwellers waved blankets to us as the steamer passed. The children when at play are tied to stakes to prevent them falling over the cliffs. If a death occurs in the winter, it is sometimes six months before the corpse can be brought down into the valley for burial.

"We have had God's own weather on this cruise," said the sailors, "and it is wonderful considering that we have so many 'sky pilots' on board." "Sky pilots! Who are they?" asked a lady. "Why, parsons, of course," was the reply. That was certainly a great compliment to the representatives of the Cloth on board.

On Tuesday, *i.e.*, ten days after leaving Harwich, we again arrived at Bergen, and received our first batch of letters. The young lady who claimed fourteen, did not escape certain pointed comments! In this "weeping city," as it is called because they have so much rain, we found brilliant sunshine and clouds of dust. We drove through the city and past the park, and past prosperous merchants' houses into the pleasant open country. The object was to see the old Fantoft Church: a building dating from the twelfth century. It had been rescued from destruction by the American Consul, and brought from one of the fjords and set up again in his own grounds at Bergen. It is in the form of a Pagoda, covered with fantastic carvings. By the very dim light inside, rude paintings can be discerned on the wooden walls. The grating near the altar, through which the lepers were permitted to hear the service and to receive the Sacra-



JORDALSNUT.

ment is still intact. As we drove back to the city we passed the large Leper Hospital, where the sufferers from this dreadful disease could be seen lying about the grounds with bound-up limbs.

Bergen, with its large shops, its tourists offices, its wide streets, its fish market and its splendid harbour, has all the evidences of a prosperous and miniature Liverpool.

It was an animated scene at eleven o'clock when the vessel's anchor was lifted and we steamed out of the bay to the strains of music and the illumination of fireworks. Wednesday and Thursday found us with a fresh breeze and a flowing sea, steering for the Isle of the Sea. Deck billiards, quoits, "cock fighting," concerts and reading, did not allow these days to hang heavily on our hands. It was a pretty sight as we passed over the Dogger Bank amongst the North Sea fishing fleet. When we rose on Friday morning the *Ceylon* was lying alongside the quay at Harwich. Our first news was the loss of Messrs. Donald Currie and Co's mail boat off the French coast, and we were constrained to lift up our hearts to our Heavenly Father for His watchful care over us during this pleasant and invigorating journey of three thousand miles. There were the good-byes to be said, and the luggage to be passed under the lynx eye of the Custom House officer. Soon we were under our own roof, saying, "East, West, home's best."

In Memoriam.

J. A.,

AUGUST 6, 1899.

CHILL sense of loss through all our borders creeps,
 He whom we loved and trusted falls to-day;
 The clear, sane mind, will of imperious sway,
 The feelings strong, oft hid in unseen deeps,
 The generous, manly heart—death comes and reaps,
 This harvest rich untimely shears away,
 Nor all our poverty will say him nay,
 Though friends bemoan and drooping Zion weeps.
 We sorrow, yet repine not, how dare we,
 That had from God this noble gift so long,
 This helper strong, this counsellor wise, repine?
 God giveth and God taketh, bless'd be He;
 So 'mid our tears we sing a thankful song,
 "In life or death, O Lord, let praise be Thine."

J. F.





From a Woman's Point of View.



HE was a silent member. Though the class meeting was one of the green spots in her life, Sister French had never been known to give an "experience." Her fellow-members bore with her patiently. Once a junior ventured a mild sarcasm to the effect that prating husbands made silent wives, but on the whole her reserve was respected. She had many a long argument with her conscience in the small hours of the morning, which so often were her only times of leisure and thought. But if at heart there was a vague longing to break the ice of reserve, there was also a vague fear lest in the aberration of nervousness she should say something that she would afterwards regret.

She had no secrets. Her life was perfectly open and above-board, and, of course, her husband was everything that could be desired. Ah yes, he was a good man—here Sister French would sigh softly to herself—he lived on a loftier plane than the one she occupied; indeed, sometimes she wondered whether the fact of having the eyes constantly fixed on celestial bodies had a tendency to diminish the importance of terrestrial ones. Not that Hezekiah French was a careless husband, far from it, but there were times when his soul was so uplifted on the wings of zeal and charity, that he forgot such mundane matters as Johnnie's boots and the last month's coal-bill.

In such a spirit as this, he brought the trustees home one Saturday evening, to discuss certain details relative to the ventilation of the chapel. Having a point to carry, he wisely considered that the comfortless surroundings of the vestry might have an undesirable effect on the spirits of his colleagues, whereas a cosy fireside and a cup of coffee would enlarge the understanding and cheer

the heart. Consequently, smiling and benignant, he ushered them into the little sitting-room, where, with a tired face his wife was arranging the six sets of little garments to be worn on the following day.

Sunday was by no means a day of repose to the overworked mother; still it bore the appearance of rest, and with a sigh of relief she raised her head as the door opened, unprepared for the sober procession that crossed the threshold. Feeling guilty of a deception, she gave her guests a cordial welcome, and the next half-hour was spent in brewing coffee and cutting sandwiches.

As the Sunday's dinner of cold beef disappeared down official throats, the query whether it was meet to take the children's beef and give it to trustees rose unbidden in her mind. But with the numerous other questions that thronged her life, she left it unanswered, and retiring to the kitchen, nursed the baby, which for some unknown reason had suddenly become fractious.

The meeting was long and protracted. Hezekiah French was convinced that the chapel required not only new ventilation but a new heating apparatus also, whereas Oliver Barcham failed to reconcile the two extremes of "eat an' cowl," whilst Peter Bradgate was of opinion that "wi' six windows an' two doors there were no call for ventilators at all." That the windows were hermetically sealed, was an argument of no importance. And thus, there being a diversity of opinion, the meeting was prolonged to a late hour.

The next morning Sister French arose betimes, and after the usual scrimmage of preparation, marshalled her small troop to the Sunday School. Then, as there was a calm in the domestic atmosphere, she sat down to take a breath before attacking the preparations for the mid-day meal. And straightway a voice began to whisper into her ear, "You never steeped the clothes last evening, in readiness for the Monday's washing. Now is the

time to do it, while your husband and the children are out of the way. You devoted your spare time to the trustees; surely there can be no harm in your taking a little of the Lord's time. Remember baby's pinafores and Dickie's blouses require a little preliminary soaping, and you are still without a servant, and there isn't a washerwoman to be had in the village for love or money. Ah yes; I agree with you, there is a great deal of discussion about Sabbath desecration at present, but that applies to Sunday newspapers, the liquor traffic, and social evils of that type. No, of course, you won't find any pleasure in working on the Sabbath. Heaven knows that you have more than your share during the week, but think what a help for the morrow an hour's work to-day will be."

And as though convinced by the logic of the tempting voice, Sister French crept guiltily to the clothes-closet and gazed in upon the formidable piles of childish garments that awaited the weekly "wash."

For a moment she hesitated.

The temptation to relieve the over-pressure of the six days by a little labour on the seventh can only be understood by the over-burdened mother.

At last she turned away muttering, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" The clothes should wait until Monday. All through the years that had gone God had given her strength for each week's duties. Surely she could trust Him with another washing-day! And with a sigh she went into the kitchen to make the best of the fragments that the trustees had left.

"I feel almost too jaded to begin the day's work," murmurs Sister French to herself, as she arranged the wash-tubs next morning. "I suppose I shall manage somehow, but really, I feel unequal to face it alone," and fastening the baby in a rocking-chair at arm's length, she proceeded to "sort" the garments.

"Good morning, Mrs. French," cried a girlish voice. "I've come to see if I can help you with the washing."

"You help me with the washing!" re-echoed Sister French, in her astonishment omitting to return the salutation. "My dear Miss Barton, I couldn't think of allowing you to do such a thing. Your dainty hands are more accustomed to a piano than a wringing machine."

"That is no reason why they never should become accustomed to one."

"But, my dear, people will say that Miss Barton of Holly House has ——" Sister French hesitated.



"EDITH BARTON PLUNGED HER HANDS INTO A TUB OF SOAPY WATER."

"Turned laundress. Oh, Mrs. French, if you knew how I long to be useful you wouldn't refuse my request," and the tears gathered in the clear, blue eyes. "For weeks I have been praying that God would save me from a useless life, and when I looked at your tired face in class yesterday, I felt that He was answering my prayer. Don't crush my hopes!" Then laughing gaily, "Do you think I care what people say? They may think I have turned chimney sweep if they like. There is honour, not disgrace, in honest labour. You must let me help you." And tucking up the sleeves above the pretty, dimpled elbows, Edith Barton plunged her hands into a tub of soapy water.

Then with tremulous lips, Sister French confessed the temptation of the previous day.

When she had finished, Edith Barton looked up, and with smiling lips and swimming eyes, said, "I believe we've been having a class meeting, Sister French. Now that we have given our experiences, shall we go on with the washing?"

And Sister French agreed.

FRANCES LOCKWOOD GREEN.





Browsings in My Library.

VII.



THE day had been one of scorching heat, and I was enjoying the cool of the evening, with the window of the bookroom open, through which came a pleasant breeze from the garden. At the bottom of the garden were some six-foot-high hollyhocks, with their showy blooms, and three dignified sunflowers seemed to be pensively gazing at me. The children, bronzed by the sun and salt air, for they had

only been back three days from the sea, were running about in a merry game, and often distracted my attention from the book whose pages I was turning over. There came a ring of the bell from the front door, and on its being opened I heard the jovial voice of my friend the Political Parson asking, "Is Librarian in?"

"Yes," said Delia, "you'll find him in the usual place."

"That's the library, of course," said the Political Parson, and I heard him mounting the stairs.

"I called a fortnight ago," said the Political Parson, "but found you all out. I am getting up a

lecture on Alfred the Great, whose millenary is to be celebrated in 1901, and I want you to help me, as you did about Cromwell. Alfred, I believe, was a fine old fellow, in spite of the fact that our poet laureate has given him the silly nickname of 'England's Darling,' but perhaps that is because the laureate is also an Alfred—Alfred the Little."

"Now, don't be malicious, or I won't help you."

"What's that you are reading now?" asked the Political Parson.

"Why, it's the Fernley Lecture by Rev. Thomas F. Lockyer, B.A., on 'The Evangelical Succession,' and a very good lecture it is too."

"Have you read," he asked, "our own Hartley Lecture, on 'Inspiration and Revelation,' by Rev. Robert Bryant?"

"Of course I have."

"And what do you think about it?"

"Well, what do you think?"

"I'm a bit puzzled. You know I'm no critic. The denomination puts me into circuits where they don't give a fellow a chance to read much, and it is out of the question to keep oneself abreast of all these critical problems that are pressing on us. Some of Bryant's views are a bit startling to an old-fashioned chap like me, but he seems cautious enough, and evidently only wants to get at the truth, and puts his reasons and his conclusions in a straightforward fashion. I have read the book with keen interest, and it has set me thinking. I believe I shall get to more settled views on a question that, I confess, has worried me. You know, the young fellows have got hold of these difficulties, and it's precious awkward when they come to you and level the questions at you in a 'stand and deliver' sort of way, if you have no clear views of your own, and no helpful suggestions to give them."

"It seems to me, old fellow, that you have given a most excellent reason for the foundation of such Lectures in each denomination. It stands to reason that a parson with his hands full of work cannot make for himself the prolonged studies requisite to thresh out these questions for himself, and if the picked brains of his denomination can be induced to work the questions out on his behalf, and give him the results in an intelligible and digestible form, a great end is served. This, it appears to me, is what is done in these two 'Lectures.' They are both equally interesting to me, and I think they would be equally helpful to every minister and lay preacher of our denomination, for they both approach the questions of 'Inspiration' and 'Apostolical Succession' from the Methodist standpoint, and the questions are solved by the good old Methodist test of the appeal to experience. I have been reading lately lives of Lord Bacon and John Locke, the fathers of English philosophy. They reformed English philosophy by recalling it from the futile subtleties of Scholasticism to the study and the comparison of facts and realities. It

seems to me that we Methodists have taken a foremost part in doing the same thing for theology. We disperse all the specious pretences of a sham Catholicism, Roman or Anglican, by pointing to the practical result of saved souls by agencies which we are told are heretical and schismatic, because they are not recognised at Rome or Canterbury; and we repel all attacks on the Bible as the inspired Word of God by the appeal to our own knowledge of the change it has wrought in us, and the change it effects in whole communities, and whole races, where it once gets freely read."

"Hear, hear! You are waxing quite eloquent. I can only say, 'Them's my sentiments,' though I don't know much about Bacon and Locke. But these 'Hartley Lectures' are a fine institution, and they will do us all a lot of good."

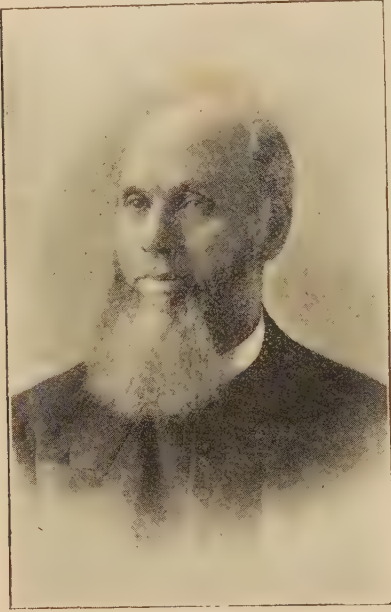
"I am glad to see that such 'Lectures' are becoming more and more popular. There are no volumes on these shelves that I prize more than the Gifford Lectures of such men as the late lamented Professor A. B. Bruce and Professor Orr, and the Bampton Lectures of such men as the late Dr. Hatch and Canon Gore. The greatest weakness of our time is that, with the cheapness of papers and magazines, and the books of mere entertainment with which we are flooded, the taste for serious reading is being ruined, and with it the willingness to subject the mind to the slightest tax in the consideration of any problem. I believe this is especially so in the sphere of religion. If people read and thought about such matters, the Ritualists would be laughed out of court when they put forward their silly apologies for argument in support of their preposterous claims to a monopoly of grace for the Episcopal Church, or in support of the use of incense, candles in broad daylight, and raiment such as might have dazzled Solomon in all his glory. The priests know that what the mass of the people read, and read alone, is the halfpenny morning paper and the threepenny monthly magazine, full of sensational stories and highly-spiced useless information. Such feeding makes weak brains, and that is the Ritualist's opportunity. But when men like Bryant or Lockyer stand up against the foes of the simple Gospel, or the inspired Book, their well-tempered lances pierce the shields of Ritualist and sceptic, who are cousins in reality, as if they were the paste-board shields of a Chinese army, while the swords of the Ritualist and sceptic turn out to be nothing but painted laths."

"Talking about Bryant, he is to be our General Book Steward, isn't he?"

"Yes; and he ought to do well. But while designated for a business department, his hobby is Philosophy and Theology, and this 'Lecture' gives promise of good work for the denomination in the same line."

"I like what he says about the Divine and the human elements in the Bible. He shows that God,

in inspiring prophets, poets and historians, did what we might have expected Him to do—gave them just what inspiration was necessary for the purpose in hand, availed Himself of their human faculties and individualities, but did not, as it were, waste inspiration by pouring it out in an unnecessary superfluity. If you will lend me the book for a minute or two, I will read you one or two passages that struck me forcibly, and which I don't mean to



REV. R. BRYANT, HARTLEY LECTURER, 1899.

forget. They seem to me to go direct to the root of the matter."

I indicated the book on the shelf, and taking it down, the Political Parson said, "Ah, here is a good bit at page 83," and he read:

"While Inspiration was not the constant possession, nor the ceaseless experience of the sacred writers, neither was it the same in kind and degree in all of them; nor did it place all on the same level as to knowledge and understanding of the truth; nor did it impart to their utterances and writings a uniform significance and authority. Inspiration was imparted to holy men of old according to their needs and requirements, and with a view of the work they had to do. The prophets as announcers of God's will and purpose, as statesmen, social reformers, preachers of righteousness, counsellors of kings and people, and foretellers of coming events, and as writers of history and prophecy, had an inspiration imparted to them sufficient for the task assigned them. So with the Apostles, there was a diversity of gift imparted to

them, suited to the diverse and varied tasks they had to perform. It is this fact that led apologists and theologians to speak of 'degrees of inspiration,'—the 'inspiration of incitement,' 'enlightenment,' 'invigoration,' and 'elevation,' the inspiration of 'superintendence,' and 'guidance,' of 'direction' and 'assistance,' of 'suggestion' and 'communication,' as suited to the needs of the agents and the character of their writings. The inspiration was, therefore, adequate but not uniform; it was not the same in kind and degree in all and through all, but it answered the end for which it was given, and served the purpose for which it was needed."

"I think he does well," I replied, "in giving a wholesome warning against the rashness of higher critics, who, in their eagerness to be 'advanced,' and their hostility to the supernatural, are chiefly intent on picking holes, with a view to discredit the Scriptures, instead of a careful scholarly inquiry into the facts, with a view to showing how the Divine has acted through the human, with all its imperfections, but has unmistakably acted, all the same."

"Yes, and still acts, or why do we preachers ever get into our pulpits? We are human enough, God knows, and are stuffed full of imperfections, but blessed be God, He has often given us the joy of seeing souls turned to Him through our weak but zealous ministry in bringing the power of His Book and the life and death and rising again of His Son to bear on them. Bryant is right in insisting on the practical end of inspiration and revelation. God inspired holy men of old that they might inspire us, and we might inspire others. Listen to this," and he read from pages 127-8:

"Revelation is the act of Divine self-manifestation in a supernatural way for gracious ends and spiritual purposes. This revelation is called in Scripture, 'the mystery of redemption,' to distinguish it from the revelation of God in creation; it is further called 'the mystery of Christ,' or 'the mystery of God in Christ'—'the mystery which from the beginning hath been hid in God, but is now revealed unto us' to distinguish it from the revelation of God in Nature and in Providence. This revelation takes place in history, which again distinguishes it from the intuitional, or what is revealed in the moral consciousness. This revelation is special rather than general, spiritual rather than cosmolical, ethical and Divine, rather than material and human, enshrined in the purposes of Divine selection, and appointment of men to the prophetic and apostolic office, by whom God made known His will to the race; while the highest and fullest revelation of His purpose and love was in the appearing of Jesus Christ, who came to 'show us the Father,' and to accomplish the purposes of Divine redemption and reconciliation for the world."

"But," I said, "the High Churchmen tell us that

you have no right to try to bring any souls to God. You haven't been ordained by a Bishop."

The Political Parson gave a snort, and uttered an emphatic "Bosh!"

"Bosh it is," I replied, "and that's where Lockyer's book comes in. It's a fine book, with a touching dedication 'To One Dear Love whose Light of Eventide made all things beautiful.' He traces the course of the spiritual history of mankind from the Fall to the Redemption, showing how the Redemption was always in the purposes of God, but in the childhood of the human race His purposes were veiled in symbol, and it was only as mankind grew to moral manhood that the symbolism of the Law began to give way before a fuller and fuller illumination of the Spirit, until at last there came the Light of the World, and in His resplendent glory the symbolism became obsolete, for why keep the shadows when the Reality was there? Humanity, however, has always kept much of its spiritual childishness, and has hankered again and again after the symbols, because the Reality was too sublime for its feeble comprehension, too dazzlingly beautiful for weak eyes that loved to rest in the shadows. And Ritualism, and 'Catholicism,' with their theatrical shows, and their material theories of 'Apostolical Succession,' and physically transmitted grace, is nothing more than a playing down to the infantile element in humanity, a turning back from a spiritual to a mechanical 'succession,' from the 'spirit that giveth life,' to the 'letter that killeth,' and the law of 'carnal ordinances.' Lockyer shows that even under the Law the prophets were sent as a necessary spiritual corrective to the hard and coarse letter-worship of the priests. And he asks:

"Has not the priesthood, so styling itself, and cherishing the principles and traditions of its craft, been ever relentlessly opposed to the spirit of prophecy? Has it not waged war against freedom of thought, looking jealously on every quest of the truth? Has it respected the rights of conscience? Has it cared so greatly for purity of heart and righteousness of life?—caring much more, in any case, that men should submit to its sway and obey its will. May any great and true revival of spiritual religion be traced to its influence? Or has not such revival been always the result of an earnest message to the conscience and hearts of men on the part of those who, even though nominally in the succession of the priesthood,—like Wycliffe, Savonarola, Luther, and Wesley—were essentially men of prophetic spirit, doing their true work as prophets the better, the more they broke away from the priestly habit and rule?"

The Political Parson clapped his hands at this, and at once bespoke the loan of the book when I had done with it.

"But what," he asked, "does Lockyer say about us—the ministers of the Nonconformist Churches?"



REV. THOMAS F. LOCKYER, B.A., IERNLEY
LECTURER, 1890.

"Will this satisfy you?" And I read from page 137:

"What, then, is the true, the spiritual lineage of the Christian ministry? Is it not that those who are immediately called of God to such a work and service, and in whose hearts there burns the heavenly fire, are for that very reason in line, spiritually, with all who aforetime have been called with the same calling, and in whose hearts the same fire has burned? A tactual succession can but ensure, at the utmost, a pedigree of routine: for a spiritual ministry the succession must be spiritual. Is it not so in the whole realm of mind? Who is the true successor of a great laureate? His son? or whatever successor may be appointed to wear the wreath? Is it not, rather, he who has the kindred poet's soul? Moreover, just as the succession, in this case, is sometimes doubly real, the kindred genius being awakened to its exercise, and becoming aware of itself, by the example and influence of the earliest singer; so is it often true of the prophet of the Gospel, that not only is he akin, because of the prophetic fire, to the prophets of elder days, but the fire that glowed in them has flashed its contagion to his own spirit."

"Splendid, splendid, couldn't be better. He's a genuine Methodist. That idea of the spiritual succession is one to inspire a man, yet it is one to humble him also. For what am I that my God should call me to be His ambassador to sinful men?"

Heaven help me to be a good and faithful servant."

"Amen! It is curious how the best of our 'Catholics' themselves, in their best moments, or their lucid intervals, just as you please, see the truth. Here, for instance, is Keble's 'Christian Year.' See what he says in the poem for St. Matthias' Day:

Who is God's chosen priest?

He, who on Christ stands waiting day and night,
Who traced His holy steps, nor ever ceased,
From Jordan banks to Bethphage height;

Who hath learned lowliness

From His Lord's cradle, patience from His cross;
Whom poor men's eyes and hearts consent to bless;
To whom, for Christ, the world is loss;

Who both in agony

Hath seen Him and in glory; and in both
Owned Him divine, and yielded, nothing loth,
Body and soul, to live and die,

In witness of his Lord,

In humble following of his Saviour dear:
This is the man to wield th' unearthly sword,
Warring unharmed with sin and fear.

It would be too absurd to say that these 'notes' of Divine ordination are confined to the recipients of Episcopal 'laying on of hands.' We, and every denomination, have had our share of such apostolic men. We have them still, and while we have them

we can afford to snap our fingers at all the Ritualists say about the invalidity of our 'orders.'"

A pattering of little feet on the landing, and a ripple of childish laughter, interrupted us. It was Delia taking the children to bed. She brought them in to kiss me and the Political Parson.

"For of such is the kingdom of heaven," said the Political Parson, who is a dear lover of children, though he has none of his own.

"But we've forgotten all about Alfred the Great," I said, as Delia took them out of the room.

"Oh, he can wait. We've been talking of something greater still."

Before the Political Parson left I remembered the beautiful lines of the Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, on the Bible, where he says it is a

Gallery of sacred pictures manifold,
A minster rich in holy effigies,
And bearing on entablature and frieze
The hieroglyphic oracles of old.
Along its transept aureoled martyrs sit;
And the low chancel side-lights half acquaint
The eye with shrines of prophet, bard and saint,
Their age-dimmed tablets traced in doubtful writ
But only when on form and word obscure
Falls from above the white supernal light,
We read the mystic characters aright,
And light informs the silent portraiture,
Until we pause at last awe-held before
The One ineffable Face, love, wonder and adore.

LIBRARIUS.

Christianity and Symbolism.



IN the present crisis of the Anglican Church we see the culminating action of a tendency which for many years has been in a direction opposite to that of honest and sturdy Protestantism. It has been assumed that evangelical Nonconformity is unfavourable to the religious imagination and to the consecration of art in worship. And there is an assumption of superiority and culture on the part of the High Churchman which is meant to convey the impression that it is only a bare, hard and meagre Christianity which Nonconformists can appreciate. An air and an attitude of this sort we can afford to ignore. Nor is it needful that we treat lightly the relation of worship to ritual as if art may not be consecrated to edification. We rejoice in our evangelicalism, but we would be loth to destroy the noble piles, grey with the centuries, and hoary with pious memories, in which the faith

and piety of our ancestors, though, perhaps, not of the highest order, have enshrined themselves. We would, of course, deprecate such uses of art as would revert to the sensuous symbolism or Popish elaboration of these edifices, for we believe that essentially as a nation we have outgrown all this—thanks to the evangelicalism which is deep-rooted in the land. Yet an opposite extreme may well be avoided. Barn-like buildings; naked whitewash, paltry lath and plaster, bald services; the unæsthetic, which is often also the irreverent, in tone and temper, are, of course, no helps to Christian worship. To avoid the error of excess we need not commit the error of defect. But the historical drift of ritualism, and its inevitable association with sacerdotal and mechanical religion, may offer suggestive and timely warning, and should confirm the young in their Nonconformist faith.

The early Christian Church gives us Divine worship in its ideal form, spontaneous, devout, unliturgical, as if revelling in the gladness of that spiritual liberty, that emancipation from the bondage of Judaism which had been but the scaffolding

folding of the spiritual building now the inheritance of the new era—the era of the Spirit. As it has been truly said, “Any one who can see in New Testament reminiscences of Christian worship the slightest survival of ritual sacrifice, or the consciousness of any other mystery than that of communion between the finite and the infinite, must see it through mediæval spectacles.” So that ritualism as we see it in High Anglican worship, as in the Romish Church, is a corruption of early spiritual simplicity, a degeneration rather than a healthy growth. Romish symbolism was a sort of aftermath; it carried over into the Christian Church a second and feeblier crop of the polytheistic idolatry which belonged to the heathen and pre-Christian world. What the Church in her worship might have been had she retained her spirituality, is beyond our pen to describe. We believe that in the advancing ages of progress art would have reached her noblest uses in religion, and held a legitimate though subordinate place in worship. Indeed, as it was, the Church of the Middle Ages did assuredly procure for itself the service of the human imagination, whether it worked in stone or in colour. And we may readily allow that the symbolism of the Roman Church did for a period serve a provisionally needful and salutary end. But grand as it was, it formed part of a system by which the spirit of man was held in bondage, and unless the progress of mankind was to be arrested, the breaking of the bonds was indispensable. When we study Christianity we find that its essential and distinctive character is its spirituality. It is this which differentiates it from all the religions ever professed amongst men. Lose that, and you lose the soul of the Christian religion. Symbolism will then become excessive, and it will overlay and become a travesty of the truth. The symbolism of the Cross, considered as a piece of wood, is expressive, even pathetic; but it is not so spiritual as that of the Name of Him who hung upon it. Accordingly, we find in the catacombs in Rome that the earliest token of the Christian tomb is not the cross on which Christ died, but the name of the Saviour, the *Word of God*.

Side by side with the decline in spirituality in the Church, at least two things become apparent, the growth of ecclesiastical domination, and the distortion and decay of Christian art. To take the last first, the gorgon-headed monsters, the terrorising demon-forms at the entrance of foreign churches are no adornment. The representations of the fall and of the solemn act of redemption are, to say the least, coarse and offensive. The truth is, these subjects do not reveal their deepest and best meaning in sculpture, and are better perhaps left alone. Painting in future we think be more widely consecrated to Religion, but it is only as the spirituality of religion is preserved that painting will be free from that essential unreality which has made it in so many cases a panderer to superstition and a

handicraft of falsehood. This blunder has often occurred. The halo or nimbus around the head of Christ, or a special circle around those of the saints; the portrayal of the Trinity as three visible persons; Rubens' picture in which the dead Christ lies across the Father's knees, who is an old and wrinkled man, plunged in parental sorrow; the many representations of the Madonna and child, especially one apparently in honour of St. Francis and the Virgin, but untrue to Jesus, who is armed with a vengeful thunderbolt, his arm being held back by the pitying Virgin, while Francis throws his mantle of protection over the globe lying in the Wicked One. These are but specimens of the way in which art has fed idolatry, and divorced from the truth and the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, has cheated the untaught to the believing of a lie. Happily our Protestant traditions and spirit, together with the modern tendency towards a healthy naturalism, have already enriched us with some of the choicest treasures of Art as a handmaid to religion and truth. The general pictorial symbolism in which the mind of Europe in the middle ages had faith, has now quite lost its hold upon educated minds. Even Roman Catholics cannot be so superstitious in the nineteenth century as in the fourteenth. And Roman Catholic painters have had their lucid moments which in late years have created for us some of the noblest works that can adorn an Academy, beautify a home, or stir pure and deep religious feeling.

If Christian symbolism for Art's sake needed the liberating touch of the Reformation, still more did it require the uprising of the human spirit against Rome in order to break the bonds of ecclesiastical and sacerdotal assumption and tyranny with which worship and ritual became associated. The decay of spirituality meant not only abused Art, but a sacerdotal and mechanical religion in which ritual and sign play a necessary part. The priest and the supposed sacred sign, the religion of proxy and the sacerdotal function, are naturally affiliated. We do not deny to the ritualist—whether Anglican or Roman Catholic—the possession of a true piety and a sincere devotion of soul in which Christ is loved and served, but in so far as ceremonialism and priestism are naturally allied, the result in spiritual terms cannot but be vitiated and poor. There must be limitation of light, liberty, and individual spiritual progress. This for the few choice ones, but what shall be said of the religious interests of the rank and file? Does not the tyrant walk in the footprints of the priest? Does not the serious symbol become the delusive fetish? Does not the whole system of mediæval legends and saintly miracles, of fasts and feasts, of days and months and seasons, of vestments and posturings cast over religion an influence of childishness and imbecility unworthy of the spiritual and robust teaching of the New Testament? Verily so. Still more

if at the bidding of a mortal priest an alleged miracle is performed on the altar and God is brought down to be worshipped in the form of gross material elements.

That ritualism is the support and medium of priestly power, and that its certain drift in the Anglican Church is towards the acknowledgment of Romanism as its centre and authority, and the creation of the Church as a unit under the Pope of Rome, is evident from the recent utterances of Lord Halifax. He wishes the great machine to work smoothly. Investing ritual with sacramental spiritual efficacy, and exalting the minister into the priest, it is but natural that he should desiderate union with, and obeisance to the great centre whence the whole system is, and has been, elaborated. Such is his idea of the Church: One and uniform in its ceremonial and priesthood, because through these necessarily flow salvation and grace. This is a poor, shallow conception of the Church of Jesus Christ. It cripples religion to tie it up with sensuous symbolism. It limits my fellowship with God and the Unseen, it fetters my worship to confine these within the precincts of holy places and a round of holy observances. Our entire intellectual and spiritual nature revolts against the imposture, which for bread offers a stone, and for fish, a serpent. The worship which is spiritual has vaster amplitudes, clearer vision, directer contact with the Divine. For

"Nearer is He than breathing,
And closer than hands or feet."

In the foregoing remarks we have been approaching the priest through the ritual. For ritualism is, to say the least, the popular and ready excuse for the priest. It invests him with an impressiveness and an authority which appeal strikingly to the popular sense; and as spiritual religion has declined, ritual and the priest have perforce obtained ascendancy.

What are the needs of the hour? We observe ritualism rampant, and even defiant, in the Anglican Church. We are naturally scandalised at the spectacle of so many of the clergy doing the work of Rome under a Protestant banner and with Protestant pay. With some of our Nonconformist brethren immediate demand is made that a vigorous church discipline Act shall be brought into play, and the law of an Established Protestant Church enforced. But we confess we are not re-assured as we look in that direction. Besides, we are not of those who think that religion may be treated as a creature of human law. Coercive measures will not convert the ritualist, or even greatly retard his influence. He may resent a sacrilegious hand being laid upon his conscience, and in the last resort, law can but operate negatively. There is but one proper method. It is as a leading journalist has said, "To repeal an impossible law and let

the Anglican Church go free to be as ritualistic as it likes." Disestablishment will not, of course, abolish ritualism, but it will give equality and liberty in the matter of worship, and make Lord Halifax's vision "of blatant sacerdotalism and a dumb Parliament" impossible. It will restore the bishops to a state of equilibrium, and give clearness and direction to an inevitable line of cleavage.

But we have a deeper duty in presence of an invading ritualism. It is the vigilance that guards inviolate our sacred trust as Protestants and Non-conformists. We are the heirs of a great past. Dearly have been bought for us the spiritual liberties we possess, the purity of our worship, and the blessing of an evangelical ministry. Let us cherish these with increased ardour and loyalty, and jealously guard against everything that would lower the spirituality of Christian worship and life. It may be needless to warn Methodists against becoming ritualists. We may, however, be admonished against formalism, and between formalist and full-blown ritualist there is little to choose. Probably the spiritual advantage is with the latter. Certainly so, if he be sincere. There are two directions in which we may well endeavour after improvement. Greater reverence in worship is our need. Let us be still and listen to the "starry voices." Let us be captivated by spiritual ideals. Let us remember in whose presence we appear when we come together in His house. Order and decency, without being either obtrusive or stiff and statuesque may well be promoted among us, and spiritual feeling thus be exalted. And further, let us recover the lost art of spiritual meditation. We should ponder the spiritual meaning of that symbolism which Christ has left to His Church in the two great ordinances of baptism and the Lord's Supper. A worthier use of each can yet be made. Further, just as the symbolism of nature and science is nobler than the symbolism of classical antiquity, and the deep inner meaning of the universe a more fertile study than mythology, so the spiritual symbolism of the New Testament, the symbolism of our Lord's discourses and of the letters of His Apostles, the symbolism of grace and of glory, will furnish truer aids to spirituality of worship, and lift the spirit to loftier levels of thought and devotion than a ritualism which can only be little more than sensuous, and is often but a degrading fetish and a fatuous snare to the soul. To the true seeker after God, his quest is rewarded by direct spiritual fellowship with the Unseen. Welcoming all legitimate aids which refinement and enlightened taste may bring to reverent worship, he enters through spiritual doors into the Divine presence. To him a cumbrous ceremonialism would be as meaningless as it is unspiritual, and all the more that, as the implement of the sacerdotalist, it denies to his Lord those priestly rights which are His by an inviolate and incommunicable claim.

H. YOOLL.



OLNEY CHURCH.

Light of Other Days.

HOW A "COMPOUND OF MISERY AND MISCHIEF" BECAME A CLERGYMAN.

(Continued.)

BY REV. J. VAUGHAN,

AUTHOR OF "LIFE STORIES OF REMARKABLE PREACHERS," ETC.



THE next year of Newton's life was spent mostly in Kent with his wife, and in London with friends. Among those whose acquaintance he made in London was the Rev. George Whitefield, by whose preaching and conversation he was much benefited.

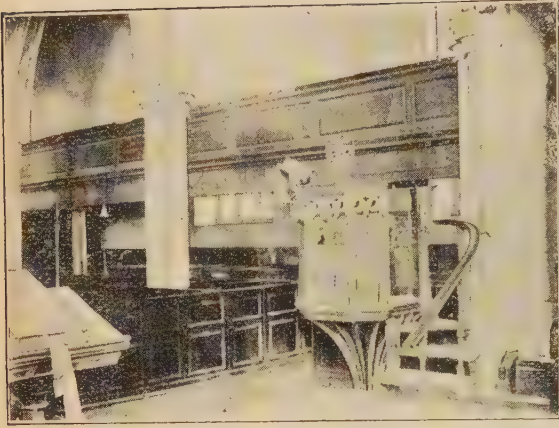
Through the kind offices of Mr. Joseph Manesty, of Liverpool, the owner of the ships Newton had commanded, he now obtained a situation as tide-surveyor; his business being to inspect vessels in the

Mersey. A more suitable post could not have been found for him. He had already made himself master of English and Latin, though he never had a teacher or an assistant since he was ten years old. And now, within two years, by his

own efforts, he became sufficiently acquainted with Greek, Hebrew and Syriac as to be able to read portions of Scripture in those languages. He also kept up a regular course of reading in divinity, in Latin, English and French. All this without a master!

He was now strongly drawn to the work of the Christian ministry. And with the aid of some of his friends, including the Rev. Mr. Cecil, he applied to the Archbishop of York for ordination, and being refused, no further application was made for a considerable time. But about the reality of his "call" to this great work he seems to have had no doubt; for, in a letter to his wife, he says, referring to his journey to York, "As sure as our names are John and Mary, you will find that the time and expense of this journey will not be thrown away."

In the meantime, not knowing what might happen, he thought he would think over a few texts, and arrange a few outlines in his mind, so as to be ready to preach if an opportunity presented itself.



INTERIOR OF CHURCH, SHOWING GALLERY WHERE
COWPER SAT.

He had not long to wait. He had a few friends among the dissenters at Leeds, and in December, 1758, he visited them. They, on hearing that he was wishful to become a preacher, offered him the pulpit in one of the chapels on the following Sunday. All went well up to the time of preaching. With fear and trembling he then announced his text, having in his mind four principal divisions and about eight sub-divisions. He started off extempore, but in less than ten minutes his divisions had left his mind, and he came to a sudden stop. Unable to say another word, he stood staring at the people and they at him. Thus ended his first effort at preaching; and for about two years the very thoughts of his failure gave him the heart-ache.

In course of time he again gathered courage, but thinking he should never be able to preach without a manuscript, he began writing out his sermons at full length, always taking care to have one in his pocket in case of an opening. After a while he was again asked to preach, and feeling confident he could now do it creditably, he readily consented. Ascending the pulpit, he produced his written production and began reading. But being near-sighted, and the reading-board being low, he had to bend over his manuscript, and for fear of losing the line, he dare not lift his eyes from it. Thus he stood in a crooked position, conning over his lesson like a great school-boy learning to read, and never stopped till he reached the end. Of this performance he was more ashamed than of the first. On leaving the pulpit he dare not look anyone in the face; and now he began to despair of ever becoming a preacher.

But such was his love for souls that he could not be quiet. For three years he conducted a short service every Sunday evening in his own

house at Liverpool. And to let the world see what he preached, he published his sermons.

Then came an agreeable, but unexpected, change in his career. In 1764, Lord Dartmouth gave him the curacy of Olney, in Buckinghamshire, and through his lordship's influence, the Bishop of Lincoln ordained him. He was admitted to deacon's orders on the 29th of April, in the thirty-ninth year of his age, and commenced his labours at Olney on the 26th of May. In June he was ordained priest. And thus, as a clergyman in the Established Church, he entered upon a ministerial career of great success, and of forty years' duration. The stipend at Olney was only £60 per year, but that great and good man, John Thornton, Esq., a London merchant, supplemented it with a gift of £200 per annum, which put poor Newton, who was now the father of a small family, in comfortable circumstances. In preaching Newton never again stuck fast, though he usually preached extempore. Occasionally he had "hard times," however, and had to give over much sooner than he expected, and then he frankly told his hearers that he was giving over because the Lord had "suspended His assistance." And with this explanation the people were perfectly satisfied. He never dragged on when he had nothing more to say.

The poet Cowper lived at Olney, and between him and Newton sprang up a strong friendship, which resulted in the publication of the "Olney Hymns." Some of Newton's hymns are to be found in nearly every hymn-book in Christendom. There are nineteen of them in our own Hymnal, and none are more telling and beautiful than Nos.



THE PARSONAGE, OLNEY.

146, 501 and 638. In 1779, Mr. Thornton presented Mr. Newton with the living of St. Mary Woolnoth, London, and after fifteen years' successful labour at Olney, he removed to that important parish on the 19th of December in that year. His London residence was in Co'man Street Buildings, St. Stephen's; and so popular and large-hearted was he, that his house was always open to ministers and Christians of all evangelical denominations, consequently he was seldom without visitors. And among the many interesting cases of conversion that took place under his ministry was that of Mr. Buchanan, an ungodly young Scotsman, who afterwards became Mr. Newton's curate.

On the 15th of December, 1790, the heaviest trial of his life overtook him in the death of his beloved wife, after a happy union of forty years. His loss seems to have beclouded the remainder of his life. In nearly every letter he speaks of his bereavement. In one he says, "The Bank of England is too poor to compensate for such a loss as mine."

As an author he had now given the world three volumes of sermons, and some other works, all of which were well received. And by the literary world generally, his judgment as a man of learning was highly respected, consequently books and pamphlets were often sent to him for review.

Such was his fame that about this time the University of New Jersey conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.D. A work in two volumes was also dedicated to him with the D.D. annexed to his name. But as that great and good man, the late James Austin Bastow, the author of a "Bible Dictionary," is said to have done, he respectfully declined the honour. He declared he would not be known by such a title; no, not even if all the Universities of Europe conferred it upon him. "What!" said he, "shall such a *compound of misery and mischief* as I was, be called Doctor! Surely not." How ministers differ in their views of matters of this sort! But then all ministers have not been a "compound of misery and mischief," and, perhaps, that accounts partly for the difference. When Mr. Bastow was offered the degree, nearly forty years ago, it was said that he exclaimed; "What can a Primitive Methodist preacher do with D.D. *on twenty-five shillings a week!*" But twenty-five shillings a week was considered a good salary for a Primitive Methodist preacher in those days. Salaries and preachers, however, have advanced with the times, and we are glad of it; we highly esteem our brethren who have honourably taken University degrees, and hope many more will do so, and yet retain their spiritual power. Mr. Newton was a bright, sunny Christian. He loved all who loved the Saviour. And sometimes at the tea-table he was full of dry jokes and witty sayings. A young preacher once said to him, "Pray, Mr. Newton, what do you think of the entrance of sin into our world?" "Sir," said he,



JOHN NEWTON'S STUDY.

"I never think of it. I know there is such a thing as moral evil, and I know there is a remedy for it; and there my knowledge begins, and there it ends."

To a Baptist minister who had been exceeding zealous in trying to make converts to his own opinion, and who had been speaking on the choice of texts, Mr. Newton said, "Ah, brother So-and-so, there is one text *I* can preach from, and which *you* cannot." "Sir," said he, "what text can that be?" Newton replied, "Christ sent me not to baptise, but to preach the Gospel." The Baptist took the hint without the least offence, says William Jay, and no one laughed more heartily.

In his old age, when the servant was helping to pull on his shoes one day, he said to a friend who was standing by, "I had not this trouble in Africa, for I had no shoes. When I rose in the morning and shook myself like a dog, I was dressed. And, sir," he added, "in every waking hour for nearly half a century I have thought of my former misery."

He was over eighty when the Rev. Mr. Cecil suggested to him that in consideration of his failing sight and the feeble state of his health, he should stop and not go on preaching till he could speak no longer. "I cannot stop," said he. And being deeply affected, he exclaimed, "What! Shall the old African blasphemer stop while he can speak? Never!"

About this time some one asked him if he intended to take a change of air during the summer, for the benefit of his health. "No, sir," he replied, "I do not intend now to move beyond the stones of

London. I am eighty years of age. I have but little time left. I would not leave my people now for a thousand worlds."

But shortly after this the good man had to leave his pulpit and his people, and that for ever, for God called him up higher. His last words were, "I am satisfied with the Lord's will;" and on the 21st of December, 1807, he passed away. He was interred in the family vault under the church, close to the remains of his late wife, and their niece, Miss Cunningham; and at his request a plain tablet bearing the following inscription was erected to his memory near the vestry door:—

JOHN NEWTON, CLERK,
Once an Infidel and Libertine,

A servant of slaves in Africa,
Was, by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour
JESUS CHRIST

Preserved, restored, pardoned,
And appointed to preach the Faith
He had long laboured to destroy,
Near sixteen years at Olney in Bucks,
And . . . years in this church.

On Feb. 1, 1750, he married
MARY,
Daughter of the late George Catlett,
Of Chatham, Kent,
He resigned her to the Lord who gave her,
On the 15th December, 1790.



THE SUMMER HOUSE, OLNEY.

Short Sermons from the Sage of Grasmere.

IX.—THE GOSPEL OF NATURE.



TODAY I have a topic, but no particular text. Wordsworth himself, and all the best and most characteristic that he wrote, are our key-note for the present preachment. Perhaps, if some specific place be asked for we might single out the sonnet (who does not know it?) beginning, "The world is too much with us," or the majestic "Lines near Tintern Abbey," or the "Lines Written in Early Spring," or "Expostulation and Reply,"—with "The Tables Turned," or the

"Sonnet Composed on Calais Beach." But, best of all, it may be, as ensample of the whole, are the exquisite stanzas on "Lucy," really composed not in the loved Lake District, but in the Hartz Forest in Germany. I could "spot" the true Wordsworthian at a glance by his reception of these lines—the description of Nature's ideal child. Nature takes her and moulds the girl to her own will.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse: and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

She shall be sportive as the fawn,
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute, insensate things.

The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her: for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
E'en in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."

When we use the phrase "The Gospel of Nature," we are at once in danger of being dubbed Pagan by many. The Puritan strain is strong, (happily so for some reasons), in our English blood; and the Puritan tradition is impatient of what it scornfully styles "sentiment." We inherit from Paul too exclusively. So rare are references to Nature in the apostle's writings or speeches that we are bound to infer some strange defect or limitation. A Hebrew in his logic, his love of subtle dialectic, his passionate patriotism, his pre-occupation with conduct and righteousness, he was scarcely a Hebrew at all in relation to the world of beauty around him. Man filled his mind to the almost total exclusion of Nature. He had an eye for commerce, for architecture, for arms, for kings and kingdoms, for stirring cities and big populations, but none at all for the common sights of earth and sky, for ocean and forest, for mountain or flood. It could, by no possibility, be said of him that "the tall cataract haunted him like a passion." He might have written the 103rd Psalm, but not the 104th. Biographers of him well call attention to the fact that though in his travels he must have passed through some of the finest natural scenery in the world, and seen the sea in her most changeable moods, these experiences have left no trace in his literary remains. Paul, therefore, was no "Pagan," if love of Nature be Paganism. But let those with a different make-up from his take heart of grace. If they are thus Pagans, they can claim to be Pagans in good company. The Bible is full of Nature. Nowhere do you find more sympathetic descriptions of the outer world in both its beauty and its terror, than in this book. No man ever loved lake and mountain, field and flower, more sincerely or simply than Jesus. He talked familiarly of ravens and lilies; of grass and thorns and thistles; of grapes and figs; of storms and floods and reeds by the river-side; of sparrows and hens and chickens; of the sower and his seed; of tares and mustard-plants; of pearls and fish; of the morning and the evening sky; of sheep and goats, and foxes and eagles and vultures. No poets ever sang richer lays of Nature than the Hebrew

psalmists and prophets. To them God "walked on the wings of the wind, made the clouds His chariot, and covered Himself with light as with a garment." Their raptures rise as much for the Divine in the outer world, as for the "Presence" in the temple. Puritans they were truly, but Pagans too, in the best sense.

We have been by far too jealous of the world about us. We have set the works of God against the "Word of God," forgetting that the work is a word. It has been thought necessary to decry and depreciate Nature in order to exalt grace; to minimise the teachings of the external world in order to enhance the merit of Revelation. We are now coming, though slowly, to see that *all is Nature*, that all proceeds from One Source; that in varying degrees of fulness, but, in its own place with equal certainty and clearness, each part of Nature teaches the gospel of the grace of God. As to that supposed antithesis between natural and revealed religion, we are happily coming, too, to recognise that, properly, both are revealed. Both are disclosures of God. Revealed religion (so-called) is a manifestation of God by articulate methods—by written history, by spoken discourse; Natural religion is a revelation by inarticulate signs, by hieroglyphs—a song without words, but none the less penetrating or impressive to those who have the "ear."

Natural Religion is the faith of childhood—whether of the race or of the individual. Then we felt as if the earth and the heavens were alive; as if a spirit dwelt and moved in the midst of Nature with which we held awed or glad communion. The Sun was God's eye; the thunder was God's voice; the winds were God's sighs; the lightning was God's sword of flame. The woods were informed with phantasy, and our "hearts leaped up when we beheld a rainbow in the sky."

"Happy those early days when I
Shined in my angel infancy!

When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first Love,
And looking back at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of His bright face;
When on some gilded cloud or flower,
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity.

And feel through all this fleshly dress,
Bright shoots of everlastingness."

No one who knows will dispute that the new feeling for Nature by which our times are marked dates from Wordsworth. No one pierced to the heart of her as he did. Thomson made a mere inventory of her every-day dress, in which Scott largely followed him; Crabbe and Burns saw only moods of man reflected on her face; Cowper draped her with a "design-argument;" but it was reserved for Wordsworth to see her in her very self, to set forth her

mystic message, and to interpret her essence to observing man. None has seen, or revealed, as he, the subtle harmony of the world without with the world within. To use his own words: he sings how

"The discerning intellect of man
Is wedded to this goodly universe
In love and holy passion."

His aim is to—

"Chant in lonely peace, the spousal verse
Of this great consummation."

His "voice proclaims"—

"How exquisitely the individual mind,
(And the progressive powers, perhaps, no less
Of the whole species) to the external world
Is fitted: and how exquisitely, too—
Theme this but little heard of among men—
The external world is fitted to the mind."

Archbishop Trench's words are well worth quoting here: "On this rests the possibility of a real, and not a merely arbitrary teaching by Parables—that the world of Nature is throughout a witness for the world of spirit, proceeding from the same hand, growing out of the same root, and constituted for that very end. All lovers of truth readily acknowledge these mysterious harmonies. To them the things on earth are copies of the things in heaven. They know that the earthly tabernacle is made after the pattern of things seen in the Mount, and the question of the Angel in Milton often forces itself on their meditations—

"What if earth
Be but the shadow of heaven, and things therein
Each to the other like, more than on earth is thought?"

This affinity between Nature and Man makes possible an influence of the former upon the latter which we may describe, generally, in three ways.

It is *Elevating*; it is *Restoring*; it is *Softening*.

(a) *Elevating*. Its tendency is to raise the mind to grand and noble thoughts. Who that has gazed with any degree of appreciation upon the bold and quiet outline of the mountain, or the placid expanse of the deep lake, or the tumultuous force of the cataract, or the magnificent cloud-masses piled up around the sunset, or the broad and heaving bosom of the ocean, has not felt himself lifted up in soul towards the infinite and eternal? This feeling is the source of Nature-worship. As Max Müller has pointed out, in all the Aryan languages, the name for God is from the same root. That Sanscrit root is *dyu*—sky or day. These early worshippers were not mere vulgar idolaters. The sky was the type or symbol of the Invisible One. When men looked up to it they thought of the great Heaven-Father, and named Him with the name they had given to the bright blue expanse which embraced all they saw or knew. There are rebuking aspects of Nature's sublimity in the presence of which it is hard indeed, even for the average man to be mean or petty or self-absorbed.

(b) *Refreshing and Restoring*. In these days of whirl and worry: of fever, fret and haste, when we seem bent on realising by railway, telegraph (wireless or other) and telephones, and what not, Carlyle's dream of the possession of Fortunatus's wishing-hat for the annihilation of time and space, it is well to be reminded that Nature's processes are slow and leisurely, and her message one of quiet patience. Do you know Emerson's words: "Nature will not have us fret and fume. When we come out of the caucus, or the bank, or the Abolition Convention, or the Temperance meeting, or the Transcendental club into the fields and woods, she says to us, 'So hot, my little sir.'" Let me here repeat a story told to Mr. Laing, of Newburgh, and by him to Professor Shairp. The original narrator was a boatman on Ullswater: "About two years ago (1844) I rowed a solitary gentleman from Pooley Bridge to Gowbarrow Park. On reaching the landing-place, he desired me to wait until he returned. Noon passed, afternoon passed, and still he made no appearance. I began to think he had changed his mind and had gone on to Patterdale; but as it began to draw towards sunset he drew near. He stepped into the boat without a word, and said, 'Pull away.' He sat facing me, and I saw that his eyes were red with weeping, and he had evidently been in great distress. After we were fairly out on the bosom of the lake, he said: 'I came from the South of England to throw myself over the Force, to put an end to my misery; but before carrying out my fearful intention, I sat and thought. Gradually the exceeding beauty of the scene stole into my soul and I felt there is surely happiness to be found on earth still, and so I am away back to my home.'" Mr. Laing added when he told the story to his friend: "The almost prophetic inspiration of Wordsworth surely never shone clearer than when he wrote his poem of 'Airey Force Valley.' The concluding lines are:

"How sensitive
Is the light ash! that pendent from the brow
Of one dim cave, in seeming silence makes
A soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs,
Powerful, almost, as vocal harmony,
To stay the wanderer's steps, and soothe his thoughts."

Henry Ward Beecher has sometimes been called the greatest preacher since Paul, but he had a feeling for Nature, and made a use of her, of which Paul was innocent to a degree. He used to lie as a boy, his biographers tell us, and look up into the blue sky and the moving tree-tops for hours together. Listening thus to the voices of Springtime and eventide, he received the first distinct religious impressions that he remembered. "His nature, which seemed closed almost to the verge of stupidity to the rules of syntax, and the answers in the Westminster Catechism, was wide open and receptive to all the processes and influences of Nature around him." His mind thus became a vast storehouse of

facts and images to which he resorted in after-life for illustrations. But more than that, Nature became a very part of himself. It prepared him to be her interpreter to others—and later on, with spiritual experience added, “to be the reconciler of a spiritual faith and a material science.” He himself says: “The first distinct religious feelings I had were in connection with Nature. I was born a Calvinist, yet the only religious feelings I had at that early period were those that came through the unconscious influence of God in Nature. It was not until later that I knew it as the Divine element.”

At Amherst the chaplain found him one day lost in admiration of opening buds and beautiful blossoms that were unfolding under his culture. Of course, the good man felt that he must improve the occasion. “Ah! Henry,” he said, “these things are pretty, very pretty, but, my boy, do you think that such things are worthy to occupy the attention of a man who has an immortal soul?” Abashed and shy then, the boy said nothing at the time, but afterwards he said he wanted to tell him that “since Almighty God had taken time to make these trifles, it did not seem amiss for him to take time to look at them.” Flowers always had a wonderfully tranquillising effect upon him. “Fagged with hard work, vexed with cares, with nerves strained and irritated, a few hours among his flowers rested his brain, soothed his nerves, and refitted him for days of hard work.” He always realised a subtle power in colours; and coloured gems, which he called unfading flowers, possessed this calming power above everything else. It is told how after many an

exciting lecture in the old slavery days, he would sit perfectly quiet contemplating a stone of exquisite colour, and in a comparatively short time his head would cease to throb, and his blood to gallop, and he was ready for a dreamless sleep.

(c) *Softening.* A love of Nature begets a fine and generous sympathy with the lowest and humblest things. What better illustration could be had of this than such books as those of Richard Jefferies, the “Memoir” of whom by Sir Walter Besant brings out so beautifully the same point? The Wordsworthian, however, will turn to the stories of “Hart-Leap Well,” and “The Good Lord Clifford,”—the former with its sweet burden:

“The Being, that is in the clouds and air,
That is in the green leaves among the groves,
Maintains a deep and reverential care
For the unoffending creatures whom He loves.

One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,
Taught both by what she shows and what conceals;
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.”

And the latter with its tale of love:

“How, by Heaven’s grace, this Clifford’s heart was
framed;
How he, long forced in humble walks to go,
Was softened into feeling, soothed, and tamed.

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie,
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.”

J. D. T.

(To be continued.)

The Older Chapels of Metropolitan Nonconformity.

VII.—DEVONSHIRE SQUARE BAPTIST CHURCH.

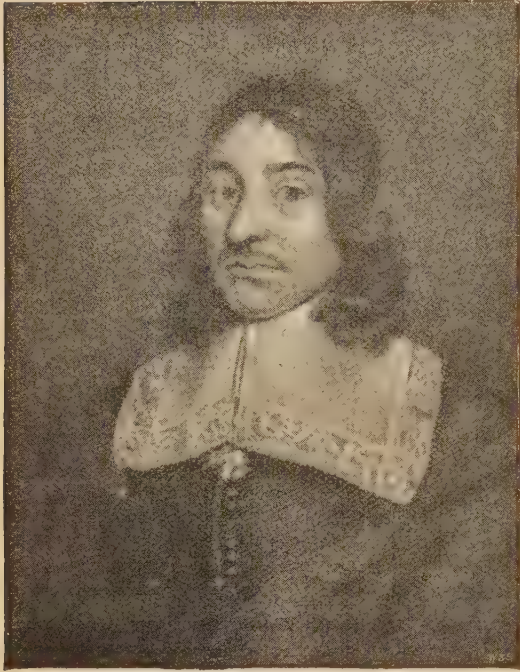
BY REV. ALBERT A. BIRCHENOUGH.



URING the reign of Queen Elizabeth the Baptist Churches of England were strengthened by the accession of a large number of Continental religious refugees, many of whom were subjected to cruel imprisonments and other barbarous severities. To the Baptist Churches belongs the honour

of contributing the first and the last of the Christian martyrs who perished in the flames during the two centuries of England’s religious intolerance. In church government the Baptists strongly resemble the sturdy Independents. With the Congregationalists they believe in the unscriptural nature of state-aided churches, and they also maintain that each particular church or assembly of Christians is sufficiently competent to manage its own internal matters.

As early as the year 1616, an Independent Church had been established in London, and was under the pastoral charge of Mr. Henry Jacob. In 1638, Mr. William Kiffin, the recognised founder of the famous Devonshire Square Baptist Church, seceded from Jacob’s congregation, and joined that of Mr. Spilsbury, of Wapping, which had been formed



E. H. SWIFT.

some five years previously. This society of godly men, which was the first Particular or Calvinistic Baptist Church in England, became the nucleus of the renowned Church of Devonshire Square. Before entering upon the important duties of the ministry, Kiffin was a city merchant. He was a man of considerable wealth, and of high social position. Nature had been liberal in her gifts, for he possessed a striking physique, a strong individuality, and large force of character. He had received a liberal education, was cultured, and had read somewhat extensively.

Dr. Duncan states that William Kiffin founded the Devonshire Square Church in the year 1653. The famous Bishopsgate mansion which conferred its distinctive name upon this old-established Nonconformist city Church, and in which Kiffin and his followers assembled for worship, was built by Joseph Fisher, who was a clerk in chancery. This city functionary had large notions, and most extravagantly he lived beyond his income. Unfortunately, for him, the house, which was derisively called, "Fisher's Folly," had to be sold for the payment of his debts. For a time the mansion became the property of Edward, Earl of Oxford, who, during his office as Lord High Chancellor, entertained England's maiden Queen therein during one of her visits to the city. Shortly afterwards it was acquired by the noble family of Cavendish, who were old residents in Bishopsgate. After the

acquisition of the ducal palace of Chatsworth, in the romantic vale of the Derbyshire Derwent, Devonshire Square mansion became the favourite town residence of the Cavendish family, and the second Earl of Devonshire died within its precincts.

Walford, in describing the mansion and its wealthy owners, somewhat contemptuously says: "The Earls of Devonshire held the house from 1620 to 1670, but during the Civil Wars, when the sour-faced preachers were all-powerful, the Earl's city mansion became a Conventicle, and resounded with the unctuous groans of the crop-eared listeners."

Butler, in his well-known *Hudibras*, satirically refers to the church that worshipped within the mansion, by declaring that the Rump Parliament resembled—

"no part of the nation
But Fisher's Folly congregation."

For forty-six consecutive years Kiffin retained the pastorate of the Devonshire Square Church, and by his untiring efforts he laid the foundation of its future spiritual prosperity. By his able pen and sturdy speech he defended the Baptist Churches against the renewed attacks of those who tried to crush the rising Nonconformity of the seventeenth century. Some three months after the death of King Charles the First, Mr. Kiffin, along with his Nonconformist companions in ecclesiastical con-



DEVONSHIRE SQUARE BAPTIST CHURCH.



REV. J. H. HINTON.

controversy, received the public acknowledgments of the new House of Commons for their repudiation of the peculiar teaching as set forth in a book entitled, "The Part of England's New Chain Discovered." The Parliament in endorsing its approval of Kiffin and his confederates thus expressed itself: "The House does assure you of liberty and protection so far as God shall enable them in all things consistent with godliness, honesty, and civil peace, and the House doth give you leave to print your petition."

Although Kiffin had been a city merchant, and was on friendly terms with Royalty, yet he had to suffer a term of cruel imprisonment, and also had to pay heavy fines in the shape of so-called "loans to the king" because he would not abandon his Nonconformist principles and Baptist beliefs. By the uncharitable followers of "Church and State" he was publicly denounced as being "the author and ringleader of that seduced sect." In the year 1664, and when the persecution of the Nonconformists was at its highest point, and the jails of England were filled to overflowing with Dissenters, twelve persons were condemned to death at Aylesbury, in Buckinghamshire, for the simple crime of their being Nonconformists and Baptists. In all

probability the inhuman sentence would have been carried into effect, and they would have been hanged, but for the intervention of the pastor of Devonshire Square Church, who successfully interceded with the king, and secured their release.

When Kiffin was thirty-six years of age he had a public discussion with Dr. Daniel Featley, on, "The Nature of a Visible Church." It is generally believed that the combatants met in the parish church of Southwark. The audience was wealthy and socially influential. It included Sir John Lenthall, "with many knights, ladies and gentlemen." In the controversy Kiffin strongly maintained that the thirty-nine articles and the Book of Common Prayer were not in agreement with God's Word. Kiffin, having been taunted by Featley's personal remark that the office of a minister is a lawful office, and none ought to meddle with it but those who have a lawful calling thereto, and that "you artificers may be ashamed of your prophesying, and say, 'I am a tradesman, I am no prophet, men taught me to exercise a handicraft from my youth,'" strongly replied: "Master doctor, I am more lawfully called to preach the Word than you, and that I will prove by Scripture." The conference having lasted for several hours, was abruptly brought to a close by

the withdrawal of Featley and his followers. After a long interval of more than two years, Featley was imprisoned by the Government at Peter House, London, on the suspicion of having acted the part of spy and traitor. During his confinement, and when the principal events in the discussion were practically forgotten, he published from his standpoint, the proceedings of the debate, under the curious title of, "The Dippers Dipt, or the Anabaptists duck'd and plunged over head and ears at a disputation in Southwark. Together with a large and full discourse of their original several sorts, peculiar errors, high attempts against the State, capital punishments, with an application to these times."

Mr. Kiffin during his eventful ministry at Devonshire Square was in the habit of anointing the sick. One interesting incident, at least, has been preserved from oblivion. Mr. Hanserd Knollys writes: "In May, 1670, I had a short and powerful distemper in the bowels; no tongue can express my pains. Two learned, well-practised, and judicious doctors of physic had daily visited me; God did not succeed their honest and faithful endeavours with His blessing. I resolved to take no more physick, but would apply to that ordinance of God appointed by Jesus Christ, the Great Physician of value (James v. 14-19). And I got Mr. Kiffin and Mr. Vavasour Powell, who prayed over me, and anointed me with oil in the name of the Lord. And the Lord did hear prayer, and did heal me. For there were very many godly ministers and gracious saints that prayed day and night for me (with submission to the will of God), that the Lord would spare my life and heal me, and make me more useful and serviceable to the Lord, to the Church, and to the saints, whose prayers God had heard, and as an answer to their prayer, I was perfectly healed, but remained weak long after."

In the year 1701, Kiffin died triumphantly, after worthily sustaining the Devonshire Square pastorate for nearly half a century. In the year 1665, the church elected "Brother Patient" as Kiffin's co-pastor. After a brief ministry, which lasted for scarcely a month, he became a victim of the terrible plague that as an angel of death was entering the households of the Metropolis, and destroying the families of London by countless thousands.

From 1667 until 1688, the Rev. Daniel Dykes, M.A., was Kiffin's assistant minister, and upon the resignation of his chief pastor, for a brief period he had full charge of the pastorate. He was a man of some note, and before his ejection from the ministry of the Established Church he had been Rector of Hadham Magna, in Hertfordshire. He was one of the chaplains-in-ordinary to England's uncrowned king, and in 1653 he was appointed one of the "Triers," or examiners, of ministerial candidates for holy orders. Although he lived in troublous times, and was never known to compromise his

convictions, he was imprisoned for only one night for his Nonconformist principles. He lived to a good old age, and was buried in Bunhill Fields, where the mortal remains of many of God's saints of the times of persecution are awaiting the resurrection to eternal life. Dykes was succeeded by Mr. Richard Adams, another of the ejected worthies of 1662. Before his appointment to Devonshire Square, and immediately following the clerical exodus of Black Bartholomew, he had been fined at the rate of one shilling per day for the entire period during which he had allowed a Nonconformist meeting to be held in his own house at Mount Sorrell, in Leicestershire. He is said to have been a man of piety, learning and usefulness.

At the death of Pastor Mark Key, who has been described as "a famous orator," the sister church of Pinner Hall amalgamated with Devonshire Square, and the Rev. Sayer Rudd, D.D., was called to the pastorate of the united churches. He was a man of superior endowments, and exercised a considerable influence over the Metropolitan Nonconformist Churches. In his later years, however, he was charged with holding and teaching anti-trinitarian opinions, and also with having attempted to conform to the tenets and practices of the National Church. These allegations ultimately led to his resignation of Devonshire Square.

For fourteen years following the year 1766, the pastorate was held by the Rev. John Macgowan, a Scotsman of some repute, and who is best remembered by his being the author of a remarkable book, entitled, "Dialogues of Devils." The Rev. Timothy Thomas, a Welsh divine, who was lionised for his fervid oratory, followed Macgowan, and he ministered to the welfare of the church for forty-six long years. He was succeeded by the devoted Dr. Price, who had, unfortunately, to resign the pastorate through ill-health.

The best known minister of Devonshire Square during this century was the Rev. John Howard Hinton, M.A. One of his biographers says: "Surely no man of high intellectual attainments, of cultured mind and refined tastes, ever, at any rate, during this century in London, wrought the work of the Lord in the regular ministry of the Gospel amid such odd surroundings. The chapel in which Mr. Hinton preached was 'cheek by jowl' with Petticoat Lane; and until recent years, an incessant struggle was waged between 'Rag Fair' and the place of worship. The worshippers had to win their way as best they could through crowds of dirty, noisy Jewish pedlars and Gentile thieves. The unsavoury merchandise was not actually brought into the house of God, but it and its vendors rested against the chapel walls and doorways; and the rude cries of buyers and sellers mingled strangely with the sweet songs of praise, and broke in wantonly upon the Sabbath stillness of the time of prayer. But notwithstanding the difficulties which beset the



REV. G. P. MCKAY, PASTOR OF DEVONSHIRE SQUARE CHURCH, STOKE NEWINGTON.

entrance, and although the chapel was both small and plain, yet the congregation that gathered there Sunday by Sunday was one far above the average in mental and spiritual acquirements. In such a place the preacher was the only attraction, and whether his hearers wanted intellectual stimulus or spiritual nourishment they were sure not to suffer disappointment at the service in Devonshire Square."

John Howard Hinton was a son of the Manse, and was born during the period that his father was minister of the Baptist Chapel in Oxford. His mother, previous to her marriage, was intimately acquainted with many eminent Nonconformist families, and John Howard, the distinguished prison reformer, was one of the most welcome guests at her father's house. During one of his frequent visits the eminent philanthropist was bitterly lamenting the bereavement of his only child. Turning to the young lady, who subsequently became Mrs. Hinton, he said: "If ever you have a son name him after me." The promise thus singularly given

was fulfilled by the mother, who named her first-born John Howard. From a youth he was deeply pious, and began early in life to equip himself for the sacred duties of a Christian minister. In the same year that Her Majesty ascended the throne, Mr. Howard began his successful ministry at Devonshire Square, where he remained until the year 1863. During these years his great life-work was accomplished, and he became the most prominent representative of the Baptist Churches. He was "tall, sickly with the work and study of a life, grey-haired, inelegant, as all book-worms and men of thought are, with a voice by no means melodious, but tremulous with emotion as it is played upon by the soul within." Mr. Hinton lived much in public life, and was an able platform speaker. He fearlessly advocated voluntary education, and took a foremost part in the advocacy of anti-slavery, the Anti-state Church Association, and other national questions that were stirring public opinion some fifty years ago. He was an author of no mean

repute, and wrote a number of books on a variety of subjects, including theology, zoology, history, travel and biography.

During the ministry of his successor, the Rev. W. T. Henderson, the church removed from the city to the present Devonshire Square Chapel in Stoke Newington. At his retirement the Wellington Road Church was incorporated with Devonshire

Square, and the church was favoured with great spiritual prosperity. The present minister, the Rev. G. P. McKay, accepted the pastorate in 1891, and worthily presides over the various institutions connected with this Metropolitan centre of Nonconformity which has such a long and interesting history.

The Conference Address.

THE ANNUAL ADDRESS OF THE CONFERENCE TO THE CHURCHES.

PREPARED BY THE REV. W. JOHNSON.

DEAR BRETHREN:—We again greet you in our yearly pastoral, and in the common fellowship and service of the Redeemer's kingdom. "Grace and peace be multiplied to you from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ."

The Conference rejoices in all the churches under its care. Its tender solicitude goes out to all, and not least to those labouring steadily, and enduring in the patience of hope, in remote country districts, as well as on distant Colonial stations and Mission Fields. Though widely separated, we rejoice in a faith which lifts us above all external distinctions and makes us one in Christ. We have one faith, one heart, one hope of our calling—Christ, the Lord, is not only our common Head, but our eternal bond of unity through living fellowship with Himself.

This year the Conference realises a special opportunity of fraternal fellowship with its most distant members. The Rev. William Hunt, a devoted Colonial minister, was heartily welcomed as special delegate from our Australian churches. Our brethren at the Antipodes, as they believe, under Divine leading, are completing arrangements to form part of one great United Methodist Church in Australia. This important change has occupied the careful and prolonged deliberations of several Conferential committees. It had also a prominent place in the consideration of the Conference this year, and with the assistance of the judicial and well-informed counsels of the special representative from Australia already named, we trust a satisfactory solution of financial problems and an equitable adjustment of the various interests concerned have been arrived at, both to the brethren in the Colonies and to our churches at home. The desire of the Conference has certainly been to treat our Australian Colonies and churches in a uniform, equitable and brotherly manner. And as they go out from us, and their names drop from our list, we gladly recognise that they will remain with us in heart and service.

We also sincerely pray that God may prosper them richly in the manner He chooses, to the great end to which they are called—the salvation of mankind; and that the United Methodism of Australia may be specifically a power to evangelise and mould the character and destiny of the great Australian continent after the Christian type, as set forth in a living Methodism.

In the review of the churches, their condition and work during the past year, the death-roll—not perhaps proportionately larger than usual—was found to embrace distinguished names and heroic workers. Between two and three thousand from our ranks have changed toil for rest and mortality for life. Among those are fourteen ministers, including such men as Maurice Nicholas, George Warner, George Watts, of Colonial distinction, and Dr. Joseph Wood. The last-named died during the sittings of Conference, and in respect for the character and work of so distinguished a minister the assembly adjourned to attend his funeral. It was an impressive gathering in Flottergate Chapel, Grimsby, where the funeral service was conducted. Gratitude and sadness mingled in the feelings of the great assembly, that God had given the Church such a servant, that He had enabled him to do such a day's work, and that now, though he was no longer with us, there was assurance he was with the Lord at home and at rest. On the list of deceased ministers, some had attained an advanced age, and were in touch with our Church in the earlier stages of its labours and sufferings. They were among the pioneers in the work. One minister, through premature weakness and much suffering, was called hence in his prime. But all were devoted men; not alike gifted as workmen, but all consecrated to the work, all endowed with the Holy Ghost, saintly in spirit, abundant in labours—all deeply sharing the Saviour's compassion for men, and earnestly striving with Him in toil and sacrifice to bring them to the birthright of the heavenly kingdom. Death to those men was not death—no going out into darkness. It was victory. It was entrance into fuller life. It was the coming of the "Son of Man" to receive to Himself His own, that where He is there they may be also.

The reports to Conference from the several Districts, Institutions, Colleges and Funds of the Connexion were all of an encouraging character. Progress and successful work were the signs in all departments. There was no pessimism. Regrets that not more had been accomplished were imbued with hope and tempered with confidence and determination. The complaints which were forwarded to Conference were both limited and local, and could not be regarded as of a grave nature. They involved nothing vital—neither doctrine nor moral character. They were mostly of a business nature, concerned with boundaries, matters of judgment, and methods of working. The Conference, therefore, found abundant reason for recording its devout thankfulness to Almighty God for the measure of prosperity the Connexion has enjoyed during the past year. After filling up in its membership the vacancies occasioned by deaths, removals and resignations, it was able to report an increase of 1,748. It was wished this increase had been manifold in its number, and in a great Church like ours it might have been more. Is not this the great end for which we exist—to save men to Christ, for the spiritual regeneration of the world? We cannot, therefore, lose sight of this end, nor allow any lower aim to substitute it.

A movement of spiritual aggression, initiated by one of the districts, was approved by the Conference, that next year should be one of re-consecration to God. How better could we as a Church close the century of our birth and growth and prepare ourselves for the new century? It is suggested that the September Quarterly Meetings should arrange for a week of prayer, with suitable services, to bring home to our people the need and importance of personal consecration, the efficacy of prayer, the potentiality of faith, the offices and work of the Holy Spirit, and to awaken a great alertness to the need of a revival of God's work. The motto for Sunday School teachers should be, "My class for Christ." Leaders, preachers, and all should more definitely look for and expect the salvation of sinners. A movement of this order throughout our Zion surely may be realised. Why not? What a glorious crown to the century it would be for our Church! Are we willing in the day of God's power? Let the spirit of our fathers reassert itself. Do we not need something to counteract the secularising spirit in our churches, the worldly excitements amid which we live, and the powerful mammonism of the day? We have it here, in an intenser spirituality and a more aggressive attitude against the strongholds of sin.

Two new features characterised the Conference this year, and we trust marked an era in the widening life and power of the Connexion. The first lady delegate sat in the Conference, also the first native African minister, as representing our African missions. Let us hope the one is significant of the

awakening and growing womanhood in our Church, and the other of the drawing nearer of Africa to Christ and to the brotherhood of Christian men. The Rev. John Msikinya, from Aliwal North, received a cordial welcome, the joy of which was increased by the fact that his presence was associated with a successful missionary year. The missionary day at the Conference was full of blessing, impetus, and hope. There is a feeling to do more for the heathen world than we are doing, while we maintain a vigorous policy in regard to the great centres of population at home. It was found that our Heavenly Father had mercifully spared us the pain of loss through death on the foreign field during the year. Fevers and other ailments incidental to the African climate, with many hardships, had been suffered; but the missionaries were at their posts, or completing changes made, and the work prospered. Africa shows increasing congregations to hear the Word, growth in membership, and continued development in education and industrial work among the natives. The Home Missions likewise showed, that while seven mission stations had been made into self-supporting circuits, the membership had increased on the year. The Clapton and Whitechapel Missions maintain their invaluable work in London slums, and we earnestly commend the Rev. T. Jackson's work, with that of the Rev. J. Flanagan, to the loyal and generous support of all our people. While the Conference was pleased to learn that there is a steadily growing revenue from ordinary sources to both the General and African Missionary Funds, still it is convinced that the growing wealth of our Church warrants the expectation of a much larger income both for Home evangelisation and Foreign Mission work, and calls upon our people to prayerfully and sympathetically consider the matter.

The present year completes the first quarter of a century of our Sunday School Union organisation, which organisation has been of immense value. It has brought our Sunday Schools into line, promoted their extension, unified them, given them system in working, tabulated results more completely, brought stimulus everywhere, by the impulse of its meetings and the distribution of facts and the knowledge of experience. And we are glad to note that this, its twenty-fifth year, reveals expansion and growing interest in all departments of Sunday School work. Thirty-six Sunday Schools have been opened in new places during the year in the Home Districts. There has also been an increase of 2,878 scholars, fifty-five teachers at home, and ten in Africa. Above these in importance is the fact that 9,601 scholars have become members of the Church. It is hoped all the Sunday Schools will celebrate the silver anniversary of the Sunday School Union, and mark the event by special evangelistic services for the children in connection with the special Sabbath for Sunday Schools in October next. Their aim should

be for each school to add to its list of scholars and teachers from the world, to perfect its system of working, and to do all possible to bring the children into union with the Saviour and the Church. The schools should unite with the societies in the before-named movement of spiritual aggression, and together, enveloped as in a flame of life, their power would be irresistible.

As an evidence of the interest of the Conference in the Christian Endeavour Movement in the Connexion, the rules regulating those societies, through a long and late sitting, were thoroughly overhauled and revised. There was a marked desire to perfect the adaptation of this movement to the genius and constitution of our Church; and at the same time do away with any friction arising from its working with the National Union of the Christian Endeavour Organisation. We trust the revision of the Pledge and other matters will result in a response from all interested in our Christian Endeavour Societies which will widen the service and influence of these societies, as well as deepen their loyalty to their own Church. With present opportunities, frankness and a loyal adherence to the motto, these societies under the blessing of God may make for themselves a splendid record of service. It is interesting to note that we have now 1,042 Christian Endeavour Societies, with over 35,000 Active and Associate members.

While giving thought for the young and promising life of the Church, the Conference did not forget the invaluable and well-tried staff of local preachers, many of whom are advanced in years, and some find themselves in trying circumstances. It was a gratification to know that the "Necessitous Local Preachers' Fund" had been able to render assistance in some needy cases. We could wish we were in a position as a Church to place all our humbler brethren beyond the possibility of want in old age. With the view of making the local preachers' work easier and more efficient, a true friend of theirs was again in evidence at the Conference. In addition to books offered to local preachers last year, the Conference gratefully accepted an offer from Mrs. W. P. Hartley of £1,000 for the establishment of libraries in circuits for local preachers. An opportunity of this nature should stimulate our country circuits especially, where good books are the least accessible, to found local preachers' libraries. It should also promote reading, and help to make our pulpits both more attractive and useful.

The reports of our Colleges are favourable to sound culture and useful equipment for life's work. The Theological College, Manchester, being now complete, promises a career of valuable service to our future ministry. It emphasises the subjects which are of first importance to a minister of the Word, whilst it has regard to the theory and practice of preaching, and the needs of the specific ministry of Primitive Methodism. As young men of

the right stamp are of vital importance to the ministry of the Church, we pray that grace may accompany training, and that a race of men may be given to our churches who will not need to be ashamed. Let our circuits look out, and carefully select, the men most fit. For a college can mould and sharpen, but it cannot create. In this connection a striking feature of our church-life is the supply for the ministry. Sixty candidates were recommended by the circuits this year. We rejoice in the abundance of young men moved by God's Spirit to offer themselves. It is a healthy sign. Seven of them attained a place on the Reserve List, while fifteen were found suitable to enter the College. The Elmfield and Bourne Colleges for boys both record a good year's work. Both have been increasing their educational facilities, and both take a prominent position on the list of the educational institutions of the country.

The Book Establishment continues to prosper and to extend its business each succeeding year. Its sales last year were £906 ahead of any previous year. By its profits, the Book Room contributes largely to the support of the Superannuated Ministers, Widows, and Orphans' Fund. But its chief benefit is neither as a business nor a benevolent institution. Its primary service is that of a light-bringer to the Church; and let us hope the continued extension of its business means more or less improved mental tastes, quickened thought, and growing intelligence among our people. The magazine circulation has for some time been a matter of anxiety to the Book Committee. This year manifests an encouraging increase in our leading serials. As the tide has turned, and our people are more widely realising the high character and value of our magazines, even when compared with others in the market, we trust they will more steadily support our own publications. The new Sunday School Hymnal will soon be ready, and we are told by competent authority that it will be the best and finest of the kind published. As such, it will make a fit companion to our splendid Congregational Hymnal.

The Book Establishment has begun to build up a literature of its own. Some of our ministers are not only developing talent, but finding opportunity for literary productions. Also, the Hartley Lecture annually, by the leading men in the Connexion, must result in thoughtful and useful additions to our book-list. We bespeak the attention and support of our leaders and officials, as an aid in their spiritual work, to bring the Book Room publications more extensively before the minds of the members of our congregations and Sunday School teachers.

The working of Connexional trusts and properties during the year has been equally successful with other departments of our work. Indeed, chapel debts, it has been said, are going down at an "alarming rate." We are favoured with certain financial

organisations, which have now reached a condition of growth and stability in the confidence of the Church, that they are telling powerfully in reducing our trust debts. The Chapel Aid Association began in a modest way nine years ago; it has now a loan account with our chapels to the amount of £216, 323 1s. 11d. And by proportionate repayments during the year on these loans debts have been reduced £16,188 14s. 9d. The General Chapel Fund has been the means of reducing debts during the same period to the amount of £10,765. The Insurance Company has also aided similar reductions to the extent of £1,616 13s. 8d. A total of £58,955 2s. 9d. has been paid off chapel debts. Our total value in property is £3,966, 325 4s., with a present debt of £1,066,219 5s. 2d. If we can discharge our liabilities at the rate of about £60,000 a year, we have reason to be thankful and face the future with confidence on the score of trust debts.

The Orphanage appears to be doing well, both in work among its destitute charges and in winning for itself a warm place in the Connexion's sympathy. It was a source of joy to the Conference to be able to announce the completion of the Jubilee Fund. It is the first great financial effort our Church has attempted, and we shall gain more from it by far than the amount of money into our funds. The joy of being generous is a great joy, and belongs, not to the joy which goeth before, but to that which cometh after—the joy of something done, the joy of review and of quiet days.

Now, while we rejoice in the progress recorded, yet the work done does not mean that that which remains is the less. The world grows as it moves, so does our work. The gain of the past is simply a vantage ground for the future. As such let us use it. The battle with sin thickens as it develops, and that is our battle in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Our direct and unceasing mission as a Church is to save men to Christ. But do not let us narrow our outlook. Salvation comes to men in many ways. The Conference expressed its alarm at the growth of Romish doctrines and practices within the Established Church of England, and the ostentatious repudiation of Protestantism by many of the State-appointed clergy. The true Church of Jesus Christ, as we conceive it, is neither a Papacy nor an ecclesiastical State Agent. Our duty, therefore, is to resist both these, and throw all our influence in favour of disestablishment of the Church from the State, not only on principle, but as a remedy against the Romanising tendencies of the Established Church. Then there is the Elementary Education Question. The growing importance of this question, for various reasons, demands the careful attention of all Nonconformists, both as to its character and management. Voluntary schools in management are more and more coming into the hands of clergymen who seek to use them, not only for their own sectarian purposes, while they are

supported out of public money; but as instruments against dissenters, and to promote the dogmas and ecclesiastical assumptions of a church utterly alien to our Protestant Faith. The day-school system of the country requires to be established on a more equitable basis, in which all schools shall have equal liberties, equal opportunities, be supported alike by public money, and managed on one principle, by duly elected public bodies. The School Board system is capable of meeting the needs in this matter, and ought to be extended, with enlarged areas, to meet the needs of all, and check party domination. The Conference on this question calls upon our people to interest themselves more in it, and assist by reporting to their several District authorities certified information of cases where disability has been imposed, or injustice done by school managers or teachers to any of our children, young people, or their parents, because they are Methodists or because they desire to enter the teaching profession. There is also the great Temperance Reform. We have a part on this question, let us maintain it, and be neither slack nor weak in support of legislative and other measures which aim to wrest the country from the monopoly of the brewing interest, or to check and restrict in any manner the growing evils of drunkenness. We cannot blind our eyes nor be indifferent to the other crying evils of the day, arising from morbid excitement and greed.

Our methods of work must be constructive. The radical principle of church-work is not to destroy but to transform, not simply to make a failure, but to fulfil. Because of the spirituality of her mission, the church's first duty is to remember that men can only be at their best in other things as they become spiritual and godly. To promote godliness throughout the land is therefore our chief aim. To this end then let us faithfully and with living freshness preach the Gospel, for nothing else can do its work. Let us cultivate a wider and more systematic visitation of the people, with the object of getting more into touch with them. Let us seek among ourselves greater coherency and church-loyalty. Let us be watchful to minister more widely to the aged and needy in our congregations. Also let us think more for our young people—how to help and attract them into the Church. Be more sympathetic, definite, and clear in our counsels to them, and in our guidance. Vagueness or evasion on amusements and other questions, which trouble young minds, injures rather than helps; it also weakens the authority of seniors and leaders, and loses for them the young people's respect. On things questionable and which defile let us speak out with no uncertain sound, but on matters of opinion let us exercise tolerance and charity.

The question of the Union of our Church with that of the Bible Christians is to be submitted to the circuits and districts during the coming year for their consideration. A matter so important, not

only to the churches concerned, but to the spirit of unity between all churches, we trust will be dealt with calmly and without prejudice, and that God will guide your deliberations. As the Holy Ghost

was the hidden Counsellor, the unseen might and power of our Fathers, so may He be ours, in all things.

WILLIAM GOODMAN, *President.*
DAVID S. PROSSER, *Secretary.*

Connexional Biography.

REV. MAURICE NICHOLAS.

THE REV. M. Nicholas was born April 20, 1835, in the small but beautifully situated town of Bishop's Castle, seated on the River Clun, in the county of Salop. In the ancient times when men had not their being, the waves of an ancient and passing sea made mournful music among the terraced hills which to-day make the background of a not-to-be-forgotten scene. Our fathers in entering into this town suffered much. The people generally were hostile, and the zealots for the established faith were "exceeding mad" against them; the persecution was painful and shameful, but our sainted brother was born into an environment, and breathed an atmosphere helpful to spiritual illumination and moral vigour. His father, who was a builder, lost his sight by an accident, but like Milton, he saw the invisible with a clearer vision. He was a man of God, and consciously knew His life. In the early days of his manhood he travelled miles in his circuit, which stretched into different counties, to preach the Gospel of the grace of God. When educationally able, Maurice used to accompany his father as guide and to give out the hymns and read the lessons—these long, quiet walks were religious college sessions to the lad, who subsequently became an ambassador for Christ. Very early in life Maurice felt the convicting power of the Holy Spirit. His young mind was stirred by many thoughts which went to God in spiritual longings. It was not, however, till he was eighteen that he yielded himself to Christ. His convictions were deep and his heart-grief practical. The clouds that came down on his soul were dark and portentous. The text preached from that brought him to turn his back on sin and the world was, "How wilt thou do in the swellings of Jordan?" He seemed to feel the waves, and yet the devil, so cruel, plied him with the temptation, "that he was too late, and his chance had gone." In his agony of soul he told his father, and asked his prayers, and his mental and moral struggles became specific and finally effective. "I took hold of the cleansing blood," "my faith grew stronger," "I rolled my guilty soul on Him," "I believed He saved me," "my chains fell off, my guilt was removed, sweet peace filled my soul." "And before I left

that spot I made an entire consecration of my all to God, promising Him that my life, yea, my all, should be spent in his service." "He at once joined the Church, and began to publish the good tidings of great joy to others." In this divine life he perceptibly grew. The precious Word was his *vade mecum*, and his secret chamber, or out in the quiet nooks, so plentiful in that neighbourhood, served as a constant sanctuary. The class meeting was his Mount of Transfiguration—it was here he learned to listen to the voice of God. He occasionally led class, and thus revealed a power and an aptitude that brought him a wider commission and a greater sphere. As a local preacher he was zealous and conscientious, and many were the "sheaves he brought home with rejoicing." By an unerring Providence he was brought to dear old Darlaston Circuit, where in two years and a half he led many souls to Christ as their saving Lord. This wide and important circuit was his college. "Here," to use his own words, "he learnt much that was helpful in after days." It was in 1856 that the Ludlow Circuit called him into the public ministry of the Word, and the following year the Conference placed him on its list of ministers, and for some forty-two years his name has stood representative of an earnest and effective ministry. At his "ordination" he said with a noticeable emphasis, "I intend to live to God, to consecrate all my powers to the Most High." He loved the mother District—Tunstall—and forty years out of the forty-two he spent in the circuits of its limit. We can see his portly form, and still catch the lingering tones of his sonorous voice. We loved him. It was in 1866 the General Missionary Committee called him to go to Africa and open a mission in Natal. In his reply to the call, he expresses his earnest prayer for the salvation of that vast continent which in early Christian times saw the rising of "the Sun of Righteousness." He adds: "Having secured very important information from some Wesleyan ministers who had spent many years in that country, and feeling that the Connexion had a claim upon him at home or abroad, he was disposed to place himself in their hands to go to Africa or anywhere else." Mrs. Nicholas, the mother of the abiding children, not being too

strong, held back, and so our friend remained to complete his ministry in his own country and among his own people. Our friend was Connexionally loyal. The Conference of the Church and its constitution were more than a name, or a passive mode of existence—they were a power of defence and an expression of grace and good-will to the obedient. He was an ecclesiastical democrat. He was not born to wealth and acres numerous and wide. In his own town, and in South Staffordshire, he laboured for daily bread. By early labour and sacrifice he learned to sympathise with men whose burdens he knew, and of whose daily trials and temptations he was not ignorant. His long life was not faultless—whose is? He had weaknesses as all finite beings have, but ever down deep in his heart the flame of God was burning for the glory of Him whose he was and whom he earnestly, indeed, enthusiastically, sought to serve. The Rev. J. Huff, who was his superintendent in the Ministerley Circuit, says: "I found him in *all* respects an excellent young man. He was always wishful to do the right, and I have no doubt my old friend and brother was faithful unto death, and has received the crown of life."

The Rev. C. Smallman says: "He was earnest, intelligent, energetic, an arousing preacher, and a plodding and successful worker in the Master's vineyard."

The District Committee of his district placed on record its "high appreciation of his Christian character, and earnest and successful ministerial life. His venerable appearance, his commanding voice, his strong faith in God, and his deep piety rendered him eminently successful . . . in the conversion of sinners to God."

His educational advantages were not equal to those within the reach of the young people of our Churches to-day, and yet he had advantages over some. He went to the best school in the town called Wright's Charity. This was the only school he attended till, when twelve years of age, he entered the abiding school of responsible life and daily discipline. His studies after his call to the public ministry were not specifically scientific, philosophic, or linguistic, but like a wise man, he sought to know the Gospel he was called by God to preach to men in darkness and without hope. He did not spare himself in serving his Master and those for whom that Master gave His life. He rendered his *body* a living sacrifice unto God, and his *mind* to be used according to His will. Who among us who have heard him can forget his prayers, his special camp-meeting sermons, or his addresses in the market-places at District meetings? These places were his special battle-ground; he liked the Lord's big "chapel," and his splendid voice, like travelling bells, was heard in the distant streets.

He was married Sept. 29, 1860, to Mary Steel,

who lived as his life-companion and helpmeet for fifteen years, and gave him four children, who have been his honour and joy, and three of them live to remind us of him who has gone into the invisible. Maurice John has been the Second Master of Bourne College, Birmingham, for years, and is a worthy son; and Mary Elizabeth, who lingers to link her brothers with tender links, and William Henry, who is a minister of our Church. May their father's departure bring them to closer fellowship with our Father who is in heaven. Our friend was married to Mary Whitelegg in 1877, who left him, by death, on December 15, 1890, so that for eight years he was wifeless. He said in his first class meeting, "I mean going all the way." All the way he has gone, and the goal is won. His early companions have met him in more than laurels crowned. In 1898, some of his friends saw that the strong house of his soul-tabernacle was giving way. He looked for years of a well-earned rest and occasional toil, according to his strength, and then at last a quiet sail into the harbour. His Pilot, however, saw the immortal shore, and so with happy and assuring testimony he sailed to be with Christ, which is far better, on Sunday, February 19, 1899, at 4.30. a.m., in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

J. FERGUSON.

MR. MATTHEW SMITH.

MATTHEW SMITH, the subject of this memoir, was born at Craighurn Kingswater, Cumberland, July 12, 1826, and died April 13, 1897, at South Shields.

Matthew was the third son of John Smith, who for many years was a local preacher in connection with the Temple Town Society, South Shields. What he lacked educationally he gained in a deepened spirituality and a supreme passion for saving men. Possessed of keen observational powers, and a ready utterance, he could apply the fundamental truths of Christianity with great effectiveness.

By a boiler explosion in the alkali manufactory of Messrs. Cookson and Co., South Shields, on the morning of January 12, 1842, John Smith, and other two members of our Temple Town Society, lost their lives. A few minutes before the accident happened, a man, passing with a barrow, cried, "Smith, how are you getting on now?" Smith instantly replied, "I am getting on the good old way." And as one of our class-leaders was assisting to carry him home, he said, "Glory be to God, I am happy." He was a man of unquestionable piety, and held in great repute.

The widow was left with a large family, all young in years. She was a woman of kindly disposition and Christly spirit. The struggle to provide bread for her fatherless children was very keen,

and it was with the utmost difficulty that the lean wolf of hunger was kept from the door.

Young Matthew Smith, with his resolute, hopeful nature, went to work to help his mother in the struggle for bread. From early morning till evening he cheerfully toiled, and was amply repaid by the smile of the mother he loved. At the age of fourteen years he was apprenticed to be a cooper at the Jarrow Chemical Works, and by constant and strict attention to business, this bright boy rose to the position of manager in that department of business. His opportunities for gaining an education were of a very meagre character, but by diligent study and a judicious utilisation of his evenings, he gained considerable knowledge. He could both speak and write with a fluency and accuracy that revealed no mean acquaintance with grammar, history, geography and theology.

His religious life began at the age of sixteen years. He was undoubtedly impressed with a father's earnestness, and a mother's saintly life. The circumstances associated with his conversion to the Christian faith are both unique and suggestive. He realised definite good at the public meeting on the New Year's Day, following the annual tea meeting. Does not this circumstance speak volumes as to the character of this meeting? Fifty years ago addresses delivered after tea meetings were marked by spirituality and earnest purpose. We should do well to go back to the old spirit and fervour of those tea meetings where souls were convicted and saved. On the Sunday evening following this event, the father, referring to the conversion of his son, declared that he believed God would save all his household. And then he sang (as only an old Temple Town veteran could sing), the hymn whose chorus is, "A better day is coming," etc., and when he came to the words,

"We will meet the saints in glory,
And we will have a shout in glory,"

loud hallelujahs went up from rejoicing hearts. Although he did not live to see the work of God, yet his three sons and daughter were all brought to the Saviour.

Matthew was married in the year 1848, to Elizabeth Dodds Brown. During their forty-nine years of wedded life, they had their experience of sorrow and bereavement, incident to human experience. But over all their experiences was the light of the great Father's love and care. May that Divine light continue to shine across the pathway of the sorrowing widow bereft of her companion and the four remaining daughters who mourn the loss of an affectionate and loving father.

In respect to his work as a Christian man, he was intensely active, without being unduly self-assertive. His earnestness was of a quiet and unobtrusive character, but at the same time it evinced manly independency of thought and action. He

taught a class in the Sunday School for close upon half a century, and held, on occasions, the highest positions that fellow-workers could honour him with.

As a Temperance worker he was well known in the borough and district. In the Band of Hope and Temperance Societies he freely gave his time, his energies and his talents.

After his day's work he would often be found with his friend John Davidson addressing a temperance meeting either at the Central Hall, South Shields, or Saville Street, North Shields, or Percy Main, Cullercoats, Jarrow, or at the Trimmers' Cabin at Tyne Dock.

He was one of the first to form the Ebenezer division of the Sons of Temperance in South Shields. He was also a trustee of the local division, and Master of the Grand Division, of the Sons of Temperance, Newcastle. Eternity alone will reveal the results of such activity extending over more than forty years.

As a local preacher he was well known in Primitive Methodist circles. He came on the plan during the superintendency of the late Rev. Thos. Butterwick, an eloquent preacher and famous for his wit and humour. It would appear Brother Smith and his friend John Davidson took lessons in grammar and logic at the house of Mr. Yates, the second minister, under whose tuition they made considerable progress. As a preacher Brother Smith's discourses gave evidence of careful preparation. He never gave what cost nothing. He gave his best, and that best was appreciated in town and country chapels. His labours were not in vain. Under his sweet and spiritual ministry many a troubled heart was comforted, many a soul was brought up to the higher levels of Christian experience, and many a soul in moral darkness was brought into the light of God.

His record is on high. But his work is finished. In 1892 he was stricken down while at Gilsland with an illness that eventually proved fatal. During his long and severe illness he was never heard to complain. I can bear personal testimony to his cheerfulness of disposition, and his profound faith in God. He was quite conscious up to the last moments, and he spoke of death as going home. He lived the life of a true man of God, and in his last hours there were no regrets; a light shone, a light brighter than the stars, brighter than the moon, brighter than the sun, it was the light of the glory of God to guide and companion the pilgrim home.

Were I to briefly estimate the character of the late Matthew Smith, after a personal acquaintance extending over fifteen years of my ministerial life, in one word, I should say he was a Christian gentleman. Nature, experience gained by reading, observation, and contact with all sorts and conditions of men, and Divine grace, gave to him that

very important quality which we know under the name of good breeding, the very essence of which lies in an unselfish spirit. His candour, his charity, his courtesy, his conciliatory spirit, his tender consideration for others, speak of a life that was regulated by Divine forces, and in whom dwelt the spirit of the Nazarene.

He was a man of courage. I do not refer to mere physical courage. Men who are nothing but a mass of animalism can boast of possessing that—I refer to the courage of principle, of conviction, of conscience,—the courage to say and do irrespective of popular opinion. He was a force in our midst. He belonged to a race of men that are fast dying out, and God alone knows whether we shall ever see the like of them again in this world.

I am sustained in this estimate of his character by the testimonies of men of high Christian character and good understanding.

John Brack writes: "I have known the late Matt. Smith for forty years. I have been intimately associated with him in Christian service for thirty-three years. He was a good man, a sincere friend, a loyal servant of Jesus Christ, whom to know was to love."

John Walker Owen writes: "I have known the late M. Smith from boyhood. I can speak from personal observation respecting his character and work. Many are enjoying religion to-day as the results of his labours. He was a man of deep convictions, and had the courage of his convictions. He loved Methodism and Laygate Society best of all. The Church in him has lost a sincere friend and devoted worker."

John Davidson writes: "We were like David and Jonathan, we worked hand in hand together. In Band of Hope, in Sunday School, in Temperance Societies and as local preachers. We were inseparable for close upon fifty years. He was industrious, conscientious, and deeply pious. A man of God, he has gone to swell the ranks of the redeemed."

MR. EDWARD CAIN.

EDWARD CAIN, the subject of this memoir, was born at Hunwick, in the county of Durham, on Jan. 6, 1846, and died after a short illness on March 22, 1897, at Eighton Banks, near Gateshead. He was the eldest son of Daniel and Isabella Cain, who were people of good moral and religious character, who set a good example before their children, and endeavoured to bring them up in the fear of God. When six years of age, young Edward attended the Primitive Methodist Sunday School at Trimdon Grange, and at this early age received impressions of a deep and lasting character. At this period of his boyhood days, it would appear that there were a great many fluctuations and changes affecting the industrial and working classes in the county of Dur-

ham. And the parents of Edward Cain, like many families in the mining districts, were compelled to move from one mining centre to another in search of more lucrative and permanent employment till 1859, when they settled at Wrekenton.

Brother Cain's conversion to the Christian faith dates from 1864. During a gracious revival in the Primitive Methodist Chapel, Ousten, under the evangel proclaimed by the Rev. Wm. Gelley, he decided for Christ and realised a spiritual change.

Almost simultaneously with this experience, which constituted the great crisis in his history, he was possessed of an ardent desire for the acquisition of knowledge. He became a student of one book, and that book was the Bible. His education was very deficient, but possessing a mere rudimentary knowledge of reading and writing, he set himself to learn the things of God. In his endeavours he was animated by the laudable motive to qualify himself for the work of a Sunday School teacher. For hours together, with his friend G. Heslop, they read the New Testament, and sought to understand its meaning. His leisure hours were devoted to this pursuit. He was emphatically a man of one book.

His special gift was that of song. This was a feature in his Temperance work for which he was distinguished. He was in great request in the churches, and rendered most excellent and valuable service by his sweet and inspiring singing. Graciously he travelled great distances, both in Northumberland and Durham, regardless of weather, in order that he might help on the cause of righteousness, and thus bring blessing to his fellow-man.

According to the loving testimony of his most intimate friend, Ralph Maughan: As a young man his life was one of *singular purity* and freedom from any habits that tended to grossness and animalism. He had all the attractiveness of an amiable, generous-hearted young fellow, whose gracious presence was the charm of his friends. His *speech* was clear; his path honourable; his testimony sincere and abiding. He shunned the society of evil men, and sought the companionship of godly men. He was a man of bright, sunny disposition, always looking on the favourable side of things; he had learnt the secret of true contentment and happiness. His life was marked by beautiful simplicity and manly charity. In him there dwelt the spirit of the Christ, and his character was fashioned after the Divine image.

In 1871, he was united in marriage to Miss Ann Watson, the eldest daughter of Peter and Ann Watson, of the Mount, Eighton Banks, with whom he lived in harmony and domestic bliss for twenty-six years. An aged mother, a widowed wife, and two sons and a daughter mourn the loss of a kind son, a loving husband and an affectionate father.

His end was peace. His record is on high. He has entered into rest. For him the night has passed and the day has dawned.

J. Hutchinson writes: "I have known Edward Cain for many years, and always found him a consistent member of Christ's Church. He took great interest in the Sunday School and Band of Hope. He used to say that he was not much of a speaker, but he could sing. He had a good voice, and used it for the glory of God. His testimony for Jesus was most clear and explicit. The class meeting was his favourite means of grace. He was always blithe and cheerful."

G. Heslop writes: "I have known the late Edward Cain for over thirty-three years. I became acquainted with him at Perkinsville. We were both converted in an Evangelistic Mission at Ousten, conducted by Rev. W. Gelley. Prior to this, we both attended the Sunday School, and were very

close companions. He was a genuine friend, a thorough Christian, an energetic worker in the cause of God, and a man whom to know was to love and revere."

Brother W. J. Nixon writes: "I am instructed by the teachers and friends of the Primitive Methodist Sabbath School, Eighton Banks, to convey to you and the family, our sincere Christian sympathy in this, the hour of your bereavement. We pray that the Great Father will sustain you by His Spirit and grace. Yours is the loss of a kind and indulgent husband, theirs of a loving father, ours of a sincere friend and brother. Be it ours to follow him as he followed Christ. May we all meet at last."

HENRY PRATT.

Literary Notices.

A Dictionary of the Bible, Dealing with the Language, Literature and Contents, including the Biblical Theology. Edited by JAMES HASTINGS, M.A., D.D. Vol. II. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 38, George Street.

THE second volume of this great work is of even more importance and value than the first, if for no other reason than that so many subjects of prime importance naturally fall into this volume, extending as it does, from "Feign" to "Kinswoman." The Editor has had the collaboration of many of the most eminent living scholars in Great Britain and America, and of some, alas, who are no longer living, such as Principal Reynolds, who has written on the Gospel of St. John, and Dr. A. B. Bruce, who has dealt with the Epistle to the Hebrews. It would be quite impossible, even did we possess the requisite qualifications for the task, to attempt a review of a work of this character in the limited space at our disposal. Suffice it to say there could easily be picked out half-a-dozen articles which alone are worth the price of the volume, and for the sake of which the earnest student might very properly be glad to deny himself some luxuries in order to obtain the coveted volume. We might instance Professor Sanday's articles on "God," and "Jesus Christ," (which occupies some fifty closely-printed double-column pages). Who would not like to have the opportunity of reading and re-reading what Professor Orr has to say on The Kingdom of God; or Professor A. B. Davidson on Job; or Dr. G. A. Smith on Isaiah; or Professor Swete on The Holy Spirit?

WE are glad that the son and literary executor of the late Dr. Dale has given us these Essays and Addresses in a collected form. They were worthy of republication, since in them we see at their best those intellectual and spiritual qualities which made Dr. Dale one of the chiefs of Nonconformity. We have the plain evidences of his masculine and penetrative intellect, his wonderful mastery of detail, his firm grasp of principle, deep spirituality of temper, tending even to mysticism, and his clearness and beauty of style. Why is Dr. Dale so much easier to read than Dr. Fairbairn? We do not stay to answer our own question, but are convinced by experience there is ground to raise the question. The first and second Addresses—"Christ and the Controversies of Christendom," and "The Holy Spirit in relation to the Ministry, the Worship and Work of the Church," were delivered by Dr. Dale as President of the Congregational Union. The third, fourth and fifth Essays relate especially to Congregationalism and its interpretation of the idea of the Church. The next Essay on "Matthew Arnold and the Nonconformists," appeared originally in the *Contemporary Review*, July, 1870. In this Essay, which to our thinking is the finest thing in the book, there is some delightful sword-play; and Matthew Arnold might well feel that because of it he owed Dale a grudge, for he certainly came off second best in the encounter. The last Essay is on "The Doctrine of the Real Presence and the Lord's Supper." This Essay is one of the longest and most important in the book, and deserves careful study. An able summary of it will be found in the September *Springtime*, by the Rev. J. D. Thompson, to which we would direct the attention of our readers who have not access to Dr. Dale's book.

Essays and Addresses. By R. W. DALE, LL.D. (6s.) Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

More Methodist Idylls. By HARRY LINDSAY. (6s.) James Bowden, 10, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

WE began this book with the settled determination to read only a few Idylls at a time. After we had taken a spell at another, and different kind of book, we would return to our task. But we are free to confess that, hardened reader and reviewer of Idylls though we be, our determination gave way. The "Transformation of John F. Wilson" did not take strong hold of us. It seemed overcharged with sentiment; its *motif*—the conversion of aliens into naturalised citizens—seemed overdone. A couple from a distant Northern city stoutly resist being assimilated to their Welsh environment; but in vain. They began by feeling strangers in a strange land; they end by saying, "This people shall be my people, and their God my God." All this is legitimate enough: but when we read, "And now he was stricken dumb with the painful truth revealed to him, and overwhelmed as a man in deep waters," we naturally expected that something very terrible had happened to John F. Wilson. We found, however, that it was nothing worse than the discovery that an attachment had sprung up between Maggie, his daughter, and a respectable and godly native of Avonlwyd. This was disappointing; but when we read "Measure for Measure," and especially, "The Tragedy of an Infatuation," the book gripped us. Finally the reading of "Marred in the Making" made us wish that there were still "More Methodist Idylls" to read.

The Black Douglas. By S. R. CROCKETT. (6s.) Smith, Elder and Co., 13, Waterloo Place, London.

A STIRRING romance of olden times, full of colour and action. Incident follows incident in quick succession. Through the glamour of romance we see feudal lords, fair ladies, gay tournaments, superstitious rites, and the glint of arms, while pervading the whole is the smell of heather and the sound of the sea. The tender love-story of Sholto, the redoubtable esquire of the Black Douglas, and pretty wilful Maud Lindsay runs like a thread of gold through the narrative of bloodshed and treachery. Mr. Crockett is at home in Galloway, and the scenes he loves and knows so well he peoples with living figures from the middle ages, when James II. held the throne of Scotland, and the Douglasses, better born and more powerful than the king himself, held the South. Around these Douglasses, and especially around William, sixth Earl of Douglas, Lord of Galloway and Duke of Touraine, one of the most romantic figures in Scottish history, the story centres.

Decoyed into the stronghold of his enemies by the woman he loved, at the historic banquet given in his honour, which he attended with no followers but Sholto, his esquire, the fatal black bull, the

symbol of death throughout all Scotland, was brought in on a huge silver platter. Thus the enemies of Douglas brought about by treachery what they were unable to bring about by force. Every one who reads of Sholto's memorable ride must feel his pulse stirred, and the blood course quicker through his veins. For three days and nights he rode without sleep, and unconscious of weariness, through villages, across desolate moors, from castle to fortified farm-house, raising to his chief's assistance, the greatest and compactest clan that ever, even in Scotland, did the bidding of one man.

"West and south he had raised the Douglas country as it had never been raised before, and now behind him, every armiger and squire, every spearman and light-foot archer was hasting Edinburghward, eager to be first to succour the young and headstrong chief of his great house." But too late, treachery had done its work, and before a man could reach Edinburgh, the noble young Douglas, for whom every man in Galloway would willingly have died, lay headless in Edinburgh castle-yard. The rest of this story deals with the vengeance of the Douglasses upon the betrayers and murderers of their lord, headed by the Lady Sybilla, whose complex character and history we leave the readers of "The Black Douglas" to study for themselves.

If great was her sin, greater still was her punishment. Malise and his two sturdy sons, Sholto and Laurence, give no little interest to the story. Malise, the master-armourer, and foster-father to the Earl, a strong, loyal, silent man, whose character is fitly summed up by his jealous brother-in-law—"a great ram-stam, unbiddable, unhallowed deevil he is. Guid forbid that I should say as muckle to his face."

While reading the book we feel that we are adding several new and delightful friends to our realm of fiction, and on reaching the end of this fascinating book we take leave of them with lingering regret.

The Life of John Wesley. By JOHN TELFORD, B.A. Revised and Enlarged Edition. (5s.) Wesleyan Methodist Book Room, 2, Castle Street, City Road, E.C.

MANY lives of John Wesley have been written—by Churchmen and Dissenters and Methodists; and some of these, like Moore's and Southey's, Tyerman's and Canon Overton's, have, in certain regards their own special value. But it is morally certain that for some considerable time to come, Mr. Telford's will be the recognised authoritative Life of Wesley. This it is entitled to be from its freedom from bias, the careful way in which the mass of available material has been sifted, and the simple charm with which the story of this unique life has been told. The volume has been enriched by three portraits of Wesley, and by the reproduction of *facsimile* ordi-

nation Certificates signed by him. There is also given in the Appendix, the copy of an important document recently unearthed at the Wesleyan Methodist Book Room, in which John Fletcher, Wesley's "designated successor," has given his draft of "A Plan for Methodism," which shows that in 1775 Fletcher was a more daring reformer than Wesley. As Mr. Telford very properly remarks: "High Churchmen who study the list of Wesley's ordinations, will do well to abandon any claim to Wesley."

Free Methodist Manual. Comprising a Statement of the Origin, Doctrines and Constitution of the United Methodist Free Churches; with Alphabetical Arrangements of Ministers and Circuits, Historical and Statistical Accounts of Connexional Institutions, Funds, etc., from 1836 to 1898. By EDWIN ASKEW, Editor. Introductory Chapter by Rev. R. Abercrombie, M.A. (3s. 6d.) Andrew Crombie, 119, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street.

THIS is a very long title, but long as it is, it does not cover the whole of the multifarious contents of the book. So far as our knowledge goes, the Methodist Free Churches are in the proud position of having the completest denominational Handbook in print. The preparation of such a *vade mecum* must have entailed very considerable labour, and the compilation reflects the greatest credit upon the Editor and his staff. The get-up of the Manual is excellent. It is well printed and contains some capital photo reproductions of portraits and buildings. A pocket in the cover holds a large map, showing the location of the churches of the denomination in London. We trust the time may soon come when the Primitive Methodist Church may have a Handbook as comprehensive and useful.

The City Temple Pulpit. Sermons by the Rev. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D. (3s. 6d. nett.) Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

ONE receives a volume of real live sermons, such as we have here, with a feeling of thankfulness that the famous preacher of the City Temple is still spared to us. Each last gift of the kind becomes more precious when we think that in the natural course of things the volumes still to come from the same hand will not be many. For twenty-five years Dr. Parker has so occupied and used the pulpit of the City Temple as to ennoble the function of preaching; yet with a humility hardly inferior to

that of Sir Isaac Newton, he can say: "Five-and-twenty years! and I have not yet begun my exposition; five-and-twenty years! and I am still at Genesis, first chapter, first verse. I have preached upon every text in the Bible, and I have not yet begun to preach at all. So great is the Book, so manifold the ministry, so all-sustaining the Eternal Spirit."

The Calls of God. Devotional Studies. By the REV. EBENEZER MORGAN. (2s.) C. H. Kelly, 2, Castle Street, City Road.

MR. MORGAN is to be congratulated on having hit upon the capital idea of considering the various ways in which the Divine call came to men of Old and New Testament times. He is to be congratulated too, on the successful way in which the idea has been worked out. The result is, we have a book of Bible studies that cannot fail to be helpful to the preacher and profitable for devotional purposes.

A South Australian Romance. How a Colony was founded, and a Methodist Church Formed. By REV. JOHN BLACKETT. (2s.) Charles H. Kelly, 2, Castle Street, City Road.

WE have here a vivid picture of early Colonial life in South Australia. It seems almost impossible when we look at the fertile and productive Colony of South Australia, with its fine cities, with their magnificent public buildings and their flourishing churches, that little over sixty years ago it was an almost unknown territory. But such is the fact. In 1836, Samuel Stephens was the first colonist to put his foot on South Australian soil, and John White preached the first Methodist sermon there in 1837. Since that time the growth of the Church and Colony has gone on together. Readers of this book will have their eyes opened to many new facts. Mr. Blackett is an Australian Wesleyan minister, and has spared neither time nor labour in making his account of the sixty years' work accurate and full. In order to carry this out, not only old records have been searched, but much ground has been travelled over in order to seek out and interrogate old colonists. Though really a history of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, much will be found in this book to interest Primitive Methodists. Honourable mention is made of the pioneer preachers, Revs. J. Long, J. Wilson and W. Storr, who, though they have gone to their reward, are still remembered by many living to-day.



The Connexional Outlook.

BY PROXY.

THE PRESIDENT'S ILLNESS.

—Regret has been felt throughout the Connexion on account of the illness of the President of the Conference. Not specially robust in physical constitution, it is to be feared that the extraordinary strain of the last three months, combined with his eagerness for work has brought on what, it may be hoped, is only a temporary collapse of strength. The District meetings always bring to the General Committee Secretary a large amount of business, and when to this the duties of the Presidency are added, the position of necessity becomes exceedingly trying. Besides, this year Mr. Goodman has retired from the General Committee Secretaryship, and he had therefore not only to remove to a new house, but to leave the affairs of his office in a condition that would render it easy for his successor to take hold of the business. All these circumstances are in part responsible for what has taken place. The newspapers have reported on the immediate cause of the collapse. Hurrying to the train on his way to the Quarterly Meeting of the General Missionary Committee, which was to be held at Leicester, he was seized with sharp pains at the heart, and at Kettering had to be taken from the train. For the time the attack was not only serious, but dangerous, but by careful nursing and the blessing of God, in about twenty-four hours he began to show signs of improvement, and though the recovery has been slow, with one slight relapse, it has continued, so that good hope now is entertained that he will shortly be restored completely. Meanwhile, it seems desirable to suggest that the churches that have arranged for visits from him must exercise patience and not press too eagerly for his services. It is a calamity, no doubt, that they should be deprived of his presence and help, but it would be a much greater calamity were he to have a serious relapse, and the attack is just of the character that requires care and absolute rest for a time. The greatest sympathy will be felt for the President and Mrs. Goodman, and from all the churches prayers will go up to God that his life may be preserved and his health restored.

REV. JOHN ATKINSON.

—As we write the sad intelligence reaches us that the Rev. John Atkinson has entered into his eternal rest. It is not usual, in this section of the magazine, to make reference to the death of a minister, but there are exceptions to all rules, and it is fitting that in the case of one so distinguished for his gifts and service, a brief word should be written at the present time. In due course the official memoir will appear. Few men have been possessed

of the ability of Mr. Atkinson, fewer still have used their ability as freely in the service of the Church. His gifts were so exceedingly varied. His business ability would have enabled him to build up a great commercial establishment; his knowledge of, and interest in, politics, together with his readiness as a writer, would have made him a successful journalist; had he been a member of Parliament he would have won a foremost position as a debater in the House of Commons; a well-informed theologian with a firm grip on the fundamentals of the faith, he nevertheless kept an open mind to the results of modern investigation; and busy man of affairs though he was, he still remained a reader of books, and a diligent student. As a preacher he was logical, earnest, and withal, very convincing; as an administrator, perhaps, taking him all in all, the Connexion has not seen his equal. Altogether he was a man of large proportions, and the loss to the Church caused by his death will prove very serious. Most of all, this loss will be felt in the business courts he was accustomed to attend. It will hardly be denied that on the floor of the Conference, in debate and in counsel, he was easily first. The position was won by various circumstances. It was not simply that his logic was more convincing than that of others. In addition, he impressed his audience with the idea that a far-sighted and absolutely honest man was speaking, one who perceived better than most all the contingencies involved in a given situation, and the course likely to prove safest and most successful, and also that he never argued to gain a personal victory, but only to secure the adoption of what he believed to be a wise policy. We regret, for our own sake, the loss of a dear personal friend, but far more we sorrow over this event because we are convinced that, wanting him, the Church, in its various courts, may make mistakes from which his clear intellect and cogent reasoning might have saved her. And this tribute to a great and good man must not be concluded without a word regarding his capacity for work. Only those who know him best, and have sat beside him for days, have any adequate conception of the amount of work he was able to get off his hands. It was not an uncommon thing for him to work from six in the morning till two or three on the following morning, allowing only short intervals for meals, and this not for a day or two, but day after day, for weeks together. And, almost impossible as it may seem, however long the strain continued, his intellect never flagged, or lost for an hour its clearness of vision. We write from long and intimate knowledge of the man, and are certain there is no exaggeration in applying to him the words, "We shall

not look upon his like again." He died from collapse of strength succeeding a virulent attack of influenza. Not easily did his iron frame succumb, but after the fever had left him he was not able to take much food. The end came on Sunday evening, August 6th.

THE SEPTEMBER QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

—The September Quarterly Meetings, which in a few days will be held in all the circuits of the Connexion, are scarcely less important than those held in March. No doubt a special interest is felt in the latter because of the bringing up of the yearly reports for the District Meetings and Conference. But if in March the churches take stock of the result of the year's work, in September it is usual to make arrangements for aggressive work during the approaching winter. May we bespeak, for the sake of the Church we all love, and also in behalf of the interests of the Kingdom of God, a bold and enterprising policy. Whatever may be said in favour of prudent measures, it is the churches that have faith in God, in the cause, and in themselves that are progressive, and whilst the over-prudent are stationary, or, as is even more frequently the case, on the decline in numbers and spiritual power, those who attempt daring things succeed even beyond their highest anticipations. By a careful observation of a large number of circuits in all parts of the country we have arrived at certain definite and strong convictions regarding what is needed to bring back the days of prosperity that were enjoyed in former times. There are circuits to-day, both on the foreign field, such as Aliwal North, and several at home that could be named that are advancing in all respects in a manner that might almost have awakened the envy of the most successful of the fathers, whilst, alas, others are standing still and blaming the conditions,—conditions which it is their business to alter—for their non-success. It is, perhaps, too late to urge an increase in the number of ministers employed, for this year at least, but this is a matter that should be borne in mind against next March. But let the preachers do their best both in pulpit preparation, and when they are in the pulpit. Let their preaching be ethical, as well as very earnest, for no aspect of Gospel truth disturbs men's consciences to the same extent as its ethical aspects. Besides, it is an ascertained historical fact that in every great revival of religion, whether it has been national in its range, or only confined to a section of the Church, or even purely local, the preaching has been largely ethical. Let the churches as a whole, too, realise their mission, and work with this before them as a definite aim, and success will be realised. It is specially pleasing to note that some of the churches have continued their soul-saving work through the summer months, and every week are able to report conversions. The revival at Middlesbrough, which began more than

two years ago, is as lively and successful now as when it began. At other places conversions are reported. This kind of success is needed everywhere, and, we believe, might be realised if the churches were equal to their privileges, and had the tact of seizing the occasion. Many of the circuits are welcoming their new ministers. Let them do so in a spirit of loyalty, resolving that they will not be captious and critical, but by a spirit of appreciation, discern the good that is in them, and use it in the interests of the cause of Jesus Christ.

OUR MISSIONARY FIELD.

—At the Quarterly Meeting of the Missionary Committee, held in Leicester at the end of July, it was stated that of the Home Mission Stations, ten reported increases in their membership amounting in the aggregate to twenty-three; sixteen stations reported the same as last quarter; and seven reported a decrease of twenty-eight. This leaves a nett decrease of five as the outcome of the quarter's work, by no means a satisfactory result. No doubt, during the coming winter this decrease will be turned into a substantial increase, but it should be possible to avoid these discouraging reports every quarter. The more prosperous stations are handicapped in this general report by those whose decline is chronic, and in the case of some six or eight of them, it seems a matter of regret that they cannot be given up altogether. Year by year money and labour, which might yield good results elsewhere, are spent upon them without any hope of return.

—Much of the time of the Committee was spent in adjusting the grants so as to meet the requirements of the new rules relating to ministers' salaries. There is ground for fear that the Committee will not be able to make the payments from the Sustentation Fund according to rule unless something is done on the one hand to increase the missionary revenue, and on the other to inspire a spirit of greater independence in the stations. Some £1,600 was voted this year more than last. This is a large amount. It is not more than the Connexion can raise, but it is questionable whether the grants should be made in every case, quite up to the amount asked for. Some of the members of the Committee steadily opposed the line taken, but although from time to time they adduced strong reasons for their action, they were in a minority, and only in a few instances succeeded in getting the proposed grant reduced. Last year was a time of exceptional prosperity, and the missionary income was greater than in any previous year. But the balance in hand in July was only £1,200 more than a year ago, whereas £1,600 more was voted in grants. This leaves a serious deficiency, even should the income be maintained. Most of the stations, it is certain, need all the grant they are getting, but there are others, probably only a small proportion, which, with a little spirit and enthusiasm might do with less.

—The Church of the Saviour, at Birmingham, is proving a great difficulty to the Missionary Committee. Mr. Bage, the present superintendent, has accepted an invitation to another station for next July. We cast no blame on him personally for this, but it is useless denying the fact that these constant changes are not to the advantage of the mission. A committee has been appointed to secure another minister. Their task will not prove easy. What is needed is a man in the prime of life, of proved administrative and preaching ability to superintend the work, who will be on the ground constantly. And, with due deference to those who believe in other methods, such as the employment of Bible women, we venture to suggest it might prove an advantage to employ a second minister who will work as second in charge, and dispense with all other agencies. Not that the kind of agency to be employed is the question of first importance. A strong man at the head of affairs, and earnest plodding work will not fail to build up a strong Church there, whatever other agency may be employed.

—It is too early to speak with confidence regarding what will be the outcome of the action of the Conference in relation to the Edinburgh Station, but it may be named that the reports are encouraging. Rev. S. Horton has had a warm and kindly welcome extended to him, both by the Church and representative ministers of other denominations, and he is hopeful himself of success. Those who know Edinburgh best will share that hope. The station should never have sunk into its present condition. A little tact, and a large amount of devotion and hard work, with average pulpit ability are all that are needed to establish strong Methodist Churches north of the Tweed. There are churches there healthy and prosperous, that have been built up from the ground during the last twenty years, and similar work might be done in the Scottish capital.

—From Banni, on the island of Fernando Po, Mr. Barleycorn reports that the meeting-house is too small, and asks permission to build another. At last, after all these years of labour and anxiety, the missionaries in that heathen land are beginning to gather in the sheaves. Until recently they were regarded with suspicion by the natives at Banni; now, however, the farmers of the surrounding district are beginning to attend the religious services, and are manifesting a friendly spirit to the people at the mission. The signs, at least, are promising. At Aliwal North, even larger increases in the membership are now being reported. It is well known that circumstances have been very much against progress in missionary work in this part of South Africa during the past three years. The rinderpest made the work of the natives on the farms unnecessary, so that they were compelled to leave the district to find employment. This plague was followed by a great drought. Amidst all these disadvantages, however, additions to the membership were made,

though on a smaller scale than those to which we had become accustomed. Now these difficulties have disappeared and the missionaries are forging ahead. The work is attracting to it godly men resident in South Africa. The Committee had under its consideration letters from Aliwal North, in which a Mr. Walter Hogg offered himself for an artisan-missionary at Zambesi. Mr. Hogg is a Scotsman, in the prime of life. His wife is dead, and he has sent his children to Scotland to be educated. He is one of those men, true colonists, who can turn themselves to any kind of work. He has been a brickmaker and a fruit grower, and at the present time is a trader or store-keeper. He has been a most useful official on the Aliwal North Station, and in two or three of the recently established churches has been invaluable in superintending the work. The Committee resolved to send certain inquiries to him, and if the answers are satisfactory, he will be sent to help the missionaries in Mashukulumbweland.

THE EDUCATION QUESTION.

—At a recent meeting of the Connexional Committee on education, it was resolved in the name of the Connexion to join the Liverpool Free Church Council in protesting against the action of the Liverpool School Board in altering the Free Church Catechism, and using it in their schools. To say the least, it is questionable conduct on the part of such a body of men to interfere with the work of another body of men, who, as catechism-makers, are probably as capable as themselves. But as Free Churchmen, we object to all catechisms, including that of the Free Church Council, being taught in the day schools of the nation. The only right teachers of religion to the children are their parents, Sunday School teachers, and other agents of the churches, and such other persons as the parents may choose. This is the simple Free Church position, and with it there must be no trifling. To depart from it in any way will prove highly dangerous. The District Committees are to be asked to do their best to supply accurate and detailed information of cases in which hardship has been suffered through the working of the Education Acts. That there have been such cases no doubt can be entertained, but the sufferers and their friends have hitherto been unwilling to give the necessary information lest they should be even more badly treated. It should be understood, however, that the details required by the Committee need not endanger anyone in this regard. No names, either of persons or places, need be given, all that is required is that other particulars should be forthcoming so that an intelligent narration of facts can be placed before the Government. The Wesleyans have succeeded in obtaining some striking proofs of the hardships endured by some of the members of their community, and a large number of similar

instances have occurred among our own people. It is desirable that the evil should be remedied, and the Connexional Committee are certain that a report of particular cases could be presented to the Government without risk to anyone.

CHAPEL BUILDING IN LEICESTER AND ELSEWHERE.

—Some time ago the church worshipping in Nicholas Street sold their chapel and schools. The site was an excellent one for business purposes, but with the removal of the population towards the suburbs it was not well situated as a centre of religious work. New premises have been erected on a corner site in Hinckley. Taking the schools and chapel together they are probably the best suite of premises of which the Connexion can boast. Their outstanding features are usefulness, and a certain modest chasteness and quiet beauty. Nothing has been spent on "loud" decorations. The cost is about £10,000, and the architect, Mr. H. Harper, of Nottingham, as well as the trustees and congregation, is to be congratulated on the completion of the

beautiful structure. The church stands in a new neighbourhood that was in need of more church accommodation, so that this may be regarded as a real forward movement. In addition, however, the Primitive Methodists at Leicester bought the whole of the material, stone-work and wood-work, of the old chapel in Nicholas Street, and with it have erected yet a second new chapel in another new part of the town. Thus the change has given them two chapels in place of one, both of them in localities much more suitable than Nicholas Street for the prosecution of religious work. The beautiful and costly church in Northumberland Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, is approaching completion. It will be opened in the month of October this year, and will have cost not much short of £14,000. The London churches, too, despite many difficulties, are courageously entering on new building enterprises. The latest is at Harringay, North London, where a satisfactory commencement has been made with new premises that will cost £4,000.

The Wider Outlook.

METHODIST CONFERENCES.

—Important business has been transacted at the Conferences of the other Methodist Churches. One of the most interesting, and at the same time one of the strangest proceedings in the Wesleyan Conference, was the alteration of the rule regarding the Order of the Pastoral and Representative Sessions of the Conference. Not that the change made is of a revolutionary or sweeping character. Indeed, notwithstanding the fears of some of the older men, those who are not Wesleyans will be inclined to christen the whole affair with the Shakspearian title, "Much Ado About Nothing." Previously, the representative session has been sandwiched between two pastoral sessions. Henceforth it is to stand at the beginning of the Conference, save that the President and Secretary must be elected before it enters on its business. The number of the representative Conference is to be increased from 450 to 600, the number of additional laymen being sixty. To outsiders who are not believers in the Divine Right of Priests the whole affair will seem paltry. For laymen must have nothing to do with the election of the President; nor can they speak or vote on any matter pertaining to the stationing of the ministers. This last disability is a serious matter, and surely, wholly unjust. For laymen may be supposed to be as much interested in the kind of ministers that are appointed to the stations as the ministers themselves, and in many cases will understand better the needs of the circuits. But the strange and interesting part of the business was that the mover

of the proposal was the Rev. H. Price Hughes, and the seconder, the Rev. Dr. Rigg, two old antagonists, supposed respectively to be the leaders of the liberal and conservative sections of the Wesleyan body. No wonder the President, the Rev. F. W. Macdonald, was inspired to say some smart things on the occasion. For the President is perhaps the smartest humourist the Wesleyan ministry possesses, not even excepting that famous ex-President the Rev. W. L. Watkinson. In nothing, however, will Primitive Methodists be more disappointed than in the position taken by the Wesleyan Conference on the drink traffic. On this, the greatest evil of our times, they have always been laggards, but at this time of the day the conscience of the nation is awake regarding the evil, and Wesleyan Methodism must no longer tarry. A resolution was moved to the effect that no one engaged in the drink traffic should be an official in the church. The delegates of a Primitive Methodist Conference would probably have carried the resolution after substituting the word member for official. But even this mild proposal was not carried. This and some other matters that occurred will prove a cause of regret to the best friends of Wesleyan Methodism. But no one who understands that great Church, and the work it is doing, will withhold from it their admiration and praise. Its membership during the last forty years has increased by 140,000; the ramifications of its machinery are almost boundless; it commands probably greater wealth than any Nonconformist Church in the country; and to a remarkable

degree it succeeds in gathering into its fold both the rich and the poor. Despite the Conservatism it reveals in many things, it shows a wonderful elasticity in others, and in nothing is its wisdom more apparent than in the use it makes of the different types of genius springing up from time to time in its ministry. Whether the man be a Dr. Dallinger or a Thomas Champness, it finds a place for him, and what is much more to the purpose, his right place.

—The Methodist Free Church Annual Assembly has resolved to raise a Twentieth Century Fund of one hundred thousand guineas. This is a bold undertaking on the part of a body numbering only 83,000 members. And yet our friends are confident they will succeed. The Conference also passed a resolution raising the minimum salary of ministers to £110, so that it may be said of our friends that they have been inclined to devise liberal things.

—One of the matters emphasised both at the Wesleyan Conference and at the Methodist Free Church Assembly was that sermons should not be read. It must have been a dramatic moment when, on the occasion of the ordination of the young Wesleyan ministers this year, the retiring President asked if any of them were in the habit of reading their sermons, and paused for a reply. Men who have not a ready flow of language should make up for the deficiency by a more careful study of the verbiage, as well as the thought, of the sermon. It is little excuse to say that their mental constitution makes reading necessary. They should in such circumstances either seek to alter their mental constitution, or give up a vocation to which neither nature nor Providence has called them. The work of grappling with the conscience and arousing in men a sense of sin is too important to be attempted by methods that are doomed beforehand to be ineffective, and young men, at least, whose habits are not yet fixed, will do well to avoid this serious evil.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

—Reference has already been made to the manner in which the Wesleyan Conference has dealt with the Temperance question. The difficulties of the legislators in the Wesleyan Conference ought in fairness to be recognised, and the desire of the great majority of our sister-church for the spread of temperance principles has been made abundantly manifest. It is not more than justice to say this. The subject has received attention from almost all other religious communities. There can be no doubt that whole-heartedness in dealing with this question is an absolute necessity. If the cure be not found soon we are afraid the results to the life of the nation will be disastrous. Some striking facts and figures were placed before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland a few days ago. It was stated that 120,000 persons die every year from the effects of drink in the United Kingdom. The Na-

tional Life Boat Institution saves 497 per year at a cost of £117,000, that is a little more than one life a day is saved at a cost of £321, whilst the drink destroys 327 lives a day at a cost of nearly £500,000, for the drink bill for the year is £154,000,000. We spend fabulous sums of money on the medical profession, hospitals are built and maintained, many thousands of doctors and nurses are kept, some of the greatest intellects are trying to discover new methods of fighting disease. The admiration of thoughtful men is awakened by the efforts made to lessen the sufferings of the race caused by sickness. Two of the most serious and fatal forms of disease are consumption and cancer, but the drink destroys more lives than both these diseases put together. And yet there are 178 clergymen who are shareholders in Guinness and Co., and yet the parliamentary Commission appointed to inquire into this recognised evil is hopelessly divided in its opinions. It is too late now, and with such a Government as Lord Salisbury's, it would have been useless at the time to protest against the constitution of the Commission. Still, a fair-minded man would hardly expect from such a body of men an impartial report. It was supposed to consist of eight temperance men, eight in "the trade," and eight neutrals. But seven of the eight neutrals are supporters of the Government, who for all practical purposes are in league with the trade, and only five of the temperance eight are total abstainers. Some of the so-called neutrals, too, are in the trade, at least one of them is a shareholder in one of the largest breweries in the country. Something valuable would be accomplished if action were taken on Lord Peel's plan. When he joined the Commission he was perfectly unbiassed, but the facts brought before him had made him an ardent temperance reformer. By his plan, in seven years, 1,400 public houses would be removed from London alone. Not much need be expected from the present Government, but the inquiry should prove of value to the next Liberal Government. A memorial signed by 10,815 clergymen of the Church of England has been presented to Lord Salisbury praying for Sunday closing. Sir Wilfrid Lawson has reminded these temperance reformers of the Established Church that they should have some influence with the present Government, seeing it was largely due to them that they were now in power. This is probably another instance of the worthy baronet's wit. No man knows better than he that it is useless to expect any good to come out of the unholy alliance between Beer and the Bible.

THE CONFERENCE AT THE HAGUE.

—Optimists, in the newspapers and magazines, and on platforms all over the country, are doing all they can to squeeze a little consolation out of the results of the Great Peace Conference. They must find it a thankless task. One fact stands out promi-

nently, it has failed utterly in the object originally contemplated. The Czar, very likely with the best intentions, expressed a desire to arrest the growth of the armaments of the Great Powers of Europe. The strain had become intolerable. Through it Spain and Italy have become bankrupt; Austria and France are staggering under the burden of taxation they have to carry; Germany is a little better, but is, nevertheless, suffering terribly in this respect, and Russia, a large portion of whose population is every two or three years visited with famine, is constantly in extremity for the want of money to carry out its aggressive policy. A humane sovereign like the Czar naturally desired some relief for his own people at least, and full credit should be given to him for his noble intentions. But nothing whatever has been done to arrest the growth of armaments, either in the matter of land forces or ships of war. Let the optimists note this fact. Far otherwise, when some months ago, after the proposal for the Peace Conference had been sent from St. Petersburg, Mr. Goschen offered to reduce the British naval programme if Russia would reduce hers, he received a negative reply, and in Russia, Germany and France shipbuilding for war purposes has been carried on more rapidly during the past six months than at any previous period. These Powers seem resolved to deprive Great Britain of her naval supremacy, so that no alternative is open to the British Government,—they must continue to increase their fleet also. The achievements of the Conference are two. First, a Court of Arbitration has been established, and second, certain resolutions have been passed which are intended to lessen the horrors of war should war break out. Regarding the first, it is to be noted that arbitration is not compulsory, so that any nation is at liberty not to call in the services of the Court, and judging by the temper of the nations in times of crisis, it seems probable that the Court will not be kept very busy. Would the existence of a Court of Arbitration have prevented France, or Germany, two or three years ago from making war on Eng'and? Hardly. And before the Hague Conference arbitration was always available to those who desired it. As for the attempt to make war more humane, we have still less faith in this than in the utility of the Court of Arbitration. When nations are at war they will seek to do each other as much harm as possible. Our hope for the coming of a day of peace rests not on Conferences and sovereigns and statesmen, but on the people, who are the real sufferers, both in times of war, and in the preparations for war made in times of peace. When they shall have become sufficiently educated to understand how much they lose, and how little they gain from the ambitious warlike policy of their rulers, sufficiently Christianised to see that war is criminal, and sufficiently manly to be able to enforce their views on the

minority who now hold the power in all the nations, not only will the growth of armaments be arrested, but the armies will all be disbanded, and the soldiers sent to more Christian, and at the same time, wealth-producing labour.

THE ARCHBISHOPS AND RITUALISM.

—During the past few months a new court has been established in the Church of England. Whether it is quite legal or not may be doubted. It has come into existence through the clamour of the ritualistic party in the Church, who were not satisfied to have what they call spiritual questions decided in an unspiritual court like the House of Lords. And now the new court, composed of the two Archbishops, has pronounced judgment on the first case submitted to its jurisdiction. The judgment is a very elaborate and lengthy document, dealing with many difficult points of law and usage, and going back for its authority to the times of Edward the Sixth and Elizabeth. The question that has called into exercise the judgment of the Archbishops is the important one of the legality or otherwise of Lights and Incense-burning in the churches. It seems a most childish affair to engage the thought of these learned men, but they have dealt with the matter in a serious spirit, and have done all that mortals could do to arrive at a sound conclusion. The result of their inquiry is that it is illegal to carry lights in procession in the churches. But it is not illegal to use lights for purposes of decoration, etc., so that it may be concluded it is quite legal to keep lights burning day and night at the altar. Similarly, it is illegal to burn incense ceremonially. But, seeing that it has been so from an ancient period, it is quite legal to burn it for fumigatory purposes. Having arrived at these decisions, the Archbishops proceed to urge the clergy to obey the judgment given, and to remember their ordination vows. One is led to ask what is the value of a decision like this? It will hardly create a flutter in the hearts of the ritualistic clergymen. If they obey it, and cease to use lights and incense in processions, they will continue to use them otherwise, and in a ceremonial sense, too. Further, by this time everybody knows something of the elasticity of the High Church conscience, and they may decide that the judgment of the Archbishops applies only to the two cases that were being tried. Nonconformists will be inclined to smile at the whole matter. If there are people benighted enough in England at the end of the nineteenth century to imagine that the lighting of candles and the burning of incense is worship, they are to be pitied. Behind all this, however, is the main point, the claim of the priest to be a man of a special order, a miracle worker, the retainer and the remitter of sins. And the only remedy for the evil is disestablishment.



REV. ROBERT HARRISON.

Rev. Robert Harrison.



THE Rev. Robert Harrison has won for himself a high position as one of the foremost preachers in the Connexion, as an ecclesiastical statesman and a careful and successful circuit minister. Nature has been generous to him, and has dowered him richly with many and varied gifts; not the least enviable, perhaps, being that persistency and power of plod which have enabled him to make the best use of all the others. It was said of Campbell the poet, "that he was born to sing; it was his nature to blossom into song as 'tis a tree's to leaf itself in April." So Mr. Harrison seems to have been born to preach; for he has all the qualities which go to make the successful preacher. A good appearance; a voice rich in cadence and of considerable compass; an easy and natural method of expression; a ready and receptive mind, and that magnetism of personality which ever differentiates the born speaker from the man who has merely learnt to talk—it is no wonder that he has steadily made his way until he has come to be regarded as one of the front-rank men in the Church he loves so well, and which he is serving with such marked ability.

Mr. Harrison is a conspicuous example of how hard work and natural endowment can be made to supply the lack of early educational advantages. His parents were poor, and his schooling "was pinched both in quality and quantity." He was born on December 6, 1841, in the city of Carlisle. His mother taught him to revere the pioneers of the Connexion, and frequently talked about Johnny Oxtoby, Flesher, William Garner and others, who thus early became the boy's heroes. He was but young when he passed into the "Valley of Decision," and came out a follower and lover of Jesus Christ. Consecrated service followed conversion, and we find the young recruit engaged, first, as a teacher and then as assistant superintendent, in the Cecil Street School, Carlisle.

Then when he had been tried and proved, the call came to him to enter the ministry. His first circuit was Selby, and his first superintendent, the Rev. Thomas Greenbury—then in the hey-day of his popularity—about whose kindness he speaks with grateful recollection. He soon won his spurs in the quaint old-world Yorkshire town, and some of the older people still remember his fresh, unconventional ministry, which was blest to not a few. From there he went to Market Rasen, and then to Gainsbro', where, under the superintendency of one of the mighty men whose name

and deeds live in the history of the Connexion, the Rev. William Harland, he finished his probation. He next removed to Hornsea, and after serving that circuit with growing acceptance and usefulness, went to Hull, which was henceforth to claim a large share of his ministry. Hull Second, Hull Third (twice), (eight years), Hull Fourth, Hull Fifth, and now Hull Fourth again, have all been under his charge, and he must now be regarded as one of the makers of Primitive Methodism in the metropolis of the Connexion. In Grimsby, also, he did magnificent work—a lasting monument of which remains in the beautiful church in Flottergate. In Sunderland he not only served the Tatham Street Church well, but he impressed the town as few ministers have done. Indeed, the same story has been repeated in nearly all his circuits, and of none is it truer than of his last. He has built and opened, free of debt, a chapel at Willerby, built schools at St. George's Road, and has put new life and vigour into the whole activities of the circuit.

His success is largely due to the fact that he has adopted spiritual means to attain spiritual results. He has no faith in the methods of the music-hall for filling empty churches. He believes in the attractive power of the Cross. Jesus Christ is the world's need. To raise the tone of the Church has been his first aim. A spiritual Church will have drawing power. He has never forgotten the work of Methodism is "to spread Scriptural holiness through the land." The doctrine of the Sanctification of Believers has found in him an eloquent and continual advocate, and in this I fancy he would be inclined to place his success. To him has been given the joy of reaping as well as the labour of sowing. Nowhere more at home than in a revival, it has been his delight to point many to the suffering Saviour.

It says much for the process of study and education going on all through the years of a strenuous life, that he should be elected to the distinguished position of Governor of Elmfield College, and it is to be regretted that after a short time of office he was compelled to resign owing to the health of his wife breaking down. Twice he has been elected as the General Committee Delegate of his District, and his name has been mentioned more than once in connection with the highest office in the gift of the Connexion. He is also a Director of the Insurance Company and its Deputy Chairman. He has served his District in various offices, and has always taken a lively and practical interest in the Connexional Orphanage.

It is difficult in a short sketch to give in due proportion an adequate idea of a life so many-sided. It is easy to seize on outstanding points, good or

bad, but the life can only be judged by the strength and flow of its ordinary level. Dr. Johnson, when he heard that Boswell intended to write a life of him, declared that if he thought Boswell really meant to write his life he would prevent it by *taking* Boswell's. It is difficult even for our most intimate friends to know us truly, and even if they know us, to faithfully record their impressions. This, however, I wish to do in this article. Mr. Harrison has both faults and failings—nobody would admit that sooner than himself—but they are of the kind which are most obvious to the mere observer. He has the failing of his qualities. But those who know him best, who have seen his inner life, and who have worked shoulder to shoulder with him, all testify to his true-heartedness, his kindness and sympathy. If he quickly resents an injury, he as quickly forgives. He has large individuality, and prefers to act on his own initiative than to work in the ruts made by others.

He never lowers the ministry in the eyes of his people; they respect him because he respects his own office. Generally speaking, he takes broad and statesmanlike views of things, and is sure always of a respectful hearing for his views, even when he cannot get others to adopt them.

As a speaker he is clear, forcible, sometimes eloquent, and always worth listening to. We have heard him deliver speeches which would compare very favourably, for depth of thought, clearness of conception, and beauty of diction, with the utterances of some who have gained world-wide fame as speakers. We shall never forget listening to his address on the Lord's Supper at the Sunderland Conference. It was all in all, the most beautiful and striking deliverance on the subject which we have ever heard.

He has written some very excellent articles for our Connexional magazines, and shared with the Rev. Henry Woodcock the authorship of "The Students' Handbook to Scripture Doctrine." The pity is that he has not found more time for literary work, for which both his personal gifts and his extensive reading eminently qualify him.

As a preacher, Mr. Harrison appears at his best. The pulpit is his throne. He has never undervalued his calling, but recognised that it demands his best. He does not insult the intelligence of his congregations by offering them that which has cost

him nothing. He takes beaten oil to the sanctuary. Uniformly, his preaching reaches a high level. He keeps himself well abreast of modern criticism, and while his sympathies generally are with the conservative school of Biblical critics, he keeps an open mind, and is always anxious to get at the truth. His sermons are practical and instructive, vivified with gleams of imagination from a mind saturated with Bible poetry and story. His love of the beautiful finds expression in many a telling illustration picked up in the lanes, fields, or on the moorland or mountain. "Purple patches" abound in his sermons, revealing the fact that he has the seeing eye and the receptive soul.

He loves the quiet and beauty of country life, and though the greater part of his ministry has been spent in large towns, never enjoys himself more than when ministering to a village congregation. The quaintness and simplicity of country life appeal to him, and many a good story can he tell of the doings and sayings of Yorkshire yeoman and Lincolnshire labourer. He enjoys a *bon-mot* exceedingly, and has a vein of humour in his nature which enables him to see the lighter side of life.

He is a social reformer as well as a Christian minister, and has taken an active interest in all that means the social uplifting of the people. He has been most fearless in the advocacy of Nonconformist principles, and is ever ready to defend his Church, and to give a reason for the hope that is within him. More than once he has crossed swords with Ritualistic clergymen, who regard Nonconformity as schism, and has given proof that he can easily hold his own. He has fought sturdily the battle of unsectarian education, and was chairman of the Driffield School Board during his stay in that town.

In his wife he has found a true helpmeet, and it is a source of both sorrow and sympathy that during later years Mrs. Harrison's health has been so precarious as to compel her largely to withdraw from the active duties of Church life in which formerly she delighted.

Mr. Harrison has just taken over the Secretaryship of the Hull Sites Committee, and is showing a very great interest in this new and important development of our work in Hull. We wish him long life and joyful service until the day when the Master shall crown his life with a "Well done."

S. H.





The Purple Robe.

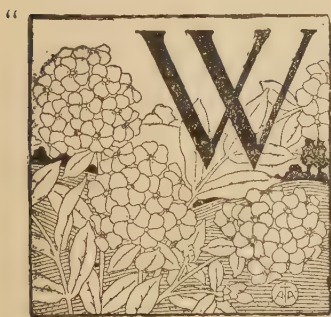
A STORY FOR THE TIMES.*

By JOSEPH HOCKING,

AUTHOR OF "THE BIRTHRIGHT," "MISTRESS NANCY MOLESWORTH," "ALL MEN ARE LIARS,"
"THE STORY OF ANDREW FAIRFAX," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOW ALIZON RECEIVED RUTLAND'S CONFESSION.



WHAT do you wish to say to me?"

They were standing alone beneath the trees which line the road leading to the Pincio. The night had turned cold, and not a single soul was in sight. A great gloom seemed to rest

upon everything. Churches, squares, streets, were deserted; it looked like a city of the dead.

"I go to Naples to-morrow."

"So soon?"

"Yes. I cannot stay in Rome longer. I—I—well, I simply cannot, that is all."

There was a tremor in Rutland's voice as he spoke, and Alizon noted it. Perhaps she understood its meaning.

"I wished to be able to spend a few minutes with you alone before going," he continued.

Alizon was silent.

"You see," stammered the young man, "I came here to—to—; but you know. You held out a little hope to me when we were in Lancashire, just before I was taken ill. Not much, but a little. You hinted that if we were one in faith, if I could accept your creed, you might, great as is the distance between us, perhaps, in time, return my love."

"I remember," replied Alizon quietly.

"When I was struggling back to health, I determined to come here, so that I might see your faith manifested at its head-quarters, and at its best. I made up my mind that I would look for the best, that I would endeavour to fasten on those things which might help me to believe."

"Well?" said the girl, and there was a tremor in her voice.

"I simply cannot, that is all, I simply cannot!"

"Cannot what?"

"Miss Neville, you know I love you. I have tried to kill my love, tried to forget you. But I cannot. I love you more and more. To win your love I would do anything, everything in my power. I have been tempted to be a liar, to—to stultify my conscience, that I might have a chance of winning you for my wife. But I cannot do it. I cannot confess what, to me, is a mockery. Perhaps it is my education, perhaps my temperament, but the Protestant faith is to me a great truth, while the distinguishing features of the Papacy, are to me so many fables. And so, remembering your words, I—I must give you up."

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"What words?"

"That you would rather die than be unfaithful to your Church, that you would destroy any love that stood between you and your religion. You remember, don't you?"

Alizon walked by his side with bowed head.

"Whatever illusions I might have had about the Papacy," continued Rutland, "have been dispelled here in Rome. To the man who loves truth there is no rest for the sole of his foot. Forgive me, Miss Alizon, I am afraid I shall wound you, but I cannot help speaking plainly. All these beautiful stories which abound here, and which have been sanctioned by what is claimed to be an infallible Church, have to me, no more foundation in fact than the story of Cinderella. In other words your infallible Church is day by day bolstering up pretty myths, which were born of ignorance and credulity. On every hand I find that the simple truths of the early Christians have been paganised by your Church; I find that the priests in order to retain the semblance of a power which was never theirs in reality, have all through the years, either consciously, or unconsciously, been deceiving the ignorant concerning their rights."

"Have you the right to say this?" cried the girl. There was passion as well as pain in her voice.

"The right!" cried Duncan almost passionately. "Think of all these sacerdotal claims! what foundation are there for those claims either in history, in reason, or in the Scriptures. Apply any test you please, and the result is the same. Then take the claim that yours is an infallible Church. Either it is that, or it is a colossal deception. Its claim for power rests on that assumption. Infallible! Why, read its history for yourself. For fifteen hundred years it has been proclaiming aloud that its vaunted infallibility is a mere will-o'-th'-wisp, the veriest phantasmagoria that was ever foisted upon an ignorant community. As for the infallibility of the Popes, hedge it however you may by sophistical interpretations, it is just as vain, just as foolish. Here again it is simply a struggle for priestly power unsupported by reason, by history, by tangible evidence or divine mandate. Infallibility of Popes! Alexander VI., Julius II. the mouth-pieces of God! Paul V, a representative of Him who said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me'!" The young man laughed bitterly.

"This Rome," he went on, "is the veriest Mecca of superstition. Think of it all, think of it, with its healing wells, its miracle-working images, its gaudy ceremonials. No wonder educated young Italy is leaving the Church wholesale. Why, you know that the restoration of her ladyship's health is attributed to the power of the Bambino! What evidence is there for the truth of it? The same evidence that there is for the thousand and one other things. The whole thing crumbled in the light

of common sense, and at the very first touch of critical investigation.

"Besides, religion is transmuted into something poor and often childish. Salvation is obtained by little observances and childish credulity. Why, think of your *Santa Scala*. Fancy a thousand years' indulgence obtained by going up a few steps on one's knees. As though salvation was not something infinitely higher than all this.

"Forgive me, Miss Alizon, I am afraid I am speaking bitterly. I am like a man signing his own death-warrant. You have been reared in Papacy, and thus it is very dear to you, but I cannot help it, I must speak plainly. I go away into loneliness, and the sky of my life will be black; but I must be truthful. It is like pulling out one's heart-strings to give up all my hopes; but I felt I must speak plainly before bidding you good-bye for ever."

"Good-bye for ever?"

"Yes, for my own peace of mind, I must never speak to you again after to-night. I shall not see you if I can help it. Seeing you is only deepening the old wound. Oh, you don't know how I love you, you don't know how hard it is to say what I have been saying."

For a few seconds there was a silence between them.

"Are you sure," said the girl presently, "that you have tested everything fairly—that is from your standpoint?"

"All my life I have been more or less a student of Church history," answered Rutland, "but for a year I have been reading your side of the question, I have studied your writers, and have tried to understand their explanations. Since I have been here at Rome I have tried to see things from the Roman standpoint; but, oh, it is impossible, impossible! Take the New Testament on the one hand, and your faith on the other, and you can hardly find a similarity between them, the latter is only a caricature of the former, a travesty of the greatest truths God ever gave to men. I cannot help it, Miss Alizon, years ago I was a Protestant by education, now I am one by conviction, and God knows I would have given anything to have been convinced otherwise."

"Are you sure?" asked the girl, with a husky voice, "are you sure that you are drawn away from the Catholic faith, rather than towards it?"

"Oh yes, I am sure. If inclination were the most powerful factor in my mode of life, I would sink everything at once, and join you. But I cannot. It would be intellectual suicide. Reason forbids it, conscience forbids it, God forbids it. Whatever course others may take, for me it would be an unpardonable sin to stultify my best life at the altar of a played-out fallacy."

"Why, think," went on the young man, "I should by such an act make myself a slave. A few days ago I asked you to visit the American

Episcopal Church in order to see those pictures by Burne-Jones. And you dared not go, because it was a Protestant Church. While in Protestant England you are not absolutely forbidden to enter a Church of the reformed faith, here in Papal Rome, such liberty is taken away. You are forbidden to read the best books in the world. Why, think of it, the other day I saw a list of writers whose works were placed on the Index. I saw the names of Descartes, whose writings are invaluable to a student of theistic philosophy, of Fénelon, of Malebranche, of Locke, of Mill, of Renan, of Edgar Quinet, of Edmund de Pressensé, as well as that of the pious Lamennais. Even Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables* is regarded as a stumbling block to believers, and Lamartine is a forbidden author. You know what the Bishop of Tolisco told us some time ago. If the Catholic Church were powerful again, he said, the Index would be enforced everywhere. Think of what it would mean! Why, the death-blow to knowledge would be struck, the advancement of learning would be a thing of the past, ignorance would be triumphant, and the nations would be composed of millions of slaves, who followed blindly at the heels of a power which forbade free investigation. No, no, Miss Alizon, I cannot help it, I cannot help it. When I came here, I was filled with Ritzoom's idea of a great united Church. That, too, has been dispelled. There is a kind of uniformity, but real unity is unknown. We of the Protestant Churches have far more real unity than you. The true Church is a spiritual kingdom, a great spiritual idea, a mighty spiritual life moulding the life of men. And in that spirit, in spite of the freest investigation, the Protestant Churches are united. We are bound by no arbitrary laws, we submit to no artificial rules and orders, but I have come to learn that the truest unity prevails among us, we are united to work and live for Christ's spiritual kingdom."

They had left the road which led to the Pincio, and had turned towards the Via Nazionale. Indeed, they had traversed the Via della Quattro Fontane, and had turned down the street past the Methodist Episcopal Church, which led to a square which was filled with evergreens, and which was beautified by great fountains of waters. They took no notice of the few pedestrians who passed them, indeed, as they entered the square they found themselves quite alone. The sky was cloudy and dark, but the electric lights revealed everything clearly. In the near distance in the Via Nazionale, they heard the rush of traffic, but in the square all was silent save for the splash of the fountains.

"And is that all?" said Alizon presently. She spoke as if with an effort, and Rutland saw that her face was pale, and that her eyes burned with an unnatural light.

"That is all I need say," replied Rutland, "I am grieved to have pained you, but I could not help

speaking, could not help telling you why I am obliged to give up a hope which—which—but never mind. I have been living in a fool's paradise. Let us return."

"No," replied Alizon, "not for a few minutes. I am very tired. I will sit down on one of these seats."



"SHE SAT DOWN LIKE ONE WEARY, WHILE RUTLAND STOOD BY HER SIDE."

She sat down, like one weary, while Rutland stood by her side. Neither spoke a word for some time. Presently Alizon shivered.

"You are cold," cried Rutland anxiously. "Let us return."

Alizon arose in silence.

"What time do you leave to-morrow?" she said.

"I think there is a train somewhere between eight and nine," said Rutland. "I shall go by that."

"Then we must say good-bye to-night."

"Yes," replied the young man. "Perhaps I had better not speak to her ladyship, I will write her from Naples. I think you understand, don't you?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"It will be best, don't you think so?" The man's voice was hoarse. It was evident that his life was shaken to the centre. As he said, he was like one signing his own death-warrant, and yet he could not help speaking the words which he felt were destroying for ever the possibility of realising the desire of his heart.

She walked by his side around the square like one weary; but she did not speak.

"You are tired," said Rutland, "let me call a carriage."

"No," she replied, "let us walk around the square for a few minutes; it is quiet here, and it is not yet late."

There was apparently no feeling in her voice. At least Rutland thought so, and his heart became somewhat bitter.

"Haven't you a kind word to speak to me?" he said presently. "I suppose I am nothing to you, how can I be? But—but— O God! Miss Alizon, help me to bear it."

"To bear what?"

"What! You know. My leaving you for ever may be nothing to you; but it is like death to me."

"Then why—why leave?"

"Why leave? Oh, don't mock me! You know what you told me. And—and really I cannot bear to—to be near you any longer, knowing that every breath I draw in your presence is strengthening a love which is hopeless."

The girl was silent. Presently, however, a new light shone in her eyes.

"You—you are sure what you say is true?" she said.

"What?"

"That you—you —"

"That I love you!" cried Duncan. "Oh, don't mock me! I cannot bear it. Why, you know that without you everything will be—but there, why should I repeat it? You know that I have given you my life, and that I cannot take it back."

"Then don't go to Naples to-morrow."

"Don't go to Naples to-morrow! Why?"

"Because, because— Oh, Duncan, don't you know?"

CHAPTER XXIX.

AFTERWARDS.

ALIZON NEVILLE'S secret was out at last, she had told Rutland more than he had dared to hope for.

"Do you mean that?" he cried, "do you mean that you—you wish me to stay, that you—you——"

They were in the square alone beneath the olive trees, no prying eyes were near, no listening ears overheard the girl's confession.

Duncan caught her hands in his, and looked into her eyes. He had forgotten all about the differences in their faith, forgotten that she had been reared in a world different from his own. They were man and maid together, and they loved each other. At that moment neither realised what must inevitably lie before them, or even if they did, it did not blight their happiness. They feared nothing; anger, threats, persecution, were as nothing. In many respects the supreme moment of their lives had come, and everything save their love was forgotten. For let who will say otherwise, there is nothing, humanly speaking, so wondrous, or so great, as the joy of the man who knows that the love of his heart is returned. A few minutes before Duncan's sky was black, he saw nothing before him but a life of loneliness and disappointment. His life's work would have to be done under the shadow of unfulfilled desires, and the cravings of his heart would never be satisfied. Now all was changed. Alizon loved him, and in that knowledge the world became new.

"You are sure?" he said presently, "you are quite sure? Tell me quickly. Your answer is everything to me."

"Yes," she said, and in her voice was a laugh and a sob. "I—I could not help it," she added.

A second later their lips met in their first kiss, and Duncan Rutland and Alizon Neville were betrothed.

For a time they were oblivious to everything save their own happiness. Had they been some village lad and lass wandering in a country lane, their love-making could not have been more simple, they could not have cared less for the eyes of the world. She was only a girl of twenty, and he a few years older. They forgot to be conventional as they whispered to each other the words that transformed the cold dark night into a June morning.

Realities came back to them presently, however. The fact of their difference of faith came rushing back to the young man's memory. He remembered that she was a Catholic, and that she had regarded him as an enemy to the truth.

"You will forgive my being what you call a heretic?"

"You are not a heretic."

"Alizon!"

"Oh, I have been wanting to tell you for days past, only I dared not. It would seem as though—but you know."

"What do you mean, Alizon? Surely, surely—has God given you light?"

"It was no use. I held on as long as I could. Before I knew you I did not think, I simply accepted. I believed that to doubt was sin. I said in my heart that the greatest thinkers of the world had settled all these matters. That the Church was infallible, and that those who were outside its pale were outside salvation. I—I held to this while you were in Lynford, and I came here hoping and believing that you would be converted. But, Duncan, sin or no sin, I cannot believe longer."

"Not in your Church?"

"No, it is impossible to me. I—I, oh, I cannot tell you all I've gone through since I have been here. I dared not speak to anyone about it. I was afraid even to tell my mother. You see,—I am afraid even you cannot understand."

"Yes, I think I can. But tell me, tell me everything."

"I don't know why, but I've been so disappointed since I came to Rome. The Church is not what I expected. Its ideals are so poor compared with what I hoped. It seemed to resolve everything into a system, and to support this system at whatever cost. And this, while I could not argue about it, fell short of my longings. But that which really made me begin to doubt was that—that Bambino."

"Yes, I understand."

"Oh, I cannot explain it. The priests and the nurse believed so implicitly, without any tangible evidence, just as they seemed to believe everything else. And then that night, after mother had fallen asleep, and you had left us, I went into the drawing-room, and that priest, Brother Francis, was lying on a sofa asleep. In spite of my anxiety, I almost laughed. And then I saw a New Testament lying on a table. As you know, it is a forbidden book to Catholics. That is, no Catholic is allowed to read it except under the supervision of the priest. I looked at it, and saw that it belonged to you."

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, I read for hours. Perhaps you have wondered where the book was?"

"I thought I had lost it."

"I have had it ever since. I've read it through time after time, praying for help and light. Oh, it is a wonderful book, and no one can realise what a revelation it has been to me."

"And that is all?"

"It is all that can be put into words, but I think you can understand."

That was the happiest night of Duncan Rutland's life. All, and more than he had ever hoped for had come to pass, the impossible had been

realised. The fair girl who walked by his side had promised to be his wife.

"I must go and tell your mother, Alizon," he said presently.

"Yes—and—and you will not go to Naples to-morrow?"

"Not unless you will go with me."

The girl laughed a happy laugh.

They walked back towards the hotel together, along the Via della Quattr Fontane, and down the steps past the tablet to the memory of Keats, into the Piazza di Spagna. The square was almost empty, and a great silence seemed to rest on the city.

"You remember the night we walked here together?" said Rutland.

"Yes, I remember."

"I can scarcely believe my own ears yet," said Rutland. "It seems impossible that the faith of many generations should have left you."

"I cannot understand it myself. I held to it as long as I could, I reminded myself of the penalties which would be imposed, I thought of what I had believed, but nothing mattered. I simply could not believe. Doubtless, there is much that is true, much that is beautiful in the system; but its claim to be the only Church, and an infallible Church, is simply absurd. And so—oh, Duncan, you don't know how I struggled, but it left me."

"And religion itself, Alizon, religion in the broader, grander sense of the word. What of that?"

"Christianity is become very much greater. I can see it everywhere now. It is not limited to the narrow channels in which some would confine it. I see its manifestations in all good thought, in all upward desire. I see it in its love for liberty, for justice; I see it even in the desire to be free from the restrictions of the creeds of men. It is now more than a sect, a community; it is a new spirit permeating the lives of men and women. I see its results in better books, better education, better governments, better everything."

"Yes, that's it."

"At first this was all vague. I could not conceive of a church outside a historical and visible community. I thought it must have a visible head, and its official priesthood. Now all that has become the mere trappings of men, the inventions of men. You remember those words of Christ, 'The Kingdom of God cometh not by observation, for lo, the Kingdom of God is within you.' Well, I compared His words with all the teaching of Romanism, and—and, well, I cannot put my thoughts into words; but you can understand."

"You have told your mother nothing?"

"No, nothing. I have not dared."

"She will be very angry, will she not?"

"Duncan, you must help me. The Nevilles have been Catholics for hundreds of years, and

mother is an implicit believer. Oh, I am afraid to think of what she will say."

"We will know to-night. I cannot bear the suspense."

"You are not afraid, are you?" Alizon asked the question with a little laugh.

"Not now," said the young fellow, looking at her with eager eyes.

"Because—because, there will not only be mother, but Father Sheen, and Father Ritzoom, and—and all the rest."

"I was not afraid of either of them when you were against me, Alizon,—now I am afraid of nothing."

A few seconds later they reached the hotel.

"I am going straight to my room, Duncan," said Alizon. "I expect Lady Ingram will have left before now. Mother will be waiting for me."

"Will you not speak to her to-night?"

"I—I don't know. I am such a coward."

"You a coward, Alizon?"

"Yes. If I were not I should go with you to— to speak to mother. Would you rather I did?"

"Not if it would pain you."

They walked along the corridor together towards Lady Neville's rooms.

"Good night, Alizon."

Alizon was silent.

"Won't you say good night to me?"

"Not yet."

"Why?"

"I won't be a coward, Duncan, I will go with you."

"No, don't. Your mother's anger will have spent itself after a little while, and—and I will take all the blame."

"Please don't help me to be a coward, Duncan," said the girl. "No, no, I must go with you."

There was such a look of determination in her voice that he could not resist her; besides, the fact that she desired to stand by his side, and to share the brunt of her mother's anger, gave him joy untold. And yet he knew not what to do. He knew how loyal Lady Neville was to the faith of her fathers, knew how bitterly she would resent her daughter's desertion. He wished to save Alizon from words which he was sure would be spoken, longed to take to himself everything which might wound her. And yet he reflected that he might help her by being near her; and he longed more than words could tell to shield her from all pain. For himself he cared nothing. Since Alizon's declaration he felt that he could face anything. The thought of her love made impossibilities possible. Remembering the words she had spoken, he felt strong enough to brave the anger of not only Lady Neville, but of all the dignitaries of the Church as well.

"It is no use, Duncan," repeated Alizon, "I am going with you. I should never forgive myself if

on the night of our—that is, if on this night of all others, I was afraid to stand by your side. You will let me come, won't you? I—I do so want to stay a little longer with you, you know!"

The wilfulness and the winsomeness expressed in the same breath, conquered the young man. Like all other lovers, he was but as clay in the hands of the potter. He knew that now, as always, the will of the girl by his side would be his also, and that she, because she loved him, would will for the best.

They entered side by side, the room in which Lady Neville sat awaiting her daughter.

CHAPTER XXX.

HOW LADY NEVILLE RECEIVED THE NEWS.

LADY NEVILLE looked up from the book she had been reading with a smile on her face as her daughter entered. Then, as she saw Duncan, the smile changed to a look of questioning.

"Lady Ingram has just gone," she said quietly, "and I was wondering how long you would be. How are you, Mr. Rutland? It was a very imposing ceremony at St. Peter's to-day, wasn't it?"

"Very," replied Duncan.

"Did you get near His Holiness?"

"Oh yes, thank you. He stopped for a minute close to where I stood."

"Ah, that is well! There was such a crowd that I was afraid you would be unable to obtain a sight of him. He is a wonderful man, isn't he? Fancy such strength at ninety. He must be under an especial Providence; doubtless he is. Don't you think so?"

"I trust we are all under an especial Providence," replied Rutland, "but he is a very wonderful old man, very wonderful. Thank you very much for giving me the opportunity of seeing him."

"Oh, that is all right! I hope it may continue to be a source of satisfaction to you. Alizon, you look pale and tired, I think you had better retire."

"Lady Neville," said Rutland, "you must wonder why I have taken the liberty of calling to-night. If you will allow me, I will tell you in a few words."

"By all means." She looked into his face as though she expected a pleasant communication.

"I have come to tell you that I love your daughter, and to ask your consent for her to become my wife."

Lady Neville looked at him with speechless astonishment.

"I do not quite understand you, I am afraid," she said presently.

"I love Alizon," he repeated simply. "I have loved her for nearly a year now."

"You love Alizon!"

"Yes, Lady Neville."

"And—and you have told her this?"

"Yes, I have told her."

"And she? You, Alizon?"

"She has made me a happy man, perhaps the happiest man in the world." His voice was husky, and he spoke quietly, almost reverently.

"When did she tell you this?"

"To-night."

Lady Neville rose to her feet, her eyes flashed with anger. Rutland would not have been surprised if she had bidden him leave the room.

"Alizon," she said presently, "will you leave us?"



"ALIZON FELL ON HER KNEES AT HER MOTHER'S FEET."

Mr. Rutland and I had better speak of this matter alone."

"I would rather not, mother."

"What do you mean?"

"Only this,"—Alizon's face was very pale, and her lips were tremulous, but she mastered herself and spoke quietly. "You will accuse Duncan of things which he will not deny, and which will not

be true; you will say what you ought not to say to him—and—and I wish to stay."

Lady Neville was evidently very angry. She toyed impatiently with some trifles on the table by her side, and seemed in doubt as to what she should say next.

"Do you think you have acted honourably with me, Mr. Rutland?" she asked presently.

Rutland was silent; he was afraid at that moment that he ought to have told Lady Neville of his love months before.

"Is—is this your return for the—the kindness I—I have tried to show you?" she continued. Had she not been very angry she would never have spoken in this fashion; but under the circumstances she could barely govern her words.

"Perhaps I ought to have spoken to you before," replied Rutland. "Possibly I ought to have told you on the night I discovered my love. But in those days it seemed pure madness on my part to lift my eyes to Alizon."

"It is still," replied her ladyship. "That, of course, must be understood."

"I know it, and yet I cannot help it," was Rutland's response.

"Will you tell me the history of this foolishness?" said her ladyship presently. "Perhaps when I know that I can show you how—how utterly impossible it is for me to countenance the affair."

"I am afraid its history is my own history after I came to Lynford," replied Duncan. "You know how I was thrown into contact with Alizon, and—and I could not help loving her."

The young fellow said this so humbly, yet so manfully, that for a moment her ladyship felt less bitterly towards him. Perhaps she thought of the time when her own heart first warmed towards Sir Charles Neville, and the memory of that time made her young again.

"And how long is it since you first spoke to Alizon about this foolishness?" she asked.

"It is some months ago."

"And why did you not tell me?" asked Lady Neville, turning towards her daughter.

"Because," and Alizon spoke steadily, "because I hoped then that Duncan's love was only a passing fancy. It was altogether strange to me, and it seemed so impossible that I could not entertain it seriously. Besides, I did not tell you because I thought if you knew you would forbid his coming to the Priory."

"Certainly I should, and what then?"

Alizon was silent, she did not know how to express her thoughts. Lady Neville, however, interpreted her silence rightly, and for a moment the position staggered her. Here was surely a strange outcome to her plans for the young minister's conversion. How blind she had been never to have thought of this contingency! She remembered that she had invited Rutland to the Priory, had remonstrated with him when he failed to take advantage of her invitations.

"Tell me the whole truth," she said angrily. "Was it at your wish that my daughter did not tell me of your madness?"

"It was not," cried Alizon. "I—I thought he would forget it, and it was I who suggested that

his words should be regarded as not spoken. Duncan never hinted at such a thing."

The girl seemed to take a pride in taking all possible blame on herself, it was for this reason that she had insisted on taking her place by his side during the interview.

"But did you give no encouragement when he first spoke?"

"No," said Duncan; "none at all. She told me that even if she could ever care for me, she would destroy all possibility of affection while I remained a Protestant."

A sneer curled her ladyship's lip. She thought she saw how matters stood, and she despised the young minister accordingly. Still, it might be for the best; the man who could change his faith in order to win a girl would not be difficult to deal with. Some sort of compromise could be effected somehow. Besides, if he professed conversion to the Catholic faith he would be under the discipline of the Church. The whole affair was terribly disappointing, but it might be all for the best. Immediately she became more cool and collected, she was able to talk with more deliberation.

"Well, and so I suppose you began to be drawn to our faith."

There was a touch of scorn in her voice, for she was a high-souled woman. Faith to her was a sacred thing, and she could not conceive how any one could associate base considerations with matters of religion.

"No, I do not know that I was drawn to it," replied Rutland; "but I loved Alizon so much that I said I would study the whole ground again, that I would read Catholic books, and understand Catholic arguments."

"Yes, well."

"As you know, I did not visit the Priory for months. I dared not, I—I was not strong enough. I tried to destroy my love for Alizon, but I could not."

"No, I suppose not." Lady Neville felt sure she knew what was coming, and began to form plans whereby she could deal with the whole business.

"I need not say what I endured. I tried to be faithful to my Church, I tried to do my duty by all. Then I was taken ill."

At that moment Lady Neville felt that perhaps his mental struggle was real. The doctor had declared that the young minister had nearly killed himself by overwork and anxiety. Besides, his voice had a ring of truth. Doubtless, then, he was telling what had actually taken place, and thus his conversion was real. It was as she had hoped, with the exception of his madness in loving Alizon. The case would be difficult to deal with, still, it could be dealt with. She wished that Rit-zoom were in Rome, he would be able to advise with her. Well, and why not? A telegram would reach

him in a few hours, and in three days he could be in Rome, meanwhile the matter could be left in abeyance.

"Yes, you were taken ill," said her ladyship, "but you recovered. What then?"

"I reflected that I had never seen Romanism at its head-quarters," said Rutland; "that although books had failed to convince me, the sight of Rome, the home of the Vatican, and the centre of the system, would do so. For, for I am afraid I wanted to be converted. You see I loved—"

"Yes, yes. Well, you came to Rome. And I suppose the work of the Church, her services, her history, and a sight of the Holy Father, did convince you?"

"No," replied Rutland quietly, "no, they did not convince me."

"What! do you mean then—that—"

"I am still a Protestant, Lady Neville. I am more convinced in my opinion than ever."

Lady Neville was staggered. Her castle of cards had fallen to the ground; with one blow all her plans were destroyed.

"Then how dare you as a Protestant, as a heretic, dare to speak to my daughter again?" she asked angrily. "I trusted you as a gentleman. For that reason I consented to her accompanying you on some of your journeys. Is this your idea of acting as a man of honour?"

Alizon opened her lips to speak, but Rutland stopped her.

"I did not betray your trust," replied the young man. "As you know, Father Matthew accompanied us in all our journeys, and neither by word nor sign did I act other than as an acquaintance to whom you had been kind."

"Then to what circumstance do I owe the honour of this visit to-night?"

"It was my fault," said Alizon proudly. "I will speak,"—this to Duncan, who tried to answer Lady Neville's question. "This morning after our visit to the Sistine Chapel he asked me to grant him an interview; and knowing that you would be engaged with Lady Ingram, I told him that I would give it him to-night."

"I begin to see," said Lady Neville. "But may I ask the subject of discussion?"

"He told me that he was going to Naples to-morrow," cried Alizon excitedly, "he told me that—that he dare not, that is he could not be in my society any longer."

"It was my fault," cried Rutland. "I had tried to accept your faith; but I could not. I remembered that Alizon had told me that even if she felt any love for a Protestant, she should feel it her duty to destroy it, and so I gave up all hope of ever winning her. And—and I could not bear being in her company, because I was consumed with a hopeless love, so I made up my mind to go to Naples. I know I was wrong,—that is, perhaps I ought to

have gone away without speaking to her; but I could not help it. So I—I told her that I must remain a Protestant because—because Romanism seemed a string of fables, and that I must never see her again."

Rutland got out this speech stammeringly, and with great difficulty. He scarce knew what he was saying, but in his heart was a great desire to take all blame upon himself. In his excitement, however, he uttered words which had better be left unsaid.

"I see," said Lady Neville, "you told Alizon that you must bid her good-bye for ever. Very proper, and very romantic. But why do you come here? Why this mad confession and this more than mad request? Why have you not gone to Naples?"

"Because I asked him not to go," cried Alizon.

Her face was very pale, but her eyes burned brightly. In them was an expression of determination which told her mother that she was not to be turned aside from her purpose. As she spoke, moreover, she looked up into Duncan's face, and the look made Duncan's heart warm with joy, and strong with resolution.

He was proud beyond words of her declaration, and yet he wanted to shield her, wanted to take the brunt of her mother's anger upon himself. And so he spoke wildly, unheedingly.

"It is all my fault," he cried, "I—I should have acted otherwise; but—"

"It was not his fault," cried Alizon proudly, "I asked him to stay, because I could not help it. He loved me, and has loved me for a long time; and I love him, and I could not bear for him to go away."

"Alizon!" cried Lady Neville.

"Oh, I am grieved to cause you pain," cried the girl, "and, oh, mother, I don't love you the less; but surely you can understand, surely you can feel for me. I cannot help it!"

For a moment Lady Neville's eyes grew soft, and she seemed like yielding to the pleading of her only child; but only for a moment. Anger and disappointment steeled her heart again, and she spoke almost harshly. Besides, she did not know the whole of the truth yet. What she had heard was but the preamble of what to her was almost as cruel as death itself.

"No, I cannot understand," she said bitterly. "How can I understand? Can you not see the madness of your request, the mockery of your position? How can you love a man who does not belong to your station in life, and who is—but why need I repeat it all? You feel this, Mr. Rutland, you can understand the impossibility of—of everything you ask?"

"No," cried Rutland. "I know I am your inferior in worldly position. I do not belong to a great historical family; but—but God has made us

fit for each other. And—and I love her like my own life!"

"Love!" sneered Lady Neville.

"Yes, I love her," cried Duncan. "I do not profess any other worthiness than this. She is all the world to me. I know I am a poor man, but—I am not a clown."

There was a touch of pride in his tones. Alizon's love had made him bold, besides, he knew that intellectually he was Lady Neville's equal, and he prided himself upon being a gentleman.

Perhaps her ladyship felt this as she looked at him. True he did not belong to any of the families who might claim to be her equal, and he had not the bearing of a society man, but he looked what he was, a manly man. He had thrown aside his overcoat, and stood in evening dress by Alizon's side. There was nothing small nor weak about him. Both face and form were well moulded. His eyes shone clear and bright, and his words, though spoken under the influence of a great excitement, were those of a man of feeling—a man with the instincts of a gentleman. Even as he stood there, she thought of Arthur Stanley who had sued again and again for Alizon's hand, and to whom she had leant a comparatively willing ear. She mentally compared the two men, physically, intellectually, morally, and she had to admit to herself that in all the true essentials of manhood Stanley was by far inferior to Rutland. Place them side by side in the best of society, and Rutland would attract attention while the other would be ignored. Rutland would claim respect for his intellectual ability, and for his learning, while Stanley would be regarded as a heavy-headed country squire, and she had to admit, too, that the young minister's ideals concerning life were far higher than those of the other. Thus he was far more fitted for a husband for her daughter. She had respected Rutland even when he was Father Sheen's opponent in debate; after she had invited him to the Priory she regarded him still more highly. She

had learnt to regard social position at its proper value, and because she was a high-souled woman she realised wherein true aristocracy lay. But this was while she thought of Rutland as simply a possible valuable convert to the faith she loved. Besides, her somewhat advanced social ideas were largely a matter of theory. She had never contemplated putting them into practice in a way that would closely touch her own family life. Admitting Rutland to her house as an interesting and gentlemanly young Protestant who might be converted to the Catholic faith was one thing, considering him as a possible husband for her daughter was another, and so it was impossible to seriously consider the proposal he had made, even although Alizon had yielded to a love that was madness.

"I do not say you are a clown, Mr. Rutland," she said quietly. "But what you ask is impossible, impossible!"

"Why?" asked Rutland.

"There are many reasons why, any one of which would be sufficiently strong to keep me from granting my consent. But I will give one, the one you have felt yourself. You are a Protestant."

"Yes, I am a Protestant," replied Rutland quietly, "but I am sincere in my faith."

"Yes, but Alizon is a Catholic, and while I respect you personally, that is, I have respected you in the past, I could never consent for Alizon to marry a—that is, a man of different faith."

"But, but——" stammered Rutland, and then he stopped. He knew that the revelation which hung upon his lips would be harder to bear, even than the confession of Alizon's love for him.

He tried to speak again, but before his words formulated themselves into a sentence, Alizon fell on her knees at her mother's feet.

"Mother, mother," she sobbed, "forgive me, but I have been obliged to give up my old faith."

(To be continued.)

"For Me."

To-night I bow before the Son of God
And kiss His feet—once piercéd feet, *for me*,
On that sad journey up to Calvary
When on Him pressed the cross so heavily.

To-night I clasp the loving hand of Christ,
That dear, strong hand,—once piercéd hand
for me,
That tender clasp speaks to my trembling spirit,
"Child, I will never loose My hold of thee."

To-night I gaze into the face of Christ,
And see therein a smile—a smile *for me*,
A smile of love, of peace, of pard'ning grace,
Oh! 'neath Thy smile, Lord, may I ever be.

To-night I meet and speak with Christ, my Lord.
I'm all His own, and He is all *for me*.
Seal now my consecration, King Divine,
Unto Thy service, wherein I am free.

LOUIE WOODCOCK.



A "Famous Scot"—Andrew Melville.



O series of famous Scots would be complete without the name of Andrew Melville—one of the greatest of them all. Nor is this little monograph by Mr. W. Morrison unworthy of the greatness of the subject. Too often Scots reformers have been presented from episcopal or anti-Presbyterian standpoint, with the result of misrepresentation, if not of caricature; here, however, the picture is fairly, even sym-

pathetically, drawn. It is the more welcome, because more natural, for the sprinkling of the salt of the old Scots tongue.

The Scottish Reformation falls into three epochs, the Knox period, when Roman domination in Scotland was overthrown; second, the Melville period, when Presbyterianism was established and asserted itself as the prevailing form of Church order; third, the Covenanting period, culminating in the Revolution of 1688. In the opening act of the great drama the name of John Knox towers above all others; in the second, Andrew Melville may be described as John Knox *secundus*, a man of far profounder learning and of equal intellectual grasp, keener in debate, and equally fearless—the Hildebrand of Presbytery; not so powerful in the pulpit as Knox, nor had Melville's life the exciting events of his great predecessor's. One thing is clear—but for Melville John Knox's work would have been undone; or, at least, the yoke of episcopacy would have been fastened upon Scotland. Let us not forget that Melville had able and faithful helpers: such as his nephew, James Melville, David Black, Robert Bruce, and others, but his was the master spirit in defeating the plans of King James and his creatures, Lennox and Arran; indeed, it is not too

much to say that but for him Scotland would have been lost to evangelical Christianity.

The year of John Knox's entrance upon a public career, 1545, was Andrew Melville's birth-year; his father being laird of Baldorey, hard by Montrose. This boy was the Benjamin of the house, the youngest of nine sons. The father died on the battlefield of Pinkie when the child was four years old; and the death of his mother when he was twelve left him an orphan. Happily he found as good a home as a boy could desire in the Manse of Maryton, where his eldest brother was minister. Angus, as this region was then called, was famous in the annals of the Reformation; here George Wishart was born and reared; here, too, was the estate of Dun, the home of the celebrated John Erskine of Dun; and here John Knox evangelised for months. Among the friendships Andrew formed was a David and Jonathan kind of one with his nephew, James, the eldest son of his eldest brother, who became to Andrew as his right hand—his companion, adviser, and able defender; most of our knowledge of the uncle is from the quaint pen of the nephew.

Andrew's scholarly bent showed itself early. "He was fashioned to much honour from his cradle," as our Shakespeare says. "He was a sicklie, tender boy, and tuk pleasure in nathing sa meikle as his buik." St. Andrew's was his *alma mater*, and when he finished his curriculum he was known as "the best philosopher, poet, and Grecian, of any young maister in the land." Then followed a long course of study in the most renowned schools of learning in Europe. This *wanderjahre* stretched out into a decade; all the while he was garnering precious stores of intellectual wealth. If he was sickly as a child, in these years of wandering he acquired a toughness of physical texture and a robustness of health which stood him in good stead throughout his stormy life. Mr. Morrison tells us

that "He was short of stature and of great agility, high-spirited, brave, the cheeriest of companions, full of resource in emergencies, and with an artful humour; he could outwalk his friends, and was fresh at the end of a long travel, while they lay down 'lyk tired tykes.'"

On his return to Scotland in 1574, his fame had preceded him; he was offered a court chaplaincy, but he was never the courtier; then came the more congenial option of the Principalship of his own University of St. Andrew's, or that of Glasgow. His heart leant to his *alma mater*, but Glasgow needed him most, so thither he went. To say that he re-created the different "faculties" of the college, and infused life into them, is to state the barest of facts. Having crowded the class-rooms here, he migrated to the Principalship of St. Andrew's. But he was soon launched out on to the stormy sea of public service; a light like his could not be hid. Scotland was in a chaotic state, socially, politically and ecclesiastically. King James was a boy of eight years; his deposed mother was a prisoner in England; John Knox had been two years in his grave, and the reins of government were in the hands of the avaricious Regent Morton, who resolved to be supreme for his own ends; he further resolved to bring all ecclesiastics under his thumb, and ultimately establish Episcopacy. Although the Roman "Mass system" had been abolished by Parliament, the frame-work remained, the bishops drew their revenues, the parsons were in their manse, and in many places held the churches against the Reformed preachers. Then came Morton's crafty, infamous system of, what some have dubbed as, "Tulchan Bishops." These bishops held office, but the revenue went to Morton and the nobles. History has caught and held the stinging epithet, "Tulchan," which was a stuffed calf set up to make the cow give her milk. To destroy this infamous device Andrew Melville fought for five years. In 1580, not only were diocesan bishops abolished, but "superintendents" went likewise, as being an order above the ministers. It was a wonderful triumph for one man in so short a time, and against king, regents and nobles. James assumed all his kingly powers when he was twelve, though he gave himself and his kingdom into the hands of two favourites, men without a scintilla of conscience or honour, mere adventurers. Esme Stewart became at once Duke of Lennox and Lord High Chancellor, and another Stewart became Earl of Arran. After the "dinging down" of the bishops under Morton came "this bigging (building) of them up" by Lennox and Arran, whose ultimate purpose was the re-imposition of the Roman yoke; and so Melville's process of "dinging down" had to be gone through again. He was on his way to Perth to lay before the boy-king the Assembly's remonstrance against the setting up of the Bishop of Glasgow, when he was told that Lennox and Arran had boasted that if

he came to the city they would "have his head." His answer was instant and Luther-like: "I'm nocht fleyed nor feible-spirited in the cause and message of Christ. Come what God please to send, our commission sal be dischargit." The feeling of the country was so strong that they dared not touch him; all through the populace was with him. It was a sight to see him standing in the King's Council resisting the Glasgow bishop's appointment, and laying on the table Articles of liberty. Arran scolded and blustered and threatened, defying him to sign these "treasonable articles" in the presence of the king. Melville turned upon his assailant—"We dar, and will subscrieve them," and as he spoke he took the pen from the clerk, and writing his name, handed the pen to his co-deputies, who signed theirs, and left the attested document on the king's table; no wonder that king, Lennox, Arran, and nobles were dumbfounded.

We pass over the Raid of Ruthven, and the downfall of the two favourites, though Arran recovered his position and power, and with it an intenser hatred against Melville. For a time it seemed as if the battle were going against the Reformers. Arran, under the tyrannical "Black Acts," strove to subdue the Assembly to a mere creature of the king; compelling all ministers to sign an act of submission, and, sad to say, many of them did, and strangest of all, among them was John Erskine, of Dun, and John Craig, Knox's colleague, and even John Durie signed. Disturbances broke out in many places; Glasgow College was closed, and its rector banished; the friends of liberty were in jeopardy; Melville himself was doomed to prison, but escaped to England. To add a still darker shade to the picture, the plague appeared in the larger cities. In this period of darkness chaos reigned; the country was in a ferment; the cause of Reform seemed to be at its lowest ebb, for the king and Arran were bent upon its destruction. This was the darkest part of the night, but it was just before the dawn. The banished nobles and the Border chiefs combined in a movement against Arran, and they marched to Stirling, where the king was, and Arran had to fly. James was ever fickle, and an arrant coward, so that he quickly came to terms. Melville, and the ministers with him, returned and resumed their labours, and had the great satisfaction, after a couple of years' struggle, of wiping out the stain of the Black Acts from the statute book. The king's marriage brought him into one of his angelic moods. The new queen was crowned in Edinburgh with Presbyterian ceremonies; she having been reconciled to Melville, asked him to compose and recite the Coronation Ode. In the Assembly of 1590, the king was almost ecstatic, "He fell furth prasing the Kirk, as the sincerest Kirk in the world. As for our neighbour Kirk in England, it is an ill-said mass, wanting nothing but the lifting." This was but an evanes-

cent mood of one whose real opinion was, No Bishops, no Church. This Scots King Solomon, "the wisest fool in Europe," was doubtless gifted in some respects, but contemptible in most. No one ever despised his blustering on the one hand, or his cajoling on the other as Andrew Melville, and yet he acknowledged the dignity of his position. There is preserved the record of an interview that will live as long as Scottish history survives—the scene in Falkland Palace in 1596. Two months before the king had packed his Parliament with his creatures to condone the rebellion of Huntly and the Popish lords. The Assembly deputed its Moderator, Andrew Melville, and others to remonstrate. James attempted to browbeat the deputies, till "Mr. Andro brak uf upon the king and bure down and outtered the commission as from the mightie God, calling the king bot 'God's sillie vassall;' and taking him by the sleeve, says, throw manie interruptions: 'Sir, we will humblie reverence your Majestie alwayes, namlie in publick, but sen we have this occasion to be with your Majestie in privat, and the truethe is yiear brought in extream danger, bothe of your lyfe and crown, and with you the countrey and Kirk of Chryst is lyk to wrak, for nocht telling yow the truethe, and giffen of yow faithful counsall, we mon discharge our dewtie thairin, or els be traters bothe to Chryst and yow! And thairfor I mon tell yow, thair is twa kings and twa kingdoms in Scotland. Thair is Chryst Jesus the King and His Kingdom the Kirk, whose subject king James the Saxt is, of whose kingdome nocht a king nor a lord, not a heid, but a member. And, sir, when ye were in your swaddling-cloutes, Chryst Jesus rang (reigned) freely in this land in spyte of all His enimies.'"

The king bent before the storm and declared that the Popish lords should get no grace from him.

But nothing could be frailer than King James' word.

It would be interesting to trace the future career of this great, fearless man as he led his band of heroic spirits in their unceasing struggle with king, prelates and courtiers, who by force, by fraud, by bribes and treachery, set up again and again in Scotland what Scotland would not have—the king's diocesan bishops. Melville's was the manliest figure in the celebrated Hampton Court conferences; courteous, yet bold; firm as a rock, yet conceding where concession could be made; as learned as the best of them, yet not pedantic. His stinging wit in a metrical Latin lampoon cost him his liberty for two years, as a prisoner two years in the Tower, where he had Sir Walter Raleigh for fellow-prisoner. In 1611, the irate king so far relented as to grant the prayer of the French Ambassador that Melville might go to the then flourishing Protestant College of Sedan as one of its professors, but he was to see Scotland no more. Ten years of useful teaching followed, and in 1622, when he was seventy-eight, this valiant soldier of Presbyterianism and liberty, was called home to God. To the last his interest in the struggle going on in his native land never abated, nor did his faith in its ultimate success ever decline. In debate, as in learning, he had few equals and no superior; he was tender, beloved and self-forgetting; his weakness was an impetuous spirit and an explosive temper. In explanation he was wont to say, "If my anger is from below, trample upon it; but if from above, let it rise." This much remains—The Church of Scotland would not have been what it was, nor the life of the people either, but for Andrew Melville, and Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier have done well to add him to their "Famous Scots' Series."

A. B.

The Poet's Dream.

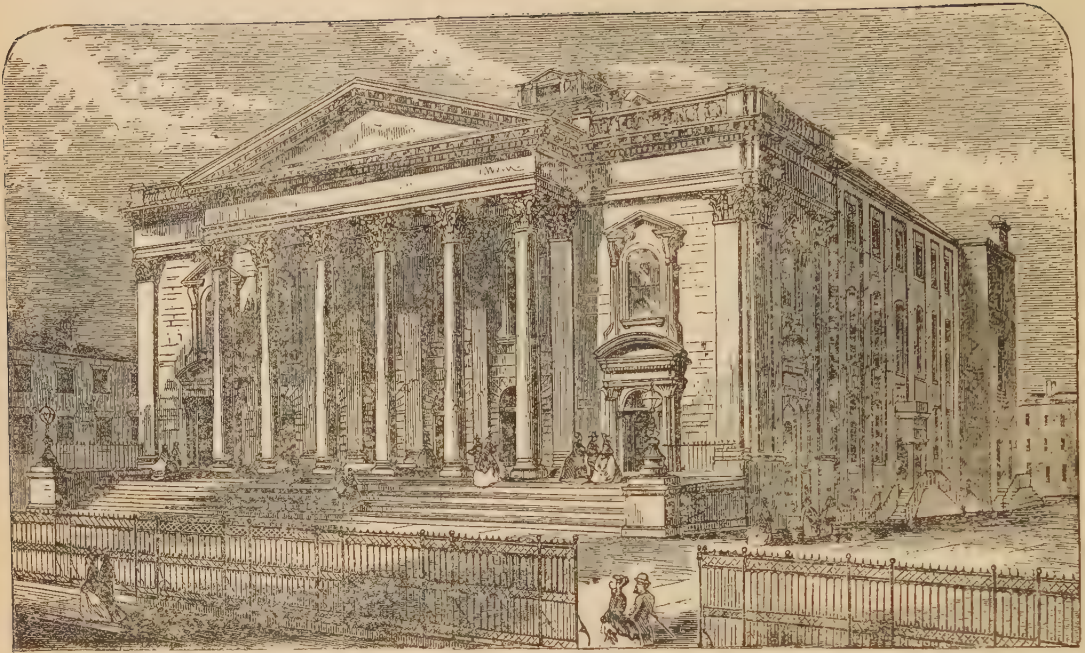
THE poet's dream
Is God's reality,
 Spiritual, but true;
That souls prosaic,
In Divine duality,
 The dream may do.

God shapes His thought,
In other noble minds,
 To finer things attuned,
Minds which with sorrow,
Destiny, and problems deep,
 Have long communed.

All human jar
Will end in harmony
 Eternal, blest.
Life's long weariness
Will reach the high altitude
 Of ceaseless rest.

Beyond life's pain,
In wider spheres, is
 Universal rhythm:
Behind life's sad gloom
The scarlet cord is seen,
 Sure sign of heaven.

JAMES FLANAGAN.



SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE. BEFORE THE FIRE.

The Older Chapels of Metropolitan Nonconformity.

VIII.—THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE:

PASTOR SPURGEON AND HIS PREDECESSORS.

BY REV. ALBERT A. BIRCHENOUGH.



THE church worshipping at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, has an unbroken history of nearly three centuries. It was born in South London, and exercised a beneficial influence upon the successive generations of artisans who lived in congested Southwark. The pastors who presided over the welfare of the church were divines of considerable ability, and were distinguished for their literary gifts and contributions to the realm of literature, as well as for their preaching power. Mr. Spurgeon, who has been described as "the last of the Puritans," was a worthy successor of the able men who had preceded him, and was in "labours more abundant."

As far back as the stormy period of the Stuart kings, the densely-populated district of Southwark was a well-known Nonconformist neighbourhood, and was a stronghold of the Baptists. During the Commonwealth the Anabaptists publicly immersed their converts in the royal river at various secluded places which then existed in an easterly direction

from London Bridge. The erection of buildings and the increase of the population on the southern bank of the Thames interfered with this religious custom. In the closing years of the seventeenth century, a plain-looking structure, known as the Baptistery, with dressing-rooms attached thereto, was erected in Horselydown, which became the favourite place for the practice of adult immersion for the residents of South London. The street leading from the main thoroughfare to the Baptistry, was locally known as "Dipping Alley." In the year 1717, the Baptistry was re-built, and occasionally was used as a meeting-house for the faithful preaching of the Gospel.

In the year 1668, the Rev. Benjamin Keach became the pastor of one of the oldest Nonconformist Churches in Southwark, and which was the predecessor of the congregation worshipping at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Immediately following the Declaration of Indulgence to Dissenters which was proclaimed by King Charles II. in the year 1672, Keach erected an unpretentious meeting-house in Goat's Yard, Horselydown, of which he

held the pastorate until 1704. The spacious chapel provided accommodation for a thousand worshippers, and was fronted with an open courtyard that was bounded by a brick wall. An avenue of sweet-scented limes stretched from the massive iron gates of the outer boundary to the principal entrance of the chapel.

During the later Stuart period singing was not allowed in Nonconformist meeting-houses. Some persons have supposed that the absence of song from religious worship was caused by a sense of fear on the part of the congregation that the sounds of praise might be overheard by the enemies of Nonconformity and might possibly lead to imprisonment or other punishments. The objection to congregational singing, however, was based upon principle, and not the mere dread of penal consequences. The objectors strongly maintained that only spiritually-minded persons should sing the songs of Zion. They regarded it as blasphemy for the unconverted to be permitted to join in the chorus of sacred song. This important question led to a great deal of controversy, and the publishing of a number of strongly-worded pamphlets. Benjamin Keach was drawn into the contention, and he maintained that all the persons comprising a congregation should be permitted to sing if they desired. The church over which he presided became split into factions, and ultimately compromised the matter in the following singular manner. During the psalmody, those worshippers who objected to congregational singing ostensibly left the chapel and meditated in solemn silence among the tombs in the adjoining grave-yard, and then re-entered the chapel after what they objected to was finished.

Benjamin Keach was a popular divine, a voluminous writer, and an able controversialist. He will be long remembered as the author of the well-known "Key to Open Scripture Metaphors," and "Travels of True Godliness," which, according to one author-

ity, "have been read by myriads" of heaven-bound pilgrims. Keach was specially complimented by the Archbishop of Canterbury for his timely tractate



DR. JOHN GILL.

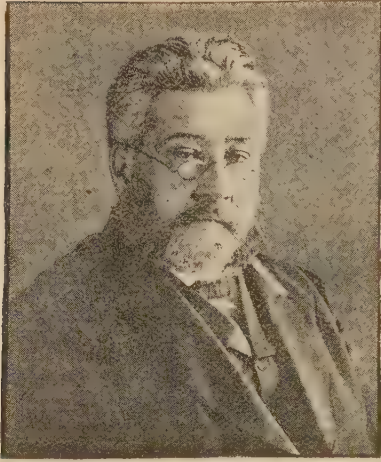
on "The Jewish Sabbath Abrogated," which was an able reply to certain persons who were trying to unsettle the minds of God's people with their Jewish teaching that the Saturday and not Sunday was the true Sabbath. For publishing his "Child's Instructor," he was cruelly sentenced to stand in the shameful pillory, which was one of the brutal punishments of a bygone generation. Dunton graphically represented the fearless Keach as being mounted upon an Apocalyptic beast, with Babylon before him, Zion behind him, and a hundred thousand infuriated bulls and savage bears roaring and ramping around him.

At the expiration of the lease, the Goat's Yard Chapel became a cooperage, and afterwards was utilised as a blacksmith's forge. In the year 1757, the congregation migrated to a chapel which they had erected in Carter Lane, off Tooley Lane, and beneath the shadow of the Parish Church of St. Olave in crowded Southwark.

Keach was followed by his son-in-law, the Rev. Benjamin Stinton. At his death he was succeeded in 1720, by the Rev. John Gill, whose memorable pastorate was protracted until the year 1771. Dr. Gill was one of the most learned ministers of the Baptist Church, and one of the foremost divines of his day. He was born in the year 1697 at Kettering, in Northamptonshire, a town famous for having enjoyed the powerful ministry of the Tol-



NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL.



REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

lers, and as the birthplace of the modern missionary societies. At an early age John Gill commenced his education at the Kettering Grammar School, where he made the acquaintance of the classical writers. His school career was curtailed by his refusal to attend the services at the Parish Church. Gill had a quenchless thirst for the acquisition of human knowledge in its varied branches. It was his custom to spend a few hours every week in the shop of a Kettering bookseller, whose establishment was only opened on market-days. It was there where he first read the learned writings of the Fathers and the Biblical scholars of past generations. So regular was his attendance at this particular establishment that the market people in proverbial phraseology, in making an affirmation respecting their wares, would say, "As surely as Gill is in the bookseller's shop." In his youthhood an application was made to the authorities of the Mile End Academy, London, for his admission to that training institution, with a view to his becoming a Nonconformist minister. The Principal, however, refused to admit him because he appeared to be a prodigy of learning, and was too precocious for his years. Nothing daunted by their refusal, Gill supported himself as a weaver, and found time and opportunities to study Hebrew and Greek literature. He established his fame as a preacher of the Gospel while resident at Higham Ferrers in his native county. From this sequestered town his reputation reached the Metropolis, and he was cordially invited to preside over the Goat Yard's congregation, and he subsequently removed with them to Carter Lane. Gill was fortunate enough to become acquainted with the Rev. John Skepp, who ministered to a dissenting congregation in Cripplegate, and who was a Hebrew scholar of considerable repute. At the death of his friend, Gill purchased a large portion of his patron's library, in-

cluding volumes of Rabbinical literature and other noted books in the different branches of divinity. Gill mastered the Talmud and the Targums in the original, and carefully read the ancient commentaries thereon; and also made himself acquainted with the writings of the early Fathers of the Christian Church.

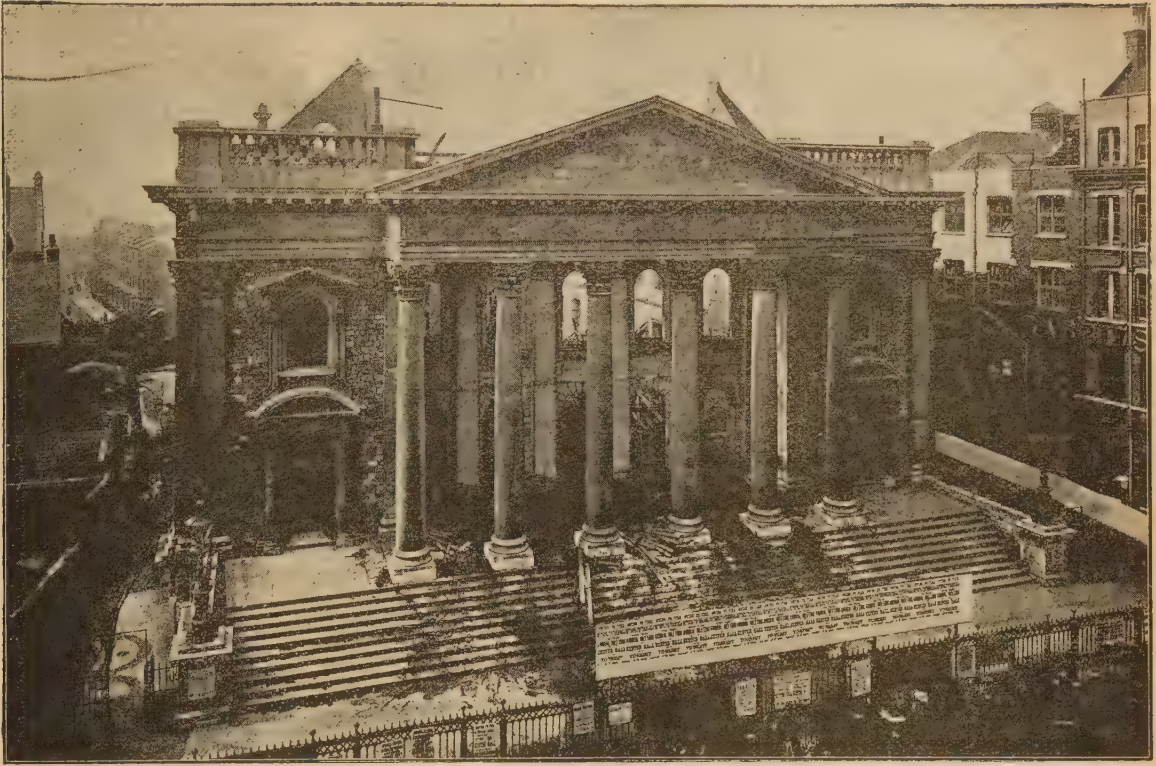
During the years 1746-60 he published in nine huge volumes his "Exposition of the Old and New Testament." This massive work is greatly prized by readers of Calvinistic tendencies. The work was spoken of by the celebrated John Ryland as "an ocean of divinity;" while on the other hand, the distinguished Robert Hall sarcastically denounced it as being "a continent of mud." As an acknowledgment of the satisfactory completion of this great undertaking, the heads of Marischal College, Aberdeen, conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. When Dr. Gill was congratulated by his admirers on this distinction, he characteristically replied: "I neither thought it, nor bought it, nor sought it." Dr. Gill wielded the pen of a ready writer. It is said of his untiring industry, that although his folio volumes would fill ten thousand printed quarto pages, he never employed an amanuensis in preparing his copy for the printers. Every detail of his numerous writings was prepared with his own hands. His literary and general activity surprised even his most intimate friends. In addition to his work as a *littérateur* he had the care of a large pastorate, he was frequently



REV. T. SPURGEON.

preaching on special occasions, and at times was in the throes of keen doctrinal controversy with Whitby, Wesley, and other distinguished defenders of Arminian theology.

Like his predecessor Gill sometimes came into conflict with his congregation respecting the tunes and the singing. An elderly dame complained to the doctor that the clerk, who received forty shillings per year for his services as precentor, had the



EXTERIOR OF METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE AFTER THE FIRE.

audacity to introduce two new tunes in the course of three years. Dr. Gill listened to her objections and then quietly asked: "Sister, what tunes would you like us to sing?" to which she innocently replied: "I should very much like David's tunes." To which Dr. Gill replied, "Well, if you will get David's tunes for us we will try and sing them."

Dr. Gill, like many other religious leaders of his time, was fearless in maintaining his principles and stating his convictions. When he was warned that if he followed a certain line of conduct it would entail loss upon him; he nobly replied: "Do not tell me of losing. I value nothing in comparison with Gospel truth. I am not afraid to be poor, neither am I afraid of the reproaches of men, I have been injured to them from my youth upwards."

This sturdy Calvinistic divine died at Camberwell, London, in October, 1771, being in the seventy-fifth year of his age. The pulpit from which he faithfully preached is sacredly kept at the Pastor's College, and Dr. Gill's study chair was placed in the vestry at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Some two years after Dr. Gill's death, the musical-loving and accomplished Dr. Rippon accepted the pastorate of Carter Lane. For sixty-three years he ministered to the congregation until his death,

which took place in the year 1836, at the advanced age of eighty-five. It is worthy of note that his congregation and their forebears—from the years 1720 until 1836, had only two pastors presiding over the interests of the church during the long period of one hundred and sixteen years.

During the ministry of Dr. Rippon at Carter's Lane, the singing, which had been a source of perplexity to his predecessors, was vastly improved. He compiled a selection of hymns which became supplementary to the well-known collection of Dr. Watts. He also issued a tune-book which became a general favourite in the chapel orchestras of his day. He edited "The Baptist Annual Register," and in 1803 he projected a "History of Bunhill Fields," which was to be published in six volumes. Although he had spent ten years in research and the elaboration of his materials, yet he did not meet with sufficient encouragement from the general public to guarantee the issuing of his valuable manuscripts.

An amusing incident which occurred in the presence of royalty indicates the fearless character of Dr. Rippon. On the recovery from sickness of George III., he was appointed to read a congratulatory address on behalf of the Nonconformists.

With his accustomed clear utterance, and in his usual forceful manner, the doctor read on, until he came to a sentence making a special reference to the goodness of God in the king's providential deliverance from death, and restoration to health, when he suddenly paused, and said, "Please your Majesty, we will read that again," and then in an intrepid manner he repeated the sentence with special emphasis. His biographer remarks that "no other man in the denomination would have thought of doing such a thing; but from Rippon it came so naturally that no one condemned him, or, if they did it would have had no effect upon him."

Shortly before Dr. Rippon's death Carter Street Baptist Meeting-house was demolished in making the approaches to New London Bridge. In 1833 Dr. Rippon and his congregation migrated to New Park Street Chapel, so called after Southwark Park, the ancient palace and gardens of the Bishops of Winchester.

Dr. Rippon was succeeded at New Park Street by the literary-gifted Dr. Joseph Angus, who in 1849 became president of Stepney College. He published a series of educational works, including "The Bible Handbook," "The Handbook of English Literature," and also edited and analysed a popular edition of Butler's "Analogy." He was

a member of several learned societies, and for many years was examiner in English subjects at the London University and for the Civil Service candidates.

In the early fifties, through a variety of circumstances, the congregation at New Park Street had become reduced to fewer than two hundred persons. The church, which had an unbroken history of over two centuries, and which had been presided over by a succession of ministers of more than average ability, was nearly extinct. In the year 1853, Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, then unknown to fame, was invited to preach in New Park Street Chapel with a view to the vacant pastorate. The youth from the country was entertained at a boarding-house, and put to sleep "in a cupboard over the front door." On the Sabbath morning he went with fear and trembling to the deserted chapel. On his arrival at the vestry he sat down in Dr. Gill's chair and exclaimed, "He must needs go through Samaria." On that memorable Sabbath he preached at New Park Street, which had a seatage capacity for twelve hundred persons, to ninety worshippers. The ministry of the "saucy young rascal" was so highly appreciated for its unconventionality that he was invited to occupy the pulpit of New Park Street for a period of six months. "With young Spurgeon



INTERIOR OF TABERNACLE AFTER THE FIRE.

in the pulpit the congregation soon increased from 200 to 1,200, and ere many months, the sight of a huge crowd in New Park Street unable to obtain admission to the chapel was seen every Sunday."

Within twelve months New Park Street Chapel had to be enlarged to hold eighteen hundred people. During the structural alterations, Mr. Spurgeon conducted services in Exeter Hall. In the autumn of 1856 the services were held in the Surrey Gardens Music Hall. At the first service conducted by Mr. Spurgeon, some twelve thousand persons filled the spacious building. A vast throng stood outside the entrance doors, and large crowds of would-be worshippers were unable even to enter the Gardens. During the service, and from various parts of the building, there arose simultaneously the cry of "Fire, Fire. The galleries are giving way! The place is falling!" Mr. Spurgeon tried to allay their fears, but the attempt was fruitless. The audience was panic-stricken, and made for the doors. Seven persons were unfortunately killed, and many others

were seriously injured. The foundation stone of the Metropolitan Tabernacle was laid by Sir Morton Peto, in August, 1859, and the huge sanctuary was opened for religious worship in March, 1861. The cost was over £31,000, and the chapel provided accommodation for several thousand worshippers. Mr. Spurgeon had a church membership of over five thousand believers. During his lifetime, the Tabernacle was a hive of agencies and institutions for the reclamation of the lapsed masses, and the salvation of degraded humanity. On the morning of Monday, February 1, 1892, the English-speaking world was shocked with the news of Spurgeon's death, which had taken place at Mentone. He was succeeded by his devoted son, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, and another Metropolitan Tabernacle is taking the place of the one that was destroyed by fire.

[Messrs. Passmore, Alabaster and Co., have obligingly lent the blocks used in this article.]

The Shelf of Honour ;

OR, BOOKS THAT HAVE MOVED ME.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH RITSON, AUTHOR OF "LOST AND WON," ETC.

"THE OLD DOMINION."



YES, this book has won a place on the Shelf of Honour. If I am to give the reasons I should say, first of all, it has moved me as few books have been able to do. Of course, a book must be interesting to do that. Well, "The Old Dominion" held me almost from the beginning. Once fairly begun, it was more difficult to lay down than

any book I have read in recent years. So difficult, in fact, that it led me for once to depart from the rule that fiction is only to be read at odd times as a recreation. I did not sit up to read it, for I never do that for anything, either of the nature of literary work or sermonising. But I did read it when I ordinarily do serious work, and at hours of the day not usually devoted to recreation. It was a hot day, and I was not in very good form, so I made a holiday of it, and read "The Old Dominion." The fact that the effect was distinctly bracing should count for righteousness. Any book that does that, especially on a hot day, and when you are a trifle lazy, must be esteemed a boon and a blessing to

men. But this by the way ; I was saying "The Old Dominion" possesses the merit of being interesting. But it is more than that—enthraling. There are chapters which make you hold your breath ; the interest is so intense as to be almost painful. Page after page you are hovering on the mysterious border-line which separates pleasure and pain. That the result of the whole is satisfactory may be gathered from the fact that when you lay the book down you do so with regret, wishing it could all come over again. Nay, more, you are compelled to pay the author the rare compliment of re-reading some of the finest passages.

Some of the elements of interest in the story are of the nature of reminiscence. It recalls some of the most thrilling experiences of one's early years. Who does not remember the feelings with which he read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and "The White Slave"? Well, here we are in the early slave days, and when the slaves were white as well as black. And who does not recall with a thrill the stories of the Red Indians he read long ago, when he wandered amid the vast solitudes of the far West, hunted and fished, and fought and tracked with "The Last of the Mohicans," and many other noble savage whose disastrous chances, moving accidents, and hair-breadth 'scapes, kept him spell-bound by the hour. They will all come back as he reads of "the great chief" Monakatoeka, and follows him through the vast wilderness, seeking

with Godfrey Landless, the lost Patricia. Then can any reader of "Old Mortality" forget how his wonder grew as he read the marvellous speeches of Habakkuk Mucklewraith, or Poundtext, or old Mause Headrigg. As he reads the harangues of the Muggletonian Win-Grace Porringer, he will be ready to admit that they would not have done discredit to the great Sir Walter himself. Oh yes, the book is interesting, and recalls some of the best traditions of the Puritan age under entirely new conditions.

The scene of the story is laid in Virginia in the days of the second Charles. There was much in the life of the time that was picturesque and romantic. The original settlers were more Royalist than the king, and more British than the stay-at-home Britons themselves. If they had acquiesced in the Commonwealth, it was sullenly and perforce. The Restoration was hailed with the utmost enthusiasm, and the man who betrayed any sympathy with the Oliverians exposed himself to insult and opprobrium. But if picturesque and romantic, life on the tobacco plantations of Virginia was not without its disadvantages. Slavery was already well established as an institution, and in addition to the negroes, there was a considerable contingent of white slaves. Virginia was the convict Colony of the time, and political offenders and common criminals were transported from England to wear out their lives under the lash of the overseer on the tobacco plantations. The horrors of the long and terrible voyage across the Atlantic, when the convicts were herded like beasts in the hold, and fought with each other for the rotten food thrown to them, are incidentally indicated in the course of the story. We have glimpses, too, of the stirring times of the Civil war; but it is with the life of the time in Virginia that "The Old Dominion" mainly concerns itself. The ruling class, from the Governor downwards, is sketched with great vividness, skill and insight. In the person of Sir Charles Carew, who is on a visit to the Colony, we get a glimpse of the exquisite of the period such as abounded in the Court of Charles II. The sketch, however, is not lacking in either sympathy or generosity. This Court gallant, with his lace ruffles and pretty speeches, may be shallow and heartless in many ways, and may reveal the possession of most of the vices of his time, but he has all the punctilious sense of honour of the Cavalier, and a good share of British pluck. He has all the *insouciance*, not to say insolence, of the fine gentleman, but he is a really pretty swordsman, and in spite of prejudice, is capable of recognising nobleness when he sees it.

Colonel Verney may be said to stand for the planter of the period, though perhaps of the better class. A typical English aristocrat of the time he is, bluff, honest, genial, and though not intentionally cruel, is yet in a certain degree callous in regard

to the sufferings of his slaves. The negroes may have souls, but in the main they must be treated as mere animals. The white slaves are gaol-birds and scoundrels of the most degraded type, and must be ruled with an iron hand. No distinction is made between criminals of the worst class and the political offender, whose only offence probably is his avowed Puritan sympathies. He, indeed, is an object of special contempt and detestation. The feeling entertained towards slaves of this class may be gathered from the fact that the Governor of the Colony actually fights a duel with Major Carrington, the Surveyor-General, because he finds in that gentleman's library a number of works of a Puritanical flavour. The Governor's soliloquy, as he surveys the Major's library all alone, is highly amusing. He begins in high good humour, but ends in a rage. "H'm, what has he here?" soliloquised his Excellency. "'Purchas; His Pilgrimes,' of course; 'General History of Virginia,' 'New England and the Summer Isles,' well and good; 'Good News from Virginia,' humph! that must have been before my time; 'Public Good without Private Interest,' humph! What's this? 'Areopagitica,' John Milton. John Hypocrite and Parricide! A pretty author and a pretty cause he advocates,—I thank God there are no schools and no printing presses in this colony, nor are like to be,—and a courageous Surveyor-General to keep by him such pestilent stuff in the present year of grace. 'Abuses, Stript and Whipt,' 'Anglia Rediviva,' 'Diary of Nehemiah Wallington,' 'Bastwick's Litany.' Miles Carrington, Miles Carrington! I have my eye on thee! Thou hadst need to walk warily. 'Zion's Plea against Prelacy,' . . ."

At this point the Governor's language became almost too forcible to be chronicled on this page. How a convict of the Puritan type fared may be imagined. The slaves sometimes ran away, but were hunted with bloodhounds and generally brought back to a last state immeasurably worse than the first. We have glimpses of the conviviality of the period, and every phase of the life of the time is represented.

The interest of the story centres mainly in the hero and heroine. The heroine is Colonel Verney's beautiful daughter, Patricia, who may be said to represent the average attitude of the womankind of the ruling class towards the slaves. Patricia Verney on her first introduction to the reader will strike him as thoughtless rather than heartless. She shares all the prejudices of her class not only in relation to the negroes, but in regard to the round-heads and Oliverians who had played so prominent a part in the civil wars and the Commonwealth. She has never had a glimpse of the real principles for which the Puritans fought, still less of the inherent nobleness of their character. How could she, brought up in such an atmosphere! For the negroes she has much the same feeling as for a favour-

ite animal. But she has no such tolerance for the white slaves of her father's plantation. From them she shrinks with loathing and detestation. This too, is not surprising when it is remembered that the majority of these slaves were of the most brutal and degraded type. In character and appearance they were in complete contrast with the refinement and beauty of the Colonel's daughter.

And yet they were not all alike. Now and then a man was shipped off to the plantations of whom the world was not worthy; who was guilty of no crime; whose tastes and instincts were those of a gentleman, and who managed to pass through the terrible ordeal of Newgate and the voyage untainted and untamed. Godfrey Landless, the hero, was of this type. His father, Warham Landless, had been one of the heroes of the Civil war, and he himself, while yet a stripling, had fought by his father's side in the army of the Parliament at Worcester. The whirligig of time had brought an enemy his opportunity of revenge, and entangled in the mesh of circumstance, young Landless found himself a convicted felon; innocent, yet utterly unable to prove his innocence. But his dauntless spirit nothing could subdue, and his proud mien, even amid the degrading circumstances of the voyage, had provoked the dislike of Sir Charles Carew, who sailed as a passenger in the same ship. It was a case of mutual antagonism, and the young Court favourite found opportunity for showing his supercilious contempt for the unfortunate convict. It often enough happens that even a brief voyage will suffice to generate singularly strong likes and dislikes among the passengers, but Sir Charles Carew was a favoured passenger, between whom and the convicts fighting for the wretched morsels of food thrown to them, a wide gulf yawned. Sir Charles had had occasion to mention this particular convict to his cousin, the beautiful Patricia, among the incidents of the voyage, and great was his surprise when among a batch of newly-purchased slaves which arrived shortly afterwards on the plantation, he recognised the man who had been by some curious antagonism his pet aversion.

Among the first sights Landless beheld on his arrival at the plantation was his master's daughter. He has been summoned to appear before the Colonel on landing to receive a brief lecture, and to be dismissed to his appointed quarters. His eyes fall on Mistress Patricia Verney, who has just decked herself in the finery she has for some time been expecting by the vessel which has brought her father and his newly-purchased slaves. Her sweetness and beauty impressed him so deeply that he stood for the moment spellbound. His broken heart went out to her, and if he reasoned at all in that moment it was to the effect that one so sweet and beautiful could not fail to pity him in his sad estate. Presently she becomes conscious of his intent gaze, and shrinks from him as she would from

a mad dog. Sir Charles Carew finds his opportunity in the girl's manifest alarm to inflict a fresh humiliation on the convict, and so Landless begins his life on the plantation with a stern reprimand from his master.

The first day on the tobacco field makes Landless acquainted with two very different individuals, both destined, however, to exert a powerful influence over his future. One is a Red Indian, whose life he saves by promptly sucking the poison from the bite of a rattlesnake. Monakatocka never forgives an enemy, or forgets a friend, and we feel sure we shall meet him again. The other acquaintance is the Muggletonian, a Puritan fanatic, who that night introduces him to a man who turns out to be at the head of a conspiracy for overturning the existing order and establishing a republic. Robert Godwyn is a man of a refined and beautiful character, driven to desperation by the suffering and cruelty around him. His dream is a noble one, but he had to work with terribly uncertain instruments, which made the danger of detection very great. Landless shrinks from identifying himself with the plot. He has not tasted the full bitterness of slavery, and the others rightly conclude that as soon as the iron enters his soul his hesitation will be thrown to the winds. And they had not long to wait. Almost immediately afterwards Landless had his first experience of the whipping post. This degradation was brought upon him by Sir Charles Carew. Owing to the pressure of circumstances, Colonel Verney was under the necessity of employing the new convict as his secretary one day, and when acting in this capacity, Landless was the unwilling observer of an interesting scene between Sir Charles Carew and Patricia. The young gallant, having fallen in love with his cousin, declared his love, and proposed in the most approved style of the time. His impassioned proposal was received with amusement by the young lady, who had by no means made up her mind about her cousin. Then it was the discomfited swain discovered the presence of the Colonel's secretary. In the altercation which followed, Sir Charles insulted the memory of Landless's father, and the son rewarded him with a blow between the eyes. For this he was, of course, flogged. We do not witness the actual flogging. With fine insight the author describes it by means of the pantomimic and expressive account given of it by a poor mad woman. The iron indeed entered the soul of Godfrey Landless, and making a superhuman effort "the man of the breaking heart," as mad Margery called him, dragged himself that night to the chief conspirator and accepted the task of leading the enterprise.

Almost immediately afterwards, Robert Godwyn is murdered by a convict for the sake of some money he possessed, and the entire burden of the insurrection falls on the shoulders of Landless.

But before the fatal day arrives, it was his lot to take charge of the sailing boat in which the wilful Patricia goes to visit a friend. She was very angry when she found that Landless had been sent on this service, but there was no help for it. A terrific storm arose, and for hours the boat was in the direst peril. Only the skill and energy of Landless saved it from utter destruction. The proud Patricia received a humbling, and was thankful to escape with her life in the arms of the detested convict. And now begins as stirring a story as could well be desired. Seldom, indeed, have such tremendous barriers stood in the way of a man who loved. The task of subjugating the proud heart of Patricia looks utterly impossible. And when some little progress has been made, untoward events happen, and Patricia spurns the man she had come to believe innocent, and denounces him as a traitor and a liar. Through the terrible scenes of the insurrection, and the attack of the Indians, Landless is the good genius of the Verney family, and more than once stands between both Patricia and Sir Charles Carew and the death which threatened them.

And yet in spite of it all, he is branded as the leader of the conspiracy, and of that offence nothing can apparently purge him. When he would fain accompany the expedition which is setting out to rescue the lost Patricia from the hands of her Indian captors, he is contemptuously seized and bound and handed over to justice. But his old friend, the Indian Monakatocka, intervenes, and he escapes to take up the search on his own account. For days Landless and the Indian tracked the party of the half-caste who had carried off the Colonel's

daughter. They have many strange adventures, but at last come up with the party, and carry off the maiden. In the return journey, Monakatocka met his fate as became an Indian brave, and then Landless was left to prosecute his journey with his charge alone. That journey is one of the most thrilling and beautiful stories we have ever read. It is not merely that the travellers are beset with perils from which it seems sometimes impossible to escape, but their relations invest the situation with an interest of the most touching kind. Fiction abounds with narratives of the triumph of love over circumstances, but none surpassing in pathetic interest the subjugation of the proud Patricia. And the end? Ah! the end must not be revealed here. The reader will prefer to wait for that till he reads the book for himself.

Yes; this is among the books that have moved me. Its pathos is at times poignant, and running through it is the spirit which makes for righteousness and truth and honour. The book is not without its blemishes, of course. There are improbabilities here and there, but these are not of such a kind as to interfere with the essential truth and reality of the picture. The story is in parts painful reading, but it is told with such charm and distinction of style that the pain is forgotten in the pleasure, and the insight and delicacy with which the subjugation of Patricia is told would redeem even an inferior story. But "The Old Dominion" is not an inferior story, and we shall look with unusual interest for the successors of this apparently first book, on which Mary Johnstone is to be warmly congratulated.

Bible Emblems.

II.—THE TREE OF LIFE: IN THE GARDEN AND IN THE CITY.



REES are the patriarchs of the vegetable world. The earliest symbolic objects mentioned in the Bible are trees. "The tree of life in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil." Since the early morning of the earth the mysterious

"tree of life" has fascinated the people of the East. On the most ancient monuments it is found depicted. It played a great part in the ancient religions. The Babylonians regarded it as specially

the symbol of immortality. It is significant that our Christian Bible *begins* with a "tree of life," and *ends* with one. In Genesis its locality is a garden; in Revelation it is found growing in the streets of a wondrous city. Human history began in a garden; it will end in a city. The first man began life amid scenes of enchanting beauty, and marvellous freedom. "Of every tree of the garden thou mayest *freely* eat, but—" Well, God must reserve something,— "Of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it. . . ." The meaning of this restriction is not far to seek. All created life is limited.

This tree showed man where to stop; but man will not stop, he will touch the fenced-off tree, he craved for fuller knowledge, and he got it; but at what tremendous cost! At once he brought the

knowledge of good and evil within the horizon of his experience. "And God drove out the man." Expulsion from Paradise is ever the outcome of disobedience. There is no going back to eat of the mystic "tree of life;" it is for ever safely guarded by the flaming sword. Man can never more go back to wander amid the soft glades of an earthly paradise. Its very site is unknown; weary pilgrims seek it in vain; poets dream of it among Persian bowers, or in some isle of the Western seas. It cannot be found. Its geography is unknown. But to redeemed humanity the vanished Eden re-appears again in vision; only its position is changed. It lies no longer in the past, but in the future. It re-appears not in a fenced-off garden, but in the very streets of a free and glorious city. No "crooked serpent" is seen in the vision of that city of "gold and gems and jewels." No fatal tree of "knowledge of good and evil" is yonder; the citizens have known evil enough—now they know it no more,—they know the Lord. Eden is to be surpassed. It was only a symbol of something better. Futurity is to transcend antiquity. The best is to come at the last. The boundary line has closed behind, but to redeemed humanity the view opens before and discloses "far up the dark glade of earth the gate of heaven." It is a glorious vision that opens to expelled humanity; "In the midst of the street of the city, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations." Wonderful city! Where is its location? Is it heaven? or is it the Church of God on earth in its ideal meaning, and its ideal attainment? We take it to be a symbolic picture of the spiritual power and grandeur which God has destined for the earth. "John saw this same glorious city,—the New Jerusalem descending out of heaven upon earth. It is here now, not fully manifested, lying in the shadow cast by sin, hindered, limited, opposed by the forces of evil; but the end is not yet." We see not the fair outline of the city of glory that is to be; it is hidden by the dust of battle and the clouds of sin. The end, however, is sure. Let the Church of God calm her heart. God is leading the world step by step in an upward path of progress; He is day by day "pushing His fences back," and taking in more territory. The area of light is widening, the darkness is being shot through with ruddy light. True, the first Paradise was a garden and the first Adam cultivated it. But that was the beginning of things; not the end. It was the faint outline; not the finished picture: the throbbing seed, not the golden harvest. "The first Paradise was a corner of the planet; the second shall stretch

'from where the rising sun salutes the morn,
To where he lays his head of glory on the rocking deep.'

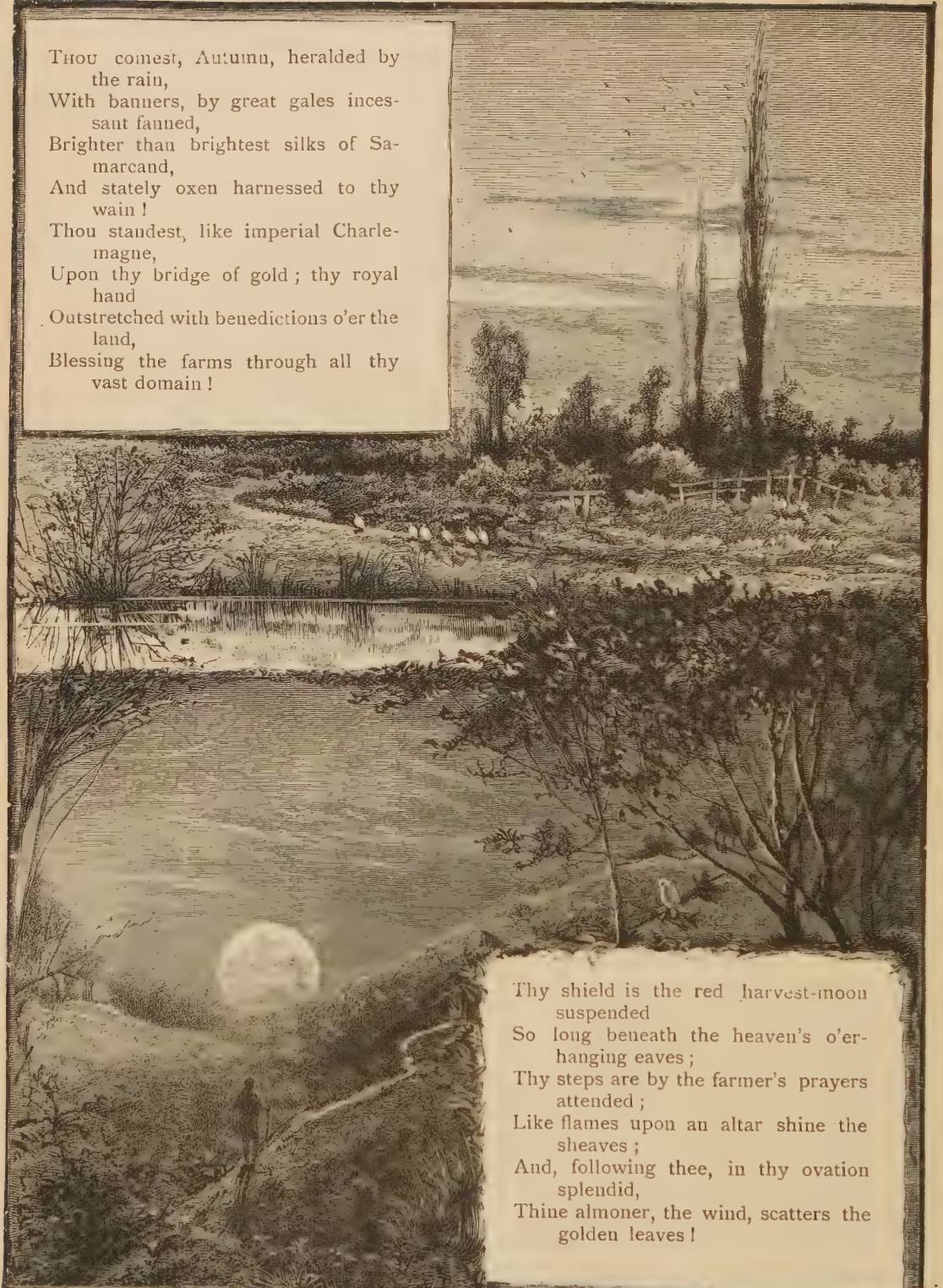
The first had two tenants; the second shall be

peopled with ransomed millions: the first perished; the second abides for ever. That eternal, deathless life from which Adam was debarred by sin, Christ by His death has made accessible. The flaming sword which guarded it from man's approach has been bathed in the blood of Immanuel, and now it can no longer shut us out of Paradise. "Blessed are they that wash their robes, that they may have *right* to the tree of life." "Right!" Oh, wondrous transformation! The sword of justice has been turned to our defence, so that instead of driving us away from the tree of life, it guards our approach thereto. We have a *right* to the tree of life, to its leaves of healing. The chief work of the Church of God is not to cultivate spiritual life, but to diffuse it—to take the healing leaves to the nations.

"We are to be the makers of the new city, and God has given us the old city as the material out of which we are to make the new. It is ours to transform the earthly city so that it shall be glorified into the heavenly. "Go ye into all the world,—into all its kingdoms, into all its cities, into the innermost heart of its life, with the healing leaves." The dead-hand of the monastic idea must for ever be shaken off. Not *away* from the world, but *into* the world we must carry the healing forces of life; they must not be fenced off, made inaccessible, but must be free, open, accessible, available. Not in a fenced-off garden, but in the midst of a city is the tree of life situated. There grows the true *Arbor Vitæ*—the tree of life whose leaves are for healing. It is one of the daylight facts of Natural History that the leaves of our forest trees are the sanitary agents of the world; they are the great purifiers of the atmosphere. Without them carbonic acid gas would soon accumulate to such an extent that human life would be impossible. Every tree in the forest is an aerial fountain pouring life-giving oxygen into the air. Purity comes through the leaves of the glorious trees. The air we breathe to-day in Britain has been purified perhaps 1,000 miles away. The Scandinavian birches send their healing breath on the north wind; the west wind brings perfumed purity from the magnolias of North America, and the orange groves send their tribute on the wings of the south wind. As the leaves of the trees are the purifiers of nature, so the leaves of the tree of life heal what they touch. Evil influences (like the fatal carbonic acid gas) are being poured night and day into the moral atmosphere; it is laden with dense, sulphurous, deadly fumes. But there is another element (spiritual oxygen) being richly and copiously distributed. Spiritual influences, healing forces, are sweetening, arresting, neutralising and overcoming the deadly poisons. The spiritual forces are dominant. The world's best thinkers, statesmen, poets, artists, musicians, workers,—the creative forces of life,—the moving, determining, formative influences, are purifying the moral atmo-

Autumn.

Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by
the rain,
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain!
Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain!



Thy shield is the red harvest-moon
suspended
So long beneath the heaven's o'er-
hanging eaves;
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers
attended;
Like flames upon an altar shine the
sheaves;
And, following thee, in thy ovation
splendid,
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the
golden leaves!

sphere of our world. Every saved man and woman is a breathing, healing leaf. Christianised personality is telling on the ideas, institutions, peoples of the world. The nations are to be healed by the leaves of the tree of life. It is from the tree of life that social sickness, moral disease must be healed. Not by political constitutions, not by social reformations, not by scientific experiments, are the world's ills to be cured, but by the potency of spiritual forces. Patience. Give God time. The ideal shall be realised by and by.

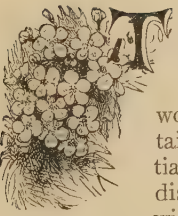
To raise a new city cannot be done in a moment, even where the ground is clear. There are broken walls and "heaps of rubbish" to clear away. Ignorance, sin, vice, blasphemy, superstition, are to be overcome. Though the vision tarry, wait for it. It is worth all our waiting for. The tragedy of the world's sorrow shall end; the beast shall vanish,

the hissing of the serpent cease, the dragon shall be bound, the tempest hushed; the dust of battle shall settle, the air be cleared. Then the light shall shine and the pinnacles of the New Jerusalem come into view. *That* is God's holy city. Life is blessed in that city. There shall be no more curse, no more sorrow, neither crying, nor pain. What is this? The new spiritual civilisation. Then shall the triumphant anthem break forth in the east like the opening of the morning; it shall come back from the west in waves of joy; it shall pass down from the north and come up from the south; it shall ascend from the earth and peal down from the heavens,—*"Hallelujah! The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, and He shall reign for ever and ever."*

The garden has vanished; the glorious city abides for aye!

ALFRED J. CAMPBELL.

Keswick Convention, 1899.

HE Keswick week" is now a familiar phrase all over this land, and in many others, for it calls up the memory of wonderful spiritual blessing obtained by many hundreds of Christian workers, alike at home and in distant parts of the world. It was with high expectancy we joined a

ministerial brother to attend this notable Convention, which gains in interest, magnitude and spiritual results year by year. Our expectations were more than realised. We were impressed by the large concourse of people who attended. Every available portion of accommodation in Keswick itself was secured, together with whatever up-put could be obtained in the outskirt villages. We were fortunate in being domiciled with a happy company in a little colony of tents that had been provided under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. of Penrith; and there, surrounded by a panorama of beauty in lake, wood and crag, redolent of inspiring memories of the lake poets and philosophers, we greatly enjoyed—spite of occasional gusts of the night winds—our romantic sojourn. But we had come for the "Convention," and were conscious of deeper yearnings than nature or poetry could satisfy. The large tent, holding from three to four thousand people, was constantly crowded, and overflowed meetings in various buildings were simultaneously held. Probably throughout the progress of the week about 10,000 persons attended the various services. This was the twenty-fifth annual meeting, and it proved a worthy and memorable semi-jubilee. The note of catholicity was in the

ascendant, and the visitor's eye was greeted by the striking motto over the tent-entrance, *"All one in Christ Jesus."* It was the Pentecostal sign—the manifest of that deep unity of the spiritual life which is as an experience the unfailing accompaniment of the Holy Spirit's presence. This was also a marked feature in the addresses. Thirty-seven were given at the chief meetings by Church of England bishops and clergy, and an equal number by Nonconformist ministers and laymen, and these were all permeated and controlled by one and the same spirit, and gave beautiful and harmonious expression to the "one faith." While, of course, we believe that where "the twos and threes" meet together in faith and prayer, there is the Master and there is the Church, it is none the less significant of the times that the denominations are coming together in holy conclave for the quickening and for the expression of spiritual life, and that the federation of Evangelical Churches is a happy accomplishment of the hour. The "Keswick week" is an impressive witness to the craving for fellowship and social worship in Evangelical Christendom on a larger scale than has heretofore been witnessed in the century; and we believe that this extensive and visible aspect of union and fellowship may be taken as the sign of an intensive and yet deepening work of the Spirit of God among the many thousands of Israel.

We do not plead for outward resemblances and organic ecclesiastical sameness. That may long remain among the impossibles of earth, but we must welcome a phenomenon like that of Keswick as a wholesome and hopeful sign, a factor of enrichment and progress in the Christian Churches.

We recognised such familiar leaders as Revs. E. H. Hopkins, (Editor of the "Life of Faith"), C. A. Fox, Dr. Elder Cumming, Prebendary Webb-Peploe, F. B. Meyer, G. H. C. McGregor, J. Webster, and others. This year's Convention was specially interesting on account of the large number of Scottish preachers who attended for the first time, such as Dr. A. Whyte, Principal Rainy, Professor Laidlaw and Dr. John Smith, Edinburgh. Principal Rainy gave it as his firm conviction that such teaching as he had heard at the Convention was much to be desired for Scotland at the present time. To us it was a special delight to listen at a ministers' gathering to Professor Laidlaw, of the Free Church College, Edinburgh. He possesses great intellectual gifts, is a most able and fresh expositor of the Word, and is deeply and fervently spiritual. Dr. John Smith, whom we also heard, was quite himself, and at his best, which is saying much. We should have been equally glad to hear the other Scottish leaders, and we regard their association with the movement as a distinct gain. Prebendary Webb-Peploe's expositions were marvels of Scriptural knowledge, luminous, full, coherent, and throbbing with evangelical fervour. Rev. F. B. Meyer was a frequent speaker, and was much enjoyed. His addresses were instinct with a rich, deep spirituality, rare poetic charm of style, keen probing of conscience, and tender loving appeal. Limit of space prevents us referring to other speakers, to whom we were much indebted, but it did us good to see and hear two Church of England bishops, each a remarkable man in his order. One was the Bishop of Mombassa, the other of Sierra Leone. Their Christian manliness and humility of spirit kept out of sight the "ecclesiastic," and made us feel they were brothers indeed, helpers of our faith and joy. They told how Keswick had helped them to a definite spiritual experience, liberty and joy, and had fitted them for their life-work. We felt that the foreign mission sphere must largely gain by such earnest and efficient Christian leaders, nor could we help thinking that they themselves had brought with them a catholicity of spirit, a practicalness of view from their contact and co-operation with other missionary societies and workers abroad which was quite refreshing. One of them told us that he had often preached in Wesleyan Chapels yonder, and would be glad to be permitted to do so in this country.

One feature of the Convention was the variety of its groups of characters. Oxford University was represented by a party of twenty-six undergraduates, the British army by several generals and officers and staff clerks; there were also several parties of missionaries of both sexes, and missionary candidates; here a household of mill-workers, there a group of Russian Christians; here another of German visitors; circles of Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A., and scores of Christian Endeavourers, knit in one

desire to know the Lord's will, and receive power for living it out in their several callings and spheres. The Keswick Convention is not a mere modern and temporary phase of the religious world. We agree with "J. B." in the *Christian World*, that "its equivalents have been in Christianity from the beginning." The desire on the part of many Christians to come together, irrespective of ecclesiastical differences, for fuller realisation of the Divine life, has found expression in similar holiness movements all down the centuries. Nor can we doubt that this is of God. The concentration of thought for a given period on special and consecutive themes that make for the deepening of spiritual life, the respite from the routine and distraction of the common secular tasks of life, and even of ordinary Church methods and affairs, the contagion of a large body of people animated by one deep feeling and strenuous purpose Godward, the generating of spiritual currents by laws of mind and spirit which we may not yet fully explain, the distinct and overpowering sense of personal blessing received, and the obvious results for the spread of Christ's Kingdom which the past has witnessed, sufficiently justify the recurrence of these special gatherings. But Keswick, as to its immediate origin, is the outcome of a movement which began in America some twenty-five years ago, and which was followed in the same year by what are familiarly known as the Oxford and Brighton Conventions, which were attended by some thousands of members and ministers of almost all the Protestant bodies in England, and by many Continental pastors. Among those who attended the Oxford Conference was the late Canon Battersby, who became the founder of the Keswick Convention. As the result of what he heard, he passed from "a seeking faith to a resting faith." Returning home, he resolved to share the blessing with others. A Conference was called together, with the happiest results, and "Keswick Convention" became an institution in the country.

The Rev. C. A. Fox, a co-worker from the beginning of the movement, said in an address this year: "This is a '*silver wedding*,' and so it ought to be. Keswick is bound to her Lord these twenty-five years with a bond that cannot be broken. You know how Keswick was founded—on two simple truths, which include all others:—(1.) Larger simplicity in our faith; and (2.) Larger unity between the churches and the brethren. And the great purpose of our gathering here year by year is, that the faith we have in Christ Jesus shall so abound that henceforth we shall simply take God at His word in everything, in the matter of holiness as in the matter of Providence, in the matter of spiritual power as of Divine truth, of daily purity as of daily progress, all shall be equally taken in the simplicity of faith, believing that what God says is bound to be accomplished if we fulfil that which the Holy Ghost is



THE KESWICK CONVENTION TENT.

working in us to will and to do of God's good pleasure."

It scarcely falls within the purpose of this brief summary to dwell on the Keswick teaching, or to point out divergencies between it and the theology of kindred associations for the promotion of holiness. But a word or two may be offered. In the excellent brochure, "The Story of Keswick," it is pointed out that the type of Keswick teaching is "definite, complete and progressive. It has a definite beginning, middle and culmination. Six successive stages may perhaps be indicated, all of them being deemed important, and in the following order:—(1.) The definite and immediate abandonment of every known sin or hindrance to holy living. (2.) The abandonment and renunciation by faith of the self-life, or the life that centres in self-indulgence and self-dependence. (3.) The immediate surrender of the will in loving and complete obedience to the will of God: separation in order to consecration. (4.) The infilling of the Holy Spirit, or the claiming of the believer's share in the

Spirit's pentecostal gift of power for service. (5.) The revelation of Christ as an indwelling presence in the believer's soul and daily life, and as his actual Master and Lord. (6.) Beyond these, there is always a sixth and last stage of teaching—the privileges and victories implied in this higher or deeper life, such as the rest-life of faith, power over sin, passion for souls, conscious fellowship with God, growing possession of promises and prevailing prayer and intercession."

Rev. F. B. Meyer, a leading exponent of Keswick teaching, in a recent "farewell" to his brethren in America, said: "It is an unfeigned delight to find that the teaching of the Inner Life is becoming so wide-spread in its influence on this side the Atlantic. Union with Christ in His death and resurrection, the reckoning oneself dead to self, the infilling of the Holy Spirit, and the rest of faith-life across the Jordan in the Land of Promise, these are familiar and deeply prized truths, and their wide dissemination and realisation on the part of believers, together with the exposition of the Bible as opposed

to merely topical preaching, seem to me the conditions of a revival of God's work in this land, which shall re-animate the churches and enable them to act as the cementing bond in your vast and varied population."



REV. PREBENDARY WEBB-PEPLOE.

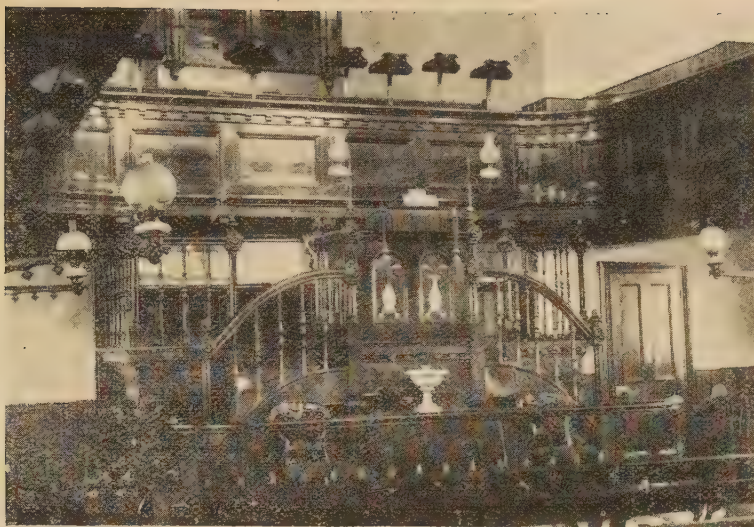
Earnest Methodists will see in these statements a distinct affiliation with their own belief and experience, a juncture with that "spiritual current which struck upon Wesley in his contact with Peter Böhler and other followers of Zinzendorf, by which he was brought into a more evangelical liberty," and with that still later development of his doctrine known as "Entire Sanctification," or "Perfect Love." The addresses we heard at Keswick were characterised by great grasp of truth and much sobriety of expression. There was an utter absence of the controversial element, but there was a distinct eschewal of aught like a doctrine of sinless perfection. Indeed, some type of Methodists might have thought that undue leaning was given to a side of teaching which held rather to the suppression of evil in believers than to its eradication. But for our part, we could not discover anything which Wesley's sermon on "Sin in Believers," or Fletcher's "Checks," would not parallel and endorse. The realisation of human infirmity and of the limitations of growth, was keenly, and, in our judgment, wisely accentuated. The peccability of human nature, the need

of advancement which ever makes for keener spiritual insight into the Divine claims upon consecrated character, the liability to come short through ignorance which may itself be blameworthy in God's sight, and in the last result of theological analysis, the question as to what "*sin*" really connotes in its category,—all this gave us to feel that Keswick teaching was sane and progressive, and that, as Dr. Dale has put it, "Christ is the living prophecy of the height and glory of our holiness—a prophecy never to be fulfilled on earth or in heaven, but perpetually moving towards fulfilment through sorrow, struggle, and, it may be, frequent defeat in this world, and through endless ages of joy and triumph in the world to come." And yet the note of teaching was that of challenge and victory through the abiding fulness of Jesus Christ. For by this a man could daily "live the life of unbroken love toward God and his fellow, and of liberty from conscious transgression."

Keswick Convention is instinct also with missionary fervour. It is not an uncommon sight to see between two and three hundred of both sexes rise to their feet on the Foreign Missionary day, and in humble, but heroic resolve, devote their all to the cause of heathen missions. That great and holy cause has been largely aided year by year from Keswick, and the stories of the missionaries who themselves were present this year were remarkably encouraging. Let us bless God for the Keswick gatherings and all kindred movements. They are of the Church, and represent the interpenetrating and inter-blending operation of the Holy Spirit's presence and power throughout a widening area of her devout membership. And next to this, they are the outcome of that earnest early Methodism which after long abeyance, restored to its place in Christian teaching the doctrines of inward grace and fulness of life and power to which apostolic days gave witness; and may we not re-assure ourselves, with the new century just upon us, that such movements are a sign of the marshalling of the Church's forces for a nobler and a more aggressive type of Christianity; that they are the witness, after an impressive, yet simple fashion, to the world, of the "*Real Presence*" which Sacerdotalism limits within priestly prerogative and ceremonial obscurantism, but which is the heritage of all believers as a spiritual experience through faith; and that they represent the passing from our horizon of the clouds of doubt and negation that in the latter half-century have overhung the Christian Churches, to give place to the accent of faith and spiritual consciousness of these supernatural truths of grace and revelation which are the life of our life, the food of the altar kindled of celestial fire.

H. YOOLL.





INTERIOR OF BRADWELL PRESENT CHAPEL.

Men Worth Remembering.

VII.—JOHN VERITY.

BY THE REV. JESSE ASHWORTH.



VERY few men occupied a more prominent position in the earlier days of the Primitive Methodist Connexion than the subject of our sketch. It is much to be regretted that no adequate effort was made immediately after his death to write the biography of so remarkable a man, and so eminent a preacher, when materials for

the purpose could, no doubt, have been easily obtained. If, however, after this distinguished servant of Christ has been nearly half a century in the Father's house of many mansions, we can gather up a few scattered reminiscences of him, it will be a source of satisfaction to the writer, and we hope also of profit to the reader.

John Verity would evidently be over thirty years of age when he entered our ministry; but little of his early history is known. Like John Nelson, of early Methodist fame, he was by trade a stone-mason, but the Divine Being evidently called him to polish rough stones from nature's quarry, and

add them as living stones to the ever-growing temple of which Jesus Christ is the chief corner-stone.

To the time-honoured Hull Circuit belongs the distinction of giving to Mr. Verity the Church's call into the ministry, which took place as early as the year 1820. The circuits in which he travelled are as follows:—Hull, Pocklington, Manchester, Bolton, London, Bradwell, Blackburn, Preston, Huddersfield, Sheffield, Leicester, Chesterfield and Barnsley. Of his valuable labours in several of these stations, we regret to say, we can say but little, but the following facts will no doubt prove interesting.

We may just venture to mention that most of the stations in which Mr. Verity travelled have been favoured with an encouraging amount of spiritual and numerical prosperity. Hull has now six important circuits, Manchester nine, Bolton two, Blackburn three besides Haslingden and Darwen, Preston three besides Southport three, London thirty-six besides missions, Sheffield seven besides Doe Lea Valley and Hemsworth Missions, Chesterfield three, and Barnsley two. Not that all this pleasing success is attributed to Mr. Verity; he has no doubt been followed by a noble host of successors, in addition to having had worthy contemporaries; but we may fairly admit that under the Divine blessing, he succeeded in giving many a place a favourable start in the upward direction.

By the Conference of 1831, Mr. Verity was appointed to Bradwell, in Derbyshire. Through the great kindness of Mr. Tanfield, the present circuit steward, and brother of the Rev. Richard Tanfield, we are able to furnish our readers with the following items from the old circuit account and minute books of Mr. Verity's time, which will help to give us a faint glimpse of the self-sacrifice and arduous labours of those early days. From those records it appears that Mr. Verity's first quarterly income of the circuit was £10 10s. 4d., which during his stay was more than doubled. When he entered the circuit the membership was 177; in two years it rose to 226, nearly fifty of an increase in a scattered agricultural district. Mr. Verity's salary during the whole of his time was only fourteen shillings a week, and his house-rent four pounds a year, yet with nearly twenty places on the plan to visit, it was proposed at the Quarterly Meeting to mission two additional ones. Such furniture replenishing items as the following are in the quarterly accounts:—tin steamer, tenpence; crockery-ware, one shilling; new saucepan, one and ninepence. With a quarterly income of £21 11s. 6¾d. they voted to the Contingent Fund £1 15s. 6d., Charitable Fund 2s. 6d., Foreign Missions 10s., and unanimously resolved to call out a second preacher. One minute of Mr. Verity's last Quarterly Meeting was: "This is to certify that we have now laid before us every class paper in the circuit, and after the most strict examination, find them to contain, according to rule, two hundred and six full members and twenty on trial." These items from the old account and minute books surely speak for themselves without any comment.

We have given a view of the old Bradwell Chapel, in which Mr. Verity exercised his gifted ministry, and a photo of the present splendid sanctuary, to show the advance which our cause has made in this rural village. The old chapel was plain to the last degree; no porch or vestibule; no pews, but loose forms without backs; no stove or heating apparatus; no boarded floor, but the ground covered with what was called "small feith," or spar from the mines, which sparkled and glistened with little particles of lead ore; this was renewed every year. Mr. Verity's description of this time-honoured sanctuary, to those who had never seen it, was exceedingly quaint. He would say, "My chapel is floored with sparkling gems and diamonds, the people make no noise treading upon it coming in or going out; if a baby cries, the mother quietens it by putting it down on the floor to play with the diamonds. If I want any one to engage in prayer two or three forms from me, I get up a handful of gems and throw them at the person's back." Yet from this humble place of worship such gifted ministers were sent forth as Joseph Hibbs, John Hallam, Joseph and George Middleton, John Morton and others. Here the writer had the honour of com-

mencing his ministry under the superintendency of the sainted Robert Hill.

We will now venture to record some of our own early memories respecting this remarkable man John Verity.

The first opportunity we had of seeing him was when a youth of fifteen, at the Manchester District Meeting of 1835, held at Stockport. The opening sermon was preached by the late Rev. James Garner on the Friday evening, from Luke xix. 10, and a band or fellowship meeting was held on the Saturday evening, at which both Hugh Bourne and William Clowes spoke. Sunday was a red-letter day; the procession to the camp ground left Duke Street Chapel about eight o'clock in the morning. Beside the founders of the Connexion, there were present such men as Samuel Smith, Samuel Tilotson, James Garner, Joseph Peart, Solomon Moor, with other preachers and laymen. But the most prominent figure during the whole day was undoubtedly John Verity. The day was a warm and genial Sabbath in May. The field was all that could be desired, and near ten thousand people were estimated to be attracted to the spot. When the crowds returned to the preaching-stands after first dividing into praying companies, Mr. Verity's company did not break up, but remained a permanent praying company, as it was then called, till five o'clock in the afternoon, not even closing for dinner. Persons deeply affected at the preaching-stands or the other praying companies, were taken to Mr. Verity's permanent praying company, which was called by some "the hospital," where a goodly number found salvation. The loud cries for mercy from humble penitents, and the shouts of Hallelujah from pardoned sinners in the open field, drew round the company a number of sceptical young men, who were laughing and mocking to make fun as they called it. Several times Mr. Verity made an opening in the ring, and very courteously invited them to come into the centre, but in vain. When at length Mr. Verity asked the praying people to follow him, he marched round and thoroughly enclosed the mockers. In answer to those fervent prayers of faith, a wave of Divine power came over them; some of the scoffers fell down crying for mercy, while others escaped from the ring as best they could. The number of persons to whom that sacred Sabbath was "the day of salvation," was estimated at near one hundred. The scenes upon the field of that glorious day are still vivid to the eye of our imagination, and the shouts of victory and praise seem yet ringing in our ears.

The next occasion on which we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Verity was as a Missionary deputation. In those early days circuits did a large amount of home mission work, even opening and sustaining missions in Ireland, Scotland and America. Mr. Verity detailed in his own characteristic manner, how he had recently gone twelve

miles from his circuit-town to open a new mission in the neighbourhood of Rossendale, a parliamentary division of Lancashire. "When I got there," he said, "I inquired of a young man whose was the largest house in the place? After a short pause, the young man said, 'Why, Bill's o' Dick's, o' Thom's, o' Jack's, o' owd Ned's o' Rossendale.' After pointing me to the house, I went and knocked at the door; when the lady came, I asked, 'If Mr. Bill o' Dick's, o' Thom's, o' Jack's, o' owd Ned's o' Rossendale was at home; if so, would she kindly tell him the Lord had sent me to preach at his house, and he must not say nay.' When the gentleman came I repeated the same question and affirmation. Mr. Rowstron, for that was the gentleman's real name, kindly invited me in, and after some consultation with his good lady, they both cheerfully consented." The servant was sent to the factory to tell the people there would be preaching at her master's house at seven o'clock that evening. The quaint message Mr. Verity gave her was to say that, "John Verity was come to sell the devil up, dish and spoon, and they must come to the sale." The Divine blessing attended the preaching of the Gospel; a society was formed, an old house was turned into a chapel, the floor of the upper room was cut out above the pulpit, so that the preacher could address those below and those above at the same time. Mr. Verity dignified this chapel with the name of Solomon's Temple. In this quaint edifice the writer has had the honour of frequently holding forth the Word of Life.

On another occasion Mr. Verity went to mission a place at the time of hay-making, during which a heavy thunderstorm—as is frequently the case—came on. He found no place of shelter but a public-house, (this, of course, was before the days of temperance hotels), which was speedily filled with men driven from the hay-field, who soon began both to drink and sing their favourite songs. After a time they asked if the stranger who sat quietly in the corner could not sing them a song? "Yes," he readily replied, "if you will allow me to choose my own song?" This was at once agreed to, upon which Mr. Verity rose, placed his hand on the table, and commenced amid the deepest silence, "No room for mirth or trifling here," etc. Before he had finished, most of the men were in tears. He then announced that he should be there again that day fortnight to preach the glad tidings of the Gospel. The formation of a society, and the erection of a suitable chapel was the happy result of his labours.

By the Conference of 1837, the writer was appointed to the Haslingden Circuit, under the superintendency of the Rev. Christopher Hallam, honoured father of our present General Committee Secretary. This circuit was made that Conference from Blackburn, during the superintendency of Mr. Verity, who still remained on the parent station,

We, of course, not only heard much of Mr. Verity's sayings and doings, but also became personally more intimately acquainted with him and his good wife, whom he familiarly called Nannie. There were romantic incidents and strange love-affairs in those early days. Mr. Verity is said to have gone on a courtship expedition, with the full intention of soliciting the hand of the daughter, but he actually fell in love with, and married, the mother. They evidently lived happily together for a number of years, and Mrs. Verity survived her husband several years. Many quaint stories are told of Mr. Verity and



BRADWELL NEW CHAPEL.

Nannie which want of space forbids us to record; but we may just mention, that when making a collection, Mr. Verity would say if his good wife were present, "I hope you have all done better than our Nannie, for I dare say she has only brought a penny or threehalfpence for the plate."

On one occasion, in coming to Mrs. Verity in an afternoon class meeting, she gave as her experience, that she felt in some measure to be growing in grace; "Yes," he replied, "I think thou art mending a little; thou hast not been so cross lately," and he began to point out rich graces which she did not seem yet to possess. One of the ladies said to her afterwards: "I wonder, Mrs. Verity, you allow your husband to talk to you in such a manner,"

"Oh, bless you," she replied, "it is not all Nannie that he means."

The following incident will go to show Mr. Verity's wide-spread influence during his Blackburn ministry. One Saturday evening during my tour in the East, while staying at an hotel in Grand Cairo, the capital of Egypt, I was called from my room to meet a tall fine-looking gentleman, whom I found to be the army chaplain to the English soldiers. Not knowing that I was a Nonconformist minister, he came to request me to take the service at the English barracks. A day or two afterwards I was passing through the grand hall of the hotel, when a clergyman out of Lancashire, staying at the same hotel, pressed me to come and take a seat beside him on the couch. He began conversation by asking me why I did not accept the chaplain's invitation, and then said, "I will give you the substance of a sermon by one John Verity, a Primitive Methodist minister, of Blackburn, delivered over forty years ago. The subject was about heaven; Mr. Verity pictured various professors of Christianity coming up to heaven's gates. The first who presented himself for admission was asked by the porter, 'Who are you?' He replied, 'I am a Baptist.' 'Oh,' said the porter, 'there are no Baptists here.' To the next who came up to the gates the porter inquired, 'Who are you?' He replied, 'I am a Congregationalist. 'Oh,' replied the porter, 'there are no Congregationalists here.' The third who knocked for admission gave his name as a Wesleyan. 'Oh,' repeated the porter, 'there are no Wesleyans here.' Then came up another who to the porter's inquiry replied, 'I am the Vicar of Blackburn.' 'Oh,' replied the porter, 'there are no vicars here.' Then Mr. Verity represented himself coming up to heaven's gate. 'Who are you?' again was asked. 'I am John Verity, Primitive Methodist Preacher.' 'There are no Primitives here,' replied the porter. Last of all he brought up a man whose reply to the porter's inquiry was, 'I am a Christian, a humble believer in the Lord Jesus Christ.' 'Make haste,' cried the porter, 'fling wide open the gates, let him in, they are all Christians here, singing, "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever."'"

This sermon had evidently made a lasting impression on the mind of the clergyman, proving that Verity, like Abel, being dead yet speaketh. The clergyman felt no small degree of surprise when informed that we were intimately acquainted with Mr. Verity during his residence at Blackburn.

We venture to give here another instance of Mr. Verity's pulpit oratory. After recovering from a recent illness he told his audience that he had been weighing himself in the balances to see if he were found wanting. He said, "I put John Verity in the scales with all his good deeds and charities; but up went the scale, short of weight. Then I heaped

into the scale all my sermons, prayers, long journeys on rugged roads, dark stormy nights and other hardships; up went the scale again, Verity still short of weight. Then I bundled them all out of the scale, and trusted alone in Jesus Christ; down went the scale, Verity bumping weight." Such a description being to him so natural, especially with the application which he would make of it, must have been at once humorous, pathetic, and impressive.

Mr. Verity's appointment to Sheffield, as stated in the admirable article by the Rev. J. Wenn, in the January number of this Magazine, was to extricate Bethel Chapel from its financial difficulties. This he happily accomplished, both by collecting sums of money and attracting large congregations.

We are indebted to Mr. Tanfield, already referred to, for the following fact. He states, "I was a member of society at Bethel Chapel in the year 1853. I remember attending a public meeting there, when the chairman, Mr. Charles Spaight, an old local preacher, told a sad story of the building and maintaining of Bethel Chapel; its heavy debt, the poverty of its members, increasing liabilities, insufficient income, several trustees shrinking from their responsibilities. A young minister was actually sent out to raise money for the chapel by selling cutlery. But still the burden increased, until there was 'a man sent from God, whose name was John,' that man was John Verity. He threw himself heartily into the work as only he could do. In a short time the tide turned, and before he left, the chapel was not only saved to the Connexion but was also placed in a good working condition, and the conversion of many sinners to God was witnessed." Since that time, how many beautiful daughters have risen up around the mother chapel!

Mr. Verity was not only a man of distinguished talent, but also of remarkable tact. While seeking to obtain pecuniary aid for Bethel Chapel, a Sheffield parliamentary election happened to be going on. Attempts were made to draw out his political opinions; and in those days, it should be said, our ministers were strongly urged not to interfere with politics, but to strenuously mind their own most important work of leading men to Christ. When asked by the Conservatives for his political views, he would reply, "God bless the Tories;" when asked the same question by the Liberals, he would say, "God bless the Liberals." When asked privately by one of his friends, if he did not consider such a course marked with a little inconsistency, he would reply, "No, I want God to bless everybody."

A great change has come over the Connexion since Mr. Verity's time. Primitive Methodists fully recognise their duties and responsibilities as citizens, and consequently take part in parish, district, county, borough and parliamentary elections; some filling the mayoral or aldermanic chair, while



others represent a borough or division in Parliament. These things they may lawfully do, and yet need not diminish their efforts to extend the kingdom of Christ upon earth.

While Mr. Verity was still in Sheffield, a little incident occurred which shows that his preaching was marked both by humour and pathos. It was frequently said that he could make people laugh and cry in a breath. A gifted local preacher of a neighbouring circuit declared he was sure that he could not move him in either one direction or the other. He was courteously invited by a friend to

come and hear him, and had not been listening long when the tears were coursing down his cheeks, and he was laughing almost at the same time. When asked about it by his friend, "Oh," he replied, "Mr. Verity took me unawares." He was persuaded by his friend to try again, which he did, and determined to keep his gravity, but with the same result.

Mr. Verity was evidently a man of large resources and variety of methods. One of his methods was to publish his subjects with strange or taking titles. When at Leicester he found there was a number of professed sceptics; he succeeded in filling old

George Street Chapel to its utmost capacity by publishing his subjects, one of which was, "The Infidel Enigma Unriddled: Where did God come from?" His text was from Hab. iii. 3, 4, "God came from Teman, and the Holy One from Mount Paran," etc. We have often been told that he rose to the highest possible pitch of sublimity, when he dwelt on that portion of his text, "there was the hiding of His power." It is recorded that a number of unbelievers were attracted to hear him from time to time, and were led to surrender themselves to God through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

Mr. Verity was both deservedly and extensively popular; consequently he was much sought after for anniversary services. The Rev. W. R. Widdowson states: "I never heard any one who could tell a story with so much fascination as Mr. Verity. He was not quite so dramatic as Billy Dawson or John B. Gough, but I never heard any one who could surpass him in the combination of humour and pathos at the same moment, except it was Gough." This is a high testimonial from one who has had many opportunities of hearing speakers of the greatest popularity.

Mr. Verity had many other elements of pulpit popularity beside humour and pathos. Like nature herself, he had a great variety in both matter and manner. He never dreamt of giving to his congregations what cost him nothing. When travelling with the late Rev. Thomas Jobling at Burnley, we had the high pleasure of hearing Mr. Verity preach three of his great sermons at the Curzon Street Chapel anniversary, almost every sentence of which might be called sublime. The expectation roused by this visit ran very high; silver was expected on entering the gallery, half-crown collectors to every other pew, the chapel being crowded at the three services. The subject, previously announced, was "The Great Anthem of Redemption," from Rev. v. 9-14. In the morning, "The Song of the Redeemed;" in the afternoon, "The Doxology of Angels;" at night, "The Full Chorus." In the whole three services there was only one humorous utterance, and that was in the afternoon prayer.

The week before there had been a very great storm of wind and rain, one of the greatest we ever remember witnessing. Mr. Verity's allusion to it was in something like the following words: "O Lord! Thou hast watched over us and preserved us in the midst of the tempest, whilst houses have been unroofed, chimneys blown down, great trees torn up by the roots, and mighty vessels sunk with their crews to the depths of the sea. Thou couldst have blown us all into the air like onion-peelings, but Thy goodness has preserved us, O Lord, for which we praise Thee." Despite this rather strange expression, a cloud of Divine glory seemed to rest on each assembly.

The incidents best remembered and most frequently talked of in the marvellous life of Mr. Verity,

are his winning a chapel by preaching, and the conversion of a clergyman.

He was accustomed to relate these events in the following manner. "An old gentleman, a country squire, built a chapel and offered it to that denomination whose preacher should please or suit him the best. After several ministers of different denominations had occupied the pulpit, the squire was asked if he would not also invite a Primitive to preach, which inquiry led for me to be sent for to take a week-day service in the chapel. The weather was very hot, and the place a considerable distance, so that after I had walked part of the way I became very foot-sore; I made inquiries at the village through which I was passing, whether I could engage a conveyance of any kind to get me there in time. Nothing could I obtain but a donkey, neither could I procure saddle nor bridle. The donkey being caught and brought from the common, a sack was thrown over his back to which some cord was attached for stirrups, and also cord for a bridle. So I mounted and proceeded on my journey. As I got near the place I saw a crowd of people looking out for the preacher. I learned afterwards that one of them said, 'Yonder comes the parson.' 'Nay,' said another, 'yond' looks like Balaam on his ass.' When I arrived at the chapel it was time to commence, so my donkey was taken to the squire's stable. I entered the chapel and began the service. As I was the last preacher who was to try for the chapel, I thought I would take for my text the Apostolic benediction, 2 Cor. xiii. 14, 'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all, Amen.' As I had come for the purpose of winning the chapel, I determined to keep my eye towards the old squire, who sat in a corner pew not far from the pulpit. As I spoke of preventing grace, converting grace, supporting grace, and especially of grace to support in a dying hour, I saw the squire was moved; his chin began to totter, and before I had finished my sermon he called out, 'The chapel's yours; the chapel's yours.' After the service, both the donkey and I spent a day or two at the squire's, and we liked our quarters very well."

On account of the favourable impression in the surrounding locality made by Mr. Verity's winning the chapel, he was invited to assist in holding a large open-air meeting in a neighbouring town. As he was returning from the said meeting on the donkey, he was overtaken by a clergyman on horseback, who had been conducting service at a few miles distance. Mr. Verity put a question to him which was very frequently asked in the early days of Primitive Methodism; he asked him, How many conversions he had recently witnessed? This question led up to what proved to be a very interesting conversation on the subject of conversion. While thus engaged in conversing, Mr. Verity's donkey happened to stumble and he fell off into a heap of

road scrapings. "You are down," said the clergyman. "Yes," said Verity, in the language of Bunyan,

"He that is down need fear no fall,
He that is low no pride."

The clergyman kindly leaped from his horse to assist Mr. Verity, saying, "You cannot proceed in this condition. You had better come home with me and have your clothes cleaned." The clergyman took him home, and lent him a suit of clothes while his own were cleaned by the servants. While they sat round the tea-table, the clergyman related to his lady and children—a son and a daughter—the conversation between Mr. Verity and himself on the way. The clergyman and his family were deeply affected, and most of the evening was spent in conversation on religion and in prayer. The conversion of one after the other led afterwards to the conversion of the family doctor. After this, our preachers met with a cordial welcome at the vicarage whenever they were in that locality, and on one occasion a notice was posted on the church doors: "Gone to the Camp Meeting."

The conversion of this clergyman and his family may appear to some rather unique, but this is not the only clergyman we could tell of, did our space permit, whose conversion took place through the instrumentality of early Primitive Methodism. Those were certainly the days when signs and wonders were wrought in the name of the Holy Child Jesus, and were our faith now sufficiently strong, signs and wonders might still, no doubt, be accomplished.

The facts of Mr. Verity's winning the chapel, and the clergyman's conversion, we have often heard related, and even by Mr. Verity himself; but for the minute details of the foregoing account we are chiefly indebted to our esteemed friend, the Rev. W. R. Widdowson. He informs us that he was a youth at home when Mr. Verity came as a deputation to the Kimberley Missionary Meeting, and related the case of the chapel and the clergyman; and that he more fully entered into details when he came to his father's house, where he was entertained for the night. Mr. Widdowson further informs us, that the late Rev. Robert Smith told him that he knew well the village where the chapel was. Mr. Widdowson further states, that the late Rev. John Eckersley informed him that he had frequently taken tea with the clergyman, and had known the said clergyman to stand outside the chapel when snow was on the ground, to listen to the preaching. Probably his reason for standing outside was to avoid collision with his bishop, who had previously interposed.

We will add one testimony from America. Dr. Suddards was a minister in the days of William Clowes, who left our people and went to America, where he became pastor of a large church in Phila-

delphia, visited this country twenty-three years ago, and was asked by his host if the story of winning the chapel by Verity was true? "Yes," he replied, "I was the very man who proposed him. He had all the eloquence of Flesher, and with the exception of Father Clowes, I never heard any man pray equal to him."

The portrait of Mr. Verity presented is copied from an old magazine, and is considered by those who still remember him to be a very good one. The following description of his personal appearance is furnished by Mr. Widdowson, in which we fully concur. "He had a beautiful countenance, clear skin, ruddy cheeks, not above middle height, well proportioned in his make, not corpulent, and very active; he had a fine tenor voice which could be heard in singing, like Dr. Enoch Mellor's, above the largest audience; in preaching he could almost descend to a whisper, and yet could be heard well without apparent effort; always well dressed, especially considering the salaries of those days." In addition



BRADWELL OLD CHAPEL.

to all these qualities, there is another peculiarity which he possessed: his teeth were all double ones, and we heard him say that a doctor once told him such persons were very rare, but they always had double lungs!!

Here we gaze in imagination upon the wondrous chapel winner; the man who could unfold the nature of regeneration in the vicar's parlour or the cottage of the poor; who could accommodate himself, like his Master, to ride upon an ass; whose deep humility was evident to all who had the happiness to know him; who could attract agnostics to the faith of the Gospel; who could attract crowded audiences by the quaintness of his subjects, and when they came, not disappoint them. Here is a man who could extricate chapels from their financial difficulties; who could tramp the long, rough roads of a country circuit, as well as occupy the city pul-

pit; who could lead souls to Christ amid surrounding scoffers in the open field. In fine, here is, surely, a man worth remembering, and the remembrance of whom should prove a salutary inspiration for many days to come.

Brief was Mr. Verity's memoir in the *Large Magazine*, but it was so appropriate that we cannot forbear quoting the following extracts. "He was not an ordinary man; his imagination fruitful, his voice powerful but full of music, his person and address pleasing, his aims clear, his appeals pointed, his pulpit efforts edifying, convincing and saving, so that many will have cause to rejoice eternally that they ever heard him. The Bible was his main book; its figures were closely studied, highly prized, tenaciously remembered, and well used by him. His memory was well stored with moral and religious anecdotes, and he liberally employed them in illustration of his subjects. Though possessed of much wit and extemporaneous talking talent, he did not depend upon these to the neglect of close study and earnest prayer, but bestowed much pains on the preparation of his sermons, many of which were left in manuscript in almost a finished state."

"Barnsley was the last circuit in which he travelled; here he was struck down by paralysis and rendered unable to preach except very occasionally. Feeling this a very great trial, still remembering by whom the chastisement was inflicted, he kissed the rod and blessed the hand that used it. He retired, when superannuated, to Leicester, where he patiently waited the coming of his Lord. That event, however, took place sooner than was generally expected. In the early morning of July 6, 1849, he was apparently in better health than usual, but ere the day ended he was in the spirit world."

The record in the *Magazine* goes on to say that his remains were followed by a large concourse of mourners to the Leicester new cemetery; and a neat stone was purchased with the profits derived from the sale of the accompanying verses, composed by him a few weeks before his death.

We venture to add these verses, as they give us such a clear view of Mr. Verity's inner life in his closing days; and go to show how richly he was sustained by the power of that Christianity which

he had so frequently and fervently preached to others.

LINES COMPOSED BY JOHN VERITY A FEW WEEKS BEFORE HIS DEATH.

Tenant of my house of clay,
Destined for a brighter day,
Quit thy tent and haste away;
Heavenly mansions wait thee!

To thy nobler seat above,
Purchased by redeeming love,
Why so backward to remove?
Jesus waits thy coming.

Burdened with thine earthly clod,
Smitten by affliction's rod,
Burst thy chains, ascend to God;
Angels will conduct thee.

From a gloomy vale like this,
Through the emerald gates of bliss,
To remain where Jesus is;
Saints will greet thee welcome!

Now my tardy spirit say,
Wouldst thou longer wish to stay,
Still to tread life's dreary way,
Where new trials wait thee?

Let thy wasted body die,
Calmly close thy faded eye;
Though in dust thy frame must lie,
Thou wilt mount to glory.

Jesus hath illumed the gloom,
Left a lamp within the tomb,
Till the last and general doom—
The resurrection morning!

Then with rapture and surprise,
Glorious thou wilt see it rise;
Mid the splendour of the skies,
Thou it put on for ever.

Then around the throne to shine,
Soul and body both divine,
And with saints and angels join
To praise the Lamb for ever

To all my friends, Adieu! Adieu
That this may be the case with you,
Always keep the end in view,
And we shall meet in glory





Short Sermons from the Sage of Grasmere.

X.—THE GOSPEL OF NATURE. (*Continued.*)



IN the previous paper we were occupied exclusively with the sanative influence which Nature exerts on the mind and soul of man—the simpler and more superficial aspect of our subject. But let us to-day take deeper soundings and ask, direct, the question, Is there a Gospel—a message of glad tidings—in Nature? What has she to say in hint or illustration or instruction as to the cardinal facts and needs of the soul—and its relation to God and Duty and the Future? Is there, in a word, a *theology* in Nature? and is that theology one of hope? We are much mistaken if there is not, and if our guiding sage has not some rememberable words to say to us on this theme of which the key-note may well be this passage:

“I have seen

A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell:
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy, for from within were heard
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith: and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things:
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power,
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation. Here you stand,
Adore, and worship, when you know it not:
Pious beyond the intention of your thought:
Devout above the meaning of your will.”

It needs not to dwell on the fact that Nature suggests the thought of sin. We have passed out of the shadow of that strange conceit of the old theologians—among whom even Wesley must be

included—that the more terrific aspects of Nature are the direct consequence of sin—that destructive lightnings flash, and seas o’erwhelm, and earthquakes convulse, because of Adam’s fault. I have not met with the passage, but a good friend, on whose word I can rely, tells me that somewhere Wesley attributes the alternations of high mountain and deep vale on the surface of our globe, to original sin. But for that the earth would have been conveniently (?) flat! Nor can we any longer accept the theory of the famous sermon on “The Cause and Cure of Earthquakes,” that they are intended as penalties for continuing sin. But artificial and foolish though such conceptions are, they are far-away hints of the truth that there is a doctrine of sin in Nature. What is sin, in the last analysis, but the sense of demerit, of defect, of imperfection. Sin is “missing the mark,” “coming short of the glory of God.” And in the constant striving upwards of Nature, as that striving is now being revealed and certified to us by the doctrine of Evolution, is there not manifest a blind, but none the less real, sense of incompleteness? Nature is ever saying, in her inarticulate way, “Up, up, I must up;” “Forward, forward, ever must I fare.” “Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect, but I follow after if that I may apprehend and realise the purpose purposed for me of God.” Such, to an imagination quickened of the Spirit, and to the opened ear, is the low mystic whisper of Nature. Let each hear it as he may: nor say it is not audible because his untrained faculty cannot detect it. In man that latent sense of inadequateness and peccancy has but come to consciousness. He has it because it is diffused in the Nature out of which he has sprung, and of which he is still a part; and sin, in him, is conscious, willing, deliberate yielding to the lower, to the animal, in the presence and against the protest of the higher and the spiritual. Sin is to choose the worse, against the urgency, and under the rebuke, of the better. It is to forswear the ideal. What Nature, all-uncon-

scious, witnesses, man has come to know and deplore.

But there is more in Nature—there is the gospel of forgiveness. Forgiveness nestles in the heart of Nature, because Nature is of God. Again and again in the interests of a certain narrow and exclusive evangelicalism have we heard it asserted that Nature knows nothing of forgiveness. And yet nothing is more certain than that Nature does make repairs. The scientific phrase “physiological regeneration” covers no fiction. A starfish deprived of an arm can replace it by a fresh growth. Crabs can renew the great claws which they have lost in fighting, and even as high up as the lizards the loss of a leg or a tail can be made good. Curtail an earthworm by means of a spade—the head portion will grow a new tail and the decapitated part will reproduce a head and brain. A snail has been known to regenerate an amputated eye-bearing horn twenty times running. We humans can constantly regenerate the skin of our lips and we can replace nails, though not an amputated limb. “Still,” says the authority who supplies me with these facts, “it is more marvellous that we cannot than that the lizard can.” There is no marvel in it, or no more than in the original development. It is the dividing cells simply repeating that first process. What does the *vis medicatrix* mean? No sooner does the blood begin to coagulate on your cut finger than the healing force of Nature commences to operate. Medical practice has passed or is passing through four stages—the stage of the lancet, the brandy stage, the drug stage, and the nature stage. We are now partly in the third, and partly in the fourth. Doctors are coming to regard drugs with less and less favour, and “Nature,” says one, “will often effect a cure in spite of the interference of too energetic physicians.” Now the natural but matches and mirrors the spiritual. It is no longer necessary to separate and antagonise the two in order to exalt the spiritual. God and Nature are not at strife. They are not two, but one. There is physiological forgiveness and there is spiritual forgiveness, but both are mediated by obedience to law. The lizard grows a new leg by unconscious conformity to nature; a man may grow a new character and realise a fresh future by conscious surrender to the laws of the spiritual world—by repentance, by faith, by hope, by love. It is the same God that worketh all in all, through the Christ—the Eternal Word, “through whom all things were made,” and who “is the end of the law unto righteousness to every one that believeth.”

The line of the poet, in the light of facts like these, receives a new warranty—

“Nature never did betray the heart that loved her.”

In the “Primrose of the Rock,” which bloomed without fear of “her annual funeral,” Wordsworth

saw more than a suggestion of “God’s redeeming love”:

“That love which changed for wan disease,
For sorrow that had bent
O’er hopeless dust, for withered age—
Their moral element,
And turned the thistles of a curse
To types beneficent.

Sin-blighted though we are, we too,
The reasoning sons of men,
From one oblivious winter called
Shall rise and breathe again,
And in eternal summer lose
Our threescore years and ten.”

Leaving aside for a little while the hint of immortality conveyed in that lovely little poem, straight from the heart of Nature, let us note how the central idea of Atonement—the truth of sympathetic suffering—is preached *con amore* by Nature. Although it is in a mood of too optimistic exaggeration that somebody has sung: “The whole of Nature is one hymn of love,” there is enough to excuse the rhapsody. One has read lately of pin-hole photography. Such a photograph is the sight, to be often seen, of a mother-spider at the mercy of an ant-lion, fighting for her eggs at the sacrifice of her own life. It is a small picture-token that means a large matter. Let me enrich my page with a few sentences from Professor Drummond—he has made this theme his own. They shall be taken indifferently from his three chapters entitled: “The Struggle for the Life of Others;” “The Evolution of a Mother;” “The Evolution of a Father.” “Love is not a late arrival, an afterthought, with Creation. . . . Its roots began to grow with the first cell of life which budded on this earth. . . . The Evolution of love is a piece of pure science. . . . It was distilled on earth.” Quoting himself from another, he shows how the salvation of self, and the good of the species, are at one and the same time secured by sacrifice: “Reproduction begins as rupture. Large cells beginning to die, save their lives by sacrifice. Reproduction is literally a life-saving against the approach of death, whether it be the almost random rupture of one of the more primitive forms, or the overflow and separation of multiple buds, or the dissolution of a few of the Infusorians, an organism which is becoming exhausted, saves itself, and multiplies in reproducing.” And he continues: “For Reproduction alone the flower is created; when the process is over it returns to the dust. This miracle of beauty is a miracle of love. Its splendour of colour, its variegations, its form, its symmetry, its perfume, its honey, its very texture, are all notes of Love—Love calls, or Love lures, or Love provisions for the insect world. . . . Every plant in the world lives for others. It sets aside something, something costly, cared for, the highest expression of its nature. The seed is the tithe of Love. . . . When man lives

upon seeds he lives upon Love. . . . All the beauty of the world is Love-beauty. . . . Remember that the Family, the crown of all higher life, is the creation of Love; that co-operation, which means power, which means wealth, which means leisure, which, therefore, means art and culture, recreation and education, is the gift of Love. Remember not only these things, but the diffusions of feeling which accompany them, the elevation, the ideals, the happiness, the goodness, and the faith in more goodness, and ask if it is not a world of Love in which we live. . . . Is it too much to say that the one motive of organic Nature was to make mothers? It is, at least, certain that this was the chief thing she did. Ask the zoologist what, judging from science alone, Nature aspired to from the first; he could not but answer, Mammalia—Mothers. . . . No young of any mammal can nourish itself. There is that in it which compels it to seek its mother; and there is that in the mother which compels her, even physically, to seek her child. On the physiological side, the name of this impelling power is lactation: on the ethical side, it is Love." Drummond confesses what he owes to Fiske in the development of this subject. "From of old," says the latter, "we have heard the monition, 'Except ye be as babes ye cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven;' the latest science now shows us, though in a very different sense of the words, that unless we had been as babes, the ethical phenomena which give all its significance to the phrase, 'Kingdom of Heaven,' would have been non-existent for us. Without the circumstances of Infancy we might have become formidable among animals through sheer force of sharp-wittedness. But except for these circumstances we should never have comprehended the meaning of such phrases as 'self-sacrifice,' or 'self-devotion.' The phenomena of social life would have been omitted from the history of the world, and with them the phenomena of ethics and religion." Hear Drummond himself again in

just one or two other brief sentences: "If the crowning work of Organic Evolution is the Mammalia, the consummation of the Mammalia is the Family. Physically, psychically, ethically, the Family is the masterpiece of Evolution. In a far truer sense than Raphael produced his 'Holy Family,' Nature has produced a Holy Family. Not for centuries, but for millenniums, the Family has survived. Time has not tarnished it; no later art has improved upon it; nor genius discovered anything more lovely, nor religion anything more divine. From the bee's cell and the butterfly's wing, men draw what they call the Argument from Design; but it is in the kingdoms which come without observation, in those great immaterial orderings which Science is but beginning to perceive, that the purposes of Creation are revealed." But we despair, by any quotations within our conditions of space, to do justice to the gospel of Love according to Drummond. He may leave out much that qualifies, but the side of truth he sees is no illusion. It is the vision Wordsworth had too, though the poet had no science to support him.

"Love, now a universal birth,
From heart to heart is stealing,
From earth to man, from man to earth,
It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more
Than years of toiling reason;
Our minds shall drink at every pore
The spirit of the season.

And from the blessed Power that rolls
About, below, above,
We'll frame the measure of our souls,
They shall be tuned to love."

Here again must I break off. The question of Nature and Immortality, on which I had meant to speak, must be reserved for a separate paper.

J. D. T.





APPARATUS USED BY MR. TRIPLER IN LIQUEFYING GASES, WITH STREAM OF LIQUID AIR ESCAPING.

Liquid Air.*

BY ARTHUR E. GOODMAN.



THAT there are three forms of matter—solid, liquid and gaseous—is a fact with which most of us were early made acquainted, most probably, by the ubiquitous headlines of the inevitable copy-book; but the equally true fact that *all* matter may, at various times and under different circumstances, exist in all three forms has remained

in doubt, almost until the present year.

The merest child is familiar with the three forms of water—ice, water and steam—and that water becomes ice by the application of cold, or to be more correct, by the removal of heat, whilst steam is formed by putting more heat into the water.

Scientists early learned how to produce cold artificially by means of "freezing mixtures," and the cold produced in this way was of sufficient intensity to freeze all known liquids. Faraday, in the early days of the present century, was able, by uniting pressure with the cold produced artificially, to liquefy some of the gases, such as chlorine, car-

bonic acid gas and ammonia. But in spite of all efforts, these gases were never frozen, whilst there remained many gases which sturdily resisted all the efforts of scientists who endeavoured to turn them into liquids.

For some considerable time, Professor Dewar, at the Royal Institution, has been steadily working at the so-called "permanent" gases, and one by one has overcome their resistance, until on the 11th of May, 1898, it was announced that he had liquefied hydrogen and helium, and in so doing, had reduced the last of the refractory gases, then known on the earth, to its liquid form.

Very recently, however, a new gas, which up to that time was known to exist only in the sun's corona, and for this reason called coronium, has been discovered by Professor Nisini, of Padua, Italy, among the volcanic gases of Pozzuoli. Owing to its recent discovery, and the consequent difficulty of obtaining it in quantity, Professor Dewar's methods cannot have been brought to bear on it. But, failing positive proof, it is hardly exceeding the bounds of probability in stating that when experimented upon, it will be found to behave as all other gases have done, and become liquid and solid under certain conditions of cold and pressure.

Before attempting to describe the methods by which the air we breathe, or any other gas, may be brought to the liquid state, it will be necessary, first of all, to give the general reader some idea of

* The temperatures mentioned are given in degrees on the Fahrenheit scale, that is, the one most commonly in use.

what the three forms of matter really are, and especially in what the difference between them lies.

All matter consists of very minute particles. The particles forming a given substance are held together by the attraction which each particle has for the others. This power of attraction, or cohesion, as it is termed, is the most marked in the case of a solid, where each particle so strongly attracts its neighbours that they become as closely packed together as possible, and so become fixed and rigid. In liquids the cohesion is less marked, and the particles freely roll about over each other, so that the substance, if it is not to be lost, must be contained in a vessel, open, if at all, only at the top. In the case of gases, the cohesion is entirely absent, in fact, it would appear as though the particles had developed a repellent action upon each other, for they separate as far from each other as they possibly can. For this reason, gases and vapours can only be held or confined by a completely closed vessel.

It has already been stated that the application or withdrawal of heat plays an important part in the conversion of liquids into gases, or *vice versa*. To the scientist, heat is nothing more nor less than the effect produced upon the sense of feeling by certain vibratory movements communicated to us from the particles, of which all matter is composed. The hotter the substance is, the more rapid are the vibrations of its particles; hence the removal of heat from a body causes its particles to assume a



APPARATUS AS USED BY FARADAY IN LIQUEFYING AMMONIA, ETC.

less energetic vibration; whilst raising the temperature produces a more violent vibration.

We can now more readily understand why matter exists in various forms. Cohesion tends to pack the particles of a substance closely together. Heat, by setting these particles to vibrate, tends to cause them to separate. Solids, which are substances in their *coolest* form, exhibit cohesion acting practically alone. In liquids, cohesion and heat are nearly equally balanced; whilst in the third form, gas, where the temperature of the same substance is the highest, cohesion is altogether overcome and destroyed by the heat.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that different substances require varying amounts of heat to turn them from the solid to the liquid, or from the liquid to the gaseous condition. The amount of heat which will melt ice will not melt wax, nor is the amount which would vaporise water capable of even melting iron.

Inversely, if liquids be turned to solids, or gases into liquids, it can only be accomplished by *losing heat*. This is the crucial point in the liquefaction of gases; and how to remove the heat was the one difficulty of the earlier workers.

Whilst steam condenses at a temperature of 212° , ether will condense at 98° . Ammonia gas, however, has to be cooled to -38° , *i.e.*, 70° colder than ice, and carbonic acid gas requires the extreme cold of -112° , or 144° below the temperature of freezing water, before condensation commences.

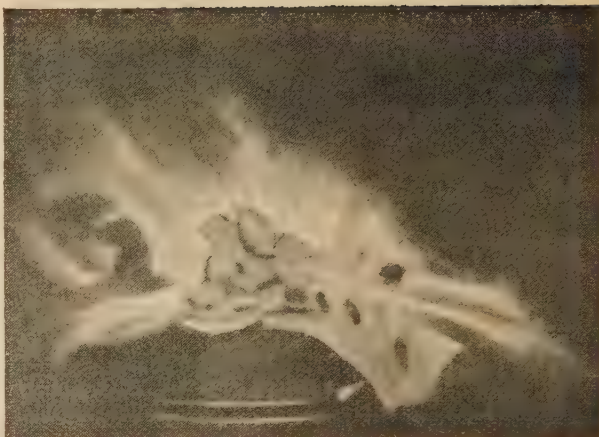
On cooling a gas it invariably contracts, and, of course, will expand again if heated. The contraction or expansion of a gas has been found to be uniform,



KNOCKING IN A NAIL WITH A HAMMER OF QUICK-SILVER, WHICH HAS BEEN FROZEN IN LIQUID AIR.

and is exactly $\frac{1}{401}$ part of its volume at the freezing point for each degree of temperature it is raised or cooled. That is, 491 cubic inches of any gas at 32° will expand so as to occupy 492 cubic inches if raised to 33° , and would contract to 490 cubic inches if cooled to 31° . This uniform law of contraction does not apply to liquids or solids, both of which behave under varying temperatures with the greatest diversity.

As the cooling process goes on, the particles of gas become more and more closely packed until they approach the condition of a liquid. But a great many gases have their condensing point so extremely low that it is impossible to obtain freezing mixtures which are capable of producing such an intense cold. This soon led scientists to think of another method of achieving the same thing. If the particles of the gas to be liquefied cannot be made to contract to the proper density to form a liquid, why not compress the gas, and thus forcibly make them so to contract? Faraday could not have liquefied either chlorine, ammonia, or carbonic acid gas had he not compressed them. His method of compressing a gas is shown in one of the illustrations. A piece of very strong glass tube was bent in the middle and securely sealed up at one end. At this closed end were placed the substances whose chemical action on each other resulted in the evolution of the gas to be experimented upon. When the tube became filled with the gas, the other end was strongly sealed up. As the gas continued to be generated the pressure inside the tube would increase enormously. To remove the heat caused by the compression, the end to be last sealed was immersed in a freezing



FELT BURNING FIERCELY IN LIQUID AIR.

mixture. Such was the somewhat simple device of the first successful method of liquefying gases. Compare this with the complicated machinery as seen in Mr. Tripler's laboratory, and some idea of the advance made will be obtained.

Carbonic acid gas, which, without compression, liquefies only when reduced to -112° , can be liquefied at 32° , if subjected to a pressure of 530 lbs per square inch, or 36 atmospheres, or at 88° —a temperature equal to that of the air for several periods during the days of last August—by a pressure of 77 atmospheres.

Whilst it appeared theoretically correct that a gas could be squeezed into a liquid, it was soon found to be impossible to do so with any gas above a certain temperature, which varied for different gases. This temperature, above which it is impossible to liquefy a gas, no matter what pressure is exerted on it, is known as the "critical" temperature. And it was because the "critical" temperature of the so-called permanent gases was so very low that until recently they have baffled all attempts to liquefy them. A gas must, in addition to the pressure, be cooled below its critical temperature before there is the slightest sign of liquefaction.

Compressing a gas, however, has its drawback, for by so doing the temperature of the gas is *raised*, and very considerably too. A recent experiment made by fastening a small thermometer on the tube connecting the pump with the tyre, showed that the small amount of compression involved in inflating the pneumatic tyre of a cycle, raised the temperature 10° .

The heat thus made manifest by compressing a gas is easily removed by causing the heated gas to flow through a series of pipes immersed in water.

If by compressing a certain amount of gas the heat evolved is absorbed by a pint of water, which in consequence becomes 1° hotter than before, it is



A SPIRAL OF LEAD BECOMES AS STIFF AS STEEL WHEN COOLED IN LIQUID AIR.

evident that on the gas being allowed to expand to its original volume it will re-absorb the heat imparted to the water, or an equivalent amount from the nearest substance. If matters are so arranged that the expanding gas cannot obtain this amount of heat from surrounding substances, an equivalent amount of heat is taken from its own temperature, which thus becomes very considerably reduced. It is this principle which has enabled the Russian chemists Wroblewski and Olzewski, at Cracow, to first liquefy air, and Professor Dewar, of London, to first liquefy hydrogen and helium.

The various steps made in the progress from the simple apparatus of Faraday, to the exceedingly costly and extensive machinery involved in Professor Dewar's methods, whilst extremely interesting to the scientific student, do not concern us here, and we shall content ourselves with brief descriptions of two of the most successful of modern methods.

The apparatus as used by Professor Dewar consists essentially of three very strong steel tubes, so arranged that the smallest one is completely surrounded by the second, with a clear space between the two, whilst the second is in its turn similarly surrounded by the third. Into the outermost tube liquid nitrous oxide is passed under a pressure of 1,400 lbs. per square inch, and, after being cooled, is then caused to expand, producing a fall of temperature to -150° . This cold in the outermost tube causes another gas, ethylene, which is passed into the next inner tube at a pressure of 1,800 lbs. per square inch, to become liquid. When this liquid ethylene has cooled down to -150° , which is the temperature of its surroundings, it is then in turn made to evaporate, this still further reducing its temperature to -240° . Into the innermost tube is passed oxygen, under a pressure of 750 lbs. per square inch, and being cooled by the evaporating ethylene to -240° , it becomes liquid. On withdrawing the liquid oxygen fully nine-tenths of it evaporates, thus lowering the remaining liquid to a temperature of -294° .

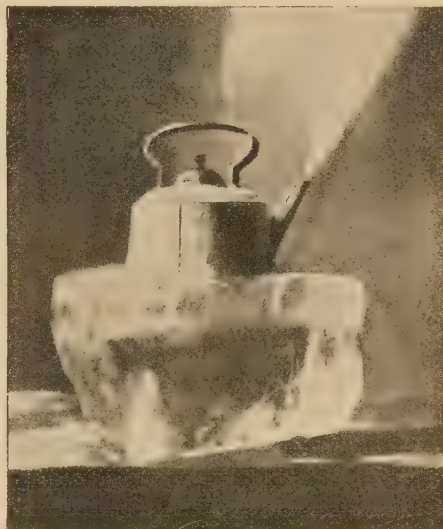
By forcibly evaporating liquid oxygen at this temperature, Professor Dewar got the lowest temperature yet obtained artificially, and by it he was able to liquefy hydrogen. This has only been obtained in a very limited quantity so far; but even with the small amount at his command, he produced a cold of about -346° , which was intense enough to convert oxygen and the air we breathe into snow-white solids.

Wonderful as these results are, however, this process, except by an enormous outlay, could only produce small quantities of the liquid gases.

It is to Mr. Tripler, of New York, that we are indebted for the method which will yield a practically limitless quantity of liquid air, or other gas, at a very much less expense. The method employed is so simple, that one wonders why it was not adopted previously, for it depends upon no new

discovery, but, as we shall see, is merely an application of the same principle as Professor Dewar's. No other gas but the one it is intended to liquefy is employed.

The gas, or air, which needs no preparation, and is hence, much cheaper, is compressed by powerful air-pumps until it is subjected to a pressure of between 2,000 and 3,000 lbs. per square inch. The heat which this compression causes is absorbed by passing the compressed air through strong pipes surrounded by running water. Then by a peculiarly



KETTLE OF LIQUID AIR BOILS WHEN PLACED ON A SLAB OF ICE.

constructed device, a certain proportion of the now cool compressed air is allowed to escape, the pressure within the tubes still being maintained by the air-pumps. As the escaping gas expands its temperature is reduced, and the cold air is made to circulate about a coil of pipes, through which it had just passed after being cooled by the water, and previous to being liberated. The compressed air within this coil is thus made to cool itself on expanding, and as it, in turn, is allowed to escape, the cooling process goes on, theoretically *ad infinitum*, practically, however, till a temperature of about -312° is reached. This, however, is variable, and depends upon external considerations which cannot be entered into here. So well does the machine work that this temperature is obtained within fifteen minutes of its starting. This temperature, together with the enormous pressure maintained, quickly converts the compressed air into a liquid, which may be drawn off at the rate of between thirty and forty gallons in ten hours. As the temperature within the pipes is so very intense, they have to be carefully protected from the heat of the room by very

thick layers of felt. It is owing to the unlimited supply of liquid air at Mr. Tripler's command which has enabled him to make our American cousins much more cognisant of the capabilities of this strange form of air, than we are on this side of the Fish Pond.

Liquid air poured upon ice flies off hissing just as water would off red-hot iron, and similarly, a kettle of liquid air boils apparently as energetically when standing on a slab of ice as it does on a fire. This, at first, seems almost incredible, but when it is remembered that the ice is 344° hotter than the liquid air, whilst steam is only 180° hotter than ice, the phenomenon loses much of its incredibility.

A jet of steam directed on to the surface of liquid air is instantly frozen into a miniature snowstorm. In a few seconds an egg is frozen so hard that it requires a hard blow of a hammer to break it. All other liquids are speedily frozen when placed in liquid air, and quicksilver becomes so hard that it may be used as a hammer to drive a nail.

Iron exposed to this intense cold becomes as brittle as glass; lead becomes as stiff and elastic as steel; whilst a hollow india-rubber ball becomes as fragile as an egg-shell.

By the simple process of allowing liquid air to evaporate in an open dish, the nitrogen escapes first, and the percentage of oxygen in the remaining liquid gradually increases. If a pad of cotton wool, dusted freely with powdered charcoal, be saturated with this liquid and ignited by a spark, an explosion follows, closely resembling that of dynamite. This has already been put to practical use in a mine in Germany for blasting. The advantage of such an explosive over any other lies in the fact that should a charge fail to explode, in a short time it becomes harmless, owing to the rapid evaporation of the liquid air. Many lives are lost annually in removing charges of other explosives which have failed to ignite.

Since about 100 cubic feet of air are condensed into one gallon of the liquid, the latter will expand some 750 times in evaporating back to its former condition. Could this latent energy of liquid air be in some way safely controlled and employed in driving machinery, what an enormous force would be placed in the hands of the mechanics!

The practical man, of course, will want to know the use of all this experimenting, and apparent lavish, if not wasteful, expenditure of money. Even the most practical of practical men, however, ought to be more than satisfied with the benefits conferred on mankind already by this branch of research. Cold



POURING OUT LIQUID AIR BY THE QUART..

storage and refrigerating plant are to be found in every city, and not one of them could have existed but for the experiments of Faraday and his successors in the liquefaction of gases. And it is to their work entirely that the ammoniacal and dry air refrigerating processes are due, by one of which, not only can ice be obtained at any season or in any climate, but perishable goods of all kinds can be stored in good condition, and by the other, meat is carried well nigh halfway round the world. In many branches of manufacture, refrigerating plant is indispensable.

Were these the only possible outcome of such scientific pursuits, they would amply repay for all the time and trouble expended by the master-minds of science; but in addition we may confidently assert that the limit of practical utility has by no means been reached, and that many things now looked upon as impossible, may in the near future be brought within the bounds of possibility by means of the vast energy stored in these abysses of cold.





A Chat about Mohammedanism.



HOW many of us realise that there are actually more Mohammedans in the world than there are members of the Protestant Church? It is to be feared that a great many people, who do not take an active interest in the affairs of the greater outside world, have no conception of this most important fact. Yet to Christian people, and particularly to those engaged in missionary work, it is a fact of great significance. For Christianity, though it had seven hundred years' start of

the religion founded by Mohammed, has so far not succeeded in vanquishing that most remarkable heresy. In God's own good time, we believe, this great work will be accomplished. But at present we are face to face with the fact that there are 200 million Mohammedans in the world, as against about 160 million Protestants.

Then there is another striking fact about Mohammedanism which is not realised, we venture to say, by more than one out of a hundred persons. If the question were asked, Which is the greatest Mohammedan empire in the world to-day? what kind of an answer would most folks give? Some would answer Turkey. Some would, perhaps, hesitate between Persia and Afghanistan. Others, reflecting upon the great Asiatic possessions of the Czar, would say Russia. Well, all these guesses would be wrong. The greatest Mohammedan empire in the world to-day is the British Empire—the empire of which we are all subjects, and whose great work in the Christian mission field is at once our pride and our privilege. But, the reader may say, how do you make it out that the British Empire, one of the greatest Christian Powers, is at the same time the greatest Mohammedan empire in the world? The answer is very simple. There are, roughly speaking, sixty million Moslems in India. Now India belongs to Britain, and the people of India are subjects of the British Empire. Therefore, seeing

that she rules over sixty million Mohammedans in India alone, our Queen may be said to rule over more Mohammedans than any other living Sovereign. Moreover, there are Mohammedan British subjects in our African possessions and protectorates, and in other parts of the world over which the British flag waves. So that, to put the matter in a nutshell, we shall not be far wrong if we say that nearly half of the Mohammedans living to-day are fellow-subjects with us of the British crown.

This is a most suggestive thought. We believe that the great bulk of the missionary work of the present age devolves upon the Anglo-Saxon race. If it be so in regard to *general* missionary work, how much more so with regard to our Moslem fellow-subjects? Why, we may ask, did God give India to us? How is it that it seems to be our destiny to civilise the vast Egyptian Soudan, and carry the torch of European light into the vast dark-nesses of Central Africa? Think of it for a moment. Who opened out Africa? Livingstone, Mackay, Moffat, Stanley, Baker, Burton, Speke, Grant, Gordon, Mungo Park, Thomson—all these men were British. Amongst them they have crossed Africa in every direction; amongst them they discovered the Nile sources, and the great Nyanzas from which the ancient river flows; amongst them they carried first the Gospel to tribes sunk and soddened in ignorance and superstition. In India, too, we see the same thing. Now, why was this? Was it merely because the love of travel and exploration was deeper ingrained in the British nature than any other nature? No; certainly not. The answer is, as the saintly General Gordon used to observe, because God has set us apart to be the great missionary nation of the earth, and because India and Africa are at present the two great countries which offer the richest fields for our Christian enterprise.

It follows, therefore, that as a nation we are deeply concerned with the religion of Mohammed. It is a religion followed, as we have seen, by nearly 100 millions of our fellow-subjects. As missionaries, as rulers, as traders, and as travellers, we are brought into closer contact with Mohammedanism than we perhaps are with any other religion. That being

the case it should interest us to know something about it. We should at least be conversant with the circumstances under which Mohammed arose as a prophet, and we should know something of the doctrines upon which he based his new faith, how that faith progressed, and how it stands to-day in its relationship to other religions. The object of this short paper is to make these points clear.

The story of Mohammed's career is interesting and romantic, but it is too well known to need more than a few sentences. Mohammed himself was a camel-driver in Arabia. He was born at Mecca in the latter half of the sixth century. Though poor he came of a pure-blooded family, and though it did not keep him from having to work for his living, it yet explains how a common camel-driver should have the lofty mind which Mohammed undoubtedly possessed. Now at that time there was really no religion in Arabia. Arab rites had descended to idolatry with no spiritual significance at all. Mohammed *had* a spiritual nature, and his soul craved for something better than the debasing beliefs of his people. So he sought to bring back his people to the worship of one God. That was the key-note of his faith. "There is no God but God" is the corner-stone of Islam, and is the sentence ever on the lips of pious Moslems. Mind you, Mohammed did not understand God quite in the same light as we do. He was groping after truth and he very nearly took hold of it. His preaching met with very little favour. He and a band of a dozen or so followers were forced to fly from Mecca for their lives. That became the year I. of the Mohammedan era. After the flight Mohammed's whole conduct underwent a change. He determined to become a conqueror and to force his new religion upon his nation. So he busied himself at Medinah, where he had taken refuge, in perfecting his faith. He made a system of it. He introduced rites and ceremonies, laid down articles of belief, etc., and in the process it has to be confessed that it lost a great deal of its early spirituality and was considerably materialised. Moreover, Mohammed ceased to regard himself solely as a teacher and prophet. There is no doubt that he burned for vengeance upon the city which had cast him out and determined to make it accept the new religion even at the point of the sword.

We cannot follow Mohammed's career step by step. It is interesting but space is not sufficient. The writer has been privileged to do it elsewhere, and to follow closely the development of the prophet's mind. Of course, he conquered Mecca. Then he conquered the whole of Arabia. Then the whole of Syria, and great tracts of Asia acknowledged his sway. The Holy Land, Damascus, and even Europe were invaded, and the Moslem arms triumphed. Spain became a Mohammedan country, and even France was threatened. But for the great battle of Tours, as the historian Gibbon says, Mohammedan teachers might have been expound-

ing the Koran to-day in the pulpits of Oxford and Cambridge. Meanwhile, Mohammed himself had died. He had lived to become a red-hot fanatic, consumed with a passion to conquer and proselytise. His generals swept over the land with blood-red sword, offering to the vanquished the alternative of death or submission to Islam. The lust of battle, the desire to conquer, had taken the place of the holy zeal and the *spiritual* yearnings which had characterised the earlier teachings of Mohammed. His religion was imposed by the sword, and it had to be maintained by the sword until its roots had penetrated deep enough to be self-supporting.

Now it is obvious that Mohammedanism must have possessed some good qualities to have taken root at all, and to have flourished in foreign soil when Arabian protection was withdrawn. Those good qualities are plain enough. For one thing, the new faith substituted the worship of one true God for the worship of idolatrous images. It swept fetishism and heathenism away with indignation. It gave men a God to worship—a rational, holy, and almighty Being, who had made heaven and earth and hell, who regarded man as His fairest work, who watched over him with pitying love, who rewarded his virtues and punished his sins. It taught man the dignity of human nature. Unfortunately, as already stated, it was too materialistic. Salvation is effected by a mechanical performance of rites and a periodic repetition of prescribed prayers. Yet, on the other hand, it inculcated cleanliness, chastity, fasting, charity and hospitality; it denounced murder, adultery, perjury, tittle-tattling, gambling, drunkenness, the lending of money at high interest, and so on. Its standard of perfection was easy of attainment, and any man who willed might become a devout follower of the prophet. On the whole, it was a great advance on the paganism which it displaced, and remembering the schisms in the Christian Church in those days, and how difficult it was for a convert to know what was truth, it is not altogether surprising, as one of our bishops has said, that Mohammedanism was sometimes embraced as an easy way out of the difficulty. One of its greatest faults is the low estimate it takes of women. A Mohammedan may have four wives and as many concubines as he can afford. Women have no part in religion, and paradise is not for "the likes of them." A great feature is the pilgrimage to Mecca and Medinah, the birthplace and burial-place of Mohammed, which is every year made by quite half a million Moslems.

How Mohammedanism will fare in the immediate future is not easy to say. If we believe the Scriptures all heresies will one day be subdued by the Gospel of Christ. At present, however, it is very strong, though it is making fewer converts now than ever it did. Moreover, the outside influences operating upon it are more numerous and vigorous than ever. Then, too, there are movements inside.

The old fanaticism is being broken down; the ancient prejudices are crumbling away. Western influences in Mohammedan countries are all working in favour of Christianity. The Moslem, however bigoted, cannot but see that the European is his superior in the arts of peace, of civilisation, of comfort, of mental and social advancement. Respect for the European begets respect for the

European's religion. There is a spirit of inquiry abroad. The oriental mind is seeking information, and is becoming receptive to the truth. To us, this is of pleasing import. The work of Christianising the Mohammedan world seems to have been placed in our hands. It is for us to go forward and use the privileges we have, and await the result with patience and hope.

E. P.

The Traditional Birthplace of William Tyndale.

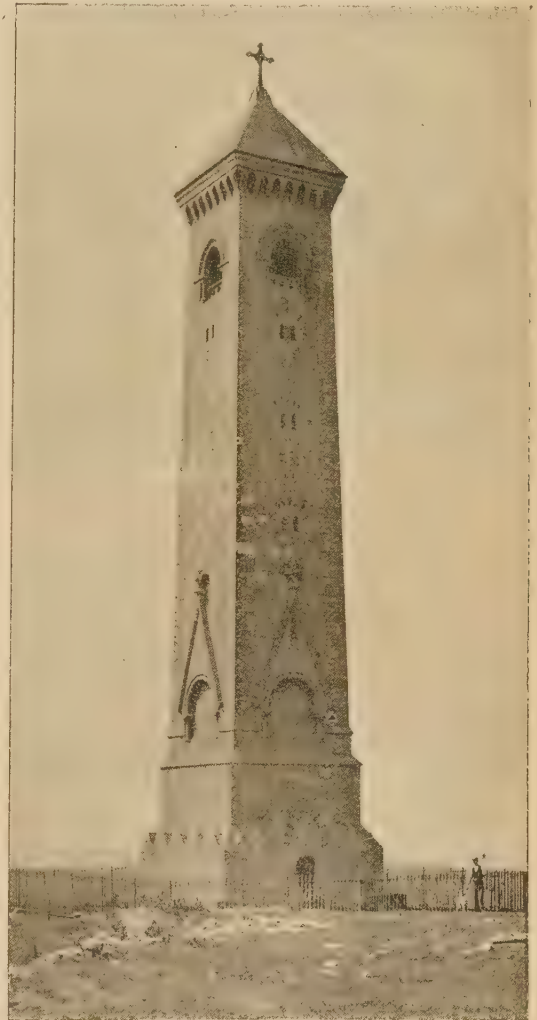


WE are obliged to use the word "traditional" in writing of the birthplace of that illustrious reformer who first gave to English people the New Testament in their own tongue. Foxe, the author from whom we might have expected full details, tells us no more than that Tyndale was born about the borders of Wales, and up to the present time, no information of an absolutely conclusive character has

been obtained. There is one place, however, where the people do not appear to be in doubt about the matter, and that is North Nibley, in Gloucestershire. Its inhabitants relate, with pardonable pride, the tradition which for about three centuries has been generally credited, and which assigns to their modest village the honour of having given to the world a man so justly renowned as William Tyndale.

Having noticed, during a journey from Bath to Stonehouse, the fine pillar which pierces the horizon to the east of the Vale of Berkeley, and learning from a fellow-traveller that it was the monument erected in memory of Tyndale at Nibley, the writer was led by appreciation of the man and his work, to make a kind of pilgrimage to the spot. The nearest point that can be reached by rail is Dursley, a quaint old country town, with its ancient market-place—one of the few such market-places still to be met with in the country. From Dursley, a walk of nearly an hour, up the long steep ascent of Stinchcombe Hill, and across the pretty valley which lies beyond it, brings the traveller to North Nibley, nestling at the foot of the lofty knoll on the top of which the monument is perched. The village itself, though picturesque, is not particularly interesting. There are a number of scattered houses, two hotels, a church and chapel, and a blacksmith's shop, where the key of the monument and an attendant

can be obtained. The custodian of the key, who was busy in his garden, proved very communicative,



TYNDALE'S MONUMENT ON NIBLEY KNOLL.



NORTH NIBLEY AS SEEN FROM THE FOOT OF NIBLEY KNOLL.

and was evidently quite familiar with the details of the local tradition regarding Tyndale. He pointed out the position of Hunt's Court, which stands in the fields just below the village, surrounded by trees and farm-buildings. It has usually been regarded as the translator's birthplace, and undoubtedly, a family of Tyndales lived there in the reign of Henry VIII.

From the top of the village, a steep, winding path leads up the well-wooded face of the knoll to the plateau, on the south-west edge of which the monument stands. When seen from the top of the hill, with the Severn valley for its background, it looks very massive and imposing. It was erected in 1865, and is nearly forty yards in height. The base is surrounded by strong iron railing. A heavy door, kept securely locked, leads to the interior, and over the doorway is a suitable inscription. The view from the little room at the top is very charming. From one of the strongly barred windows, the Bristol Channel is distinctly visible, while the position of Bristol city is indicated by the smoke rising from its thousands of chimneys. From another, Berkeley Castle can be seen gleaming among the trees, and beyond it the broad estuary of the Severn, on the banks of which Lydney and Sharpness are

easily discernible. On the horizon rises the dense foliage of the Forest of Dean, the smoke from its busy mines ascending in dense masses. To the north the view is cut off by Stinchcombe Hill, though the attendant asserted that on a clear day the top of Gloucester cathedral could be seen. Fixed to the wall on the inside are two cases containing facsimile copies of the reformer's writings, one showing specimen pages of his New Testament, the other a letter from his pen.

Far below lies the little village, its straggling streets, gardens, ricks, trees, and leafy hedge-rows presenting an aspect of delightful diversity. The whole scene is strongly suggestive of repose and quietude. No noisy railroad, winding canal, or busy highway, with its rush of commerce, comes near it. No great industry is, or ever has been, carried on here. "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," nearly all the people are engaged in agricultural pursuits, and life, even in the village itself, must be very uneventful. It is, however, in many respects, an ideal birthplace for a great and independent thinker. Indeed, it was not easy to resist the feeling that if Tyndale was not born here he should have been. How pleasing to think of him as a boy, spending much of his time in the

open air, inhaling the pure and health-giving breezes, bathing in the bright sunshine, rambling in the fields and lanes, or climbing the knoll on which his monument now stands! The extensive view from its summit, bounded on one side by the Mendip hills, and on another by the Welsh mountains, with the gradually widening Bristol Channel between them, reflecting, perchance, the glories of the autumn sunset, must have suggested to his youthful imagination the immensity of that world on the stage of which he was to take so important a part. Such a life would afford opportunity for thought, an inestimable boon to those who know how to use it. It would also be favourable to the development of self-reliance, and that resolute independence of character without which it is not easy for a man to dare the horrors of martyrdom.

At the time when Tyndale was born the country was in a very unsettled state. The Wars of the Roses, with their fearful expenditure of blood and treasure, had been brought to an end by the fatal battles of Barnet, where the king-maker, Lord Warwick, fell, and Tewkesbury, where the hopes of the Lancastrians were finally extinguished. During this period of political chaos, in addition to the horrors of the Civil War, there were frequent frictions among the nobles, for which, under a settled government, they would have been called to a strict account. To many of them might was right, and law was often openly ignored. In 1471, the date of the battle of Tewkesbury, Nibley Green was the scene of a remarkable conflict which illustrates the disorder of the times. Two noblemen, Thomas Talbot, Viscount Lisle, and William, Lord of Berkeley, both claimed possession of the Manor of Nibley. Becoming impatient at the tardy manner in which the law courts dealt with their claims, they summoned their retainers and met at Nibley to decide the matter in a more summary manner. In the sanguinary battle which followed, a hundred and fifty men were slain, Viscount Lisle being among the fallen. This event must have been fresh in the minds of the villagers in 1480, about which time Tyndale was born; or, if we accept the earlier date of 1470, he would be an infant in his mother's arms.

It is interesting to inquire what possible influence the environment of his early years may have had upon the later career of this "apostle of England," even though our conclusions are purely conjectural. We may be fairly certain that his parents were in a position to give to their son a good elementary education, and that he himself gave early indication of that perseverance, thoroughness, and love of knowledge which characterised the whole of his life. He tells us that as a child he had read the English Chronicle, and he remembered that a Saxon king had caused some part of the Holy Scriptures to be translated into English—a significant reminiscence. The old historical castle of Berkeley, whose lord held sway over the whole of

the surrounding district, must have had great interest for a mind such as Tyndale's. But Berkeley, a century earlier, had as its vicar a disciple of Wycliffe's. That great "Reformer before the Reformation" appears to have held a living near Bristol, and prominent Lollards had preached and taught in the vicinity. Quite possibly, their views may have obtained considerable acceptance in the valley, and under shelter of the Civil War, which left bishops but little time for religious persecution, the small villages among the Cotswolds may have been visited by glimmerings of the purer faith.

In no part of the country was the need of the Reformation more apparent than in Gloucestershire. True, it had a great reputation for religion. There were in it numerous wealthy religious establishments, six mitred abbots, and crowds of monks,



AN OLD HOUSE IN SLIMBRIDGE.

while an arrogant and dominant clergy ministered in the churches. But those entrusted with the spiritual welfare of the people were ignorant and superstitious to a degree which is scarcely credible. Hooper, as Bishop of Gloucester, found no less than one hundred and sixty-eight among his clergy who were unable to repeat the ten commandments, and scores of them did not know where the Lord's Prayer was to be found. At Hales Abbey, a relic known as the "b'ood of Hales," an object of adoration to the pious throughout the West of England, was shown to pilgrims. To those in mortal sin the blood was said to be invisible, but this was explained by the fact that the exhibitor turned the clear side of the phial toward the observer, when the opposite side, which contained a coloured fluid was, of course, hidden from sight. This glaring imposition shows what must have been the moral and intellectual condition, not only of those who practised it; or were parties to it, but also of



SLIMBRIDGE, BIRTHPLACE OF TYNDALE IN THE OPINION OF DEMAUS.

those who were so readily deceived by such jugglery. A meaningless and often ridiculous ceremonialism had been substituted for spiritual worship, and religion had come to be regarded by many as nothing more than a pious farce. The youthful Tyndale must have had some knowledge of these things, and probably the recollection of such "wickedness and worship" was one of the incentives which, in later life, moved him to provide for his countrymen the only true remedy for such abuses—the pure Word of God.

We have spoken of Nibley as the traditional birthplace of Tyndale. The tradition has not by any means been allowed to pass without question. Probably the rival which has the best ground for contesting the truth of the tradition is Slimbridge, an adjoining parish, stretching down to the banks of the Severn, about three miles north of Berkeley. A visit to this place seemed necessary to complete our pilgrimage. The neighbourhood is a great contrast to that in the vicinity of the monument. There the traveller has before him one of the finest views that even the Cotswolds afford, a fruitful valley of vast extent, with its noble river stretching in magnificent panorama before him. Here he can

often see no farther than the nearest hedge. Some of the land in the parish has, in fact, been reclaimed from the Severn, and according to the Rev. R. Demaus, to whose biography of Tyndale the writer is largely indebted, these river-lands, as a part of the Manor of Hurst, were in the possession of a family of Tyndales at a very early date. Stokesley, who had been rector of Slimbridge, speaks of an Edward Tyndale, brother to Tyndale "the arch-heretic and under-receiver of the lordship of Berkeley." From another source it appears that this under-receiver in 1529 secured a lease of Hurst Manor, and there the above-named authority supposes Tyndale and his brother to have been born. Inquiries in the village, however, failed to elicit any evidence of a local tradition to that effect. Whether Slimbridge can sustain its claim to be the place which gave to the world the great reformer, experts must be left to determine. Tradition undoubtedly awards the honour to North Nibley.

A visit to the birthplace of a great man inspires thoughts and emotions somewhat similar to those which arise while viewing the head-waters of a large river. In both you have the beginning of an important course. That bubbling spring, or tiny

stream coming forth to the light, how the imagination, aided by knowledge, follows its waters on their way to the wide ocean! It is pictured flowing from the uplands to the dales and valleys, amid wooded ravines or yellow cornfields, ministering in its later course to large towns with their immense industries, and having at its mouth a great city whose merchant-princes send out on its bosom fleets laden with treasure, bound for all parts of the world. So as one stands on Nibley Knoll, viewing the village and neighbourhood lying below, thinking of the beginning of that famous career with which tradition has so intimately connected it, the main facts of his chequered course are called up and pass in rapid review before the mind.

From his home, whether at Nibley or Slimbridge, he went first to Oxford, where he may have heard Colet giving his famous lectures. Then, for some unexplained reason, he moved to Cambridge, where he was brought under the influence of Erasmus, then the most popular lecturer of the University. Whether the young student's subsequent translation of the Scriptures was in any degree the consequence of the bold statement of Erasmus that he would have the Scriptures translated into "all the languages of all people," may be uncertain, but the influence of such a teacher on such a scholar must have been very great. Having completed his education he returned to his native county, and for about two years found employment as tutor, or chaplain, to the family of Sir John Walsh at Little Sodbury. Here he formed his great purpose of translating the Scriptures from the original Greek, and it was probably about this time that he made his famous reply to a learned controversialist: "If God spare my life, I will, ere many years, cause a boy that driveth the plough, shall know more of the Scriptures than thou dost." His religious opinions bringing him into conflict with the clergy and Bishop of the Diocese, he went to London, hoping to find a patron who would assist him in his great work;

but his expectations were disappointed, and he soon discovered that the Scriptures could not be translated and published with safety or convenience in any part of England.

But whether in England or elsewhere the work must be done; so Tyndale left his native land, to which he was never to return, and probably found his way to Wittenburg, the home of Luther, where his work of translation was completed. He superintended the publication of his New Testament at Cologne and Worms, issued a revised edition at Antwerp, and, finally, after being betrayed by a minion of Henry VIII., triumphed as a martyr at Vilvorde.

But the men who destroyed his body had no power to arrest the movement which his pen did so much to promote; and English-speaking people to-day in every part of the world are reading in their New Testaments the very words and phrases into which Tyndale rendered the teachings of Christ and His Apostles.

W. WATSON.



HUNT'S COURT, TRADITIONAL BIRTHPLACE OF
TYNDALE.

Friendship.

TRUE Friendship, youthful Love's young sister
fair,

On silent pinions floating through the night,
Lo! midst the threatening tempest of despair,

Thy love-lit brow breaks on my aching sight—
Nor stay nor shelter seeking, on thy breast
My storm-tossed spirit finds th' eternal Rest.

So, when the day of battle sets in gloom,

With myriad passions crowding to the ear,
While Love lies dying by the lonely tomb,

Filling the soul with images of fear,—

Thy heavenward finger points the soul's release;
Thy soft voice, whispering, breathes the perfect
Peace.

H. L. BOWE.



The Money in the Jar.

BY RAMSAY GUTHRIE, AUTHOR OF "ON GOD'S LINES."



AND who was the man with the beaming face, sitting in the third pew on the right hand side?"

It was the French *savant* who made the inquiry. David Dale, his family and guest were dining at the house beside the chapel. The service of the morning

was under review. "You must have noticed him!" Monsieur Delcasse continued. "The sermon seemed to lift him to the seventh heaven of delight. From beginning to end he was beaming!"

"It will be Ralph he means!" Bob interjected, addressing his father.

"Certainly!" responded the engineer. "That's where he sits, and sure enough he beams. Ralph Jackson!" he replied in answer to the Frenchman.

"I think I never saw a sunnier face!" Monsieur Delcasse proceeded. "His eyes were on the preacher's face, and all he heard seemed to increase his satisfaction. The truth is, he was restless with delight. He was rubbing his hands and smiling and nodding to the minister all through the piece. It did me good to see him. Fact is, I found myself smiling in sympathy. Indeed, I should not be surprised if your minister thought I was beaming also with Protestant fervour. . . . Ralph Jackson, you say, is his name?"

There were smiles on the faces of the Dales. Evidently the man who beamed was a favourite of the family.

"He always does that!" Mrs. Dale remarked. "Every service he attends is the best he ever at-

tended. It is quite amusing to hear him. He would probably tell Mr. Kent this morning that that was the best sermon he ever preached, and when Mr. Prosser preaches to-night, he will declare to him that his discourse is the finest ever heard in Rosehill!"

"That's just what he did say to Mr. Kent, mother," Miss Dale remarked. "He came up when I was asking about the children, and he nearly wrung Mr. Kent's hand off. 'That's the best o' the lot!' he exclaimed. 'Last Sunday night's was a clipper, but not to be mentioned alongside o' this mornin's.' Mr. Kent was highly amused, and said, when Ralph was out of hearing, that the latest was always the best to him."

"Didn't you see for yourselves how he was beaming?" the *savant* persisted. "I'm afraid you didn't, otherwise you would all have been beaming too. It was positively contagious!"

"We are quite accustomed to all these eccentricities!" Bob explained. "We always know that Old Steve will be doing the dramatic, and that Brother Ralph will be smiling encouragement. The two of them help the preachers wonderfully, so they say, but Ralph more than Steve. A smile is more easily understood than a gesture. The students think the world of Ralph. Rosehill, they say, is a critical congregation, but Ralph helps to put them at ease when he mounts his smile."

"He's a grand fellow, Ralph Jackson!" David Dale proudly said. "Rosehill would have amply justified its existence if it had done nothing else than make him the man he is. Twenty years ago, nobody would have dreamt of such a thing. He was hail-fellow-well-met with all the rowdies, wasting his money and constantly getting into disgrace.

What a triumph it was when he got converted! You don't believe in that sort of thing, monsieur!" the engineer politely observed, turning to his guest. "Nevertheless, if Ralph Jackson had not been converted, you wouldn't have seen him beaming in a chapel. . . . Oh, yes! he was ridiculed and tempted, and the prophets generously gave him a fortnight to recant, but there he is, firm as a rock, true as steel, sound as a bell. And what a witness he is in the district! The outsiders don't believe that we chapel people are as good as we profess to be, but they are all agreed that Ralph is as good as he looks, and a great deal better."

Ralph came alone to the chapel on the mount. His wife and sons never accompanied him. Their worldliness was the cross he carried. How he grieved none but God perceived. Many an hour he spent in prayer for the redemption of those who made his home. To complain he did not dare. The indifference of his wife, and the viciousness of his lads, he regarded as the bitter harvest of his own misdeeds. The best he had done after his conversion to undo the mischief he had wrought before. All was unavailing. Nothing was done to thwart his new procedure, but Jim and Harry were godless, and the mother shared their shame. There were shadows in the sunshine and griefs in the joy. But despair never oppressed him. Without ceasing he prayed and waited for God's answer. That the answer would come he doubted not. Faith gave him the radiant visage. He "looked unto Him," and his face was "lightened."

"It'll all come right, see if it isn't!" he would say at the class-meeting. "It wasn't to be expected that the Lord would put things straight all at once. We'd get kind o' careless like if we got the notion that the Almighty was sharp to interfere when we got things in a rabble. . . . I mun bide His time, an' then when He finds it convenient, He has just to say the word, an' all 'll be as it should be!"

Ralph's denominational fidelity was a passion. He was a Primitive Methodist, he was wont to say, from top to toe. No secret he made of his ecclesiastical preference. "I was born in England, an' consequently, fond o' me 'Queen an' country," he would explain to any inquirer, "an' born again in Primitive Methodism, an' equally consequently, fond of its folks an' ways." In the Providence of God, Primitive Methodism had been the channel through which the grace had come. He never forgot the debt. He never could forget. It is to his credit that never for an hour was the obligation absent from his mind.

To some, his loyalty savoured of bigotry. He had reason to be grateful, and he was. In other churches he had been, but never when service was being held at Rosehill. The idea of being absent from his own to be present at another never appeared to him in the light of the feasible.

His ecclesiasticism decided his literature. The

magazines he read were those which bore the denominational name. No books he bought save those issued by the Connexional Publishing House. If pressed he would have acknowledged that he did sometimes glance at an evening newspaper, but would have followed the confession with the affirmation that it was perfect nonsense in comparison with the denominational journals.

His loyalty took eccentric shapes. Advertisements appeared in the press of the Connexion of teas and cocoas, jellies and jams, medicines and pills. This was enough for Ralph. His patronage was secured.

Bi-annually he speculated in a new suit. Every summer he purchased a hat. During the course of years he bought three umbrellas. Quite well it was known with whom he had been in communication. It was a law with him that Primitive Methodists had the first chance; if he were obliged to make his bargains beyond the boundary, the fault was not his.

"Bless the Lord!" The ejaculation was the introduction to his testimony at the love-feast. "Bless the Lord! It's the pleasure of my life that I hev either part or lot in this matter. It was Jesus who put me right, an' He left me in the hands o' the Primitives to smarten up an' finish off. 'An' weel they're managin'! The beaver there's the make of a Ranter. The umbrel' in the corner came from one of our sort in the Sooth, an' this new suit o' mine was made in a Primitive's shop. There's all the trades in the Connexion, an' we should be loyal even wi' the shoppin'. . . . Ay! ay! I see ye're smilin', but if ye felt as I feel, ye would wish ye had more money to give all the business Prims. a lift. . . . Jesus is very fond o' the Primitives. He puts in His appearance whenever we meet. He's rare an' pleased when we're gettin'-on, because He sees that He'll be all the better when we're prosperous. . . . So let's all be loyal to the Connexion, an' then when all the Connexions come to the kingdom, we'll be worthy of a prominent place an' a special reception."

By-and-by, Ralph became an official and a financier. The Rev. Caleb Kent needed a magazine steward, and requested Ralph to oblige him. "I'm yer man!" Ralph rejoined, "an' I'll get ye yer money reg'lar!" He had neither safe nor money-box, but he had an empty jam-jar, bearing the name of a manufacturer whose munificence to the Connexion led Ralph to think that his works were a mint as well as a factory. The jar came in handy, and, standing on the cupboard's top-shelf, contained the money he received for the serials' payment.

Such was Ralph's proficiency in securing cash down that he was empowered to sell the preacher's plans. Jar Number Two was requisitioned.

The crowning honour was the gathering of the pew-rents, and a seat in the Quarterly Meeting as the representative of the Trust. This was a more

serious undertaking. Coppers were not receivable for seat-rents. Gold and silver were the coins. Jar Number Three stood on the shelf.

Ralph could have supplied change to all the district, but was scandalised at the very suggestion. As he received the moneys, he put them into their respective jars, and when the times of reckoning came, emptied them of their contents.

The sight of the jars gave him a sense of importance, and the fact that they were originally the property of a distinguished Primitive Methodist manufacturer, that they had been filled with jam made in his establishment, that they now contained moneys for specific Connexional purposes, differentiated the said jars from all the millions of their kind.

"There they are!" he would say, opening the cupboard door, "three of the best financial members in the Connexion!"

The New Year had dawned. At 7.30 on the Friday night the Yearly Trustees' Meeting was to be held. By desire of the minister, the books were to be audited in the hour preceding.

Ralph Jackson had no time to lose. Five o'clock was closing-time at the Excelsior Iron Works. Only an hour and a half he had to get his tea and wash and dress. Promptly to the minute he was there, with his book and the jar.

"We must check the pew-steward's receipts first!" the minister observed to the chapel treasurer; "so that we may be sure all the items are correct. Ralph!" he announced, "I'll begin with yours. I see you have brought the jar!"

"Ay!" Jackson rejoined. "It would be no use comin' without it. The book 'll be necessary for the paper work, but figures are not to be mentioned alongside the brass. It's all in the jar, an' if weight be anythin' to judge by, this quarter 'll beat the record."

Silently he watched as the minister examined the counterfoils, and calculated the revenue of the section of seats in Jackson's list.

"Five pounds and eleven shillings!" Mr. Kent exclaimed. "Ralph, you've done splendidly. Every sitting let, and no defaulters. Every fraction due paid up. Five pounds and eleven shillings for one section in one quarter! If the others are up to yours, the revenue of the pew-rents will more than cover the lighting and cleaning, and the incidental expenditure of the year."

Ralph was beaming, and was quite condescending in his encouragement to his colleagues when they confessed that their accounts were not free from debts. "Ye'll p'raps do better next time!" he said, ill-disguising his secret delight.

The money was being counted. Ralph had the empty jar in his hands.

Slightly the minister knit his brows. He had counted every coin. The cash was short.

Silently the recount began. The pound-heaps were reckoned anew, and the odd shillings totalled. The counterfoils and the coins were at variance.

Ralph saw the frown on the minister's face.

"What's up?" he interrogated, in much surprise.

"We must have got muddled in these receipts, Ralph!" Mr. Kent replied. "I must have included some of last quarter's. There's only four pounds six in the jar!"

"Ye began at the page I telt ye, didn't ye?" he questioned. "The quarter began with the first of October and finished with the end of the year."

He was sitting by the minister's side, indicating the quarter's first receipt.

"That was the start! I always give Martha Green the privilege of paying first. It pleases her. Now begin wi' Martha's shillin', an' reckon away!"

"One hundred and eleven shillings! Five pounds, eleven!" Caleb Kent announced, re-affirming the rent-book's evidence.

"Then the five pounds, eleven shillin's was in the jar!" Ralph emphatically declared.

Again the cash was counted. There was a deficiency of twenty-five shillings.

Ralph's colleagues sat in silence, watching his bewildered face. First at the money, then into the jar he looked, utterly at a loss to know how the error had been made.

"Ralph!"

It was the minister who spoke.

"Ralph!"

For the second time he was unconscious of the mention of his name.

"Ralph!" said Mr. Kent, laying his hand on the shoulder of the baffled steward, "are you sure you always received payment when you delivered the receipts? Look through them all again, and see if you cannot recall any of the pew-holders who have not handed you the fees!"

Jackson shook his head.

"They all paid when I called with the exception o' five, an' three o' them sent the money, one gave me the rent at the class, an' the other had it put by for when I called with the magazines. Every shillin' I've gotten, an' all I've gotten' was put in the jar, an' how it comes to pass that some on't's missin's what I cannot explain!"

And in the vestry six men sat in silence. The jar was on the floor—Jackson was peering within.

"Ralph," the treasurer ventured to say, "perhaps the five-and-twenty shillings may have got into the wrong jars. Wouldn't it be well for you to go and see?"

"Weel, it's hardly likely, Mr. Johnson!" Ralph made answer. "Number One's the magazines'. Number Two's the plans'. This is Number Three. I'm not see absent-minded as to mix the moneys. This jar's had the five pounds eleven. What it's

done wi' the five-an'-twenty shillin's a perfect mystery!"

"We know how careful you are, Ralph!" the minister gently observed. "Still we are all liable to err, and obviously there is a mistake somewhere. Do as Mr. Johnson suggests! Go home and examine the other jars!"

He was at the door with the jar beneath his arm. "Five-an'-twenty shillin's!" he muttered. "Five-an'-twenty shillin's!"

He would be nearly home when the others discovered that he had gone without his cap.

The trustees were all assembled when he returned. Two jars he placed on the table before the minister.

"Ye'll oblige me by takin' the money for the magazines an' the plans!" he said in a voice trembling with agitation. "An' ye'll hev' to get another man for the future. I'm done wi' chapel moneys after this. The wife an' the lads are as upset as



"THERE WAS A DEFICIENCY OF TWENTY-FIVE SHILLINGS."

me at the disappearance o' the five-an'-twenty shillin's. P'raps the maister 'll stand bond for me the night, an' he can keep the money out o' me wages the morrow!"

David Dale was on his feet.

"There is no need for this, Ralph!" he exclaimed. "Somebody will know about the money, and it will turn up in good time. We cannot allow a thing of this sort to lead you to resign!"

"It's very kind o' ye to say see, Mr. Dale," he responded, with tears in his eyes; "but I would never feel safe wi' the Connexion's money after this. I feel humbled. I was proud o' the way I managed things, but me career's at an end in the financin' line."

All inducements and persuasions were futile. He squared the deficiency, and retired into private membership. He lost heart in the meetings, and

never beamed when the sermons were preached. His wife and sons noticed his silence at home, and often discovered him glancing at the empty jars on the shelf when the door of the cupboard was opened.

And it came to pass in the spring-cleaning that the cupboard was re-papered and the shelves scrubbed. On the kitchen-table were the dishes and plates, the cups and saucers, the jars and glasses.

When Ralph came in at tea-time, the "three financial jars" arrested his attention. The misery was revived. Gnawing at his heart was the care; the disgrace of the deficiency tortured him anew; woe-begotten were his thoughts; he was shamed to the soul.

Drinking his tea at the little round table in the

corner, his eyes persistently turned to the table square where the jars were standing. Since the night of the Trustees' Meeting when he had replaced them on the shelf, he had never touched them. The sight of them was the burning of the eyes; to touch them would be the scorching of the fingers.

Why he offered his services was beyond his power to explain. "I'll hand them up for tha, Eliza!" he remarked, as his wife, standing on a chair, was reaching to the table to replace the articles in the cupboard.

She was much surprised at her husband's proffered help. It was most unusual. Whenever she had asked for his assistance in any domestic difficulty, his compliance had been cheerful; but to place his services voluntarily at her disposal was without a precedent in the thirty years of their wedded life. She never "let-on," but she guessed the reason. "It's the jars he wants to handle," she thought to herself, and the thought was provocative of contemptuous amusement, rather than of sorrowful sympathy.

Her suspicion was confirmed when she noted that the jars were left to the last. The cups and saucers, the dishes and plates were in their places. The glasses were ranged in their corner.

"What's the jars done to tha?" she impatiently interjected, as he lingered at the table.

"I was only thinkin', Eliza, that they're not in the Connexion now!" was his cheerless reply. "It's a serious thing for the Church when a member's a bankrupt; unless he can show that the doonfall's a pure misfortune; he has to be expelled." The tears were raining down his cheeks. "If only it could speak it might be able to clear the mystery up. The other two look kind o' shamed o' the one that lost the money, an' huffed that his sin has to be visited on them!"

"Ralph Jackson!" she screamed. "Ye'll be a lunatic unless ye mend yer tactics. Ye talk to the jars as though they were wise as Christians. Hand them up, an' let's get finished!"

She was glad when the first was in her hands. "What are ye shiverin' at?"

Her impatience was vexation.

"Ye nearly dropped it, an' then ye would hev wanted a reg'lar burial, an' a funeral sarmon. It's as weel it's still alive, an' on the shelf beside its mate!"

On the table stood the defaulting jar in the isolation of its shame. Ralph was blinded with his tears. The disgrace of the money's loss was anguish insufferable.

"Will ye pass me that jar?" his wife demanded savagely.

With a sweep of his jacket sleeve, he dashed the tears from his eyes, and, gripping the jar with both hands, passionately questioned it. "Where's the five-an'-twenty shillin'? Tell me that! Tha's a

disgrace to the Connexion! What's tha done wi' the money?"

This was more than the woman could stand. She leaped from the chair, with a bound confronted her husband, snatching the jar from his fingers.

"What a fool religion's made tha!" she sneered. "It's stolen thee wits!"

"Lord 'a mercy! What's in the jar?"

Her voice was a whisper. Consternation was in her looks. She was looking within the jar, and at the paper package. She held the jar so that the inside was visible to Ralph.

"Put it down, an' let's think!"

Excitement had unnerved him.

"What's tha think it can be?" he breathed.

"Dear knows!" was her bewildered reply.

"Hadrn't we better open it out?"

This seemed the course of wisdom, yet he hesitated to take it.

"We'll never know unless we do!" was her opinion, diffidently given.

"See what it is, Eliza!"

"I'm sure an' I'll not!" she retorted with sharpness. "The jar's thine, an' I'll see tha far enough before I'll meddle wi' its secrets."

His hand trembled as it crept its way within the jar. The touch of the packet gave desperation to his movements. With an air of boldness he undid the paper. The coins fell on the table—a sovereign and two half-crowns.

Ralph's hands were clasped. He was offering a prayer of thankfulness. The tears welled up in his eyes again, but they were tears of grateful joy.

He apologised to the jar, and eloquently uttered his eulogy. "Tha has the best o' me this time!" he said with his dancing eyes upon the jar. "Tha's vindicated thesel' at last. Dear knows how long tha's been wantin' to speak, but I've never had the sense to take tha' into me confidence. Tha's cleared thee character. Tha's paid up the money, an' tha can come into the Connexion again without a stain on thee character. . . We'll get thee mates down, an' get them telt!"

To his happy heart it really seemed as though the other jars were proud of their comrade's honour in the proof of innocence.

The paper caught his eye. Harry's signature was affixed to the confession of his fraud and restitution. He had not meant to steal the money, and, indeed, had refunded it on the day succeeding the discovery of its loss. There it had lain through all the weeks. His father's silent sorrow had been a ceaseless reproach to the son who had occasioned it. To his brother he had confided the secret, but neither had had the courage to give the parents a hint.

The mother was broken-hearted, and wept for very shame. Ralph comforted her with prophecies of a brighter future.

When Jim and Harry appeared at eight o'clock,

having finished the hours of overtime, they knew that all was known. That night was memorable in the home of the Jacksons.

He did his best, but failed completely, to conceal his pride when Eliza and the lads accompanied him to Rosehill. In the wide, wide world there was not

a happier man than he. When the ministers preach, he beams as in the days of yore. Once more, he has official rank in Primitive Methodism. The jars are on the shelf, and in the financial service of the Connexion.

Browsings in My Library.

VIII.



WHEN October is at the door, and reading is impossible without the lamp at six o'clock, and there is a shrewdness in the autumn air, a fire in the book-room becomes very pleasant. Delia, to do her justice, humours me in this respect, because, she says, if she didn't, the worm (the bookworm) might turn,

and she does not want my temper to become any worse than it is. I more than suspect, however, that she herself enjoys an evening spent with her feet on the book-room fender, doing her sewing, or reading a story or a favourite poet. Sometimes, too, as to-night, my eldest boy, Oliver, is privileged to sit for an hour or two in the book-room after the little ones are snugly in bed. Delia has filled the vases on the mantelpiece with Virginian creeper from the garden, rich in the hues of autumn, and scarlet dahlias flame from a bowl on the table under the window. Delia is reading Tennyson, and she makes me listen to the pretty "Swallow" song from her favourite, "The Princess," never prettier than when its word-music falls expressively from her lips.

"Don't you think," she asks, "that the poet has beautifully caught the atmosphere of the autumn? And how skilfully in the rhythm he imitates the flight of the bird as it seeks its warm winter home:

"O swallow, swallow, flying, flying South,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee.

Oh, tell her, brief is life, but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the North,
And brief the noon of beauty in the South."

There seems something in the autumn that irresistibly inclines one to melancholy, even more so than the winter, but I don't exactly see why."

"That is a charming song," I reply, "and it is

a wonderful phenomenon that suggests it—the autumn flight of the birds. I remember once, at this time of the year, being at Campbelltown, at the point of Cantyre, the long peninsula stretching out from Argyllshire. One evening the roof of the church was completely covered by thousands of birds gathered for their flight southward, away from the frosts of the North. They were probably going something like a couple of thousand miles, to the north coast of Africa. How do they find their way over the pathless waste of waters, and through the pathless fields of air, and how, in the spring, will they find their way back again to the very same districts, and very likely to the very same nests? It is a mysterious God-given instinct. I think sometimes, however, that it is only analogous to the heaven-homing instinct that God has implanted in our own souls. We have not wings of the body, but we have wings of the soul, folded up within the body, and often it seems that those wings are struggling to unfold themselves, and to carry us away to that land where there is no darkness, no cold, no hunger and no misery. I think we all feel sometimes like Browning's Paracelsus:

"I go to prove my soul!

I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! what time, what circuit first,
I ask not; but unless God send His hail
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, His good time, I shall arrive;
He guides me and the bird, in His good time."

"But why do we associate pensive and sad thoughts with the autumn? Is it not the season of fruit?"

"Yes, but it is also the season of the dying sunshine and the fading leaves, of the growing darkness and the coming winter. The glorious colours of the creeper there are the colours of decay. We can say now, much more truly than we say on the evening of December 31st, 'The year is dying.' The almanac gives us a purely conventional year. The natural order of the seasons is Winter, Spring,

Summer and Autumn. In the autumn everything is dying. In the winter the first things of the New Year are being born. That, I think, we all feel instinctively. And consequently, our spirits tend to droop in the autumn, and all its glowing colours are like the colours of a summer sunset:

'As when some mighty painter dips
His pencil in the hues of rainbow and eclipse.'

We think of what is passing, rather than of what is coming. The sentiment of autumn has been tenderly enshrined by Henry Francis Lyte in his 'Autumnal Hymn':

'The leaves around me falling
Are preaching of decay;
The hollow winds are calling
'Come, pilgrim, come away!'
The day, in night declining,
Says, I must too decline;
The year its life resigning,
Its lot foreshadows mine.

The light my path surrounding,
The loves to which I cling,
The hopes within me bounding,
The joys that round me wing,
All melt like stars of even
Before the morning's ray,
Pass upward into heaven,
And chide at my delay.

The friends gone there before me
Are calling me from high,
And joyous angels o'er me
Tempt sweetly to the sky.
'Why wait,' they say, 'and wither
'Mid scenes of death and sin?'
Oh, rise to glory hither,
And find true life begin.'

I hear the invitation,
And fain would rise and come—
A sinner, to salvation;
An exile, to his home.
But while I here must linger,
Thus, thus, let all I see
Point on, with faithful finger,
To heaven, O Lord, and Thee.'

The boy was curiously examining the bookshelves. He is an inquiring spirit, and promises to be "a chip of the old block" in regard to books. I ask him—

"Oliver, are you looking for any particular book?"

"No, father, but I want to find if King Alfred really did spoil those cakes."

"Of course he did," said Delia. "Don't you know he was a great bookworm, like your father, and I would never trust him to look after the oven if there was anything in it."

"Thank you, Delia, you are quite right this time—at any rate, about the king. Alfred did spoil the cakes, and I will prove it on the testimony of his favourite bishop, Asser. Oliver, just reach me that book on the third shelf from the bottom, the seventh

from the right hand corner—Vol. II. of 'The Church Historians of England.'"

Oliver did so. The book is a series of translations from Saxon chroniclers in Anglo-Saxon and Latin. Three of these, Bishop Asser, the friend of Alfred, Fabius Ethelwerd, one of Alfred's descendants in the next century, and the author of 'The Book of Hyde,' tell the story of the life of the great Saxon King, the centenary of whose death is to be celebrated on October 27, 1901. And this is what Asser says about the spoiled cakes: 'At the same time, (A.D. 878), Alfred, the king of the West Saxons, so often mentioned before, with a few of his nobles and some of his soldiers and vassals, passed a restless life in much anxiety among the woodland and marshy tracts of the county of Somerset. They had nothing for their use but what they obtained, either openly or craftily, from the Pagans, and from those Christians who had submitted to their rule, by constant assaults; and, as we read in the life of the holy father St. Neot, he was long concealed in the dwelling of one of his own cowherds. It happened one day, that the country-woman, the wife of this cowherd, was baking some cakes for food, while the king was sitting before the fire, and repairing his bow and arrows, and instruments of war. When the unlucky woman saw that the cakes which she had placed on the fire were burning, she ran up in great haste and removed them, and scolded our invincible king after this fashion: "Look, man, the cakes are burning, and you do not take the trouble to turn them; when the time for eating them comes, then you are active enough." This unlucky woman little thought her guest was King Alfred, who had fought so many battles against the Pagans, and had gained so many victories.'

"Well, I don't blame her," said Delia, "it would aggravate any woman."

"But, at any rate, he was not reading, but mending arrows."

"I dare say he was thinking about what he had been reading," was her retort, determined to have the last word.

It happened that this was the evening fixed for the Political Parson to call and get material for his lecture on Alfred. We soon heard his knock, and when he appeared, Delia said, "It's well you've come, for Librarian was getting quite excited about Alfred's cakes."

I explained the matter, and read the extract, of which the Political Parson made a note, and then bade me, "Fire away with the rest." And I did "Fire away," but if I were to retail here all I said and read, it would fill a dozen pages of this Magazine. I can only repeat it here in the briefest summary.

Alfred was born at Wantage, in Berks, in the year 849. He was the fourth son of Ethelwulf, king of the West Saxons, and Queen Osburga. At

the age of twenty-three he succeeded his brother Ethelred on the throne, but the throne was then the most uncomfortable seat in England. For the land was ravaged by fierce Danes, who burnt and pillaged the towns, and swept over the country like a prairie fire, and the Saxons, sunk in despair, had lost their ancient courage, and were miserable and famine-stricken, and engulfed in darkest ignorance, scarcely anyone in the land knew letters, and the Bible was a book all but unknown. Asser says that even Alfred, "by the shameful neglect of his relatives and guardians, remained ignorant of letters till the twelfth year of his age, and even more; but as he listened with earnest attention to the Saxon poems which others repeated in his presence, both by day and night, he retained them in his tenacious memory." His mother one day held up a book of poems and promised it to the first who should read it, and "being excited by this offer, or rather by a Divine inspiration," says Asser, Alfred borrowed the book, took it to a master, and soon returned able to repeat it all from memory.

A grievous and mysterious disease, probably of an epileptic character, afflicted the king from his twentieth till past his fortieth year, and he was almost constantly fighting the Danes, till, only a year or two before his death, he thoroughly subdued them, and settled them as his subjects in Norfolk, Suffolk and Essex. But neither disease nor warfare affected the energy and the humanity of his spirit, ever eager to advance the highest welfare of his people. He invited learned men from Germany, France, and from among the Britons who maintained their independence in the West, to settle in his land, and founded schools at Oxford, (the original of the University), and elsewhere. He established law and order, laying the foundations of the system of trial by jury, and other institutions, out of which our self-government has sprung. Every man, at last, after the weary misery of years, could "sit under his own vine and fig-tree, none daring to make him afraid." Says the author of the Book of Hyde, "This Alfred, the most Christian of sovereigns, and the most vigilant in the service of God, promulgated most excellent laws, by which he established such security in the kingdom, that if one were to hang up golden bracelets in a place where the road forked, they were in perfect safety."

"I'll take that down," said the Political Parson, "but let us hear a little more about Alfred's religion."

"Of course, his religion was the religion of his age, externally—that is to say, a religion mixed with a good deal of Roman superstition, but Alfred, like Cromwell, showed clearly enough that his religion was a grand reality, and it was a religion that he endeavoured, if ever man did, to translate into practice, and to diffuse among his people. The Book of Hyde tells how, in his lowest estate, a refugee among the marshes, the king, alone, 'was

solacing his vagrancy by meditating on the Scriptures, when there stood by his side a pilgrim, begging alms in the name of God.' The charitable monarch, lifting up his hands to heaven, said to him, "I thank God, who hath to-day visited His beggar in a beggar's garb, who this day demands back what He had given, and requires me to restore His own with usury." The compassionate king quickly calls his servant, who had nothing but a little wine and a single loaf; and King Alfred, who was a man of most holy life, bids him give half to the beggar."

The Political Parson, Delia and Oliver, all clapped at this.

"If we only had a Parliament like Alfred," said the Political Parson, "we would soon get Old Age Pensions, and tax the ground rents."

"Asser tells how keenly Alfred felt the early neglect of his education, which the ceaseless occupation of his later years prevented him from ever making thoroughly good. But he lost no opportunity of getting and reading books, and having them translated and simplified for the people's benefit. He made many such translations of Scripture, and of religious and educational books, himself. A translation of the Psalms, with some prayers, he always carried in his bosom, and eagerly seized any stray minutes to read a few pages. His descendant Ethelwerd concludes his notice by saying, 'Finally, in the same year, the magnanimous Alfred, king of the Saxons, departed from the world; the immovable pillar of the West Saxons, a man full of justice, bold in arms, learned in speech, and imbued, above other things, with Divine knowledge. . . . Oh, reader, pray as follows: "O Christ, our Redeemer, save his soul."' Every historian, of every nation, who has written about Alfred, unites in praising him, as the noblest monarch who ever wore a crown. There were troubles enough after his death, but his work, in the main and in its spirit, was lasting. He was the true father of his people, the real founder of England, and a man whose memory every Englishman and Englishwoman should delight to honour in 1901."

"I beg his pardon about the cakes," said Delia. "There was plenty of excuse for him forgetting them."

"Thanks, old fellow," said the Political Parson. "Lend me those Chronicles. With them and Green's History, I ought to get out a lecture that will go down as well as the Cromwell one."

While Delia went to fetch coffee, the Political Parson unburdened his wrath over the horrible iniquity of the Dreyfus judgment, and expressed his wish that a King Alfred would arise in France, who should make a clean sweep of the vile brood of generals and colonels who crucify justice in the name of the "honour of the army."

I opened the Bible and read from the 94th Psalm:

"Shall the throne of iniquity have fellowship with Thee, who frameth mischief by a law?

"They gather themselves together against the soul of the righteous, and condemn the innocent blood.

"But the Lord is my defence; and my God is the Rock of my refuge.

"And He shall bring upon them their own iniquity, and shall cut them off in their own wickedness; yea, the Lord our God shall cut them off."

"Amen!" fervently ejaculated the Political Parson. And "Amen!" echoed Delia and the boy,

LIBRARIUS.

Timely Topics for Primitive Methodists.

VII.—THE UNION QUESTION AGAIN.



THE question of union with the Bible Christians has now entered upon its crucial stage. The Conference has decided that the whole matter shall be laid before the Quarterly Meetings for final decision—final, that is, so far as the question of union or no union is concerned. That is the main question. All

others relate to matters of detail which become of no consequence whatever if the principal question should be answered in the negative. Of course, that question cannot be considered alone. The union of two Churches, even so similar in many respects as the Bible Christians and the Primitive Methodists, necessarily involves certain modifications in the constitutions of the respective Churches; unless one simply swallows the other, and that is not contemplated in this case. Before a Quarterly Meeting, therefore, can be expected to decide the main issue it must know something of the new constitution to be adopted in case of union.

In addition to the main issue of union or no union, the proposed constitution which has been drafted by the united Committee of the two churches is to be submitted for consideration. The nature of that constitution will, no doubt, determine the votes of the great bulk of our people. If they are satisfied with it they will vote for union, if not, they will vote against it. But they are not shut up to the alternative of accepting the constitution or rejecting the union. If they are in favour of union, but not satisfied with the proposed constitution, they can vote for union, and suggest the modification of the Constitution. These are the three points to be submitted to the Quarterly Meet-

ings: Are you in favour of union? If in favour of union, do you approve of the suggested Constitution? If in favour of union, but not of the proposed Constitution, what alterations or amendments do you suggest?

The issue to be placed before the Connexion is one of immense importance. Nothing quite so vital has ever been submitted to the Quarterly Meetings. Changes, such as the breaking down of District barriers in the matter of invitations, or the division of the larger Districts, stirred our people profoundly no doubt; but they were mere matters of internal arrangement of little consequence to the general religious public. But the question presently to be submitted to our people for decision is one which must affect deeply the general progress of the Kingdom of Christ. The other Churches, and especially the other Methodist Churches, of the land are watching this movement towards union with the deepest interest. It is an essay towards a much larger movement, and on its success or failure will depend, in all probability for many years to come, the question of Methodist union in this country. I do not say that if this attempt should prove successful it will bring union with the Wesleyans within measurable distance. They will have to travel far, or we shall, before that consummation can be said to be within the range of practical ecclesiastical politics; but success would bring us vastly nearer the union of the minor Methodist bodies: whereas failure would relegate any such union to a very vague and indefinite future.

Is the latter alternative desirable? That is the question. We all have our denominational attachments, and personally I would rather see them strengthened than loosened, believing that indifference in regard to such matters is not favourable to the real welfare of the Church of Christ; but it is possible to make these attachments so rigid as to blind ourselves to the best interests of our own Church, as well as to the welfare and advancement of the Kingdom of God. The question of the union of the Free Churches of this country in any organic

form is not a practical question in our day. What it may be a hundred years hence no man can predict. It is doubtful whether, after all, any such union would be possible at any time short of the Millennium, and whether if possible, it would be for the best interests of the Church of Christ. If these denominational differences have their origin in certain essential diversities of taste and idiosyncrasy, then they may be Providential, and destined to continue to the end of time.

But with the Methodist Churches it is different. Our differences are not doctrinal at all, but have to do with mere matters of Church polity and organisation. And apart from the Wesleyans, these differences are not vital. No doubt each of the Methodist bodies had a Providential origin, and each has fulfilled a distinct function in the religious life of the country. But it is open to question whether their work could not now be carried on, so far, especially, as the minor sections of Methodism are concerned, more efficiently as a united Church than in their present form. Churches, like nations, fulfil their original mission sometimes, and it becomes expedient that they should merge themselves in other organisations. In this way they attain a fuller, richer life, and more efficiently serve the cause of truth and righteousness.

The causes which brought about the formation of two of the minor Methodist bodies are now remote, and the reason for their separate existence becomes less evident every year. Why should they not unite and form one strong Church? So far as our origin is concerned we stand somewhat apart; we did not originate in an ecclesiastical division, but in a spiritual revival of such a form that the old bottles could not accommodate themselves to the new wine of our life and activities. But we no longer stand alone in our special forms of religious activity; in the matter of out-door services we have converted the whole of the churches of the country, more or less, to our methods, and the Salvation Army has even distanced us in their zeal in this particular form of evangelism. No doubt, we, like the other minor Methodist bodies, have developed a certain individuality, and accumulated certain traditions, which are not without importance and value; but do they outweigh the advantages which would result to the Church of Christ from union? If Methodist Churches in other parts of the world have been able to find a basis of union, even where their differences were greater than those among the minor Methodist bodies here, and with the most satisfactory results, why should it not be possible with us?

It is not, of course, a question of union among the minor Methodist bodies just now, but of union with the Bible Christians. What effect on the larger question would this union have? Would it not bring it nearer, and tend to remove many of the difficulties which at present stand in the way?

Not only would it be a great object lesson for the Methodist Churches, it would remove many of the difficulties which stand in the way of the larger union. Take the question, for example, of the proposed Constitution. It is not pretended that this Constitution is perfect, or anything like it; such a Constitution has not yet been devised, and never will. But it is certainly much more democratic than our own, and, so far, approaches more nearly the ideal. Then it is of the nature of compromise. It is a balancing between extremes, and seeks to blend in one all the excellences of the various sections of Methodism. In the matter of lay representation, to touch for a moment a thorny question, we stand at present somewhat apart from the other Methodist Churches, if not from all the Churches of the land. Can we expect the other Methodist Churches to accept our position of two laymen to one minister in the higher courts? It may be that some of them have within late years come nearer to our position, but can we expect them to adopt our principle without modification? Scarcely. If ever there is to be union there will have to be compromise on this question. Then would not the new Constitution be likely to furnish a convenient bridge over which the ecclesiastical hosts could meet in a common union?

As to the Constitution itself. Our own is by no means perfect. Anyone who has thought about it at all must be aware that it has some curious anomalies. We are democratic at the top, but at the bottom we are nothing of the kind. What representation have the people in our official Courts? In theory, the class-leaders represent their classes in the leaders' meeting, but in practice they generally represent themselves, and very rarely indeed consult their members about anything that has to come before the Leaders' Meeting or the Quarterly Meeting. Ministers may be dismissed, or invited, without the great bulk of the members knowing of it till it is a fact accomplished. But let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that the leaders do represent the members, and do their best to carry out the wishes of their constituents, we have not exhausted the anomalies of the Constitution. Whom do the local preachers represent? They do not pretend to represent anybody but themselves, and they are often in a position to vote down the opinions and wishes of the members, supposing these to be represented by the class-leaders.

Now the democratic principle is carried to an extreme in one of the Methodist bodies. Their system of Church government, in fact, is that of Methodist Congregationalism. This is an extreme in another direction. The proposed Constitution does not err on that side. Rather it seeks, as has already been pointed out, to blend and harmonise the best elements in the Constitutions of all the Methodist Churches. As such it would be certain to constitute the basis of any future union, and so

be a powerful influence in that direction. The united wisdom of our Circuit Quarterly Meetings is, of course, to be brought to bear upon this proposed Constitution, and it may reasonably be expected that it will issue from the ordeal a good deal more perfect than it is at present. In actual working its defects will be further discovered and amended, so that by the time the union of the minor Methodist bodies becomes a question of practical ecclesiastical politics, we shall have the best polity in Methodism to put forward as a basis of union.

The question all our people should consider in regard to this proposed union between ourselves and the Bible Christians is this: Is it right? Will it make for the best interests of the Kingdom of Christ? Shall we be stronger or weaker for the great work of spreading the Gospel of Christ by coming together as one united religious community? Sentiment will no doubt play its part, and ought to play its part in the settlement of this question. If, for example, union involves dropping the name Primitive Methodist, while we may not think

it the best name that could have been chosen by our founders, any more than that of Bible Christians, still it will cost us a pang to surrender it for another, even though the new name be better in itself. But ought such sentimental considerations, while allowed due force, to outweigh the graver considerations advanced above? Let us all seek to approach the settlement of this question so far as possible in an impartial spirit. It is a grave question, involving serious issues for the two Churches concerned, and for the Church of Christ at large. Every Quarterly Meeting should consider it as seriously as though the decision arrived at would settle the whole question; the responsibility is not to be shirked or evaded. Each must decide the question for himself to the best of his judgment, and then resolve to abide by the decision of the Connexion as a whole. Full notice is to be given as to when the question is to come up for consideration, and complete information forwarded to each Quarterly Meeting. May the Great Head of the Church guide us to a wise conclusion!

JOSEPH RITSON,

Connexional Biography.

REV. WILLIAM COOPER.

ON the 21st of July, 1898, William Cooper exchanged the life of earth for the life of heaven in his eighty-sixth year. Only the day before he went to Burnham, along with his daughter Elizabeth, who hoped that the bracing air of the seaside would be beneficial to his health, so that the end came suddenly, but without doubt this meant "sudden glory."

This venerable servant of God was born at Thornsett, in Derbyshire, on the 20th of January, 1813. The influence of pious parents, together with the preaching of Revs. James Garner and Thomas Holaday, led to his conversion at the age of thirteen. To Mr. Garner the credit is given for leading him into our ministry. He travelled upon the following stations:—Chester, Blackburn, Driffield, Grimsby, Swinefleet, Easingwold, Brighton (twice), Maidstone (twice), Hammersmith, Bedford, Buckden (Hunts), Deal and Dover, Chatham, Bromyard, Glastonbury, South-Molton, Hertford and Kingston-on-Thames. Some of these spheres were very extensive, and Brother Cooper had the usual experiences of our honoured pioneers.

His marriage to Miss Mary Clarkson, of Bishop Wilton (Yorks), on the 18th of September, 1840, was a very happy one. For nearly fifty-three years these two were permitted to walk the path of life

together, when she who had been a good Christian wife and mother was taken from his side. Ten children were born to them, but only four now are living.

Whilst superintending the Glastonbury Station (1868-72), Mr. Cooper had a paralytic seizure which in a measure disabled him and led to his retirement at the Leicester Conference in 1875, at the age of sixty-two, after having served the Connexion for forty years.

He settled in Glastonbury, where as long as he was able he rendered valuable service to the Church of his choice. The death of his wife was followed by a very sad and serious decline of both physical and mental power; this condition continued for years, and to the end of his days. Our friend was a faithful, earnest minister; as a family visitor he had few equals; was liberal in his support of circuit and other funds, and was always eager to promote the general prosperity of his stations. He gave considerable attention to the building of chapels, schoolrooms, and ministers' houses, and also to the reduction of Trust debts. What he undertook he did thoroughly, and his faith in God was very strong. The following testimonials will serve to emphasise and establish what has already been said:—

Rev. Joseph Peck (a colleague) says, "He was a good, earnest, conscientious, plodding man, and as

such I have always cherished for him the highest esteem."

Mr. John Wilson (lay missionary), speaks of him as being "sympathetically in touch with the Lord's poor, who heard him gladly."

Rev. S. J. Southwood (who laboured on some adjoining stations), writes, "Mr. Cooper was one of the now almost extinct class of men who helped to make our Church what it is."

Rev. G. Doe (a colleague of forty years ago) says, "I always esteemed him as a man of high character and sterling worth . . . , he ever sought to serve the Connexion; and extend the interests of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ. He succeeded in this beyond some who were more intellectually gifted."

On the evening of Sunday the 24th, a memorial sermon was preached in our Glastonbury church; then on the following day a short service was held in the same building, after which six local preachers carried his body to the local cemetery. The writer officiated on each occasion.

ALFRED WARCUP.

MR. JAMES JOHNSTON.

EXAMPLE operates more powerfully than precept; and practical illustrations of moral excellence act more forcibly than abstract representations, hence the advantages of biographical sketches. The Christian Church has already become wealthy in valuable biographies, of which Primitive Methodists have furnished their full share; but these treasures are constantly accumulating, as those are called away whose lives have exemplified the principles of Christianity and adorned the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.

The deceased whose name is placed at the head of this sketch lived a beautifully consistent life, and commended religion to all who knew him, not only by impressive oral utterance, but by the stronger logic of an exemplary life. He was born at Ouckbourne, near Stirling, Scotland, November 23, 1829. He was converted about 1853 or 54. In the year 1858 his name was placed on the Primitive Methodist plan as a local preacher. Over the whole circuit he was respected in a marked degree, and as a local preacher was always welcome in the pulpits. He was a man of broad sympathies; he was more than a society man, he was essentially a circuit man, and also took great interest in all that pertained to the Connexion as a whole. Our departed friend was not only honoured, and deservedly, by the world, but also by the Connexion, for he was several times elected a delegate to District Meetings and Conference.

The Northumberland Park Society of the Tottenham Circuit was where his great work was done, and where his usefulness was most apparent. He was conscientious and diligent in the discharge of all his duties. He wisely apportioned his time to the various claims made upon it so that all might

have attention. He was always courteous and gentle in his intercourse with the people. He possessed in a good degree that charity which doth not behave itself unseemly. His prudence in business matters, and his deep interest in the welfare of the people, made him a valuable friend to those who were in trouble. His moral character was never tarnished, but was above suspicion; slander was never heard concerning him. His deportment commanded universal admiration, and commended Christianity to every observer. His religion produced a lovely morality, but did not consist exclusively in that which could be seen. It was experimental. The Kingdom of God was within him, and while there was righteousness without, there were peace and joy within. His religion was a life that developed itself in holy deeds. His was not mere official piety. He did not lose his personality in his office. He was ever a sincere servant of God. He walked in the light as God is in the light, had fellowship with Him, and the blood of Jesus Christ cleansed him from sin. His religious life was not fitful and boisterous like a storm-swollen stream, but deep, constant and growing like a river. From the commencement to the close, his character and religious experience never changed but for the better. A more beautiful character was never seen amongst us, and a gentler spirit was probably never embodied in a human form. He was loved by all who knew him.

Among other forms in which his spiritual life manifested itself, the systematic and proportionate giving of his substance for charitable and religious uses had a place. He saved that he might give; he denied himself that he might do good. He was a most persistent worker. Quiet, noiseless, ceaseless work distinguished his whole life. He was always punctual at his class, and was ever ready to sympathise with the afflicted, to encourage the weak, to assist those who were needy; and we are happy to say that in the class meeting God frequently manifested His presence in a very special manner. His experience was of a high spiritual tone, his hope of heaven was bright, and during his leadership the Church enjoyed much of the Spirit of Christ.

In 1874 he was appointed circuit steward, and filled the position in an exemplary manner to the time of his death. He was always diligent in serving the Lord. As a man and a Christian, he was always for peace and quietness in the Church, the family, and the world. He was careful over what he said, never desiring to wound other persons' feelings, preferring to suffer himself. How we shall miss him none of us can tell. He was no narrow, selfish sectarian, but a man of sterling uprightness.

The Rev. Joseph Sheale writes: "It will be twenty-nine years next July since I made the acquaintance of Mr. Johnston, he was then very

devoted to God, and diligent and earnest in His service. He was regular at his class meeting, the week-night preaching, prayer meeting, or open-air service. He never seemed absent from the means of grace, and was always anxious and longing for men's salvation. After a lapse of twelve years I returned to the circuit. . . . there was no abatement in his zeal, in his love for Christ, in his desire to save souls, and loyalty to his Church. The fire had increased in force. I left your circuit twelve years ago, but have met Mr. Johnston again and again during that time, but always found his mind in his Master's work. He was a good man, and full of faith and the Holy Ghost. I enjoyed a great blessing when praying with him the last time I saw him, when he could converse, and he expressed himself as very happy in the Lord. He has gone safely home."

The Rev. John Mayles writes: "I have always regarded Mr. Johnston as one of the very best men I have ever known. . . . The memory of his devoted life will, I am sure, be an inspiration for years to come to those who have been associated with him."

The Rev. W. E. Crombie writes: "Permit me to convey to you my strongest assurances of tenderest and truest sympathy in the loss you and your family have sustained, and to express my cordial admiration for the eminently Christian character of the departed one. Such men of purity, fidelity and charity are all too few. . . . He has been a faithful, efficient, generous servant of our Church these many years, and always so transparent, reliable and honourable in every department of Christian work. I shall ever revere his memory, and thank God upon every remembrance of him."

Numerous other letters have come to hand, speaking in the highest terms of his Christian character and usefulness. The March Quarterly Meeting of the Tottenham Circuit passed the following resolution: "That we place on record our deep sense of the great and irreparable loss that, as a station, we have sustained by the death of Brother James Johnston. From the formation of the circuit, extending over a period of thirty years, his brotherly consideration for the welfare of the circuit has always been constant, kindly, and sympathetic. His judicious advice and considerate oversight always won the confidence of those who laboured with him, whilst his unstinted generosity to all the societies in the circuit has in no small measure contributed to the prosperity of the Station."

It is in the storm that the vessel is tried, and in the fierce fight the noblest qualities are developed. Our brother's affliction, though not long, was unusually severe. For over two months he suffered, yet during all this time he calmly stayed himself on God. His patience never yielded to one murmuring breath. A calm fortitude girded his soul in the dark hour of pain. He found continual joy in the love of God, and firm trust in the all-sufficiency of

Christ. Whenever I visited him I was always pleased and profited by his rich Christian experience, and his expressions of consolation and peace in Jesus. Often when I left the house I have done so with a heart overflowing with joy, that when so seriously afflicted, and in the immediate prospect of their dissolution, God's people can have such confidence, and even rapture. Too much cannot be said about the patience and fortitude, the love for the Saviour, the hopes of heaven, and the joy and rapture possessed by our brother before his peaceful exit to the Paradise of God.

Many friends visited him for weeks prior to his death, and invariably came from his room the better for going. In the midst of his excruciating pains, as he writhed in physical agony, he was as patient, loving, and trustful as a little child in the hands of a Father whom he would not doubt. The end of his suffering came January 24, 1897, and it was peace. He passed away at the age of sixty-seven, leaving a widow and three children to mourn his loss, but greatly cheered and comforted by the remembrance of his saintly life. Prior to his interment in the Edmonton Cemetery, a service was held in the Northumberland Park Chapel, on Friday, January 29, and was conducted by the writer, assisted by Revs. J. Sheale, M. Simmonds, R. R. Connell, T. Price, T. Saunders and G. P. Maynard. There were also representatives present from the various Committees of London First District, of which he was a member. The funeral was attended by a large number of sympathising friends, and by representatives from each place on the circuit.

A memorial service was conducted in the Northumberland Park Chapel the following Sunday by the writer, and very impressive addresses were given by Revs. J. Sheale and M. Simmonds. He will be greatly missed at Tottenham and throughout the whole of the circuit, but when the day breaks and the shadows flee away, we shall join our dear brother in heaven.

ALFRED SUTCLIFFE.

MRS. PEXTON.

THE death of Mrs. Pexton, of Hull Second Circuit, removed another of the few remaining links which connect the Hull Primitive Methodists of to-day with those of sixty years ago. Being born April 2, 1819, her natural life has covered the whole period of the Connexion's history in the town, with the exception of one year, and she was a little over a year old when the first Conference of the new community was held in her native town. Becoming a member in 1837, or before, her membership has run parallel with the reign of Queen Victoria; and when the nation was full of excitement and enthusiasm in preparing to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of the Victorian era, and on the bright Sunday morning of May 2, 1897, in the seventy-ninth year of her age, and the sixty-first of her

membership, she was called to receive "the crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give to all them that have loved His appearing."

Mrs. Pexton's maiden name was Ann Maria Lowell. Her father, who was a sailor, died when she was nine years of age, and she was left in the care of a widowed mother. It was a happy circumstance that the mother, being a consistent member of the Methodist New Connexion, trained her family in the fear of God. But at the tender age of twelve Ann Maria Lowell was deprived by death of her pious mother, and left an orphan indeed, at a time of life when a mother's care and counsel are most needed. Again, however, Providence smiled on the bereaved child, and the wind was tempered to the shorn lamb. An elder sister was married, and had a religious home of her own, and here Ann Maria was cared for under the kindness and attention of an affectionate sister. This sister was Mrs. Starkey, our chapel-keeper in Church Street for many years, and who was well known to W. Clowes, J. Bywater, W. Harland, W. Garner, George Lamb and many other old preachers. While her mother lived; and until some time after, Ann Maria, with other members of the family attended the Methodist New Connexion Sunday School, and the seed sown there was not in vain. But the town was all alive by the springing up, and rapid growth, of a new sect of Methodists, sometimes called "Ranters." The new movement had preachers and evangelists of extraordinary power and success. First of all there was William Clowes, whose name was a household word, and who with his praying, no less than his preaching, seemed to shake the town. At his command were such stalwart evangelists as John Garner, Thomas Holliday, and others whose names we have mentioned, and such orators as John Flesher, William Sanderson, whose eloquence of speech would have graced the bar or the senate of any country. The town was the centre of very extensive missions stretching along the sea coast from Spurn Point to Berwick-on-Tweed, and beyond, and running inland to many of the towns and villages in the East and West and the North Ridings of Yorkshire and Durham, Northumberland and Cumberland in the North. Frequently the missionaries, more than forty in number, were coming to the town to tell their wonderful stories of the work of God in their several spheres of labour. The mother church in Mill Street, now West Street, was quite a "converting furnace." Seldom did a Sabbath pass without conversions. Bands of prayer-leaders were sent out in different detachments to hold cottage prayer-meetings and mission services in various parts of the town. Open-air services were held on the dock side, on the wharfs, in the alleys and squares almost every night in the week, summer and winter. The street processioning and the lively singing, and the loud "hallelujah"

and "glory" shouts, attracted great numbers of people. The annual camp meeting held for many years on the third Sunday in June, appeared to move all Hull, and the people turned out in thousands and flocked to the "Corporation Field," where three preaching stands were always necessary.

No wonder that the Lowell family, with many others, were attracted to Mill Street. There Ann Maria, when about eighteen years of age, and under pentecostal grace and power, was born anew. The particular circumstances of the change we do not know, but that she experienced a definite conversion and became a partaker of conscious salvation there could be no doubt. Her membership at Mill Street continued until her marriage with Mr. William Pexton in June, 1843. The newly-married couple settled in the neighbourhood of Church Street, and connected themselves with the society which worshipped in our little chapel there. They were members of George Hayton's class, a leader of remarkable power and unction, who died very suddenly in 1851. Mr. Pexton was now appointed leader of the class, and remained so until his death, a period of about twenty-eight years. For family convenience, Mrs. Pexton now joined the class of our highly esteemed friend and brother, Mr. Thomas Bell, most commonly called Tommy Bell, a brother whose praise is in all our churches in the town, and who, for more than forty years, has been the most popular camp meeting preacher in Hull. Our sister remained his member until her death, and had a most ardent attachment to her leader.

Mr. and Mrs. Pexton rendered invaluable service to our thriving cause in Church Street, which several times outgrew the capacity of the chapel, until a more commodious sanctuary was built for it in Lincoln Street. Beside the office of class-leader, Mr. Pexton was society steward, chapel steward, and trustee. Mrs. Pexton had always a prominent position at bazaars and tea meetings, and sometimes when her health and family cares would have formed a valid excuse for staying at home. Their house was open to the preachers, and the writer, with many others, shared in their generous hospitality. Our sister was one of a noble army of women in Hull of whom many preachers might say, "They laboured with me in the Gospel."

Beyond bazaars and tea meetings, and collecting for missions and various efforts for raising funds for the church, and which she continued as long as health permitted, Mrs. Pexton felt her duties to be chiefly at home with her large family, and to assist her husband in business. She was of a shy and retiring disposition, and had not the gifts for public work that some had. Nature had given her a temperament highly strung, and she was sensitive to wrongs and a want of fidelity on the part of professed friends. She was not a Christian who lived in continual ecstasies or exuberant joy. At times, in the latter years of her life, she suffered from

nervous irritability and prostration, which was painful to herself and her friends. Yet through all there was an abiding trust in God and confidence in Christ and His salvation which never failed.

On the death of her husband, eighteen years ago, she broke up her home and has since resided with various members of her family, and for the last few years principally with her eldest son, Mr. W. L. Pexton. For years it was evident that her health was gradually declining. Often from several infirmities she had much suffering, and her patience and resignation were severely tested. Yet she clung to the assurance granted to Paul, "My grace is sufficient for thee: for My strength is made perfect in weakness." The inimitable hymn of Charles Wesley, which has comforted many thousands in similar circumstances, was often on her lips:

"Jesu, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

For several weeks it was only at intervals that she was conscious. She was visited by the Revs. A. Beavan and G. Welbourne, by her leader, Mr. T. Bell, and Mr. A. Walker, by her sister-in-law, Mrs. R. Milson. Though not able to talk much with them, yet when they sang or prayed she heartily responded, and it was evident that God was sustaining her with His gracious presence, now that the shades of life's closing day were gathering around her; an old hymn that had been a favourite in her younger years came to her memory with wonderful freshness, and she repeated some of its verses with remarkable accuracy over and over again:

"Earth with its vanities no more,
Shall pain my weary eyes;
I leave my prison for my home,
A mansion in the skies.
Though death extends his icy hand
No terror doth he bring,
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?"

At last the weary wheels of life stood still, and Mrs. Pexton fell peacefully to sleep.

In harmony with her oft-repeated wish, her leader Brother T. Bell officiated at the funeral service, which was attended by a large number of relatives and friends.

Our departed sister looked "well to the ways of her household," and now "her children rise up and call her blessed." She leaves behind her a considerable number who are either members or supporters of the Church she loved so well and so long. Her eldest son, William L. Pexton, is circuit steward and class-leader in Hull Third Circuit, and from his youth has been serving the cause of Christ with steady zeal and fidelity. It was a great joy to his mother when he was elected as a delegate to the Conference. Other sons, and also the daughters, are among our attendants and

friends, and quite a host of grandchildren are with us as hearers, teachers, or scholars. So of this family it can be said, what we wish we could say of a greater number: "Instead of the fathers are the children." Our prayer is that we may meet them all

"Where the living live for ever,
And the dead have joined the band
In that fair and blessed land."

JOSEPH WOOD.

MR. JOHN BROWN.

A GLOOM has been cast over the Shrewsbury District by the unexpected death of the late Mr. John Brown, of Fairfield House, Shrewsbury, coal merchant and contractor, which took place at the hospitable residence of his host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. John Brown, of Alderley Lane Farm, Wem. Mr. Brown represented the Sunday School Union Committee at the Shrewsbury District Meeting held at Wem. He gave the first open-air address, and presided at the Sunday School Meeting in connection with the public services of the District Assembly, and his fervent utterances will be long remembered. While assisting at the Sunday afternoon camp meeting, he received a chill, which rapidly developed into bronchitis and pneumonia. On the following Tuesday morning Mr. Brown was so unwell that he could not leave his bedroom. Medical aid was summoned, and early on the morning of May 13, he quietly passed away. During his moments of consciousness, and as he entered the valley of the shadow, his last utterances were on behalf of the Church which he dearly loved, and for whose prosperity he had lived, contributed and worked.

Mr. Brown was a native of Croydon. While resident near Abergavenny, he gave himself to Christ in a service conducted by Mrs. Harrison, wife of the Rev. John Harrison (1). For some twenty years deceased lived in the locality of Shrewsbury, where he was eminently successful as a business man. Although not possessing a robust constitution, and being greatly absorbed in business, he scarcely ever missed the week-day services of the House of God. He was largely engaged in Christian service. At the time of his death he held important circuit and District positions. He was steward of the Shrewsbury Circuit, chapel treasurer, class-leader, and superintendent of the Ford's Heath Sabbath School. For many years deceased had been an acceptable lay preacher. He was in great demand by the village churches of the Shrewsbury and neighbouring circuits for special services, Harvest Festivals, and Chapel and Sunday School Anniversaries. He was vice-president of the Shrewsbury District Local Preachers' Association, and an active honorary member of the Tunstall, West Midland and Shrewsbury Districts'

Theological and Literary Association. He will be greatly missed, and his place will be difficult to fill.

The funeral took place in the Shrewsbury Cemetery on Saturday, May 15, and was largely attended. There were representatives from the churches in the Shrewsbury, Minsterley, Wem, and neighbouring circuits. The tenantry of the deceased, and the business firms of Shrewsbury, were also represented. The officiating ministers were the Revs. G. T. D. Pidsley, J. Taws, James Davies, Albert A. Birchenough, and J. Martin (U.M.F.C.), along with Mr. Joseph Higgins (Vice-chairman of District Meeting). The service throughout was deeply

impressive, and two of the deceased's favourite hymns were feelingly sung.

On Sunday, May 23, an "In Memoriam" service was held at Ford's Heath Primitive Methodist Church, conducted by the Rev. G. T. D. Pidsley, who was assisted by Messrs. E. Gwilliam and J. Price.

Deceased was forty-nine years of age. He had been twice married, and leaves a widow and eight children to mourn his irreparable loss. Many letters of sympathy have been forwarded to the bereaved family, and much Christian sympathy was manifested. "In the midst of life we are in death."

A. A. B.

Literary Notices.

The Expositor. Edited by the REV. W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, LL.D. Fifth Series, Vol. IX. (7s. 6d.) Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

THE *Expositor* pursues the even tenor of its way; and as time goes on, becomes increasingly helpful, and one might say indispensable. The present volume, perhaps, contains a larger percentage than usual of articles of a scholarly type that the average English student will find a little beyond him; but there is no lack of articles of more general-interest. Amongst these may specially be named a remarkable paper by the late Professor Henry Drummond, on "The Problem of Foreign Missions." The mention of Drummond reminds us that in this volume, the Rev. Angus Mackay, in his "The Late Professor Drummond and His Critics," takes up cudgels in defence of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," as against those who, like Drummond's own biographer, assert that his main argument involves a huge *petitio principii*. Mr. Mackay also holds that "the service which Professor Drummond rendered the Christian Church when he gave its proper prominence to the vicarious principle in nature, to the 'struggle for the life of others,' can hardly be over-rated; he wove, as it were, a silver strand into the dark web of fate; he helped us to see in the blackest shadow a proof that somewhere the light is shining." There are many other articles in this volume of the *Expositor* meriting remark did space permit, but it would be unpardonable were we not to express the interest with which we have read Mr. Canton's articles on "The Nativity," and "The Star of the Magi." These show how much that is fresh and beautiful a devout and imaginative mind can find in the stories of the Old Book. Professor Findlay, in his "St. John's Creed," has given a fine exposition of I John v. 18-21.

The Book of Job. With Introduction and Notes by EDGAR C. S. GIBSON, D.D. (6s.) Methuen and Co., 36, Essex Street, W.C.

THIS is the first of the "Oxford Commentaries" to be issued under the direction of Walter Lock, D.D., Ireland Professor of Exegesis and Warden of Keble College. What is aimed at in the Series thus projected, is to furnish commentaries which shall be mainly exegetical in character. They are to be less elementary than the Cambridge Bible for Schools; less critical than the International Critical Commentary; and less didactic than the Expositor's Bible. Taking the text of the R.V. as their basis, "they will aim at combining a hearty acceptance of critical principles with loyalty to the Catholic faith." With the Vicar of Leeds' "Book of Job," the series makes a good start. We have, first of all, a very helpful "Introduction," from which we gather that Dr. Gibson holds Job to have been a real historic personage who lived in patriarchal times; but that the book bearing his name was composed during the later period of the monarchy, or the Captivity, when the old theory of retribution was felt to be breaking down. The speech of Elihu (xxxii.-xxxvii.) is regarded as a later addition by another hand, introducing a new element in the solution of the problem, viz., that suffering is designed for moral discipline and improvement. We have a good note on "Daysman" (ix. 33), and with regard to the famous passage, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," etc., the conclusion reached is that "the passage as a whole affords distinct evidence that Job has fought his way to a new belief, and has reached the conviction that after death he shall be granted a vision of God." As against Cheyne, who sees in Behemoth and Leviathan "mythic monsters," Dr. Gibson maintains that they are poetic descriptions of the Egyptian hippopotamus.

mus and crocodile. We know of no better book on Job to put into the hands of thoughtful laymen or hard-working ministers, who have little time for erudite inquiries and want something reliable and accessible.

John Howard. A Lecture. By REV. H. H. SCULLARD, M.A. (2s.) The Bedford Publishing Co., Mill Street.

SOME half-dozen biographies of Howard have been written, excluding his own letters. In spite of this fact, Rev. H. H. Scullard's book will find its own niche, and prove an addition to the Howard literature. The author speaks somewhat too modestly of his own performance. "It is not a Life of Howard, nor even a monograph, but only a Lecture," he says. Whatever the author may care to call it, it is a fine appreciation of the man, clear and concise, and evidently written out of fulness of knowledge. Unnecessary details are left out, but we have a distinct portrait of "one of the humblest, greatest men that ever trod God's earth."

John Howard was a Free Churchman, and it was chiefly through his generosity that the Congregational Church over which Rev. H. H. Scullard is now pastor was built. The writer gives an account of an interview between Wesley and Howard, both then old men. They had a hearty appreciation of each other's work, but were men of widely different temperament. "Howard had much in common, in faith, in character, and in gifts with Wesley, but a Methodist he was not, and probably never could have been. Notwithstanding his respect for Wesley he would have shrunk from allying himself with a denomination which had even the appearance of exalting the work of any man. He was almost a Quaker in his aversion to the introduction of anything like personalities into the region of spiritual life. To him God was everything, the human instrument nothing." Like all great men who have achieved anything, Howard was a man of one idea; his aim was to lessen the sum of human misery, and no personal gratification, however ennobling or worthy it may have been in itself, was allowed to come between him and what he considered his duty. Howard was a type of the true ascetic, or pilgrim. Once, when in Italy, he attended a concert, but "finding his thoughts too much occupied by the melody, he could never be persuaded to repeat the indulgence. He seems to have feared lest the sweet strains of music might drown the bitter cry of the prisoners that was constantly sounding in his ears." "Poets and prose writers have vied with one another in extolling the beneficent influence of his life," but no finer appreciation of the man can be found anywhere than on the simple block of marble over his grave in Russia.

JOHN HOWARD.

"Whoever thou art, thou standest at the tomb of thy friend."

A word of praise must be written of the printing and illustrations of this book. The paper is good, and the printing all that could be desired, and some of the fine illustrations given can only have been procured at a considerable amount of trouble and expense.

Faith; A Story of St. Porth. By J. HENRY HARRIS. (3s. 6d.) Truro: Joseph Pollard. London: Service and Paton, 5, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

WE have here a simple, natural and well-written story, such as it is not often our good fortune to meet with. It is replete with delicate word-pictures, and happy phrases and turns of expression which cling to the memory long after the book has been closed. In addition to being a charming story that furnishes us with several interesting character-studies, there is a fund of information upon old Cornish folk-lore and traditions. Mr. Harris has made a special study of the history and traditions of Cornwall, and the pages which deal with that part bear the impress of personal knowledge, and are much more convincing than those which depict life in London. The scene of the story is laid at St. Porth. "Walking on a summer's day from St. Porth towards the market-town you may catch sight of the beautiful bay of which the people have always been proud as an unmarketable possession. A narrow lane, deeply shaded by tall hedgerows and scented with dog-roses, leads you to a small farmhouse which has been allowed to go into decay. . . It is the mouldering farmhouse, with its windows thick-filmed with dust, which haunts one. Why has it gone into mourning thus when its tenants have departed? When you inquire you find that Reuben Penhal and Emblem, his wife, and Faith, their daughter by adoption, lived there; that there was a son called Benjamin, who grew up with fair promise, and put forth leaves, but belied the fond hopes of abundant fruit. Then you may sit on a stile and listen to an old man in corduroys, who 'minded them well,' and hear, with long pauses and many harkings back, a domestic epic of vanished lives, human in every line." With the fortunes of these Penhals, "who were the aristocracy of the little," and their adopted daughter Faith, with her clear, hazel eyes, "only souls still in swaddling clothes could look upon the world out of such eyes," this story deals. The characters in this book impress one as portraits of real men and women who have lived and suffered and rejoiced rather than as fictitious characters.

The Humbling of Mark Lester. By BESSIE MARCHANT, (Mrs. J. A. Comfort). Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co., London.

WE have derived great pleasure from reading another story from the able pen of Mrs. Comfort. This latest one quite upholds the writer's reputation as a story-teller. Our sympathies are very much

with the brisk alert heroine who has to wade through such a sea of troubles before finally arriving at the harbour of complete happiness.

Alice Desart, the heroine, is companion to an old lady, and though the situation is full of drudgery, she cheerfully accepts it for the shelter that the quiet, peaceful home affords. Hers has not been either a peaceful or a happy past, and once more she receives a rude shock when on her way to the village she recognises her husband, from whom she has been separated since six months after their marriage, in a tramp who has been knocked down and severely injured by a village cyclist. All the old bitter past is raked up, and becomes a nine days' wonder; for the man dies and she identifies him as her husband. Some time afterwards, she marries Mark Lester, who is described as a man "who had a way of metaphorically putting himself into other people's shoes, and finding out where they pinched the hardest."

The story does not end here with the assumption "that they lived happily ever afterwards;" in fact, it only begins, for in the one great test case, Mark Lester's pride proved stronger than his charity. Though somewhat tragic in theme, there is nothing morbid about the story. It is brightly written.

Whispers from the Unseen. By the REV. E. W. SHEPHEARD-WALWYN (Great Malvern). Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C.

"THESE Whispers have been drawn from the Friend of Ages, in strong and continual concentration of Prayer. They are written especially for those who may have experienced the unutterable yearnings of the upward-bound soul, and whose life is one Long Cry for more intenser contact with their Adorable Redeemer, the Everlasting Jesus." These words are from the preface to this little book, and are set out on the page with typographic art, and adorned with abundant ornamental capitals, the last two sacred words being printed in red. All this raised misgivings whether we had not to do with a book that would prove more curious than profitable. Happily our misgivings were uncalled for. The author has something to say. He has heard "whispers from the unseen." He may be what the world calls a Mystic, but he does not get away from the great verities of religion, or the practical requirements of life. Let us give one specimen of the detached thoughts which comprise the staple of the book. The one given is selected rather because of its shortness than because it is the most striking.

XXI. THE SOUL'S SEVERE ISOLATION.

"Even when our truest and best friend is earnestly trying to bring his soul near to ours, and convey to us spiritual consolation or hope, have we not often felt the *utter separateness* of our inner

being from that of any other person? There is a hard and distinct line, beyond which no human sympathy can go. Has not this *flashed* upon us at times?—'He means to help me, but he cannot touch the inner wound of my spirit.' Every awakened soul knows the absolute necessity for direct personal dealings between his soul and his God in prayer. He must have such dealings. To forego them means eternal death."

Ten to One; and Other Papers. By the REV. J. A. CLAPPERTON, M.A. (1s. 6d.) "Helps Heavenward" Series. C. H. Kelly, 2, Castle Street, City Road, E.C.

It was Richard Baxter who wrote of taking "Ten looks at Christ for one at self." This saying Mr. Clapperton makes the occasion of a short practical talk. The same method is pursued throughout this little book. Some fine saying of heroic and saintly man or woman is made the text of a brief paper, rendered more interesting by the biographical references that are given. The result is we have a book very much to our mind, as it makes an incursion into a profitable field of Christian literature too much neglected. Mr. Clapperton has chosen a very apt motto for the title page of his book—"For the love I bear to the champions of Christ, I am ambitious to celebrate their valiant achievements." Since these words were written by Orderic the monk, (circa 1140), how many saints God has given the world! It is right that we should treasure their deep sayings, and seek to follow them even as they followed Christ.

After Death. By F. W. PITT. (9d.) S. W. Partridge and Co., 8 and 9, Paternoster Row.

IN the course of fifty-eight pages the author states the three theories as to the future of those who die impenitent; two of these—Final Restoration and the Annihilation theory—are vigorously criticised, while the third, which we may call the orthodox view, is expounded and defended against objections. The remaining two-and-twenty pages consist of Notes on passages of Scripture supposed to support either Restoration or Annihilationism. Mr. Pitt's explanation of 1 Peter iii. 19 is that it means, (1) Christ died in the flesh. (2) He arose in the Spirit. (3) It was in the Spirit that He preached, through Noah, to those who are now "spirits in prison." Some of Mr. Pitt's arguments will be challenged. For example, he makes great argumentative use of the substitutionary character of Christ's sufferings in his strictures on the Restoration and Annihilation theories. But we suspect that many who hold by these—the former of these especially—have let go the belief in the penal character of Christ's sufferings. They would deny his premise, or so greatly modify it as to invalidate his conclusion. Mr. Pitt's brochure may be recommended as brief, clear and vigorous, and likely to

be of special use to those who think that the "orthodox" view has nothing to say for itself.

Christ Bearing Us Company. By F. J. WILLIAMS. (2s. 6d.) S. W. Partridge and Co., 8 and 9, Paternoster Row, E.C.

THIS pretty little devotional book deals with the nearness and helpfulness of the Divine presence. "Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." "Christ bearing us Company," a book that can bring home to us that precious truth, as this one does, is never superfluous. Each chapter is enriched with gems of poetry, some from the writings of our well-known poets, some by the author himself; while many instructive and interesting incidents and illustrations are given, showing from personal experience the blessedness resulting from "Christ bearing us company." It is a book likely to prove helpful to young Christians, and its sweet and simple faith may stimulate wavering and half-hearted Christians. In the appendix is printed an appreciation of the life and works of the late John Pulsford, who during his life strove to live very near to Christ.

Letters of Samuel Rutherford. Selected from the Edition edited by the Rev. Andrew A. Bonar, D.D. (1s.) Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier, Edinburgh and London.

As the title intimates, this is not a complete collection of Rutherford's letters; but it is probable the selection here made and arranged in chronological order will amply suffice to enable the reader to taste Rutherford's quality. Yet more, this little book will prove very helpful to the devout life. A biographical sketch of Rutherford is prefixed, together with a view of the old church of Anwoth; each letter is introduced by a word or two indicating what are its main topics, and obsolete or uncommon words are explained in foot-notes. We are glad to notice that this neat and well-printed book is one of a series in which such religious classics as Bunyan's "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners," and Thomas Boston's "The Crook in the Lot," have a place.

The Official Handbook of the Presbyterian Church of England, 1899-1900. (6d.) 14, Paternoster Square.

CONTAINS a mass of information respecting the above-named Church. We have the doctrine, worship and government of the Church briefly set forth; a record of the chief denominational events of the past year; the constitution and work of the Committees of Synod; the senatus of the New Theo-

logical College at Cambridge, the course of study pursued, scholarships open, etc.; very complete information relating to the various Presbyteries; alphabetical list of ministers, etc., etc. We learn that the Presbyterian Church of England has 315 congregations, and 12 preaching stations, with 73,249 members. The average annual congregational contribution is £688. The Juvenile Missionary Association raised during the year, £2,167 for Foreign Missions, and the Formosa field has been allocated to the Children of the Church. The *Monthly Messenger* has a circulation of 26,000, which does not cover the cost of production, and the Synod has authorised a grant of £100 towards the cost.

Light and Darkness; or, All One in Christ. By SPES. (1s.) S. W. Partridge and Co., 8 and 9, Paternoster Row, E.C.

THIS is the picture of the conflict between the man and the lion, painted by the man, in which, of course, the man gets the victory. In other words, we have here, in the form of a story, a tractate on the Crisis in the Church from the Kensit point of view. The Church of St. Agatha has the same history as many other churches. The old evangelical clergyman was called to his rest, and in his place was appointed a young and vigorous man, full of new ideas, who gradually changed the old simple service; one by one fresh innovations crept into the form of service, until at last the congregation discovered that there was absolutely no difference between their service and that of the Romish Church. Tom Winton, the hero of the book, returns home after a long absence abroad, and these changes are sprung upon him all at once. He protested during the service, in the following words: "I, Thomas Winton, a baptised, confirmed and communicant member of the Protestant Reformed Church of England, do enter my solemn protest before Almighty God against the idolatrous practices I have witnessed this morning." From this point onward his career and aims are identical with those of Kensit.

In this connection may be mentioned two tractates we have received, both of which may be recommended as worthy of being read at this juncture:

The Foundations of Ritualism Exploded by a Clerical Engineer. (4d.) S. W. Partridge and Co., 8 and 9, Paternoster Row.

The Mechanical versus the Spiritual: Two contrasted conceptions of the Christian Religion. A Word for the Times. By W. HAY M. H. AITKEN. (1d.) John F. Shaw and Co., 48, Paternoster Row, E.C.



The Connexional Outlook.

By PROXY.

THE PRESIDENT'S HEALTH.

—It is gratifying to learn week by week that the President is making steady progress towards the recovery of his health. By this time most people know that the breakdown has been of the most serious kind, and might have had the very worst consequences. The greatest care has been necessary to avoid a complete collapse, and it is to be feared that his work during the whole of his Presidential year will be interfered with more or less. The churches that have been anticipating the pleasure of hearing his voice in the pulpit and on the platform, must for some time longer possess their souls in patience, and cherish a feeling of thankfulness that in the order of Divine Providence, a valuable life has been spared to the Connexion. Meanwhile, the expressions of sympathy coming from all over the country must have been very grateful and cheering, both to the invalid and to his good lady whose ministrations in the sick chamber have had so much to do with the happy results that have been realised. The journey from Kettering to Scarborough was a serious undertaking, but *en route*, at Nottingham, Sheffield, and on reaching Scarborough, the meeting of the train by friends must have been very cheering.

RETURNED MISSIONARIES.

—The Rev. R. and Mrs. Fairley have arrived home from Fernando Po, and by the time the October Magazines are in the hands of their readers, Mr. Fairley will probably be settled in some station for the year. He will hardly be able for some months to do the work of a regular circuit minister. He must have a strong constitution, but the climate of West Africa is trying to the strongest, and time will be needed to enable him to recuperate. Until Conference he will be supplied with a helper. On the whole, it might have been better to have left him unstationed till next Conference, allowing him till the end of the year for complete rest, and leaving him open during the rest of the time to be employed as a missionary deputation.* Mr. Fairley's experience of missionary work is now very extensive, and it may be assumed that he knows Fernando Po, the character of the people, the difficulties of the work, and the measure of success that has been secured there by these thirty years of missionary enterprise as well, and possibly better, than any one in the ranks of our ministry. At missionary meetings he will have an entertaining and inspiring story to tell.

—One unusually pleasing testimony of the effect produced upon the native mind and character by the work of the missionaries has been given to the

General Committee by Mr. Fairley. He has brought with him a gift of £73 10s. od. from the native churches of Fernando Po, to be divided as follows: fifty guineas for the Missionary breakfast in May, 1900; fifteen guineas for the Jubilee Thanksgiving Fund; two guineas for the White-chapel Mission; two guineas for the Southwark Mission; one guinea for the Orphanage. The members of our churches in Fernando Po, with a few exceptions, are poor; in comparison with our members in England, extremely so. They have always supported the cause liberally through the regular methods, as is evident from the large amounts they have raised for chapel building, at their annual missionary meetings, and for ordinary Church purposes. Mrs. Fairley's class at Santa Isabel last quarter sent £5 to the Quarterly Meeting of the station. To add to all this, as a thank-offering, and an expression of their appreciation of what has been done for them by our Missionary Society, the handsome gift of seventy guineas speaks volumes for their Christian liberality and devotion. The gifts themselves, especially that to the Breakfast, are substantial, but their chief value unquestionably lies in the Christian feeling that prompted them.

"THE PLAGUE SPOT OF THE METROPOLIS."

Under the above striking headline, the London *Morning Leader* calls attention to the work of the Rev. James Flanagan and his helpers, and the character of the Southwark people. In an interview between a representative of the *Leader* and Mr. Flanagan, the latter gave a few figures which were duly published in the newspaper. Bethnal Green is considered a part of London sufficiently wretched. It has a population bordering on 370,000, of whom 44 per cent. are in extreme poverty. But in Southwark and Bermondsey 64 per cent. are in extreme poverty; in Southwark alone the figure is 68 per cent., and in St. George's parish, the scene of Mr. Flanagan's labours, 80 out of every 100 persons are in extreme poverty. These 80 do not know in the morning where their dinner is to come from, they have no regular means of subsistence. The wretchedly poor are there. The criminal classes of all kinds are there in vast numbers. And if by any means a considerable portion of these can be inspired with the desire to live honestly and respectably, a great work will have been done for the metropolis, and for the nation, to whose safety such masses of degraded people are a standing menace. It is gratifying to know that Mr. Flanagan's work is being recognised by the independent daily press, and by philanthropic

people outside the denomination. If a little more help could be afforded to the building fund, Mr. Flanagan would be able to devote himself again to his regular work. For some time past he has been mainly engaged in raising money for his new hall and schools. The undertaking has been very expensive, but he has received very generous help from many, and if those who have not yet considered the need of the case would do so quickly, the burden would be lightened.

EXPENSIVE CHAPELS.

—Last month attention was called to new chapels at Leicester and other places of a very costly character. Within the last few days the foundation-stone of a new church and schools, which will cost not less than £8,000, was laid in Harrogate. In these magnificent structures we have the evidence of the increased wealth and culture of the members of our Church. It is reasonable, also, to assume that they are the evidence of a deeper devotion to the cause of Jesus Christ. The step taken by the Harrogate friends is bold, but it is also in every respect commendable. In chapel building, as in all other matters, fitness is a thing of primary importance, and a beautiful church is certainly needed in a town recognised as one of the most fashionable health resorts in the country.

VILLAGE CAUSES.

—In large centres of population it often happens that the chief difficulty in the prosecution of the work of God is the lack of money. Sites are expensive, and, with beautiful and inviting places of worship all round, cheap erections mean failure. The societies may be fairly strong numerically, but they are mostly working-people, who find an outlay of £4,000 or more a very serious undertaking. In the villages the difficulty is of a different character. Not much is needed to erect a chapel suitable for the locality, but after it has been erected and even paid for, it is not always easy to succeed with the real work of a church. The population is small and usually on the decline. Two or three families may be the mainstay of a place, and it often happens that in the course of a year or two these families remove. If in addition to these misfortunes, the feeble cause has to withstand the attacks of an aggressive clergyman or curate, the outlook becomes unpromising indeed, and it is not astonishing if the friends give way to despondency. Recently the General Committee have had under consideration an application for liberty to sell Henderd Chapel in the Wallingford Station. There is practically no cause there at present, and the local preachers of the circuit are not disposed to take the journey to preach to a mere handful of people. And yet the Primitive Methodists are the only representatives of the Free Churches in the locality. If we sell and leave the place the people will be deprived of the

chance of ever attending a Nonconformist religious service, a result which will not be good, either for Nonconformity or the villagers, or for that matter, for the Established Church. On the other hand, it may be argued that where there is absolute failure it is wise to look the plain fact in the face and act accordingly. The situation is a difficult one, and yet, perhaps, a little enthusiasm in work, with a little genius for the initiation of new methods, might change the whole aspect of affairs. The General Committee, at least, seem unwilling to allow the place to be abandoned.

CIRCUIT LIBRARIES.

—It is too soon to ascertain the result of Mrs. W. P. Hartley's generous offer for the establishment of circuit libraries, but judging from the few reports that are to hand, the circuits seem inclined to avail themselves of a great opportunity. The more the matter is thought over, the more will the advantages of the proposal become apparent. The advantage to those who cannot buy books for themselves is, of course, obvious. What is not quite so obvious is the advantage that will accrue to those who are quite able and have been accustomed to buy books for themselves. And yet most people who have built up a library know to their cost how long a period elapses, and what money is wasted before the "right vein" is struck, and they learn what kind of books they ought to buy. The local preachers who avail themselves of Mrs. Hartley's offer will be saved from the mistakes of inexperience. It is to be trusted that those who are able will not cease to buy books of their own. But the advantage to them will come from the association they will have with their reading brethren. There will be meetings where the books to be bought will be discussed, and many a novice at book-buying will learn what otherwise would have cost him years of experience to know. There is also the question of intellectual stimulus, and the desire to read, that will be created by these discussions and conversations. Indeed, on reflection, it will be found that the advantages accruing will be immeasurable.

BIBLE CHRISTIANS AND PRIMITIVE METHODISTS.

—On the one side and on the other, there are many good people becoming impatient and irritated on account of the protracted character of the negotiations on the proposed union between the Bible Christians and the Primitive Methodists. The Bible Christians have some cause for complaint, though it must be admitted that the Primitive Methodists have none. The Primitive Methodists were the first to propose union, and in the negotiations they have raised the most of the difficulties that have stood in the way of the happy consummation. At the Bible Christian Conference there was a decided disposition on the part of a section to close the agitation, at any rate, for the present.

This is not a matter for great wonder, though we are glad that other counsels prevailed. We must have patience, and whilst avoiding fatalistic ideas, and allowing that human action is characterised often by mistakes that bring most undesirable results, still remember that God has to do with these things, and that He will not make haste. The caution manifested in the movement is calling forth the commendation of those outside, many of whom are watching the effort with keen interest. The *Methodist Recorder* says that all Methodists in the country, including the Wesleyans, are interested in the movement, and wish it success. But, it argues, no good could result by an attempt to rush the union. The issues involved are too important for such a course, and, besides, a union hurried would inevitably mean disaster. At the same time, it must be remembered that four years have gone since the movement began, so that if it were consummated by 1900 it could hardly be said that it had been done in a hurry. And to begin the new century with a union between these two churches would affect for good the whole of English Nonconformity. What the future will be in relation to this question will depend to a large extent on the decisions of the Quarterly Meetings, to whom certain questions will be submitted shortly for their consideration. Hitherto, the one regrettable feature in the discussion of the question is that instead of considering the subject in a broad-minded manner, taking account of its rightness, or otherwise, the effect it will have on the Churches concerned, on Nonconformity generally, and on the national life, trifling matters about the probable effect it may have on the number of representatives likely to go to Conference belonging to some class or other, have been regarded as matters of vital importance.

HULL PRIMITIVE METHODISM.

—Primitive Methodists everywhere have been accustomed to regard Hull as in many respects the capital of the Connexion. Nowhere, in the days of the pioneers, were such large permanent results secured as in the great Yorkshire seaport, and for a long period after the death of Clowes, steady and substantial advancement was made. To-day we have more large chapels there than in any other town in the kingdom, and in most of them there are strong societies and large congregations. Besides, there are seventeen ministers in the town in active work, and a number of superannuated ministers. It has to be admitted, however, that during the last twenty years Primitive Methodism has not made the progress there that might have been expected. Some of the churches are aggressive as ever. Others have been overtaken, as happens everywhere, by adverse circumstances. West Street has long been a cause of no little anxiety to many, both ministers and laymen, and we are among those who are admirers of the devotion and self-

sacrifice of those who, amidst much discouragement, and in the face of many difficulties, stood loyally by the cause. At the present time a determined effort is being made to inaugurate a new era of prosperity, and it may be hoped that the enterprise of the friends will receive its due reward.

LONDON PRIMITIVE METHODISM.

—To the statesman, the religious and moral reformer, and, indeed, everyone who seeks to improve effectively the life of the people, London presents difficulties not to be found in any other part of the country. To a Church like our own the difficulties are singularly formidable. The enterprise and boldness of London Primitive Methodist ministers and laymen have always commanded admiration. But they have not always commanded financial help to any large extent, and that, after all, is what is chiefly needed. Sites are expensive, and the city is growing at so great a rate that if an income of £10,000 a year could be secured, it could be spent judiciously and with very great advantage to the denomination and to London. We are hopeful that as more men of wealth spring up among us, some of them, at least, will make it a part of their mission to promote Primitive Methodism within the Metropolitan area. Good work is being done on a limited scale at present by the London Chapel and School Extension Fund, and the usefulness of this Fund would be greatly increased if wealthy friends in the provinces would give it the attention it deserves. Valuable additions are now being made to the chapel property both at Battersea and Harringay.

REV. JOSEPH HOCKING AND THE LARGE MAGAZINE.

The thousands of people who month by month are reading the serial tale by Rev. Joseph Hocking in this Magazine, will be glad to learn that he has been engaged to contribute the Story for next year also. The circulation of the Magazine has increased considerably this year, and it is believed the increase is due very largely to the high quality of Mr. Hocking's story, entitled, "The Purple Robe." As it is believed that next year's serial will, at least, be equal to that of the present year, it may be assumed that a still further increase in the circulation will be secured.

STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

—Not many circuits have shown greater activity during the last year or two than Stockton-on-Tees, in the Darlington and Stockton District. Lately a beautiful new church at Yarm was opened, costing some £1,400. This undertaking was barely completed till the foundation-stones of a new chapel were laid in Thornaby. This new departure was much needed. Thornaby is a corporate town with over 30,000 population, situated just across the river from Stockton. But Primitive Methodism has

never taken a position worthy of itself in such a town. The society for years has not numbered more than thirty or forty members, and the chapel, at the beginning a very poor place, had got greatly out of repair. The circuit as a whole undertook to bear part of the liability in the event of a new chapel being erected, and it is expected that in a short time the handsome new premises, which will have cost over £3,000, will be opened. And already arrangements are being made to erect a third new chapel in the same station at Eaglescliffe, a suburban residential village, about two miles out of Stockton. The land has already been bought, and building operations will begin in a short time. For these results the Connexion is indebted largely to the Rev. E. Phillipson, who has acquired a certain fame as a successful chapel builder, and to the munificence of R. Clapham, Esq., and his son, J. R. Clapham, Esq.

REV. N. BOOCCOCK AT ARCHIBONGVILLE.

—The Rev. N. Boocock, it is well known, is both an indefatigable worker, and a man of resource. It is therefore not surprising to learn that he is realising very satisfactory success in his mission work on the west coast of Africa. Recently he has bap-

tised several natives. As this ceremony is only performed in cases that have proved by a lengthened probation their fitness to be members of a Christian church, it is evident that on this comparatively new mission the work of the Society's agents is having its effect. It is a matter for regret to learn that the poverty of the people, even for Africans, is unusually great. This arises from the poverty of the soil. A large proportion of the people are slaves, and even the masters are not in comfortable circumstances. There is no market for their produce, so that trading is on an exceedingly limited scale. The missionaries, therefore, it will be seen, have before them a great deal of hard work. Besides the moral reformation of the people, they will have to improve their methods of industry so as to enable them to get more out of the land than hitherto. No improvement in their social condition will be possible till by some means they can produce a greater amount of wealth. One great advantage the missionaries have enjoyed from the beginning,—they have been welcomed by the people, and with perhaps one exception, by the native kings also. In addition, the people, for Africans, are intelligent, and readily imbibe new ideas.

The Wider Outlook.

THE WESLEYAN PASTORAL.

—As might have been expected, seeing it has come from the pen of the Rev. George Jackson, of Edinburgh, the Wesleyan Pastoral is a singularly thoughtful, sane, and inspiring document. With but few modifications it may be commended to the careful study of all Protestants. One or two of the matters it discusses only can be referred to here. Its deliverance regarding Protestantism, setting forth the need of something more than mere protest, is pregnant with valuable teaching. "It is not enough that we reject with indignation the dogma of a Christ bodily present on the altar through the wonder-working power of the priest; we must proclaim a Presence not less real because unseen in every faithful heart. It is not enough that we make light of the claims of an infallible church, or an infallible Pope; the wayward soul of man has need of some one to guide him; we must proclaim Him who, by His Spirit, is with us for evermore to lead us into all truth. It is not enough to denounce the Confessional—the fierceness of our wrath will give no relief to the agony of unconfessed sin which drives the penitent to the priest for absolution; we must proclaim Him who has power on earth to forgive sin." There is also an unusually fine appeal for clear and definite thinking on Christian truth as a necessity to those who would maintain a high

level of Christian morality, and a steady and unfaltering walk with God, that is deserving of an oft-repeated perusal. Vague conceptions of the truth will never admit of a high-toned spiritual experience; on the contrary, it will always be a serious peril to the religious life, and it is urged that if the warmth and fervour that are a distinctive note of Methodism are to be preserved, there must be clear conceptions of the truths of the faith—conceptions which can only be enjoyed by those who think much and deeply on religious things.

ORGANISED CONGREGATIONALISM.

—Dr. Parker, in the *British Weekly*, and an anonymous correspondent in the *Christian World*, have lately been saying what should afford food for reflection, not only to Congregationalists, but to Methodists and Presbyterians also. The only deduction it is possible to draw is that Independency as such is a most unsatisfactory thing, and that it is desirable to secure for Congregational Churches some form of Connexionalism to save it from certain serious evils from which it is suffering. Few, it may be safely concluded, will be prepared to go as far as Dr. Parker in dreading evil for the Congregational Churches, even though they are themselves very strong in their convictions regarding the advantages of Connexionalism. No doubt he

has special and intimate knowledge, but he can hardly have been in the most judicial frame of mind when he wrote the following:—"We are, in my opinion, bound in the matter of organisation to do more or to do less, or our days are numbered." It is a far cry to the day when an organic union among the Nonconformist Churches of England shall be an accomplished fact, and till that day has been reached, it is probable that Congregationalism will hold its own at least among the churches of the land. At the same time, it would probably be all the stronger if some reform of the kind suggested could be carried out. The churches, acting independently for themselves, it appears, often make mistakes in the calling of new ministers, which might in some cases be avoided were there some court like a District Meeting or Conference to consider these appointments. If disputes arise in a church there is no court of appeal. There is also a lack of the denominational spirit, which prevents the initiation of great forward movements. Every human system has its imperfections, but it is evident that Congregationalism as it at present exists might be very greatly strengthened by the introduction of some more or less pronounced connexional element, and such a movement would unquestionably create a stronger, (and in this instance, because of the character of the people, it would be an intelligent) denominational spirit. Two new provisions, at least, in view of the present situation, should be made at an early date; the door into the ministry should be better safeguarded, and the position of the minister rendered more secure. It is worthy of note that during the century Congregationalism in the United Kingdom has made great progress. The returns as far as the membership and number of persons in the congregations are not given with the same care and regularity as in the various Methodist denominations, but this one fact is a striking proof of the vigour of the body, that in 1800 there were 873 churches, whilst to-day there are 4,569.

FREE CHURCH COUNCILS.

—The Federation of the Free Churches of England in the National Federation proceeds apace, and every one who desires the spread of the spirit of Christian unity and concord must wish the movement success. Difficulties here and there arise however. It is well known, for instance, that the Unitarians in many places have taken an active and leading part in movements for civic and moral reform, and these naturally have become associated with the local Free Church Councils. But the Constitution of the National Council does not permit of Councils being federated who admit Unitarians as members, and hence arises friction. Sometimes the Unitarians have not only taken an interest in civic and moral reforms generally, but have taken part in town evangelistic meetings, keep-

ing their own special views out of sight for the sake of the general good, and in these cases good Unitarians feel it to be somewhat hard to ask their Unitarian friends to retire from membership. Others besides the Unitarians find it difficult to fall into line with the Free Church movement. The Strict Baptists of Wales have lately been raising objections. There can be no doubt that the Constitution of the National Free Church Council is a very fine piece of statesmanship. That it is not absolutely perfect is only what could be expected. But seeing it admits so many holding such different religious convictions, it seems a pity that it should be narrow and exclusive just on one or two sides.

THE WESLEYAN MISSION IN EDINBURGH.

—The success of the Rev. George Jackson in Edinburgh has been phenomenal. He went there a few years ago, a raw young man, we believe, fresh from the college, and enjoyed to a large extent from the first a free hand. But he was expected to build up an entirely new cause in the capital of Presbyterian Scotland, where Wesleyan Methodism for years had been at a standstill. Before he had finished his probation he had built up a church of 300 members, and, we believe, had a Sunday evening congregation of 1,500 persons. He is an exceedingly able minister, combining evangelistic fervour with a philosophic cast of mind. And, after all, it is these men who, since the days of St. Paul, have been most successful in getting on the work of God. He is about to begin operations in building a new set of premises suitable for his work in Earl Grey Street. When it is stated that the scheme will involve an outlay of £50,000, some idea of its magnitude will be realised, and when it is added that up to the present he has only raised £8,000, it will be seen that Mr. Jackson is not overdone with timidity.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

—There are many ardent temperance reformers in the Church of England, and some of them are able to see the question in its true bearings, and accordingly act consistently. So much, however, cannot be said of all. Canon Martin, of Stockton-on-Tees, has recently been in correspondence with that amiable temperance stalwart, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and has made a rather pretty self-revelation. One of the pieces of advice the Canon gives is, that temperance parties should lay aside all their differences and press upon the Government some practical reform like Sunday Closing. What does the Canon mean? Is there any temperance organisation in the country that is not prepared to seek for Sunday Closing? It may be assumed that there is not. If, however, the Canon means that temperance reformers must promise to be satisfied with this if they can get it, and seek nothing beyond, it

is another matter. In another of his sage counsels he reveals his fear of radicalism. He wants Sir Wilfrid Lawson's section of reformers to declare that temperance is not a party question. Now all the world knows that the United Kingdom Alliance, with which Sir Wilfrid Lawson has been so long honourably associated, is in no sense a political partizan organisation. Its members are willing to work with Tories or Liberals, Churchmen, Catholics, or Nonconformists, and to include all in their membership for their purposes. The Canon deplores that so many temperance advocates are disestablishers also, but surely that is not the fault of the men who do not believe in a State Church. Why are there not more State Churchmen found among the ranks of temperance reformers? Is it because of the unholy alliance between the Tory party, the brewer, and the Church? Really the Canon is hard to please! If, however, he thinks that every temperance reformer should become a churchman as the price for the support of temperance principles by those who are already churchmen, he must be told that the price is too heavy, and the risks of a return in value too great for the bargain to be made. The need of something to arrest the drink evil is every day becoming greater. Some figures on the injury it is inflicting on the womanhood of the nation have recently appeared in a popular magazine. Last year, while there were 3,830 convictions of men who had been convicted over twenty times, there were 6,762 such cases among women. The woman "habitual" has advanced from 5,000 cases in 1878, and 7,000 in 1881, to 12,000 at the present time, and the chief cause is intemperance.

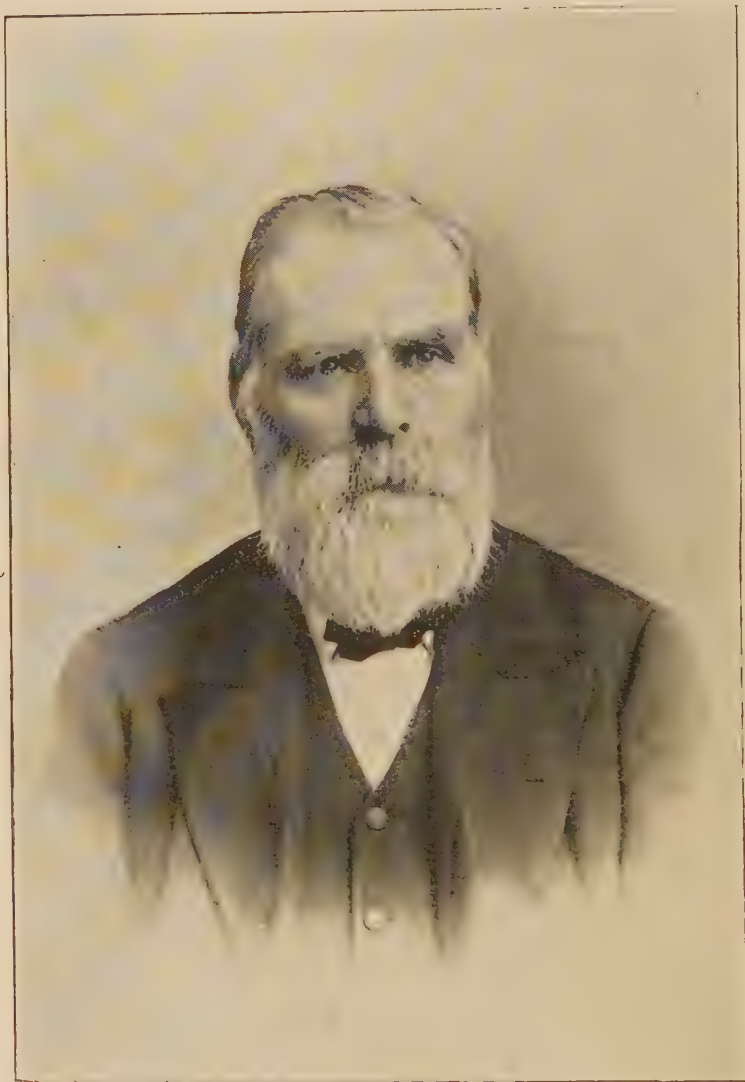
LORD HALIFAX'S MANIFESTO.

—Last month, referring to the decision of the Archbishops regarding Lights and Incense-burning in churches, we ventured to suggest that in spite of this decision, the Ritualists would continue their illegal practices. The result has proved the correctness of this prediction. Lord Halifax, who is looked upon as the leader of the High Church party, has written a manifesto on the "present distress." It is a curious document, and yet exactly what Englishmen have been taught to expect from Ritualists since the publication of the "Secret History of the Oxford Movement." It questions the legality of the judgment, but advises a show of obedience. Not more than "a show," however. The clergy are asked to obey when bad consequences are likely to ensue from disobedience, but even then, to go no farther than they are compelled, and makes suggestions which will enable them to, in part, at least, evade the decision. The High Church laity are urged, in all circumstances, and whether they act legally or otherwise, to stand by

their clergy. The *Church Times* is angry with the Archbishops, and suggests that disestablishment is to be preferred to this interference with the clergy. This is logical and honourable. But many of the clergy are defiant. Themselves claiming powers and gifts not given to ordinary men, they seem to forget that their ecclesiastical superiors should, at least, have equal powers, and that if they claim obedience from their flock on account of their office, bishops and archbishops should claim similar authority at least over the clergy of their diocese.

THE DREYFUS TRAGEDY.

—The whole civilised world has been horrified by the decision of the court-martial at Rennes. From the beginning it was evident that the judges were not impartial, and that the President, especially, had his mind made up as to what he would do, let the evidence be what it might. As the case proceeded, this bias became more and more evident. Englishmen, watching the proceedings through the press every morning, were astonished to find that the court had allowed the prosecution to retail uncorroborated gossip, mere suspicions, evidently born of malice, and outrageous hypotheses without any shadow of fact to support them; whilst cross-examinations were refused, important evidence shut out, and every possible method adopted to prevent the accused having his case presented. In spite of this, however, at the end of the trial, not a single fact remained for the side of the prosecution, all the facts were in favour of Dreyfus. Seldom, indeed, has even an innocent man come through such an ordeal with so fair a name. And yet he was found guilty. The outburst of horror at the iniquity, and of sympathy with the martyr has been phenomenal. Never in the history of the world has the fate of a single individual commanded so much attention. Most people feel that France has put herself outside the pale of civilisation, and that thus late in the Christian era, she has resorted to methods that were thought to belong exclusively to the dark ages. So great is the indignation that everywhere there is an agitation to boycott the Paris exhibition. Already many orders for places for exhibits have been cancelled, and thousands who had intended to visit the exhibition have resolved to stay at home. This is especially the case with the Americans. One party of 700 have all altered their arrangements in this way. It would be well for humanity if this feeling continues to grow. Let every Christian man mark his horror of France by having as little as possible to do with both the people and the country. To adopt this course is not vindictiveness, but simply a manifestation of loyalty to justice, and of indignation against an extreme form of iniquity and cruelty.



REV. ISAAC R. BARNSELY.

Rev. Isaac R. Barnsley.



OW us it is a pleasure to describe a worthy ministerial brother, whom we have long known, and whom we were privileged and honoured to have as our colleague in our own first term of superintendency, and with whom we have ever since been on terms of mutual friendship.

Isaac Rains Barnsley, the subject of this sketch, was born Sept. 2, 1840, at Aldwarke Grange, near Winstar, Derbyshire. He was of godly lineage. His father was a local preacher of our community for sixty-six years, and reached the great age of eighty-eight. Isaac, the son of whom we write, gave himself to the Lord when a boy under ten years of age. He wandered not from his Lord even in his boyhood's days. His home surroundings and Church associations were undoubtedly helpful to his best life. After serving as a local preacher in the home (Winstar) Circuit for nearly four years, he was called into our ministry by the then extensive Chesterfield Circuit, in 1863, and he subsequently served in the ministry at Melton Mowbray, Nottingham Second, Loughborough, Sheffield First, Rotherham, Sheffield Second, Derby, Buxton, Wirksworth, Grantham, Burton-on-Trent First, Wakefield and Lymm Circuits, and is now at Ashbourne, formerly a part of the Wirksworth Circuit. His record in all these circuits is honourable to himself, as his work on them has been helpful to the circuits concerned. In some of the circuits named, he had times of great blessing and success. At Melton Mowbray, at Rotherham, at Sheffield, and at Buxton, there were gracious revivals of the work of God during his and others' sojourn. He ministered devoutly and devotedly to these revivals. We personally well remember the palmy days of his service and stay on the Melton Mowbray Circuit.

Mr. Barnsley regards and affirms himself "specially favoured" in his early time, in that he had as his superintendents in the work of the ministry, the Revs. John Dickenson, J. Barfoot, J. C. Antliff, B.D., A. Clayton, W. Price and myself. With all these he had great fraternalness of spirit, and by each of them he was highly esteemed as a true "yoke-fellow" in service for men, and a sincere "co-worker with God."

In his own terms of superintendency he has been at once peaceful, patient, painstaking and persevering. New sanctuaries have been erected under his counsel and guidance: at Holloway, in the Wirksworth Circuit; at Hilton, in the Burton-on-Trent

First Circuit; and at Lymm, where a cost of £1,700 was incurred, and only £450 was left as debt. The Parker Street property, Burton-on-Trent First Circuit, was also purchased during his stay there, and happily none of the erections, or the purchase referred to, are heavily burdened with debt. At Hognaston, a place on his present circuit, our brother esteems himself to have chiefly "entered into others' labours," yet here he has well followed up the labours of others by the further raising of £100 since July, 1898, for the new sanctuary so lately built and opened. In these enterprises and kindred work, such as improvements and renovations of houses of prayer, he has usually had the loyal co-operation of his official brethren and the people generally. Our brother has occasionally had circuit and Church troubles, but he has coupled wisdom with quiet firmness, and thus has arranged his difficulties locally and amicably.

During his stay in the then Sheffield Second Circuit, which is now the Seventh Circuit, twenty-three years ago, he had a protracted and serious illness of some twenty-two weeks' duration. Some of his friends thought that his work was finished, but by rest, hydropathic treatment, kind, wifely nursing, the assured sympathy of his brethren and his people, he was, with God's blessing, completely restored; and has for years been, as he is now, both well and strong.

Our brother has had circuit honours in abundance; he has frequently represented his circuit in District Meeting, and has been chosen by his District as delegate to Conference. He has not, however, as we think, been ordinarily ambitious for Connexional honours. He has uniformly "preferred others before himself." He has declined to be even a "good echo" of his own views and sentiments, as they have been well expressed by others. Intelligent and hearty voting has served for him in highest Connexional courts. His silence has not risen from inability, or small modicum of power, to share in and contribute to the counsels of his brethren, but rather from high appreciation of his brethren. In our view, some things have passed him that he ought to have taken, and this from his quiet and even retiring manner. This may have been a loss to the interests concerned, and a gain to our brother personally. Be that as it may, if he has not come to the front in Connexional courts—we think we know the reason why.

In the actual work of the ministry, Mr. Barnsley has been "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." He has quietly striven and "studied to show himself approved unto God." He has not

greatly delighted in abstruse works of philosophy, nor has he had a prevailing turn of mind and taste for subtleties and metaphysics, though he is not unacquainted with either the one or the other. Tutored in Methodist theology and in intelligent love of it, he is in no danger of being loosed from old moorings. He would teach and preach well from the apostolic injunction, "Hold fast the form of sound words." To give the list of books he has read would occupy too much of our space; suffice it to say: he is widely and well read in Methodist theology, and has delighted in books that have enabled him to understand the Bible. He has all through his life been both a lover and a student of *THE BOOK*. He is eminently an example of the *homo unius libri*—nor that alone. Church history, Christian or sacred biography, in particular, and general history and biography, together with a wide reading of homiletics, and general current literature, for the past thirty years have fairly occupied his time and powers. He is a tolerably well up-to-date brother in general subjects and modes of expression, and so discovers he is not afraid of anything new, so-called, as he sees and realises it is good. He is indeed a very companionable brother in conversation when the subjects referred to are under consideration. If not a brilliant conversationalist, he unintentionally discovers very much more than appears likely, and than the hasty-judging would suppose he could do. He is not known all at once, but improves upon acquaintance.

His work for the pulpit has been carefully prepared, and if his preparation is less lengthy now—for he still preaches fresh sermons—it is not less apposite and appropriate to the needs and claims of the people he ministers to. In the delivery of his Master's message, he is usually grave, sober, sincere; one of the very last men, certainly,

"Who would try to court a grin,
When he should woo a soul."

This notwithstanding, he treats of the joyous themes that make the Gospel of the grace of God, and that make men glad, in verily joyous manner. His speech is jubilant, his face lights up, his form becomes erect, as his voice rings out, and his whole gesture and bearing seem to unite in saying, "Come to my Saviour, the Christ of God, who has all power and love to realise His mission, and who ever waits

to be gracious to all who will come to Him." We regard our brother as a well-informed, earnest, useful and successful Primitive Methodist minister of the great verities of our holy religion. Surely it goes without saying, and yet we will to say it, that such a minister is indeed a manly man. His excellences are more than our description.

As a pastor he holds it as a principle that he out-works in his life, both to visit and pay special attention to the poor, the sick, and the dying. Our brother fully believes in the devotional means of grace. He has joy in the communion of saints, and has old love for the fellowship of the godly in the old Methodist live class meeting. He yet calls for, and holds, his Sunday evening prayer meetings after his public services, and he rejoices, as of yore, as he sees the "pleasure of the Lord prospering in his hands."

Our brother, greatly favoured in the home of his youth, has rare joy in thinking and knowing that two sisters and a brother (deceased) were members of our Church, and died in the Lord; that one brother in Canada is a local preacher, and another a class-leader among the Methodists; that Mrs. Dean (widow), his sister, has been a member with us for nearly fifty years, and that a younger brother is in the old home, and is an acceptable local preacher in the Winstar Circuit; while of his own home, his three children are all members of our Church. His son has just completed his third year as a probationary minister amongst us, and has lately received and accepted an invitation to be the coadjutor of the Rev. J. T. Parr, at Surrey Chapel, London; while Mrs. Barnsley, who has truly been his helpmeet and mate, was the daughter of our old Dr. Watts, as he was generally and familiarly called, and her eldest brother, the Rev. Nathaniel Watts, is a minister amongst us, and is successfully serving on our Leamington Circuit. These facts minister to our brother's joy.

It is a joy to us to rejoice in our brother's joys and work, and to know that he is still able and willing to work in the vineyard of our Lord, and we sincerely trust that he may be long spared to successfully serve in the Church of his choice and his love, and like his sire, may come like a ripe shock of corn in the end of his days, all ready for the garner of his Lord. So, D.V., may it be. Amen.

JOHN G. SMITH.





The Purple Robe.

A STORY FOR THE TIMES.*

By JOSEPH HOCKING,

AUTHOR OF "THE BIRTHRIGHT," "MISTRESS NANCY MOLESWORTH," "ALL MEN ARE LIARS,"
"THE STORY OF ANDREW FAIRFAX," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

DUNCAN'S FIRST LOVE LETTER.



T first Lady Neville could not believe her daughter's words. The confession was absurd, because, to her, it could not be true.

"My child, you have taken leave of your senses," she

said. "You are not well. My illness has been too much for you. We will go away from here, we will go back to England."

"No, no, mother," cried the girl, "I am not ill, I am not speaking without thought. It is true, mother, it is true. I believed as long as I could; but—but I cannot believe longer."

Lady Neville was no longer able to control her feelings. Her daughter's words entirely unnerved her, for a moment she was overcome by her confession.

"And this is your work, I suppose," she cried

bitterly, turning to Rutland, "this is your idea of honour. Not content with disturbing our town with your pernicious doctrines, you seek to pour poison into my child's mind. This is baseness personified."

Alizon sprang to her feet before Rutland could reply. Her mother's words made her feel less sensitive to the pain she had given her.

"It is false, mother," she replied. "Duncan has never uttered one word to persuade me to change my faith. Never breathed a wish, in my hearing, that I should cease to be a Catholic."

"Then why this madness, why this treason to the faith which not only the Nevilles, but the Bartons, have held for hundreds of years?"

"I cannot give you many reasons, mother, except that I find it impossible to believe. Until that discussion I believed without question. I had been taught to regard all non-Catholics as heretics, and I never for a moment doubted the absolute truth of all the claims of the Church. Even when Father Sheen failed to deal with the difficulties which Duncan raised at the discussion, I did not doubt. I felt sure that everything was right, although I could not understand. I did not feel a bit influenced by what he said in his speeches, although he seemed certain of the things he spoke about. As you know, mother, it was your wish that he should be converted, and——"

"This has nothing to do with your madness," cried Lady Neville, interrupting her. For the first time she realised that she had been guilty of trying to do that for which she censured Rutland in such unmeasured terms. The thought made her un-

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comfortable, for she felt she had deliberately become a party to a plot, the purpose of which was to make the young minister stand up in the Industrial Hall and declare his belief in Popish doctrines. There seemed nothing wrong about this, nay, rather it was a deed which, had it been successful, would have gained her the smile of her Church. But when she fancied that Rutland had tried to convert her daughter to Protestantism, she felt indignant. She believed that in converting a Protestant to Catholicism she was snatching a brand from the burning, but when a Protestant perverted a Catholic, he was dragging a soul to perdition. Although this might be true, however, she shrunk from letting Rutland know that his conversion had been deliberately planned, and thus she stopped Alizon, who was going so dangerously near to making the confession.

"This has nothing to do with your madness," she repeated angrily, "what made you give up your salvation and become the child of lies?"

"I have not given up salvation," replied the girl, "rather I have realised it. I have come to see that it is not to be obtained by penances and confessions and repeating prayers, and——"

"Silence!" cried her ladyship sternly. "I will not have you utter such blasphemy. Who taught you to say these things? What led you to this heresy?"

"I could not help it, mother, I really could not," replied the girl. "What really opened my eyes, and led me to doubt was—that Bambino, to which your restoration to health has been attributed."

"That is only a venerated relic, child," said her ladyship. "Belief in its power has not become an article of faith."

"But it has been venerated by the Church, it has been declared to have miraculous power, and this by the Pope's consent. The priest attributed your recovery to its influence."

"Well, and why not?"

"Because there was not a shadow of evidence. It had no more to do with your recovery than any doll I might buy in a shop!" cried the girl.

"Well, and what then? Suppose it had not, surely there was not enough in such a trifling incident to lead you to change your faith."

"Not in itself. But it led me to consider other things. It led me to examine the evidences on which the distinctive Papal doctrines were built, and I saw that in many cases they were mere legend, mere fable, bolstered up by the Authority of the Church."

"And where had you the opportunity of examining evidences, you foolish child?"

"I found a New Testament, I read it through, and I discovered that many of the doctrines in which I believed had no foundation there, and oh, compared with the teaching of Christ, that of the Church seemed so poor, so trivial."

"How dare you! How can you, an ignorant

girl, understand these things? Besides, the Church has expressly forbidden you to judge of such matters."

"And why should I not?" asked Alizon. "I have my life to live, and God has given me some intelligence, besides, I have prayed many hours, and God has opened my eyes. I cannot help it, mother, neither can I altogether explain how it came to be; but many of my old beliefs left me, just as my belief in the story of Cinderella left me. In some things I still believe. The doctrines which are common to all Christians are real; but those on which the Papacy rests are to me unbelievable. I cannot, *cannot* accept them. Why, this Rome, this Mecca of the Church, is the very home of superstition, of baseless legend, of Pagan relics. Why, even the ceremony we saw to-day has no suggestion of the Christianity of the New Testament. Oh, I held on as long as I could, I struggled and prayed to keep on believing, but I could not, mother, I could not!"

The girl's overtaxed nerves gave way, and she burst into passionate sobs, while Lady Neville stood by in speechless anger.

"Mr. Rutland, I wish to be alone with my daughter," she said presently. "When you are gone, I shall doubtless be able to bring her to reason."

"Of course I will go since you bid me," said Rutland. "But, but——"

"I have given you my answer, it is impossible, it is madness. You will be wise, you will be kind to both Alizon and me, if you adhere to your former resolution and go to Naples to-morrow."

"No," said Rutland, "I shall not go."

"And why, pray?"

"Because Alizon claims my protection."

"Your protection. Against whom, pray?"

"Against you and those you will select as your advisers," replied Rutland quietly.

"I think I told you I desired to be alone," said her ladyship presently. "It is not for me to answer you."

"Then I must go." He took a step towards Alizon.

"I forbid you to go near my daughter," said her ladyship. "Kindly go."

"Thank you, your ladyship. Good night, Alizon. Remember I shall always try to be near you, and that I shall be always loving you."

He left the room, leaving mother and daughter together.

The next morning when Rutland went into the breakfast-room of the hotel, he looked everywhere for Lady Neville and Alizon, but they were nowhere to be seen. After breakfast he wandered for a long time around the corridors in the hope of catching a glimpse of them, but in vain. He was not at all surprised at this, however, as he knew that Lady Neville would do her utmost to keep Alizon out of his sight. He had spent an almost sleepless night

thinking of what had taken place after his departure, and in wondering how Alizon fared, and when, at last, he fell asleep, his dreams were haunted by unpleasant memories of the scene through which he had passed. Still, the fact remained that Alizon loved him, and that made all things bright, and he comforted himself with the thought that her mother loved her too tenderly to continue to be unkind.

When noon came, and neither had appeared, however, he felt more anxious. Was Alizon ill, or had Lady Neville suffered a relapse? Although he had been tempted to go to her ladyship's rooms and inquire, he had up to now refrained from doing so. As the hours passed by, however, and he could see nothing of them, he at length made up his mind to personally discover if all were well. He had scarcely reached the landing on which Lady Neville's suite of rooms was situated, than he saw servants flitting about as though something of importance had taken place. A few minutes later he discovered the reason for this. The rooms had been vacated, and the servants were preparing for the incoming guests.

Utilising his small knowledge of Italian, he asked a servant for information. The only answer he was able to obtain was that the Countess had vacated the apartments. The woman knew nothing else, however, and as Rutland had a difficulty in understanding her, he made his way to the entrance hall. The concierge spoke English fairly fluently, as indeed, he seemed to speak all other languages.

Yes, the lady, whom he persisted in calling "the Countess," left the hotel that morning.

"At what time did she go?" asked Rutland.

"Soon after eight o'clock."

"Where did she go? Have they left Rome?"

"I do not know where they are gone, except that they have left Rome."

"But she left instructions concerning her letters?"

"Certainly."

"She gave you an address to which you should forward them?"

"Certainly."

"What is the address?"

"I am sorry to disappoint you, signore, but you must please excuse me," said the Italian.

Rutland was nonplussed. During the afternoon he made as many inquiries as he dared, but he gained no information as to where Alizon had been taken. He was comforted by the thought that neither of them could be ill, or they would not have left the city; but, as may be imagined, his mind was torn with anxiety.

"They are gone back to England," he concluded at length. "Lady Neville has taken Alizon home that she may get the advice of Ritzoom and Sheen."

But he had no sufficient reason for believing in this, as he knew that Lady Neville was not sufficiently strong to bear continuous travelling.

He felt he could not stay longer in Rome. Now that Alizon had gone, the city had lost its charm.

"Yes, that is it," he said at length, "Alizon has gone to England, and I will go too. I will catch the midnight train to-night, and return as fast as I can; I shall then be near to help her."

He walked into the Piazza del Popolo, then along the Corso, and presently returned by way of the Via dei Condotti. When he reached the hotel, he realised that he was not strong enough to take the journey to England. The experiences of the last twenty-four hours revealed to him the fact that he had not yet recovered his strength. He was sick and faint. He went to his room and threw himself on his bed. For a time he thought he was going to faint; but presently he recovered himself. The first dinner bell rang, and he rose and dressed.

"I think I will try and go after all," he said presently, "I feel much stronger now; besides, I want to be on the move. I cannot stay in Rome now Alizon is gone."

When he reached the smoking-room, he saw men reading letters. Evidently the evening post had come. He did not expect any himself, but he mechanically made his way to the entrance hall where the letter-rack was placed. Turning to the space containing the number of his room, he saw that several had arrived for him. He scanned them eagerly in the hope that Alizon had been able to send him a line, but he saw at a glance that they were all from England.

"I will not read them until after dinner," he thought, as the second dinner bell rang. "Perhaps they will help to distract my mind." When dinner was over he found his way into the billiard-room, which was quite deserted. There was only one letter of importance, and that was from Tudor Church secretary. It contained the news that the pulpit had been supplied for four Sundays more, and while the people longed for his return, the church officers had forwarded his next quarter's salary, with a resolution, unanimously passed, that he must not come back until he was perfectly restored to health.

The letter decided him. "No, I'll not go back yet," he said; "besides, Alizon may be in Italy. I'll follow Lady Neville's advice and go to Naples. I promised myself that I would see Pompeii and Vesuvius before returning to England."

By two o'clock the next day he had reached the capital of Neapolia, and was, from his hotel windows, looking at the finest bay in the world.

The change did him good; new scenes, new associations, added to the sight and sound of the sea, helped him in spite of himself. Besides, the consciousness that Alizon loved him made the impossible seem easy; with that thought to cheer him he could not despair.

He did not like Naples, however. True, the situation of the town was very fine, while the bay

deserved all the praise it had received ; but the life of the city was abhorrent. The commonest deficiencies of life were not observed, filth prevailed almost everywhere, and of self-respect the people seemed to be deprived.

"Surely this is the home of superstition, lying,

cheating, dirt and devilry," he said, after he had been there three days.

Still he enjoyed his visit to Pompeii, and wandered among its ruins like one in a dream. During the hours he was there it seemed as though long centuries had never been, and that he was living in



the far back past, when gay chariots swept through the narrow streets of that wonderful city. Vesuvius, too, inspired him with awe. That great sea of fire

burning in the heart of the mountain impressed him as it must impress all who see it. It aroused his imagination, and made him realise the cry of the people of Pompeii when they saw the burning lava sweeping down the mountain side, "The end of the world is come! The end of the world is come!"

At the end of four days, however, he wanted to be on the move again. His mind was racked with anxiety about Alizon ; he painted all sorts of gloomy pictures, and called to mind what Catholic girls had often had to suffer when they doubted the faith of their fathers.

On the morning of the fifth day in Naples, however, a letter was brought to his room which made all things new. It was a letter from Alizon which had been forwarded from Rome. It was the first

"YOU MUST PLEASE EXCUSE ME," SAID THE ITALIAN.

letter he had ever received from her, and he broke the seal with all the eagerness of a boy of fifteen.

It was sent from Florence, and was evidently written in haste, but it contained words which made the young man's heart beat for very joy, and made every fibre of his being pulsate with exquisite gladness. It revealed traits in Alison's character of which he had no conception; it told of a thoughtfulness and tenderness which he had never attributed to her.

"I have a great difficulty in writing you, Duncan," she said, "for every one seems against me, even my maid. But still, I do not mind, I am very happy, happier than I ever hoped to be in this life; perhaps it is because I still have hope of a greater happiness in the future. As you will know ere this, we left Rome suddenly; my mother willed that we should, and I thought it best not to refuse to accompany her. She is far from strong, and my action has hurt her more than you can think. We shall not stay here long. Where we shall go I do not know, but probably to Venice. You can guess the reason why I am kept in ignorance. It seems very strange that mother and I, who have been such friends, should be opposed to each other; but I cannot help it. I am trying to be kind and patient and cheerful, although it is difficult to be so. Mother thinks it wise to taunt me because I have ceased to be a Catholic, and to accuse me of being a traitor to the truth. It is what I should have done under similar circumstances a few months ago, so I must not complain. She also continues to be angry because of you, but I brave that anger gladly, for through you, life is more glorious than I had ever conceived that it could be.

"Mother will, I am sure, never consent for us to be more to each other than we are now; but even if we are not I shall continue to rejoice.

"I think of you continually. Do not be anxious about me, nor let yourself be unhappy, for your happiness is more to me than my own. I wish I could ask you to write, but I cannot, neither must you expect another letter from me, for I am afraid I shall not have another opportunity of writing.

"Mother is surrounding me with priests, learned and grave, in the hope of leading me back to her faith; she is also trying to make me believe that to think of you is madness. But she fails in both these things—fails because 'I know in whom I have believed'—fails, because—but I need not tell you the other reason."

That same day Duncan started for Florence, where he stayed for two or three days; and after making sure that Alison had left that city, he took train for Venice. His mind was full of anxious thoughts; but as he read and re-read Alison's letter, he could not help rejoicing with great joy.

CHAPTER XXXII.

FATHER RITZOOM DELIBERATES.

"WELL, what is the meaning of this, Sheen?"

It was Father Ritzoom who spoke, and the old parish priest noticed that the Jesuit was both anxious and angry. They were sitting together in the study of the former in Lynford, and both were burning the fragrant weed.

"You know as much as I do now," replied Father Sheen. "Lady Neville sent for me as soon as she arrived, the day before yesterday, and on hearing her news, I immediately telegraphed for you."

"I've been a fool," said Ritzoom presently.

"Most wise men become fools sometimes," replied Father Sheen.

"But my foolishness is inexcusable. If I were a boy just completing his novitiate I could not have muddled the business more."

"I thought it a splendid plan."

"So it was, but I reckoned wrongly. I forgot that women live outside the realm of any known law, and I did not realise that Rutland's prejudices were so deeply-rooted."

"Of course, it was my fault in the first instance," said Father Sheen ruefully; "but for my giving that series of addresses all this would never have happened."

"There's no knowing," said Ritzoom.

"No, of course that is so, and really, when I understood your plans, I thought that Providence had interfered, and would overrule everything for the glory of the Church."

Ritzoom sat quietly for several minutes, his face looking more like a mask than the features of a living man.

"Put on some more coals, Sheen," he said presently. "It may be the end of April, but the nights are cold."

The old priest obeyed without a word, looking anxiously at the Jesuit's face as he did so. Father Sheen had great faith in Ritzoom's judgment, but the results of the scheme which he had formulated had staggered his faith. As we have seen, the old priest was not a clever man, and he saw no loophole of escape out of the business which brought them together.

"Did you see Alison?" asked Ritzoom presently.

"Oh yes."

"Well?"

"Oh, she was very kind to me, but I saw that all my authority had gone."

"You never had much, I am afraid."

"Well, there was always an atmosphere of liberty in the house, but I never knew a time when she would disobey me in matters of religion."

"Did you say anything to her about Rutland?"

"No. I—I, somehow I dare not."

"And did you speak to her about her change of faith?"

"No, I did not think it best then."

Ritzoom laughed quietly. He read this simple-minded priest's thoughts like a book.

"You were wise."

"What are you going to do?" asked Father Sheen, after several minutes' silence.

"I am trying to think. Give me another cigar!"

The Jesuit smoked for several minutes in perfect stillness. His face was utterly expressionless, his eyes were closed.

"Well?" said Sheen presently.

"It's not well, it's bad."

"Yes, it is bad. I see no loophole anywhere. Even although her ladyship persists in her refusal——"

"Which she will."

"Yes; well, even if Alizon disobeys her mother——"

"Which she will not."

"I don't know."

"I believe you."

"Well, come now, what do you suggest? Let's face the facts."

"That's what I've been doing ever since I entered this beastly town."

There could be no doubt about it, Ritzoom was very angry. His impatient, curt replies to his friend, the rasping tone of his voice revealed the fact continually.

"Sheen, as you know, I've been engaged on delicate matters for more than twenty years. During that time I've failed only twice to carry out my plans."

"I am surprised at your failing at all," replied Father Sheen.

"My first failure was when I was a very young man. I need not give you the details of the affair. But I failed utterly. I was altogether inexperienced at the time, so I may be excused. For twenty years after that, everything I touched succeeded. I was very careful, and I never attempted the impossible. Then I bungled another matter."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. I matched my wits with a fellow by the name of Lancaster. In some things I suppose I beat him, but in others, I, well, I came off second best. That was not so long ago; and I made a vow that I would never be beaten again."

"Ah!"

"You may guess, therefore, how I feel about this business. It is more serious than you can think."

"I am afraid it is all my fault," sighed the old priest.

"Pah, it was no longer your fault when I took the

matter up. I promised that I would turn your failure into a victory for the Church, and instead, unless strong, definite action is taken, it will mean just the opposite. Not only has the Protestant remained a Protestant, but the girl will give up her faith, if the man is allowed to influence her."

"She has given up her faith!" suggested Sheen.

"Nonsense."

"But, but——"

"My dear man, the faith is not given up so easily, it is woven into every fibre of her being, she is the child of many generations of Catholics. She still belongs to us."

"But her mother told me that——"

"Oh yes, yes, I understand. I've made a mess of it, but I am not quite in my dotage. She is a woman, and she is a *young* woman. She has been brought up in an atmosphere of spiritual authority, her mother remains true, and exercises control. Therefore she cannot cease to believe so easily. As far as she is concerned, it is only a matter of careful, skilful management."

Father Sheen looked doubtful.

"It is the man about whom I am most troubled. We have no hold upon him. I made up my mind that he should be converted, I promised you that he should be, and—and, well, I'd move heaven and earth rather than be beaten."

"I don't think you understand Alizon."

"No."

"I don't. I am afraid—oh, I *am*—I'm not sure that Alizon will not—marry Rutland."

Ritzoom took no notice of the other's words; evidently he regarded them as unworthy of an answer.

"Well, what are you going to do?" asked the old priest rather testily.

"I am going to have a conversation with Alizon."

"Yes, and then?"

"I shall call on Rutland."

"He is not in England."

"But he soon will be. He'll find out where the girl is, and then——" Ritzoom shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, suppose you fail with them?"

"I shall not fail, at any rate with Alizon."

"But suppose you do?"

"Well, then, my friend," and Ritzoom's eyes flashed dangerously, "if that happens you will see some ——" but he did not complete the sentence.

"When are you going to see Alizon?"

The Jesuit looked at his watch.

"To-night," he answered, like a man who had made up his mind to undertake a difficult task.

"Then we must start at once."

"Yes, at once."

"Shall I call a cab?"

"No, we will walk. And I have a request to make of you."

"What is that?"

"Do not speak to me as we walk to the Priory, unless I speak to you first."

The two men started on their journey. After they had walked a few minutes, Ritzoom stopped.

"Did I not tell you?" he said.

They were standing opposite Tudor Chapel, which loomed large in the dim light, and cast a dark shadow on the street.

"What?" asked Sheen, "I see nothing but Rutland's church."

"Don't you see that announcement?"

Leaning against one of the huge pillars which supported the portico was a notice board, on which an announcement was made. The old priest put on his spectacles and read it.

"A welcome home meeting next Saturday night," he said. "Evidently his church officers know when they may expect him."

Ritzoom did not reply, but walked quietly on. No other word was spoken until they reached the door of the Priory. Father Sheen had obeyed his orders.

Lady Neville received the two men with cordiality, but there was an anxious look in her eyes.

"Thank you for coming so promptly," she said, "I want a quiet chat with you very much. As you may imagine, I am sorely troubled."

"Yes," replied Ritzoom, "we had better have a private interview at once."

He uttered the word "private" with such emphasis that Father Sheen expressed a desire to go into the library and read *The Times*.

"Will you give me a detailed account of all that happened in Rome?" said the Jesuit, when the two were seated in Lady Neville's private sitting-room. "Please omit nothing. The merest trifle may be of importance."

"I will tell you all I can remember," replied Lady Neville, and forthwith she described faithfully what had happened.

"Were Rutland and your daughter much alone?" asked Ritzoom when she had finished.

"Very little. He sometimes appeared desirous of avoiding her company."

Ritzoom looked grave. "That suggests that he tried to be true to your English notions of honour," he said.

"As you know, I tried to make him feel that we were his friends, and until that last night,—well, I could find no fault with him."

"It seems that this Bambino was the first occasion for definite doubt on her part?"

"Yes. I was ill at the time, I have explained. She said that people believed in the image without sufficient evidence, and this led her to think of other things. Presently she came to the conclusion that many of our beliefs were accepted in practically the same way."

"You say she got hold of a copy of a Protestant Testament?" queried the priest.

"Yes."

"You never detected signs of doubt before you went to Rome?"

"Never. And that in spite of the fact that I had allowed her to read widely. I have always maintained that our religion courted the freest investigation, and so she was allowed to read everything, except those books absolutely forbidden by the Church."

"And many that are, I expect," said the priest.

"Perhaps so. Still, Father Sheen never——"

Ritzoom interrupted her with an impatient gesture.

"Sheen is refreshingly innocent of all knowledge concerning such things," he said presently, with an indulgent smile.

"Still, she never betrayed doubt. Indeed, she felt angry towards those who professed liberal ideas."

"Exactly; nevertheless, she was influenced. Her reading formed a sort of deposit in her mind, although she was ignorant of its influence. I see, I see. One cannot be too careful as to what such as she reads."

"We had a terrible scene after Rutland left us that night, simply terrible. I could not have believed that she could have conceived such terrible heresy. She said that Romanism was not religion at all, and that its teaching was entirely wanting in the essentials of Christianity."

Ritzoom looked very grave.

"She still obeys you?" he queried presently.

"Yes," replied her ladyship doubtfully.

The priest understood perfectly the affirmative answer, as well as the tone in which it was spoken.

"What are you prepared to sacrifice?" he asked presently.

"Anything, everything."

"That is well."

"You would not consent to her marrying Rutland?"

"I would rather see her dead."

"That is well," repeated the priest with a satisfied smile. "Do you think she would disobey your direct commands?"

"No, I think not. She has always been a good girl, and in spite of her apostasy, I am sure she loves me as much as ever."

"Do not call it apostasy, Lady Neville. I do not regard it in that light. Most children have childish complaints, but we do not think of them seriously; they get over them. Let us say that your daughter has an attack of spiritual measles. I do not think the attack is serious, and I can assure you she will get over it."

"You have not seen her, Father Ritzoom; you have not spoken to her since she came from Rome."

"No, but I do not think it matters. I fancy I understand the situation."

Lady Neville looked at the Jesuit keenly. For a moment she doubted his powers. His very confidence, while cheering her, made her afraid that he did not understand her daughter's disposition or character. Moreover, she could not help remembering that it was through Ritzoom that Duncan and Alizon had been thrown together. It was at his instigation that they had visited Rome, rather than some other Continental city. Up to the present nothing that he had prophesied had come to pass, rather, events had taken place which threatened to darken the rest of her life.

"What do you intend to do?" she asked presently.

"I cannot tell you exactly until I have had an interview with your daughter," replied Ritzoom. "But you need not be afraid. Your daughter will soon be ashamed of her fancy for Rutland, and she will bitterly repent her momentary doubts."

"I am very glad you think so," replied Lady Neville.

"I should like to see her at once," said Ritzoom, "the sooner we take action the better."

"Very well, I will send for her immediately," and she rung for a servant.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE PRIEST AND THE WOMAN.

WHEN Ritzoom and Alizon were left together, the former looked somewhat ill at ease. As he told Father Sheen, he had been for a quarter of a century dealing with difficult cases, and having interviews with men and women on very delicate matters. As a rule, moreover, he felt perfectly at ease, even when skating over thin ice, and when engaged in matters on which the slightest false move would destroy his plans. On this occasion, however, in spite of what he had said to Lady Neville, he did not feel certain of his ground. Although Alizon's face was very pale, and her lips trembled somewhat, her eyes shone with a steady light, while her features were set and determined. Somehow, she was different from what she had been when they had met before. He did not feel sure of his power over her, as in the past. Still, he was not a man who would easily lose his self-control, or be likely to make false moves.

"Well, you have escaped a good deal of our English winter, my child," he said quietly. "I had hoped to have gone to Rome myself, but the fates forbade it. Besides, I was doubtless doing better work in England. And, after all, nothing gives one so much satisfaction as hard work. Sometimes when I am overworked, I think I should

like to take my ease; but that is only for a brief time."

Alizon simply nodded. She knew that she had not been asked to meet him to hear this, and she wished that he would at once approach the subject which brought them together.

But Ritzoom was too wise to do this, even although he guessed what was passing in Alizon's mind. He knew that his first business was to try and create a certain atmosphere, and to impress the girl with his presence. And so for the next few minutes he talked pleasantly about some of his experiences in Rome, and in other parts of the world. Experiences which impressed the girl with the man's own cleverness, and with the apparently impregnable position of the organisation to which he belonged. All the time, moreover, he kept his great dark eyes upon her face, watching every twitch of the eyelids, and every tremor of the lips, just as a skilful diplomatist does when trying to find out the weak place in the armour of his opponent. He seemed to possess a kind of mesmeric power too, a power which influenced Alizon in spite of herself.

She felt that he was drawing the net of the conversation slowly around her, and by subtle inference made her feel the heinousness of opposing the will of God as expressed in His Church. The atmosphere became more and more charged with priestly influence, and he impressed her with the idea that he spoke not simply as a man, but as an ambassador of a great mystical power. She could not explain why, but he made the last few weeks seem as a dream, he aroused old influences, old memories. He made her think of the long line of Nevilles on her father's side of her house, who had been true to the ancient faith, and of the equally long line of Bartons, of which her mother was a descendant, who had all been faithful to the Church. She remembered, moreover, the boast of both the Nevilles and of the Bartons, that they, through the stress of the centuries, in spite of changes of kings and governments, in spite of war and persecution, had never married into Protestant families, never changed in their attitude towards religion. Ritzoom said nothing about these things, but he made her feel them, and thus the influences of heredity, of association and history, became working forces in the girl's life.

Thus, at length, it seemed natural that he should refer to the plans to which she had been a party, as though she were still interested in winning a man who had been a dangerous antagonist to the servants of God, to become a champion of the true faith.

"It seems we have not been altogether successful, my child," he said confidentially, keeping his eyes fixed upon her; "well, that is all the more reason for renewed effort, for unflagging service in the cause of truth."

He did not seem to regard her own change as

worthy of notice, rather he seemed to look upon her as faithful to her old ideals, and as being filled with the longings which possessed her six months before.

Alizon did not answer; indeed, at that moment

"Of course you did. Well, it appears that up to the present he has not yielded to the truth, and grace has not yet touched his heart. What would you advise now? What can we do to save his soul, and make him a champion for the truth? It will be a glorious victory, will it not?" and Ritzoom's voice became, if possible, more gentle, and for the first time Alizon noticed a tone of pleading.

"You do not appear to understand," she said, as if struggling with herself.

"Oh yes, I think I do," he replied, "I know there are difficulties, but, as you know, we never give up hope. We go on year after year, decade after decade. Besides, you have great influence over him. You must have. Well, it is for you to use it for God and His Church."

"Mr. Rutland will never be converted to your faith," stammered Alizon.

"You should never say that, my child. Your



she could not. It was as though a weight was placed upon her lips and upon her heart.

"You were with Mr. Rutland a good deal in Rome?" he asked.

"Yes; but scarcely ever alone. Father Matthew accompanied us on the few occasions on which I went sight-seeing with him."

"Oh yes, I suppose so. And yet you must have noticed how he was impressed, you must have noticed how Rome influenced him?"

"Yes."

"SHE ROSE TO HER FEET."

fathers never gave up hope even in the darkest hours. Besides, the greater the difficulties the greater the reward."

"But, but——" Alizon struggled to say.

"We never admit of 'buts,'" interrupted Ritzoom with a smile, "never. We all had before us a glorious ideal. We arranged to fight a bloodless battle. We determined to win over a dangerous enemy and make him a friend. Well, so far we have failed; but we must not give up. That would be cowardly, unworthy of the children of the Church. And, my child," here Ritzoom's voice became more solemn, more impressive, "God expects it of you. He is looking on us now. He is pleading with you, and yet commanding you never to turn aside from such a glorious object. And it is a terrible, TERRIBLE thing to disobey God."

For a moment Alizon felt almost overcome. The man, more than his words, made her as weak as a child. She almost lost her mental balance, and a great longing came into her heart to fall on her knees before him and beg forgiveness. It seemed as though her very life hung in the balance, and as though priestly power and the influence of past centuries was greater than all else. It was an awful battle that she fought, all the more awful because her strength seemed gone, and because the very foundations of her life were shaken.

Ritzoom saw his advantage, and he kept his eyes fixed steadily upon her. He was fighting a great battle, too. He knew that his own suggestion had brought around the present condition of things, and he was anxious for the sake of his promises, his influence, and his reputation, to undo the evil which had been done. Besides, he was, doubtless, sincere in what he had said. He had been reared in the atmosphere of the Church, and he loved that Church beyond all else. He believed in its Divine rights, he had no doubt but that it was the true, the only Christian Church. He could not be called a spiritual Catholic, but he was a loyal one. It appealed to his own nature, and satisfied its cravings, and because all the forces of his life had intensified his interest in its welfare, he could not see how those outside its fold could understand true religion. To a Protestant this may be strange, but to the Romanist, it is natural, nay, more, it is inevitable, it is the natural outcome of Papacy.

And thus Alizon stood shivering on the brink of begging forgiveness for what seemed at that moment a sin, she appeared about to yield to the influences which were around her. Then her strong vigorous nature asserted itself, the life-blood of her intellect began to flow, the intuitions of her soul were made manifest.

She rose to her feet, and as she did so, a great weight seemed to roll from her. Life in a second became larger, religion appealed to her again, not as the acceptance of the creeds of a Church, and the promise of obedience to its commands, but a

new spirit, a spirit which she had herself felt. It was the realisation of those great words of Christ, "I came that ye might have LIFE, and that ye might have it more abundantly."

"It is no use my keeping back what you perhaps already know," she said firmly. "Mr. Rutland will never become converted to your faith; and I cannot assist you in such an object, because I no longer believe in those things which I formerly held fast."

"You cannot mean this, my child," said Ritzoom, like one surprised.

"I do mean it," replied Alizon, strength and conviction coming back with every word she spoke. "Religion is no longer what it was to me."

"If what you say is true, it cannot be," said Ritzoom. "But I cannot believe it; you are a child of the Church, and you cannot give up truth for error. She cannot leave that one true Church to become a mere sectarian."

"No, I do not leave the Church," replied Alizon, "rather, I more truly enter it."

"My child, what you say is impossible, there is no Church outside the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church. Where is this Church that you speak about?"

"It is in my heart, my life," cried Alizon.

"This is foolishness," replied Ritzoom. "What you say is but the groundless phraseology of heretics."

"It is not groundless," cried the girl. All fear was gone now, and she spoke freely.

"Where is your authority?" asked the priest.

"I have our Lord's own words," replied Alizon. "'The Kingdom of God is within you,' He said."

"Ah, I see!" and there was a touch of asperity in his voice, "you have been reading the New Testament."

"I have been reading but little else for a long time," cried the girl.

"It is one of the most profound books in the world," said Ritzoom; "but it cannot be interpreted except by God's chosen ones. You are but a child, and would you pretend to know its meaning more truly than the elect of the Church who have given it to the world, and who have been studying it for eighteen hundred years?"

"Our Lord said that God hid many things from the wise and the prudent, and revealed them unto babes," said the girl.

"But what can you know of the New Testament, its history, and its deepest meaning?" asked the priest.

"I know enough to read and to pray," she replied, "and because I have accepted Christ rather than a Church, life has become new to me. It is more, it is greater, it is holier."

"I see," said Ritzoom, "I suppose you will be soon of the opinion that we of the Catholic faith do not belong to the true Church?"

"All who know Christ belong to the true Church, whether Catholic or Protestant," replied the girl. "The true Church is the Spirit of Christ reigning in our lives."

"Who told you this?"

"God."

"But think, my child. Christ came to establish a Church. You believe that?"

"Yes."

"Well, where is it except in the Catholic Church?"

"It is everywhere, where there is love and faith and obedience," said Alizon. "It is not narrowed by sects or boundaries of any sort. It embraces all those who love Christ and accept Him as their Saviour."

"Let me show you where you are wrong," said the priest.

"You may adduce arguments which I cannot meet with argument," answered the girl, "for you are cleverer than I. But—I know it seems boastful—I have knowledge which has not come to me through the intellect, and I know that the Church of Christ is larger than the Roman Church, and that in claiming to be the only Church, it limits God, it resolves religion into a mere sect. Christianity is a spirit, a great motive-power in the soul; it is Christ living in us."

"And how came you by this knowledge?" asked the priest.

"I do not know," replied Alizon reverently. "I feel as the blind lad must have felt to whom our Lord gave his sight, and who answered Christ's enemies by saying: 'One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.'"

Ritzoom was for a moment staggered. Alizon had led the conversation into a channel with which he was not familiar. The calm assurance of the girl gave him the impression that she regarded him as being ignorant of the great truths which had become hers.

"My child," he said, "while this seems very plausible and beautiful, it is in reality full of deceit. God has appointed certain means whereby men must be saved. That means is expressed in the Church."

"Who said so?" said Alizon quickly. "Give me our Lord's authority for saying this?"

"That could be easily given," said the priest, "but you would not understand. It is for you to obey those whom God hath appointed. And let me say this," here Ritzoom's voice became rather angry, "it is no light matter for a child of the Church to disobey her teaching."

"Will you explain?"

"I mean this: Protestants may be forgiven, for their sin is that of ignorance; they have been robbed of religion, they have not been reared in the light of truth; but for one who has known the truth, who has lived amidst all the advantages of the Church,

who has received her sacraments, and yet who becomes apostate, I know of no forgiveness."

"Then you mean to say——"

"I mean to say that your position is terrible," said Ritzoom, "more terrible than you can think. Reflect, my child, reflect."

"I have reflected," said Alizon, "and God has told me that your words are false. What! Do you mean to say that God will punish me for ever for following His own leadings, for being true to what I believe to be truth, for obeying the commands of our Lord? Father Ritzoom, whatever I once believed, I could not believe it now! It is repugnant to everything high and holy."

"Nevertheless, it is true."

"When you can make me believe that the sun causes darkness, you may persuade me to accept that," said the girl. "No, I do not fear the threats of the Church. All that is gone!"

Again Ritzoom felt baffled. He could not appeal to her fears. She had thrown off the weight of authority. She seemed to possess convictions, assurances, secrets unknown to him. He had appealed to two forces in her nature, and had failed. But he had not been a student of human nature during twenty-five years for nothing. So far she seemed to present an impregnable barrier to him; but he felt sure that he could find the vulnerable place in her armour. The quiet conviction of the girl, which his priestly authority failed to touch, staggered him, but he knew that she had a loving, affectionate nature.

"If you will not yield to the pleadings of the Church, I assume that you are not dead to love, and to filial duty," he said. "Do you know what you are doing? You are breaking your mother's heart, you are blighting her life. Does your new religion teach you to do that? You know that she is not strong, and if you persist in your madness, I fear the worst; you will be guilty of your mother's death."

Ritzoom had fixed his arrow at last. Alizon burst out sobbing; and seeing his advantage Ritzoom pressed it. He pictured Lady Neville's joy if they were again united in sympathy and faith, he told of her agony if she, Alizon, should persist in her terrible course. Perhaps he was not wise in saying so much, for presently Alizon's eyes flashed defiance.

"Father Ritzoom," she said, "suppose my mother was a Protestant instead of a Catholic, and had the same feelings towards Catholicism as she has towards Protestantism; and suppose that I her daughter was converted to Catholicism, would you have me remain a Protestant, because by becoming a Catholic, I broke her heart?"

"That—that would be different," stammered Ritzoom, "surely you cannot place the——"

"Excuse me," said the girl, interrupting him for the first time, "it is no use, I love my mother more

than words can say; but I must be true to my convictions, I must be true to God."

"And this man?" said Ritzoom, "this man who has been the means of leading you into error, will you persist in your madness concerning him?"

"Father Ritzoom," said Alizon, "for the sake of what I once believed, I have told you of the new

life which has come to me. But I decline to speak with you concerning Mr. Rutland. Good night."

The Jesuit sat for a long time in perfect stillness. Presently a look of conviction came into his eyes. He had thought of a new method of action.

"Yes; that will do it," he said with a smile.

(To be continued.)

The Songs of Our Fathers.

BY THE REV. A. T. GUTTERY.



EVER since the sons of Israel celebrated their Red Sea triumph by loud and eager praise, all the great religious movements of the world have been marked by song. Just as nations demand and create their own national hymns, so every crisis in history seems to claim and

form its own melody. It would be an easy and fascinating task to trace the Hymnody of the ages, to show how the early Christians, the Lollards, the Reformers and the Puritans assured their courage, and declared their faith by psalms and hymns; of many movements, the only record we have is the sacred strains, to whose mighty rhythm contending hosts marched to battle. He who makes a hymn is greater than he who builds an ironclad, or makes a fortune; and when you remember that in hymns you have mightiest truth reinforced with the enthusiasm that music alone can give, it is easy to see how song has done more than the sword to shape the destinies of the world.

Get to know the songs of a nation, and through an open window you see right into its inmost heart and life; then it is off its guard and allows its most sacred secrets to rush to its lips; this is no poetic fancy that comes easy to a lover of music, it is an historic truism which every careful student can discover for himself.

Of course, the songs that usher in, and accompany, great religious movements have their own individuality—signs that set them apart. It is their very individuality; destroy it and they become but exertions of the throat rather than energies of the heart. Most markedly is this true of Methodism. She can never be divorced from the hymns of Charles Wesley. These hymns were the language by which she could reach the common heart. They made, and still make her a national force; and while many a sermon or argument or book has been lost in the rush of years, the hymns remain a priceless heritage and a perennial fount of inspiration. The hymns of Methodism are distinct from all

others. Some of them you can transplant into any service, but for the most part they need their own soil, and maintain their own beauty. That is, they are the product of a certain spiritual consciousness, of a certain ideal of worship, and only there can they preserve that fitness which is as essential as unity of tone.

When you come to the fathers of our own branch of Methodism, this individuality strikes you still more. They were true to the genius of the generations that sang them. They will always be precious as memorials of labours and struggles of years ago. We rejoice to sing them over, now and again, in gatherings such as this; but I do not think we shall ever return to them. I do not know that we ought, for we have lost that intense denominational keynote that was such a distinctive feature. Some think that a great loss; others will look on our wider tolerance and larger charity as a distinct gain.

I will not claim for these hymns more than they deserve; we can afford to be perfectly frank here. They were not all good poetry; from an artistic point of view, many of them are not good music. Many of the airs have an origin into which it is not well to look too closely. It may offend our notions of good taste to have one portion of the congregation singing at other portions. The hymns may sing too much of the future and not of the present; they may not be faultless in a literary, or social or musical sense; and yet they are precious to us. They set our pulse beating; they make the very heart to dance. They carried many of us into spiritual liberty. We would teach them to our children; and to belittle them is like speaking ill of the homestead where we spent our childhood, or like a sneer at the mother that loved us. The Songs of our Fathers may not now be the ordinary instruments of our work and worship, but they are precious heirlooms with which we are unwilling to part.

For these hymns to have made such a deep impression upon our age and done such magnificent service, they must have had solid qualities worthy of our remembrance and esteem. Let us look at one or two of these.

THEY WERE HYMNS FOR ALL. As a rule, the air is one which simple folk can pick up. Our fathers never left room for mere professional skill. In their eye the service of song belonged to the congregation, and not merely to the choir. My friends about me will not misunderstand my meaning. I esteem their department one of the most important in the Church; and more than once or twice I have been helped by the way in which great hymns have been rendered. But I beseech of choirs that they should lead the people and not go away from them. Now and again we want an anthem; for it is song-service in its highest and most elaborate form. But do give us new tunes by degrees. Only a few days ago I was in a church where the choir will persist in singing the tune set for the hymn, known or not; and some dear folk said to me: "Oh, Mr. Guttery, get us some tunes we can sing!" and you may depend upon it, I did so. Our fathers would have all the people join in praise.

THEIR HYMNS WERE DENOMINATIONAL. They were Primitive Methodist hymns, and everybody knew it. I know this may be carried to an excess, and often was; but I wish we had a little more of this denominational loyalty. We never know how to love other Churches well till we have learned to love our own best. There is a spurious kind of tolerance that is very popular in these days. It is in earnest about nothing; is easy in its convictions; as far as it is concerned nothing matters very much. Such a spirit is never strenuous for service or valiant for battle. Imagine my being as fond of every house in our Avenue as I am of my own home, you would think such a flabbiness of affection did me little credit, and you would be right. Young folk, be intensely true to the Church of your spiritual birth; reverence it as the home of your best life; give it your labour as well as your love; guard its honour as you would your own life.

THEIR HYMNS WERE DOCTRINAL. Many of them were really the dogmas in which our fathers believed set to verse. Sin, the New Birth, the Witness of the Spirit, Judgment, Penalty and Heaven: all these can be found in the hymns our fathers sung. Father, Son, and Spirit; each and all were worshipped. I know that in many circles there is a revolt against doctrine; why, I never can see. Doctrine is simply orderly thinking seeking expression. You have it in science; you welcome it in art; and why it should be odious in religion, where it is most needed, I leave to modern wiseacres to tell us. Many of the doctrinal statements may have been crude and faulty; and no wonder, when you remember the men our fathers were, and the pit from which they were digged. At the same time they declared unfalteringly the great essentials of that supreme Gospel which alone can lift our world into unison with the Divine will. These hymns, evangelical to the core, are a splendid bulwark of Protestantism.

They may be too individualistic, and often are, but they contain a compendium of truth that we must never allow to be frittered away.

The longer I live, and the more I know of the solemnities of preaching, the more I am convinced that we need to make both our message and our music of our supreme central truth:—"Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

Everyone will have noticed that these hymns were the

OUTPOURING OF EXPERIMENTAL RELIGION. The intensest note is that of personal consciousness. What they had seen and felt they published to the sons of men; and in this they were true to the genius of Methodism; for the genius of Methodism is personal Christian testimony. The most distinctive of all Methodist services is the experience meeting. I regret, and regret deeply, that it has so largely fallen into abeyance, and I say here solemnly, that one of the finest things that could happen to this Church, or any other Methodist Church, would be a revival of the art and liberty of testimony. The old-time preaching was full of it. Men who knew little of books, little history, theology, or philosophy, could tell the story of their conversion. It was common advice to young men, "When you stick fast, tell your experience;" and thousands of men and women who could scoff at the argument, and ignore the appeal, were melted and conquered by the personal testimony. We want more of this spirit. It may not be so clever, but it is more effective, because it brings heart to heart, and quick to quick, and it is only when we come into real and vital touch that we can bless each other.

THE HYMNS WERE FULL OF MIGHTY FAITH, and faith as distinct from the mere acceptance of doctrine; they knew no whispered fears or treacherous doubt; they were full of immovable confidence in Christ as mighty to save, and His blood as a never-failing fountain of cleansing. They never dreaded the waning of the Gospel, or wavering of the Cross. They felt sure the stars in their courses fought for them, for God was above the stars and guided them. In their confidence they shook the nation; in that same faith we must save the England of to-day.

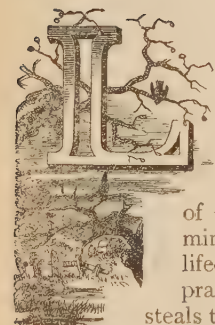
I plead, then, for a revival of song. I do not ask that we should go back to the hymns of our fathers; could they speak here, they would not wish us to be bound to the songs they sung. But I do desire that we may possess their spirit, their faith, their passion for souls, and their delight in service. Then glorious as were the victories they gained, our morrows shall be more glorious still, till they break into the universal acclaim:—"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches and wisdom and strength and honour and glory and blessing." Amen.



"FLASHING FROM EVERY OCEAN WAVE."

Bible Emblems.

III.—THE SYMBOLISM OF LIGHT.



LIGHT is a sacred symbol—an emblem of the greatest Personality in the universe, for "God is Light." The Apostle John could select no fact of nature so fitting as Light to illustrate his idea of God. Light is universal, illuminative, penetrating, revealing, life-giving. "It brims the Western prairies, smiles on eternal snows, steals through the cranks of the gipsy's tent; difficult to shut out; easy to let in." Such is John's picture of the "beautiful God."

The source of light is in itself a wondrous paradox. So mighty, so gentle! So far away, so near! A raging fiery sea, whose disc is the birthplace of light, yet how silent its action! Morning by morning God's great mercy of sunrise steals upon a darkened world; its light has a force that has carried its pilgrim-beams across gulfs of space that the imagination staggers in trying to conceive, yet falls so gently that it does not move the petals of the sleeping flowers, or hurt the lids of an infant's eyes. But the sunshine that falls round us in the day does not exhaust the possibilities of light. The sun is a wonderful economist; it stores up its fertile beams in the cellars of our coal strata, for coal is but bottled sunshine. For thousands of years the light of the sun was absorbed by plants and con-

densed into carbon (coal); after long ages that latent light was liberated and made to work for great human purposes. We are indebted to sunlight for our light by night, as well as by day; for warmth within doors as well as without. Coal is but invested sunlight; it was warehoused ages ago, and only re-issued when man began his occupation of this planet.

The drift, however, of our thought to-day is not so much with the treasured sunlight that lies latent in the capacious cellars of the earth, but with the sunlight that rules the day,—the King whose smile brings gladness on each returning morn.

How impartial is his sway! The sunlight is not selective; is never limited in its range of operations; has no choice of locality; is not geographical, but universal. It throws itself upon the crest of the mountain, and the mist gathers like a fleecy carpet at its feet; it penetrates into the gloomiest gorge in the wildest glen. It shines equally upon humble hut and bannered tower. It forces a way and struggles through dirt and squalor in our city alleys to give a glimpse of heaven to the poor; it shines through the prisoner's one-paned window; it distributes its blessings to wayside weed and exquisite orchid alike. The sun makes no distinction. It is not botanical at all. "I cannot teach it anything," says Beecher; "if I say to the sun, 'This is not the old-fashioned single zinnia,' the sun says, 'Single zinnia and double zinnia, take as much as you want.'" The sun that pours its rays through

the trees, and bathes and nourishes the mighty oak, takes just as much pains with the meadow thistles, (old sinners though they are) as with the useful oak. The sun does not look upon highness any more than upon lowness; it goes diffusing itself through the air, and everything, whether it be butterfly or beetle, is shined upon. The lonely pine on the mountain top waves its sombre boughs, and cries, "Thou art my sun," and the little meadow violet lifts its cup of blue and whispers with its perfumed breath, "Thou art my sun." And the grain in a thousand fields rustles in the wind and makes answer, "Thou art my sun." So God is not for the favoured few, but for the universe of life, and there is no creature

so poor or so lone that he may not look up with confidence, and say, "My Father, Thou art mine." What a significant emblem is the Light of Him "who maketh His sun to rise on the just and on the unjust!"

How *abundant*, too, is the Light!

No metre registers to you and me the measure of God's sunlight, but with abounding freeness it falls through every silent hour, belting the globe with its golden girdle, flashing from every ocean wave, distributing its commerce with liberal hand, over the wild wastes of Northern ice and snow, lighting up whole Continents with the light of its seeing eye, sending its noiseless traffic without delay, to the



"IT SHINES UPON BANNERED TOWER."

outlying South, the untrodden East, the populous West. Gather up, if you can, this immense outpour and treasure of sunlight that falls down through the bright hours and runs in liquid ether about the mountains, and fills all the plains, pouring over and filling every flower, shining down the sides of every grass-blade, resting in glorious humility upon the humblest things,—on stick and stone and pebble; on spider's web and sparrow's nest; that strikes radiant beams through the negro's tears, that puts gold upon the widow's weeds, that plates and roofs the city with burnished gold, and goes on in its wild abundance up and down the earth, shining everywhere and always, without faltering, without stint, without waste or diminution; as full, as fresh, as overflowing to-day as if it were the very

first day of its out-play. If one might gather up this boundless, endless, infinite treasure to measure it, then might he tell the height and depth and unending glory of the "bountiful God."

God is Light; gentle, impartial, abundant in His glorious outflow.

And Christ is Light also. He said so once as He stood in the old Hebrew temple: "I am the Light of the world,"—specialised Light, focussed Light,—Light of the *World*. Instantly men thought of the sun and its mission. No image could be more abundant in its meaning. "The sun, however, has its significance only in the earth's possibilities. The sun is nothing without the world on which it shines, and whose character and glory it displays. When the sun rose this morn-

ing it found the world here. It did not make the world. What did it do? It found the world in darkness, torpid and heavy and asleep, with powers all wrapped up in sluggishness. The sun found this great sleeping world, and woke it. It bade it be itself. It quickened every slow and sluggish faculty. It called to the dull streams, and said, "Be quick;" to the dull birds, and bade them sing; to the dull fields, and made them grow; to the dull men, and bade them talk and think and work. It flashed electric invitation to the whole mass of sleeping powers, which really was the world, and summoned it to action. It did not make the world. It glorified, intensified, fulfilled the earth. In the *light* the earth is only truly itself. How beautiful a parable of Christ! He is a Christ of Light—a luminous Christ, yet all His glory is bound up with the possibilities of humanity. Christ rises on a soul. What happens? He finds the soul existent, having in it wonderful possibilities, and what He does for it is to quicken it through and through, to sound the bugle of its true life in its ears, to bid it be itself." Jesus glorifies humanity because *He* is the Light of the World—the world of men and women. It is not His matchless teaching that is to light the world. It is not ideas. It is He Himself; not what He taught, but what He is. It is His character, His personality that shines. "His *life* is the *Light* of men." When He moved amongst men His Light shone out amid the world's shadows. Blindness opened its long-sealed eyes; sunless hearts were thawed by His beams; the tainted air was sweetened by His breath. Sick men sat in the sunshine and were well again. Out of the world's dreary, sunless glens men crept into the Light of His presence and were "healed of their infirmities."

It is a scientific fact that natural sunlight has "healing in its beams." Absence of light means blanched faces, withered limbs, hopeless lives. The house-surgeon of a London hospital says that, "In one of the wards, which was very dark, simple fractures took seven to fourteen days longer in uniting than they would have done in a well-lighted ward." In France there are hospitals where they trust almost entirely to sunlight for the cure of disease. And in Scotland, where sunlight is supposed to be only an occasional visitor, the sun-bath has got beyond the region of experiment. In Peebles Hydropathic Establishment certain forms of disease are cured by no other agency than the potent, healing sunbeams. The baths are so arranged that every pore of the skin is an open gateway through which the sunbeams carry their message of health to the sick and sad. It is not diffused light—simple daylight—that is effectual in the cure of disease. It is focussed sunlight that carries healing to the wasted organs.

And so in the world of spiritual realities, those who are sick and wasted in soul need direct con-

tact with the warm, vital rays of the "Sun of Righteousness."

It is not spiritual atmosphere that men need. It is direct gazing on the face of the Son of God. We must drink in the sunbeams; dwell constantly in the Light. Thus we come to the glorious truth that Christians also have the Light in them. God is Light: Christ is Light: Christians are Light. It is Christianised personality that shines—that and none other. "Ye are the light of the world. . . . Let your light *shine*," is the command of the Master. Not a phosphorescent gleam, not a periodical radiance, but a calm, uniform, steady light. This is the high calling of every Christian. He must shine. Christ gives the light: Christians supply the point of manifestation. Only as we *dwell* in the Light are we illumined. We are but common clay; but it is clay transfigured by the light of Christ's face. We have no original light, no grace, no beauty, save that which we receive from the shining of the face of our glorious Lord. It is our high privilege to dwell *continuously* in the Light. "A *glance* at Christ's luminous face may save a man, but it requires a steady *gaze* to perfect a man."

The sunlight of a single day brings forth nothing. There are days of sunshine in winter—but nothing grows. The light does not enter *in*, it only shines *upon* the earth. It is only when the sun returns from its equatorial pilgrimage and enters into the earth and abides within it that life is awakened. The earth knows his coming and welcomes him; *then* the sun abides in the earth, filling it with warmth, and afterwards comes life and growth and beauty. It is a grand thing for a human soul to have a single bright flash from the face of God; it is grander still, and more effective, to *dwell* in the Light. A Christian is to bear *much* fruit. This he cannot do unless he abides in summer. For mere relief, even a casual visit of God's grace is potential. But for fruit, much fruit, and ripened fruit, nothing will suffice but the whole summer's sun. "We all, with open face, *beholding* as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." Perfection of life is all a question of gazing, of beholding. "I am sorry to believe that our nineteenth-century Christianity, with its bloodshot eyes, and its fevered pulse, has lost the art of contemplation. We need to re-learn it. We need to come into God's presence, and say, 'Lord, I come not to-day to ask; I come not to-day to give; I come simply to look upon Thy face, to gaze into Thy glorified countenance, if perchance I may be permitted to catch and reproduce some of the lineaments of Thy face.' The light of God must sink into us, not as the sunlight falling on some lonely hillside, lighting up the grey stones with a passing gleam that changes nothing and fades away; but as it shines on some cloud, cradled near its setting, which it drenches and

saturates with fire till its cold heart burns and all its wreaths of vapour are brightness palpable. So must we have the glory sunk into us before it can be reflected from us.

It is told of St. Columba that on one occasion while living in a rude stone hut on an island near Mull, he was raised into a rapt, ecstatic state, and for three days and nights he neither ate nor drank,

nor suffered anyone to approach him. The hut was filled with heavenly light, and through the chinks of the door and walls, rays of surpassing brightness were seen to issue during the night. This luminous appearance of the great saint was, no doubt, greatly exaggerated by superstition, but there was in all probability an element of truth in it. Prolonged gazing upon God raises the spiritual life



"IT SHOWS ITSELF
UPON THE CREST OF THE MOUNTAIN."

the flesh the spirit shines—but one day when the flesh is dropped and left behind, the light will shine more clearly still in the land that never knew a night. In that fair land no sunlight shines but only spiritualised character. "The *face of the Lamb*" is the light of God's new city; *that* is heaven's only illuminant.

"O'er all these wide extended plains,
Shines one Eternal day.
There *God the Son* for ever reigns
And scatters night away."

"Across that bright land there never comes a darkening cloud. No thunder disturbs the peace of its inhabitants. No lightning ever flashes along its

to such a pitch of rapture that it glows and shines in the face. When Moses shuts off all side-lights and gazes steadily upon God's glory for forty days—then his face shines. When Stephen looks *steadfastly* up into heaven—then his face is as an angel's. Illuminated personality is no uncommon experience among men and women who constantly dwell in the Eternal Light. Through the veil of

skies. There is no night there." Where? There in the foreground of life, not very far off from any of us, from some of us a little day's journey. A few more breezes shall fill our sails, and we shall enter the haven. A few more nights shall fold us in their restful bosom, and then, farewell night and weariness and darkness for ever. A little day's journey! What matters the roughness, the toil, the loneliness, the failing scrip, the broken staff, the fading sight, the muffled hearing? A few more steps through the darkness, and *Home!* And home yonder is a land all light and perfect felicity. No restless nights, no anxious days, no vacant chairs, no dead lamb in the fold, no open graves into which to drop hot, bitter tears.

"In that blessed land, neither sighing nor anguish,
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified roam;
No sickness can reach them, that Country is healthy,
Oh, say, Will you go to the Eden above?"

This is our portion. It is no poet's dream, but a Saviour's promise. It is the inheritance of the saints in light.

"No night shall be in heaven! no gathering gloom
Shall o'er that glorious landscape ever come;
No tears shall fall in sadness o'er those flowers,
That breathe their fragrance through celestial bowers.

No night shall be in heaven! but endless noon;
No fast declining sun, nor waning moon;
But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual light,
'Mid pastures green, and waters ever bright."

ALFRED J. CAMPBELL.

The Shelf of Honour ;

OR, BOOKS THAT HAVE MOVED ME.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH RITSON, AUTHOR OF "LOST AND WON," ETC.

"LOCHINVAR."



THE author of "The Lilac Sunbonnet" and other works too numerous to mention has come in for his full share of "slating" at the hands of the critics. In some quarters, indeed, there has been something very like a dead set against him. I remember reading an article on one of his books in the "Saturday Review," of the

good old-fashioned sort, in which the writer managed to crowd an astonishing number of spiteful things into a column or so of criticism—if criticism it could be called. A certain class of critics have done their level best to write down this particular member of the "Kailyard school," as they contemptuously term it; but they have ignominiously failed. Mr. Crockett pours out his books at a bewildering rate; it is difficult, indeed, to keep pace with them. And yet his sales are enough to make his enemies grow green with envy.

Since the appearance in these pages of the article on "The Lilac Sunbonnet," Mr. Crockett has produced some of his finest work. Indeed, more than one of these books has been spoken of as his best. He has broken new ground in several cases, and although his works are not all of equal merit, they, nevertheless, maintain an astonishingly

high level of excellence. Verily, a man needs to rise with the sun, as is Mr. Crockett's wont, to do so much work, and to do it so well. In fact, I sometimes feel as though I owed him a grudge. He is one of the few writers of whose works I do not care to miss anything. But it is not easy for a busy man to keep up with him, and when I find his new books accumulating, I feel very much like what is called in another connection, "overfaced." That, however, is not quite a fair description of the situation; for, after all, the arrears in this case are of the nature of a reserve of good things against the time to come.

Let me say here, I am not in the least disposed to admit that big sales, steadily maintained, are to be accepted as a refutation of the indictment of the critics. The critics are right sometimes, and the public wrong. There is one author who has all along been at war with the reviewers, so much so that she has ceased to send them her books; and yet her books have an immense sale. Well, in that case I am heartily on the side of the reviewers, and have no sort of doubt in my own mind as to what will be the verdict of posterity. But most of the reviewers side with the general public in their estimate of Mr. Crockett. Had it been otherwise, however, I should still have maintained that his works have in them not a few of the qualities which make for endurance. The root of the matter is there. And then I like them. What more is there to be said?

There are many reasons why Scotland should be proud of Mr. Crockett. He has won a distinguished place in the literary world. If not the

greatest, he is certainly the most prolific Scottish writer of his time. He is one of a famous trio who have shed a splendid halo over the humble religious life of their native land, and carried the fame of the simple grandeur of the Scottish peasantry to the ends of the earth. But in nothing has Scotland so much reason for pride in Mr. Crockett as this, that he has reproduced with unrivalled insight and fidelity, one of the grandest periods of Scottish history—the period of the Covenanters. Unrivalled, I say advisedly: for although it can never be forgotten that "Old Mortality" is one of Scott's masterpieces, and presents a picture of the Covenanters never to be surpassed, either in its humour or the force of its genius, it is undeniable that in some respects the picture is exaggerated and unjust. In "The Men of the Mosshags," and its successors, the Covenanters have at last come to their own, so far as fiction, at any rate, is concerned; and that, after all, in these later days, has more to do with the formation of the estimate of the great bulk of the people on many questions than a sober and matter-of-fact work of history.

"Lochinvar" must rank as the most brilliant and successful of the successors of the "Men of the Mosshags." The hero and heroine of the earlier work reappear in these pages, and Will Gordon and Maisie, his wife, play an interesting, though, of course, subordinate part in the stirring events here recorded. The book deals with a section of the Covenanters with whose life we have hitherto had little acquaintance. When the novelist or the historian has told us that one of his characters has managed to make his escape to the Low Countries, he does not deem it necessary to follow his fortunes further. The hunted Covenanter has gained a land where he is henceforth safe from the malignant foes who have so long dogged his steps. But we cannot help wondering how it fared with those escaped children of the Covenant. We long for something more than the mere glimpse of their life in the land which has given them sanctuary than is afforded by the passing allusions of the historian.

This desire is gratified in "Lochinvar." In the closing pages of "The Men of the Mosshags" we are told of the escape of the hero and heroine to Holland; here we behold them in the land of their exile and sanctuary. We renew our acquaintance with that very pretty fighter, John Scarlett, and gain a general knowledge of the life of the Scottish refugees. The tale opens at the house of Balmaghie, in the year of grace 1685. Here Wat Gordon, of Lochinvar, was hiding from the persecutors, and acting as under-gardener. He was suspected both in the matter of the wounding of my Lord of Wellwood, and of accompanying and intercommuning with the wild Whigs of the hills, as the Covenanters were called. The young laird of Lochinvar was therefore in ill-odour with the king's Government. But while Balmaghie possessed

superior advantages as a hiding-place, it had other and quite as powerful attractions. We are told that the sweeping, darksome under-curve of Kate M'Ghie's eyelashes, and the little specks of light which swam and sparkled in the depths of her hazel eyes had not a little to do with the place of young Lochinvar's refuge. And yet it must not be inferred that Wat Gordon was either very deeply or very seriously in love, nor yet that he was an out-and-out thoroughgoing Covenanter. He was one of a considerable class, who from the force of circumstances rather than from conviction, were led to throw in their lot with the Covenanters. And Kate M'Ghie, knowing him for what he was, and being (unlike her father, but like most of the women-folk of Scotland), a sympathiser with the oppressed of the Covenant, showed no small kindness to the under-gardener.

Kate is very prettily drawn as she was in these days before the dawn of love. At this period she is not committed either to young Lochinvar or the Covenanters. It is true that Wat had a gift of love-making that might have "wiled a bird off a tree," but with Kate he wiled in vain. She was the reigning beauty of the country-side, and though she might think well enough of Wat Gordon as a handsome exile from his heritages and lordships, now in picturesque hiding as her father's under-gardener, she was, in her own estimation, at least, in no danger of permitting that liking to develop into any feeling more dangerous or more exacting.

Lochinvar is an equally interesting figure in these early days. Tall, lithe, and handsome, he is accomplished in many things besides the pruning of roses. The art of fencing he had acquired under the tutorship of John Scarlett, the most renowned master of the time, and now he was busily engaged in another kind of fencing destined to bring him face to face with dangers from which he could only extricate himself by the use of the sword he had learned to use so well. "So these two fenced, each of them in their own way, right gallantly with light-some love; while the love that is not lightsome, but strong as death, smiled out upon them from behind the rose-bushes, and lay in wait for one and the other."

But it was not in Balmaghie that love found them. A serpent crept into this earthly paradise, and with its wonted cunning, managed to separate the young people. Before they met again many things had happened. Scotland had passed through the terrible days of the "killing time," and the hour of her deliverance was drawing nigh. The Stuarts had filled up the measure of their iniquity, and William of Orange was waiting for the summons to deliver the people of these realms from the hand of the oppressor. It was in the month of April, 1688, at the Dutch city of Amersfort, that our hero and heroine met once more. Walter Gordon was now a private in the Prince of Orange's Douglas

regiment of dragoons. His cousin Will and Maisie Lennox were resident in the same place, and in their lodgings one evening he found his old friend Kate M'Ghie. The vision on which his eyes rested as he entered the room was to him, at any rate, a startling one. Kate was now a woman grown.

"Slender and supple she was as willow that sways by the water-edges, yet returning ever to slim, graceful erectness, like a tempered blade of Damascus; above, the finest and daintiest head in the world, profiled like Apollo of the bow, with great eyes that were full of alternate darkness and tenderness,



S. R. CROCKETT.

From photo by Russell & Son

of tears and fire; a perfectly chiselled mouth, a thing which is rarer and more excellent than the utmost beauty of eyes—and sweeter also; a complexion, not milk and rose like that of Maisie Lennox, but of ivory rather, with the dusky crimson of warm blood blushing up delicately through it."

The meeting was somewhat constrained and awkward, but with that first glimpse of Kate poor

Wat passed from the safe heights of admiration into the bottomless abysses of love. Ere yet he had fully realised what had happened, he found himself dispatched on a dangerous mission. Already the young Scotsman had an enemy who had planned his destruction. The story of the night's adventure is a stirring one, and is told in Mr. Crockett's best style; and although Wat came out of it safely,

he made the unwelcome discovery that this deadly enemy was one of his own countrymen. This man was Murdo, Lord of Barra and the Small Isles. He played a deep game, for while holding an important position under the Prince of Orange, he was engaged in various intrigues with the King of France. By his order Walter Gordon was required to compile a true numeration of each regiment in the camp and city of Amersfort, and to transmit the lists with his own hand to an officer appointed by the Prince of Orange to receive them. This was to be done at the inn of Brederode, which was situated some distance from the city. Arrived there, Lochinvar discovered he was in a trap. Indeed, on the way he found that the escort that had been provided for him was of the most villainous kind, mere cut-throats in the pay of Barra. The person appointed to receive the lists was an emissary of the French king, and the whole thing had been planned to ensure young Gordon's destruction. Two things served to frustrate this design: Walter Gordon's wariness and skill, and the fact that the French king's agent was none other than Lochinvar's old friend and tutor John Scarlett, the most renowned swordsman in Europe. In the duel which had to decide the issue, the pupil conquered the master, and Wat returned in safety to the city, accompanied by his old friend, who forthwith abandoned the service of the French king for that of his Highness of Orange.

Barra, of course, disowned the order issued in his name for the compiling of the lists. This did not clear him from complicity in the affair in Gordon's estimation; for it was the sound of that worthy's peculiar laugh which had nerved Lochinvar at a critical stage of the duel with John Scarlett. But the Lord of Barra set himself to secure Gordon's removal by other means, and he found an additional ground of dislike on the score of rivalry. Having conceived a violent passion for Kate M'Ghie, he managed to get young Lochinvar thrown into prison, and then procured the abduction of the fair maid of his desire. But now retribution for one of his sins came upon him. He was checkmated, though not defeated, by the little Marie, one of the most charming creations of the book. Her misfortunes, her delightful naivete, her sweetness and tenderness and dog-like faithfulness render her a singularly interesting and pathetic figure; and while one could have wished that she should have escaped with the friends she had served so well, we feel that her end is as fitting and inevitable as it is pathetic.

Kate M'Ghie is carried off by Barra's orders to his island of Suliscanna. Had the Lords of Barra and the Small Isles not won their brides by this summary method for five hundred years? He himself was detained by the wound which the little Marie had inflicted upon him, partly in revenge for her own great wrongs, but chiefly because he was

the enemy of the man who had shown her kindness, and all unwittingly won her heart. How Walter Gordon managed to follow the girl he loved, till at last he and his friend John Scarlett were wrecked off the treacherous coast of Suliscanna, is too long a story to be told here. The people of the island were only half-civilised, and the abject slaves of Barra. There was no boat on the island, and the captive maid was to be kept in safety till Barra came to make her his wife. Here is a situation of extraordinary difficulty, and how young Lochinvar, after being wrecked, won his way to the island and met his love at last, and, after rescuing her from the clutches of Barra, lost her once more, is a narrative of thrilling interest. It is said that many waters will not quench love, and verily Lochinvar illustrated the truth of the saying. But he braved the perils of the deep, and the worse perils of the treacherous currents around Suliscanna; and yet when success seemed within his reach he fell once more into the hands of his hated enemy.

Cast among the wild Highlanders, our hero found himself ere long fighting under the banner of King James at Killiecrankie. The victory won by the dauntless Claverhouse did not stay the victorious progress of the Prince of Orange, and now that Walter Gordon is in the wrong camp we despair of his ever winning the woman he loves. But the reader's extremity is Mr. Crockett's opportunity, and the skill and ingenuity he displays in extricating his hero and heroine from the labyrinth of difficulties in which they are involved excites our warmest admiration. Towards the end we imagine nothing can save Kate from the clutches of Barra. The wedding-day has arrived, and the guests assembled. But at the fateful moment Lochinvar appears upon the scene and carries off his love from under the very nose of the enemy. It is a wild ride to York, where the Prince of Orange is staying at this time, and right up to the end we do not know how things will go. But the hero triumphs, and the Lord of Barra and the Small Isles is covered with disgrace.

"Lochinvar" scarcely ranks with the very best of its author's works. It has not the freshness and charm of "The Lilac Sunbonnet," but is a good second to that exquisite romance; nor does it equal in tragic force such stories as "The Gray Man," "The Red Axe," or "The Black Douglas;" and it lacks the breadth and insight as a Covenanted tale of "The Men of the Mosshags;" but it has a charm and power all its own, and well deserves a place in that splendid library of fiction Mr. Crockett has given us on the Covenanted period. That period he has now pretty fully covered, and even the one immediately succeeding it, and the chaplet he has thus laid on the graves of the heroes and heroines of the Covenant is worthy of the brave men and women who so freely laid down their lives at the behest of conscience and in their country's cause.

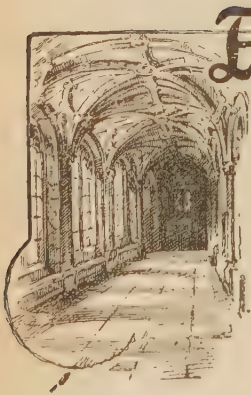


ST. HELEN'S PRIORY.

The Older Chapels of Metropolitan Nonconformity.

IX.—THE OLD JEWRY PRESBYTERIAN MEETING-HOUSE.

BY REV. ALBERT A. BIRCHENOUGH.



AT the Poultry, extreme of crowded Cheapside, and contiguous to the Bank of England, is the insignificant street known as the Old Jewry, which, in the days of the Norman kings, was the Ghetto, or the favourite quarters of the Jews. In this Jewish colony the sons of Abraham built the first synagogue that was erected in Great

of £2,000. King John made a levy on the Jews of sixty-six thousand marks, and cruelly blinded, tortured, and imprisoned those who refused to pay. In the reign of Richard I., eighty-six of the wealthiest of the London Jews were hanged under the mere pretext of having crucified a Christian child. The Barons encouraged a riot, in which five hundred Jews were cruelly massacred, and their synagogue was burnt. In the year 1290, Edward I. expelled some sixteen thousand Jews from the English realm and confiscated their wealth, which amounted to over £420,000.

In this ancient street, with its memories of Jewish massacres and the shedding of innocent blood, a Baptist Chapel was erected in early Puritan times, and the congregation was favoured with the ministrations of the Rev. Jeremiah Ives. Not a vestige of the building remains. In the year 1701, a substantial Presbyterian Chapel was erected in Meeting-house Court, which was half-hidden from the main thoroughfare. At the time of its erection it was the largest and the most influential Presby-

Britain; it was succeeded by many others, of which Great Portland Street is the central. During the reign of William the Conqueror a number of wealthy Jews who had migrated from Rouen settled in the city. The persecution of the Jews in England began with Stephen, who demanded from them a fine

terian Meeting-House in England. It comprised an area of two thousand six hundred feet, and was furnished with three galleries, which were some five or six pews in depth. It is said to have had an imposing exterior, for it was lighted with two large central "bow-windows, one above the other, and four smaller ones on either side."

The Church which worshipped at the Old Jewry Meeting-house was founded in 1662 by Rev. Edmund Calamy, who had been ejected from his living at Moreton, in Essex. He came to London and commenced preaching to a faithful few who assembled in his house in Aldermanbury. After the proclamation of Charles II., he gathered a congregation of Nonconformists at Leathersellers' Hall, which adjoined St. Helen's Priory, and was the priory house of Benedictine nuns. In 1692 the congregation removed to Jewin Street, and nine years later, to their newly-erected chapel in Meeting House Court. During the eighteenth century several divines of more than average ability, who gained national repute for their varied gifts and graces, ministered and lectured on Divine themes to the Old Jewry congregation.

Calamy, the founder of the Old Jewry Church, belonged to a distinguished family whose doings are largely interwoven with Puritan history. His father, Edmund Calamy, was born in London in 1600. He was educated at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and became domestic chaplain to Felton, Bishop of Ely. He vacated his lectureship at Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk, because he refused to subscribe to the obnoxious teachings of "The Book of Sports." In 1639 he became minister of St. Mary's, Aldermanbury, in the city of London. It was his custom to devote sixteen hours a day to study, and he consequently became one of the most celebrated preachers in the Metropolis. As an evidence of his popularity it may be stated that his week-day lectures were largely attended by aristocratic families, and it was no uncommon occurrence for there to be sixty carriages in waiting upon the worshippers at the church-gates. His services were acknowledged by his becoming a Royal Chaplain. The Bishopric of Coventry and Lichfield was also offered to him, but this high Church distinction he respectfully refused. He was ejected in 1662, and five years later he died broken-hearted. The sight of the smoking ruins of the great fire of London, with its destruction of property and the poverty it entailed upon the suffering inhabitants, made a deep impression upon his mind, and hastened his untimely death.

Two of his sons were clergymen—Dr. Benjamin Calamy, who became a Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Edmund Calamy of the Old Jewry congregation, whose son, Edmund Calamy, after completing his studies became a minister of considerable renown in the city of London. In recognition of his learning the Universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow,

and Aberdeen conferred a Divinity degree on him. He was the author of over forty distinct works, his best-known being "The Nonconformists' Memorial," which gives a brief biography of over two thousand of the ejected ministers of "Black Bartholomew" fame.

Edmund Calamy, the pastor of the Old Jewry Church, had a genial nature, and was greatly beloved by his congregation. In doctrinal matters he followed the Puritan teachings of his father. Continually was he watched by the enemies of Nonconformity, and on several occasions narrowly escaped imprisonment. He was a devoted student, and his close application to his books undermined his health, and proved "a weariness of the flesh." He died of consumption when only fifty years of age.

Calamy's successor was Samuel Borfet, who was the ejected minister of High Laver, Essex. His enfeebled health was followed by periodical fits of mental depression. In the later years of his life his nervous debility caused him to relinquish all pulpit and pastoral duties.

In 1691, the Rev. John Shower, a preacher of great power, and who had a remarkable career, entered upon the duties of the pastorate. He was born at Exeter in 1657. His father died when he was only four years of age, and left his widow and family in affluent circumstances. His mother had him educated with a view to his becoming a minister. In his youthhood the family removed from Devon to Stoke Newington, where they shared the friendship of Dr. Manton, who encouraged the promising student in his early attempts at preaching. In his teens he ministered to a congregation which met in a room at a coffee-shop in Change Alley; and when he was twenty-two years of age he became the assistant, or co-pastor, of Vincent Alsop at Westminster.

In those days, when foreign travel was a much more serious business than it is now, he, in company with a gentleman, made a tour through the countries of Europe. They visited Rome, and because they declined to kiss the Pope's slipper, and refused to kneel at the elevation of the host, they exposed themselves to dangerous consequences. He made himself thoroughly acquainted with the moral and social condition of the Roman Catholic and other countries that he visited. For some time he was lecturer to the English churches at Utrecht and at Rotterdam. Upon his return to London in 1690, he became the co-pastor of the celebrated John Howe, at the Silver Street Nonconformist meeting. After labouring for twelve months, he was invited to be the successor of Samuel Borfet. The Nonconformists of the city strongly maintained that no congregation ought to claim exclusively the ministry of two such noted divines as Howe and Shower. He accepted the pastorate of the Church worshipping at Leathersellers' Hall. Under his powerful ministry the con-

gregation rapidly increased, and the Church removed to Jewin Street Chapel, and ultimately to the new meeting-house in the Old Jewry, where he ministered with increasing popularity until his death in the year 1715. Like other Puritan preachers he was a writer of some literary repute. He was the author of over twenty distinct publications, which include works of divinity, philosophy and biography.

John Dunton, the brother-in-law of Samuel Wesley, the eccentric Nonconformist bookseller of the Poultry, was a worshipper at the Old Jewry Meeting-house, and a warm admirer of Shower's preaching. He has described him as being "a popular preacher, with a small shrill voice, and noted for his funeral sermons." Dunton, in his "Dissenting Doctors," says:—

"Shower— thy name and nature both agree,
For both, (yes both,) refreshing showers be—
You're Chrysostom, let down from beams on high,
You preach like him, charm with his orat'ry:
So moving are your sermons, that 'tis clear,
You've brought the rhetoric of angels here;
So pious in your life, meek in your place,
We think you brought up in the schools of grace—
Your pulpit's fragrant, for you preach in flowers,
And when the hearer's truly blest it—showers.
Showers, indeed I for both thy tongue and pen,
Have often made our graces spring again."

From 1691 until 1708, the Rev. Timothy Rogers, M.A., was the assistant minister at the Old Jewry Chapel. He was characterised by a thoroughly catholic and Christian spirit, and was "a man of great vivacity, wit, and mental vigour." He was the son of the ejected minister of Croglin, in Cumberland, respecting whom the following interesting incident is related. Mr. Rogers and his followers were brought before Sir Richard Cradock, who was a High Churchman and a magistrate. Having found them guilty, he was about to send them to prison, when the grand-daughter of the Justice of the Peace, who was an intelligent child of seven summers, and pitied the old minister, threatened to drown herself if the preacher and his parishioners were punished. The old minister pronounced a fatherly blessing upon the little girl. They parted, and some years afterwards the child, who had grown to womanhood, and now resident in London, had a dream, in which she saw a certain chapel and heard a minister preach from a particular text. It made a deep impression upon her mind; and the next day she worshipped at the Old Jewry, where she at once recognised Mr. Shower as the preacher whom she had seen in her dream. The lady related the incidents to the son of Mr. Rogers, who as a result became a Nonconformist, and eventually a preacher of the Gospel. Rogers first preached to the congregation at Crosby Hall, and there gained some celebrity. Like many other Nonconformist preachers of the Puritan period, he was a hypochon-

driac, and his pulpit usefulness at the Old Jewry was overshadowed with the strange gloom of a supernatural horror. He was accustomed to speak of himself as "a broken vessel, a dead man out of mind." His publications include a voluminous funeral sermon of some three hundred pages, which was preached in memory of Mrs. Dunton, wife of the London bookseller, who was a daughter of Dr. Annesley, and sister to the mother of the Wesleys. He also issued a work, entitled, "Fall Not Out by the Way; or a Persuasion to a Friendly Correspondence between the Conformists and Nonconformists," in which he says: "The way to agreement of all parties is not to bring men to be of one opinion, but of one mind; which we may be, not by thinking the same things, but by thinking well one of another, endeavouring to preserve charity as carefully as to preserve truth. Carnal zeal may put us on disputing, but true zeal will put us upon prayer. For my part, I had rather be a quiet ploughman than a fiery philosopher."

The Rev. Simon Broune, a native of Shepton Mallet, succeeded John Shower, and for seven years faithfully ministered to the congregation. He began to preach early in life, and had established his reputation as a forceful preacher of the Gospel while resident at Portsmouth. After the loss of his wife and son he suffered from a severe mental hallucination. He believed that Providence had gradually extracted his spirit from the body. "He supposed himself to be beholding creation with the gaze of an animal, and in speech to resemble a parrot." He retired from his pastorate, discontinued all religious exercises, and urged his friends not to pray on his behalf, as he was no longer a moral agent. According to the testimony of Dr. Ashworth, of Daventry, this extraordinary delusion was caused by a singular adventure which took place on the highway. As he was travelling in company with a friend, a roadside robber, who carried fire-arms, demanded "their money or their life." Mr. Broune in self-defence sprang upon the highwayman, and in the struggle both fell to the ground. Broune held the man in an iron-like grip until his companion fetched assistance. When Broune released his hand from the offender's throat, he discovered, to his great surprise, that the man was dead. This sudden shock unbalanced his mind and dethroned his reason.

Broune returned to his native town, where he devoted himself to a course of study, and accomplished several prodigious mental feats. He wrote a volume of hymns, made translations from the classical writers, and compiled a spelling-book, a grammar, and a lexicon. He wrote "A Defence of the Religion of Nature and Christian Revelation," in reply to Woolston and the Freethinkers of the day. Although this literary curiosity is dedicated to Queen Caroline in a most singular manner as being "written by a thing incapable of thought,

that was once a man," it was gladly welcomed by the scholars of the period as one of the best contributions to the silencing of the controversy which the infidelity of the times had originated. His incessant literary labours, and his refusal to take necessary out-door exercise, shortened his life. He died in 1732, in the fifty-second year of his age, and was buried in the chapel at Shepton Mallet.

Dr. Samuel Chandler, a celebrated author and divine, and the personal friend of Archbishop Secker, and of Bishop Butler, of "Analogy" fame, was another of the distinguished men connected with the old sanctuary. His career at the Old Jewry has been described as "a forty years' story of prosperity." As a pastor he was greatly esteemed by his people, and as a scholar he was admired by a wide circle of friends. Chandler preached a series of sermons on the evidences of Christianity, which he published in 1725 under the title of, "A Vindication of the Christian Religion." This volume secured him the recognition of the authorities of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Universities, who conferred upon him the diploma of D.D. This distinction he valued but slightly, "because so many blockheads have been made Doctors of Divinity." In Church of England circles, much regret was expressed that the writer of such an able exposition should be a Nonconformist, and overtures were made for him to enter the Established Church, which he persistently refused. Dr. Chandler preached a course of sermons at Salter's Hall, in which he exposed the falsities of the Papal system, and at the same time dealt some heavy blows at Anglicanism by powerfully showing how "a blind subjection to priestcraft was the soul and essence of Popery." He also held a public dispute with a Roman Catholic priest at "The Pope's Head" in Cornhill, and took part in a debate at a tavern in Nicholas' Lane on "The Papal System." "An Authentic Account" of these disputations was published which greatly enhanced the fame of Dr. Chandler. He died in 1766, in the seventy-third year of his age. One of his study Bibles interleaved with comments in his own handwriting, is sacredly kept at Dr. Williams' Library, London.

For some years Dr. Henry Miles, of Tooting, was co-pastor with Dr. Chandler. Although he had neither a strong constitution nor a loud voice, yet for over thirty years he regularly preached twice on the Sabbath. He was a diligent student, and frequently rose as early as two o'clock in the morning to commence his studies. He was widely read in the different branches of literature, and was elected a member of the Royal Society. His sermons were written out in full, and Dr. Furneaux declared that no other divine had left behind so many manuscripts.

Dr. Richard Price was another of Dr. Chandler's co-pastors, and subsequently he became Chaplain at Stoke Newington. It is said that Dr. Chandler

was jealous of his colleague, for he told him "to be less energetic and more modest." In his later years, he unfortunately departed from the Evangelical faith, and accepted the teachings of Arianism. Dr. Price's first published ethical treatise gained him the friendship of Hume; and his lecture on "Civil Liberty" secured him the patronage of Franklin and Dr. Priestley. Burke denounced Price as a traitor, while at the same time, the Corporation of London presented him with a casket of gold containing the Freedom of the City. The Congress offered him his choice of positions of responsibility and honour, and the English Premier of the Parliament of 1782 invited him to become his secretary.

A Sunday evening lectureship was commenced at the Old Jewry in 1728, and for over twenty years it was sustained by Dr. James Foster, who was the son of a Northamptonshire clergyman. His congregation comprised all ranks and conditions of men. It is said that "the clergy, wits, and free-thinkers" crowded the chapel to listen to the eminent dissenting divine, of whom Pope had written:—

"Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
Ten Metropolitans in preaching well."

Dr. Foster was the author of several works, including "A Defence of Revelation," which was a reply to Tindal's attack upon the Christian religion, as set forth in his "Attacks on Heresy." As chaplain, Foster attended Lord Kilmarnock to the scaffold when he was executed on Tower Hill for high treason. The unfortunate Scots nobleman was one of the three Scottish lords who took a prominent part in the cause of the Pretender, and headed the unlucky rebellion of 1745. It is said that the melancholy scene made such a deep impression upon him that it partially dethroned his reason, and that he never fully recovered.

Dr. Abraham Rees was the last pastor of the Old Jewry Meeting-house. He was the son of a celebrated Welsh Nonconformist, whose family claimed connection with one of the martyrs of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The fame of Dr. Rees is centred in his Encyclopædia, which took him twenty years to compile, and which was published in forty-five quarto volumes. During his ministry the congregation developed into a wealthy and influential one. Twice during his long and eventful life he was privileged to approach the throne and present congratulatory addresses to Royalty on behalf of the loyal Nonconformists. Dr. Rees was tall of stature, and possessed a fine open countenance, and a good voice. His extraordinary attainments secured him the friendship of many distinguished members of the learned profession, several of whom attended his funeral at Bunhill Fields in June, 1825.

The lease of the historic chapel expired in 1808. After fruitless attempts to renew it, a new chapel was erected in Jewin Street. The foundation-stone

was laid by Dr. Rees, who also opened the new chapel in December, 1809.



ST. GILES CHURCH, EDINBURGH, IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

Scotland and its "Covenants."



EW countries made so long and so heroic a struggle for religious liberty as Scotland, first in casting off the yoke of Romanism, and then resolutely and persistently rejecting Anglican episcopacy, covering a period of 140 years, and only completed when the last

of the hated Stuarts fled from England in 1688. This long and good fight was characterised by the

novel feature of "Covenants;" it was pre-eminently the struggle of the Covenanters, though the term "Covenanters" is only applied to those who fought and finally conquered English episcopacy, from 1637 to 1688. But as we shall see, there were Covenants before the Covenanters. In fact, there were seven Covenants, though two of them were so local as only to merit enumeration.

The *First* Covenant was drawn up and signed in 1558. It will be remembered that, in past ages, it was no uncommon thing for nobles to confederate and combine, and by written pledge to bind themselves to act jointly in a given enterprise, whether

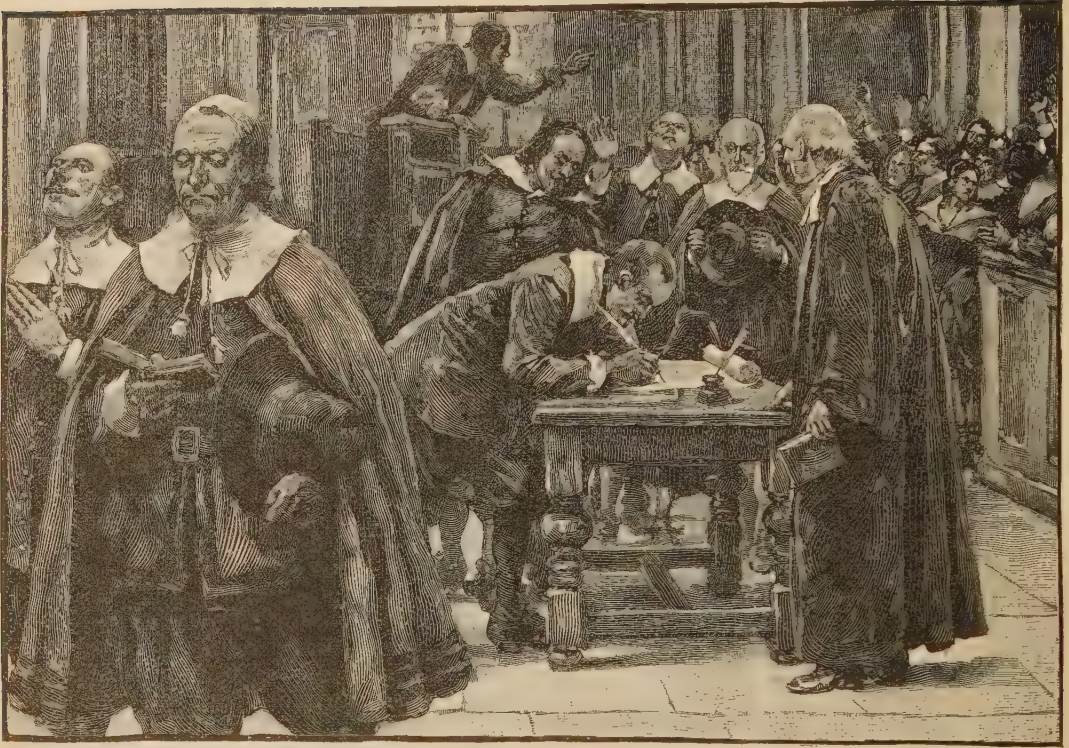
within or outside the law. They had ever been a grasping and unscrupulous race, and if the truth must be told, in this epoch of Reform, some of them were only Reformers for what they could get. Mary of Guise was Regent, a typical Frenchwoman and a Romanist to her finger-tips. The good seed of New Testament doctrine sown by Wishart and others, but chiefly by that master-sower, John Knox, had fallen into good ground. But the harvest was not yet. Knox, perceiving that the time was not ripe, left Scotland for Geneva in 1557. Without its leader the movement hung fire, but a stirring, if not a stinging letter, such as Knox could write, roused the reforming barons into action; they drew together and commenced the struggle. These united nobles were known as "the lords of the congregation." When their preachers, Willock and others, were "put to the horn,"—proclaimed as rebels—and summoned to "compeare" before the Court at Stirling to answer for their "heretical preaching," the lords of the congregation went with them, accompanied by 5,000 men. This so alarmed the Regent that she stayed proceedings against the objugated preachers. This was the period and the occasion of the First Covenant; the "common Godlie band," "subscribed" by "A. Erle of Argyle, Glencairn, Archibald Lord Lorn, John Erskine, of Dun," and others. It was a joint and several undertaking,—“a promise to God to be trewe and faithful to His holy Evangel, and to apply their whole power, substance, and very lives to maintain and set forward and establish the most blessed Word of God and His congregation; also, to make the cause of one the cause of all.” This very document has been fortunately preserved, and is to be seen in the Antiquarian Museum, Princes Street, Edinburgh. Of all the pacts made by Scottish nobles, this was the one most worthy of their rank and patriotism. Nor did they rest until they had brought John Knox to Scotland, and when he passed up Leith Walk, the hour had come and the man.

Passing over the second and third Covenants as being local and unimportant, we come to the *Fourth*, which was drawn up in 1560, and signed by all the patriotic nobles, the gentry and people. Its occasion was the presence of a French army holding the port of Leith. This was the first overt step in the Guisean scheme to make Scotland an "appanage" of France; to fill all the offices of State with Frenchmen; to get possession of the chief strongholds, and then proceed to stamp out the Reformation. With the Queen-mother in power, and a French force in possession of the principal seaport, the prize was within grasp. In a crisis like this the Covenant not only appealed to them on religious grounds, it appealed to their patriotism—the existence of the country was at stake. This roused the whole nation; all ranks and sorts of people flocked to Edinburgh to "ad-

hibit" their names, and to offer their services in defence of the cause of freedom and independence. It is to be regretted that the original document has disappeared, though its contents are preserved in the pages of Knox and Calderwood. So strongly were the French entrenched in Leith that Scots troops could not dislodge them. In their extremity they looked to England for help, nor did they look in vain. As we are forbidden to look a gift-horse in the mouth, so we refrain from examining Queen Elizabeth's motives in the expedition she sent by Lord Grey to help the Scots. Even the combined forces of England and Scotland failed to drive the French from their stronghold, but they saw the impracticability, if not impossibility, of carrying out their little plan of subjugation, so they took to their ships and sailed away.

The *Fifth* Covenant takes us onward twenty-five years. John Knox had been for eight years in his grave, and King James was a youth of eighteen. A reactionary movement, known as the Counter Reformation, was in active operation throughout Europe. The Papacy set itself to recover its lost ground, which was done in France, South Germany, and the Netherlands. No wonder then that Scotland was invaded by swarms of secret Roman agents, who worked in disguise and in the dark, seeking to overthrow the Reformation; no one knew who or where they were; your friend, so affable and amiable, might be one; a feeling of mistrust and dread was abroad. With the king's consent, if not by his order, John Craig, Knox's successor in Edinburgh, drew up a Covenant, which was meant to be a "touchstone to discern Papists from Protestants." In one of his fits of reforming zeal, King James signed it, as did his household, but not his favourite minister, Lennox. The MS. may be seen in the library of the Parliament House, Edinburgh. This Covenant was largely signed, though it must be admitted that it evoked little enthusiasm.

But the *Sixth* was the Covenant *par excellence*, and is known as "the National Covenant;" it moved the nation to its heart. Previous Covenants had been directed against Popery, this one dealt a mortal blow against Scottish Prelacy. The luckless King Charles I. determined to compel Scotland to have a bench of bishops of his own making, as well as a full-blown episcopal service. A "Book of Canons," a semi-Popish liturgy, was prepared by Archbishop Laud for Scottish use. The inauguration was to be in St. Giles, July 23, 1637. The great church was crowded, not with worshippers, but people of all ranks, who "gloured and gloomed." Public indignation had been accumulating for several years, now it burst forth in a furious storm. The Dean of Edinburgh, arrayed in hoods and surplice, began the service, but he had no sooner begun than the historic Jenny Geddes, seized the stool she had taken to sit upon, (it was no uncom-



PEOPLE SIGNING THE COVENANT IN ST. GILES CHURCH, EDINBURGH.

From Cassell's "History of England," by permission.

mon thing for people to take their seats with them to Church), and hurled it at the Dean, crying out, "Fause loon, dost thou say thy mass at my vera lug!" It is impossible to describe the uproar which followed; Archbishop, Dean and clergy barely escaped with their lives. In this critical time this National Covenant was drawn up. It focussed as it expressed the nation's indignation and determination, while it formed a bond of union and an incentive to exertion. Who does not know the ever memorable event of the signing of this Covenant in the Greyfriars Churchyard on that February morning in 1638. Nobles, gentry, common people, flocked from Tweed to Tay, from Merse to Galloway, till the churchyard was choke-full. From a tombstone Warriston read out with loud voice the terms of the document, and the eloquent Alexander Henderson enforced its obligations; as he spoke the vast mass of people were moved as by a Divine breath. The Earl of Sutherland's name stands first; then noble after noble signed it, as did laird after laird, and the people, for it was a national movement. Some opened a vein and wrote their names with their own blood. Among the names we see that of the gallant Montrose, who five years after died on the scaffold, an

enemy of the Covenanting cause; there, too, is the name of James Maitland, who afterwards, as Duke of Lauderdale, was the cruellest and fiercest enemy the Covenanters ever had.

The *Seventh* and last Covenant was the most historic of them all, inasmuch as it included England, and was a "Solemn *League* and Covenant" with England. When the Civil War broke out it was seen in Scotland that if the king were victorious he would withdraw every concession he had unwillingly made during the late struggle, and reimpose his prelatial apparatus; and, as at the beginning of the war the Parliamentary forces were defeated, the Scots agreed upon this *League* and Covenant to make common cause with the English, which *League* the English Commons, with "uplifted hands," swore in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, to observe and carry out. In virtue of this "Godlie Band," an army of 20,000 Scots, under General Leslie, marched over the border and helped to turn the tide on the field of Marston Moor. Copies of this famous document may be seen in the museums and libraries of England and Scotland.

We have said that this seventh Covenant was the last, but there was another, a counter Covenant,

after that. A set of intriguers entered into a bond or Covenant in favour of the king. They discarded the old name of Covenant, and used the term "Engagement." They had become bitter foes of the Covenant, and were ardent Royalists; fighting for the king they had five years before so stoutly resisted. The chief among these recreant nobles was the famous Marquis of Montrose; then came the Marquis of Hamilton, a rich and

influential man, Loudon, a gifted orator, Lauderdale, a man without justice or mercy, and Middleton, who was eager to harry and destroy the people he formerly worshipped with. Montrose led a raiding expedition northward, while the other branch of "Engagers" (whilom Covenanters) marched into England, but were met and effectually routed by Cromwell at the battle of Preston.

OMEGA.

Christ's Exhortation Against a Troubled Heart.

JOHN xiv. 1.—"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me."



HOW many have had to thank God that this 14th chapter of St. John's gospel was ever written! It has brought consolation to innumerable hearts oppressed with sorrow. It has lighted up the dark valley for many a pilgrim, being one of the portions of Scripture most frequently

read by the bedside of the dying. Originally spoken by the Lord Jesus to His apostles in an upper room at Jerusalem, it has seemed to tried and troubled men, in all times and places, as if it had been addressed to them in particular.

The word *heart* fills a great place in the language of Scripture, and in that of religion: we may say, too, in the speech of daily life. Commonly, its meaning is figurative; it stands for the emotional part of our nature. But in the text, when Jesus says, "Let not your heart be troubled," it is something more than a figure of speech. For the heart is not only a grand vital centre, and the chief worker in the physical system, where it serves as a skillfully constructed self-acting engine distributing the blood to every part, but it is the main point where we are made conscious of feeling. The thoughts of the mind have power to suffuse it with a glow of pleasure, or to strike it through with pain. Its action is interfered with by emotion so that it beats faster or slower than its normal rate. It is goaded into an unnatural pace, or it lags behind time, and labours as under a burden. If in the case of one who has suffered a great deal of trouble, and been very anxious under it, we could have an accurate estimate of the difference thereby made in the

number of pulsations, and in their strength from what ought to have been, we should see that it is as sensitive to emotion as the barometer to bad weather. In a very literal sense, then, it is true that the heart may be troubled; and, of course, behind the troubled heart is a troubled mind.

I. CHRIST EXHORTS HIS DISCIPLES AGAINST A TROUBLED HEART.

The Greek word for troubled, which is used here—*tarassestho*—is one that writers often employed to describe the sea in a storm when the billows rolled high and the water was lashed into foam by fierce winds. Let not your heart be like that, the Saviour seems to say; let it not be agitated with fears, but let it be the abode of peace and rest.

We may remark how closely the wisdom of the world and the advice of Christ in this place agree together. If you were to talk with men who have seen a good deal of life, and have brought their common-sense to bear on what they have seen, they would tell you it was a bad thing to brood over troubles, to dwell very much on the dark side of things, and to be quite disheartened by disappointment. They would advise you whatever the future was going to bring, to go forth to meet it in a hopeful spirit, and not to despair when things were at the worst. Some of them would add, We used to brood and mope under tribulation, but we have given up all that, for we found it did no good, but rather made bad worse. So now we take things as they come, and make the best of them, and the rest we leave. This is the way we hear shrewd, observant people talk, whether they are religious or not, when they have grown impatient of idle griefs and fears.

We are startled, perhaps, when we notice the similarity between the conclusion drawn by the secular mind as the result of ordinary experience, and the direction of Christ to His disciples in this passage, "Let not your heart be troubled." We infer that Christianity is sanctified common-sense, and that it agrees with every good and healthy instinct which is operating in the world. But while this is the case, we see the precepts of Christianity

to be backed by considerations and supported by influences which the world does not supply. We are emboldened to carry out Christ's directions first of all, by the confidence which we have in Him. We say He knew more than other men; He saw farther than the philosophers; He knew the dangers we are exposed to, and likewise the helps that are available, and if He tells us not to let our heart be troubled, it must be quite safe to dismiss our fears. But it is not merely good advice that He gives us: He also supplies us with power to follow it, a secret power that disposes us to trust and hope, and inclines us towards a quenchless optimism: He breathes on us His own Spirit as the Spirit of peace. In a mystic yet mighty manner He is with us amidst the conflicts of life to ensure to us the victory. In the course of this chapter He repeats this exhortation as if the thought which it contains was one of the leading ideas of His teaching, and He speaks of Peace as His dying bequest to those whom He is leaving behind. In the 27th verse, He says, "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

When He appeared to His disciples on the evening of the day on which He rose from the dead, His salutation to them was, "Peace be unto you." This was the usual form of salutation among the Jewish people when friends and acquaintances met, and so there again we find Him adopting a familiar form of speech that was very good and very beautiful, and utilising it for the expression of His loving regard towards His disciples, and His wishes for their welfare, of which peace was the chief element. But how much more the words meant on His lips than they meant when uttered in common friendly greetings! They were now pronounced by One who had died for them an atoning death; One who was actually an inhabitant of the spiritual world and knew its solemn secrets so impenetrably hidden from all living.

The sources of trouble in this world are endless. The Apostles had theirs in their day; and we in our day have ours. Each house is said to have a skeleton in the cupboard, and some houses have two or three. Every man's cup has some drops of an infusion of wormwood distilled into it. And, certainly, looking at the case of many people who sincerely strive to do what is right, the outlook is so dark for them it is hard to tell how they could help being troubled if their hearts are fashioned like ours. Nor did the Lord anticipate that any of His disciples would be wholly free from trouble. On more than one occasion He confessed that He was troubled Himself. "Now is My soul troubled, and what shall I say? Shall I say, Father, save Me from this hour? Nay, rather I will say, Father, glorify Thy name." He did not yield to the influence of despair: He wrestled with it and overcame it, though in the Garden of Gethsemane it was with

strong crying and tears. And it is the prevailing stream of thought and feeling within us which He will guide if we will let Him. It is the trouble that is unrelieved by faith and hope that He seeks to assuage. We must experience the trouble in some degree before we can prove the power of the faith by which it is to be controlled.

The trouble of the disciples had a very definite cause, as trouble usually has. It was that their Master, who was more than any one else to them, was about to leave them. In prospect of this sore bereavement, what had He to say to them that would justify His exhortation not to let their heart be troubled? This—that His going away would prepare for the coming of the Holy Spirit, whereas if He went not away the Comforter would not come to them. This, too, that in His absence He would be serving their interests, preparing a place for them in the Father's house of many mansions; that He would return and receive them to Himself; and that in a little while there would be a glad permanent re-union.

Confining our attention to a trouble which we may be called to share resembling in any degree that of the disciples, we might speak of the death of friends dearly beloved who are apparently necessary to us. Such deaths are happening every day in various circles throughout the world. Friends who were valued, admired, and loved for their personal excellences, and for the services they rendered; teachers, guides, and leaders on whom so much depended that without them success seemed impossible or vastly more difficult, are withdrawn, and those bereaved of them ask for light on their trouble that may stay their sinking hearts. Nor are they left utterly disconsolate if they are sincere followers of Christ. They thank God that they ever knew them, and that such benefits were conferred on them by their means; they remind themselves that the separation is only for a short season, and they encourage themselves with the hope of renewed intercourse with them under happier circumstances in a better land. Such considerations do not remove the survivor's sorrow, but they inspire him with patience and courage under it, and the deep peace of God within the soul is left undisturbed.

One beautiful Sunday morning in the month of August, some twenty-five years ago, I stood, after service, with the late David Thomas, of Bristol, at the head of Lake Derwentwater, Keswick. As we looked down the Lake to the farther end where stands a large hotel, he told of a minister once staying at that hotel and meeting there his future wife, and he spoke as if it were a happy circumstance. Then, starting off at a tangent, he added, "But he's had trouble!" It seemed odd to me that such a wise man should speak as if it were a strange thing for the minister to meet with trouble, though he was happily married; and looking up into his face, I said to him very earnestly, "Trouble finds us all

out in one way or another." But how reproved I felt the next moment when with a sudden change of countenance, he replied, "Yes, *I* know that; it's come to me twice during the last four months. I've lost two of my daughters by death, one at the age of thirty, the other at thirty-two. That's the reason why we are here now; we want to be rather quiet." And glancing towards the group of his family standing at a little distance, I noticed they were all in mourning. In the autumn of that same year, the father joined his children who had gone before. He prepared his one discourse at the end of the week, and then died without delivering it. His funeral sermon was preached the week after from the text, which seemed to be a play upon his name, "David served his own generation by the will of God, and then fell on sleep."

In view of these withdrawals from earth of useful men and women, we seem to hear the Saviour say to those who sorrow over their departure, as if the sun for them had set in eternal night, "Let not your heart be troubled as though there were no more to live for and no more to hope. It is well with them, and as for you who are left behind, it is well with you, for the Father is still with you. There is service to be rendered to Him and to your fellows, and every day as you wait and work brings you nearer to the time when you will be re-united with them, to part no more."

We can conceive of worse troubles than the death of valued friends, but none where, as disciples of such a Master, we need despair, none where we ought either to sink down into apathy or resort to desperate measures for relief.

II. JESUS FOLLOWS UP HIS EXHORTATION AGAINST A TROUBLED HEART BY ONE TO FAITH IN HIM. "Ye believe in God, believe also in Me."

It is a singular instance in translation that these words may be rendered in four different ways without violating any grammatical rule. Many learned men have been inclined to render both clauses imperatively—"Believe in God, believe also in Me." Our authorised English version makes the first clause an assertion, "Ye believe in God," and the second an exhortation, "Believe also in Me." To this rendering the revised version adheres, and there is this strong point in its favour that it is true to fact. Before ever they met with Jesus, such men as Peter and James and John believed in God. They were pious men waiting for the Messiah, and now He had come and was with them, and claimed their confidence, not only now, but in the sorrowful time that was coming upon them immediately when He would be taken away from them.

1. *Theism needs to blossom into Christianity.* The belief in God is strengthened and consummated by the belief of His manifestation in humanity. To some minds there is great fascination in the simplicity of Theism, or Deism, as it used to be called. The idea of one Personality infinite in all His attri-

butes, who is alone to be thought of as Divine, and worshipped, seems to them simpler and easier to grasp than the Christian Trinity. The same remark might be made of many things where yet the advantage is on the side of complexity. A tree with all its branches cut off, and nothing left but the bare bole, would be much simpler and easier to draw on paper than a complete tree with all its boughs and twigs and leaves and fruit. But it would neither be so pleasing nor so profitable; it would be reduced to bareness and barrenness. Simple theism is a cold and colourless creed compared with Christianity. The idea of God without Christ is a profound abstraction without any warmth for the emotions, and without any of that interest which appeals to us as human beings. Whereas in Christ He passes across the infinite distance that separates us from Him, and comes very near to us. He is found in fashion as a man, and in ways that we can understand and that touch our hearts, displays such love and power, such condescension and sympathy as encourage us to approach Him with confidence, and to think of Him as the very Friend we need. We can come boldly to a throne of grace because we have a High Priest that is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and that was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.

We might be content to let the claim of Christianity to acceptance be settled by a comparison of its results with those of the systems which have set forth the Deity under only one Personality. Judaism is one of these systems. How heavily weighted it is with ceremonies and traditions! and while there is much that is good in it, what a want there is of the joyous life and freedom which we find in Christianity! What a lack of the spirit which seeks to raise others to an equality of privilege with ourselves, and to put all nations into possession of the same blessings as we enjoy! After an experiment of near 2,000 years, if the question could be put to the people of Christian lands in all their ranks and stations, Will you go back to the law and religion of Moses, or will you stay with Christ? they would vote in their millions to stay with Christ.

The same thing might be said of the comparison with Mohammedanism. The grand article of the creed of Mohammedans is that there is one God, and they loathe the idea of His becoming incarnate, or having one who stood to Him in the relation of sonship. Well, they have tried their hand upon this simple creed of theirs for 1,200 years, and the results are not at all encouraging. The nations that are under its influence are simply blighted. They are great upholders of polygamy and slavery, which the Koran legalises. They lag behind the progress of Western nations, which they view with suspicion as somehow connected with Christianity, as indeed it is. Christendom occupies the van of progress, and leads the world. Judging from the influence of the Gospel on discovery, invention, and

science; on freedom and on the condition of the people, we see that we who believe it are in the line of light; we see that we have no reason to envy any other system that has ever been propounded. We are persuaded that it is not enough to believe in God, but that we should also believe in Him whom He has sent into the world for our salvation.

2. *The general principles of religion require to be definitely applied.* The disciples believed in God the infinite, the invisible; so far so good; but the question was, How would they regard Him when disguised in a nature like their own? Would they believe in Him though His glory was dimmed by His likeness and His nearness to themselves? Would they continue to believe in Him when He had been rejected by the rulers in Church and State, and actually put to death upon a cross? If they could do that they would have power over their heart's trouble when He was taken away from them, and that so tragically; they would have power over every trial which befell them. The Messiahship of Christ was the testing question of the time, and by it men stood or fell. It is not ours, because we have been brought up in the belief of it; but in some other way our fidelity will be put to the proof.

There is always some work of God, some movement of life, some truth or duty, or Providential dispensation towards us which brings our inner feelings to the surface, and discloses us to ourselves, and it may be to others. It is comparatively easy to admit the general principles of religion, but often hard to apply them to the actual circumstances in which we are placed. Lowell, the American poet, speaks sarcastically of people who are all against war in the abstract, but so ready to fight as soon as ever a quarrel arises. We may praise friendship, but are we true to our friends? We may warmly agree with those who say that it is very wrong to lie and cheat, but are we ourselves truthful and honest in our daily life, in buying and selling and gossiping, and in all our varied intercourse with our fellows? We may honour the heroes who fought for God in past times, but do we side with Him in present struggles as the great war goes on between

good and evil? We may hold quite correctly the doctrine that all men are brethren, but are we helping in any way to make the condition of some of them more tolerable, and to deliver them from the tyranny of habit, custom, and circumstance under which they groan.

Such questions as these are suggested by the Saviour's words, "Ye believe in God, believe also in Me." Were He addressing some of us He would surely say, Ye believe in God, and ye believe in Me too: believe also in the present truth, which is knocking for admission into your mind: believe in the work I have given you to do: believe in those who are My messengers and instruments, so as to pray for them and help them. Behold in the toil-worn, the poor, the afflicted, and the oppressed, My representatives! I will reckon what you do to them as having been done to Me.

But it may be taking too much for granted to assume that we really believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ, in the faith of which we were brought up. Under the strain of life's troubles and trials, the confidence of former days may have given way; and with the loss of it the power of faithfully serving and patiently suffering may have been seriously impaired. The allowance of practices inconsistent with discipleship may have estranged us from Him in heart and then in opinion. We may have turned the mystery of the incarnation into impossibility through presumptuous theorising. The text should be taken as enjoining a renewal of faith where it has faded, a restoration of the lines of the Christian creed that have grown faint and illegible. Very lofty is the claim that is made upon us: it is one that implies on the part of the Speaker an ineffable union with the Deity, and would have been unwarranted on any other lips than His. He asks for no ordinary trust from His followers, such as they would be willing to put in the wisest and best of their fellows. In effect He says, Have the same confidence in Me as you have in God: repose in Me the trust that you repose in Him. For, indeed, I and the Father are one, and he that hath seen Me hath seen the Father.

H. K.





WALTHAM CROSS.

Queen Eleanor's Crosses.



THE beautiful monuments known as Queen Eleanor's Crosses, which were erected to the memory of Eleanor, the beloved consort of Edward I., are among the most interesting relics of a bygone age that we now possess. Erected 600 years ago, some of them yet remain; and the beauty and variety of their design, their great age,

and the pathetic story connected with their erection, render them the objects of interest and instruction.

Queen Eleanor was espoused to Edward I. when she was quite a child, and was afterwards married to him in Spain. She came to England when in her twentieth year, and appears to have been most loyally and enthusiastically received by the English people. The whole of their married life, extending over a period of thirty-six years, was spent as

much as possible in each other's company. Eleanor was devoted to her husband, and accompanied him on most of his expeditions. It was on one of these that she performed an act of heroism which proved her great affection for the king. At the risk of losing her own life, she drew the poison from the wound which Edward had received in Palestine

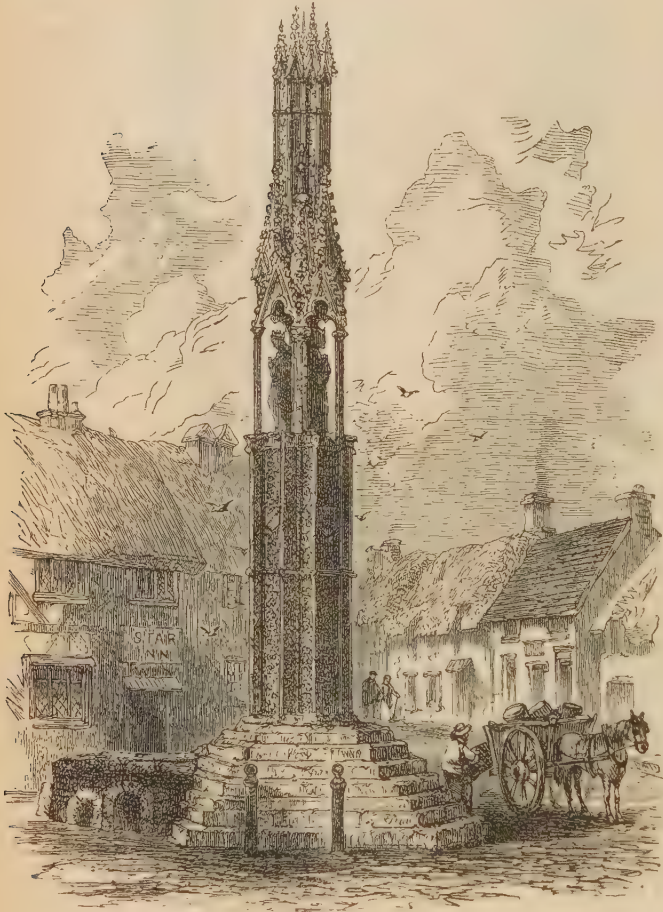
cordance with the instructions in her will, is not a matter of very great moment.

Queen Eleanor died at Harby, or Hardeby, in Nottinghamshire, on the 28th November, 1291, from a fever contracted by her while she was on her way, some say to join her husband, but more probably with her husband on his expedition to

Scotland. The expedition was stopped, and the king accompanied the melancholy procession to London. At every place where the body rested a cross was afterwards erected to her memory. There are many conflicting opinions as to the exact number of the crosses, which, however, may be stated to have been twelve, namely, those at Lincoln, Grantham, Stamford, Geddington, Northampton, Stoney-Stratford, Woburn, Dunstable, St. Albans, Waltham, West Cheap (Cheapside), and Charing (Charing Cross). Of these, only three now remain: at Geddington, Northampton and Waltham. Some doubt has been entertained as to whether the cross at Geddington be a genuine "Eleanor," and, although it is not mentioned in the "Roll of the Accounts of Queen Eleanor," the beauty of its construction, and its similarity to those at Northampton and Waltham, leave but little room for question as to its genuineness.

John Abel, who devoted considerable time to the study of these beautiful structures, thus graphically describes the cross at Geddington, in his "Memoirs of Queen Eleanor" published in 1864.

"The cross is triangular in form, and stands in the centre of the village where the principal streets meet. It has been less restored than the others, but the Duke of Buccleuch, whose seat is near the place, has replaced the steps. It is 42 feet in height, and consists of three stories, the first of which is solid, each face being divided into four panels entirely covered with roses carved with exceeding delicacy. From the next story it is separated by a moulding and battlement. In each of the upper panels is a shield with the arms of England, Castile, Leon and Ponthieu. The second story is also triangular in form, and from each angle rises an elegant pillar supporting a canopy under which a statue of the queen is placed. The third or upper story, is an assemblage of graceful pinnacles and finials rising one above another, whilst the shaft is again subdivided into a cluster of angular pillars, terminating in points, ornamented



GEDDINGTON CROSS.

at the hands of Azazim, a Saracen of the murderous sect of Assassini.

If the monument at Westminster by Pietro Cavallino is a faithful likeness of the queen, she must have been a most beautiful woman and, after the act of devotion which she had performed, it is only natural to conclude that Edward was passionately attached to his wife, and whether the crosses were erected at his own instigation or whether they were constructed, as some authorities affirm, in pursuance of the wishes of the queen herself and in ac-

like all the others, with oak leaves and a large flower at the top. At the foot of the steps a spring of clear water takes its rise."

The cross at Northampton stands on an eminence (supposed to be the site of a Roman encampment), overlooking the town on the London Road, about a mile from Northampton. It is octagonal in form, and consists of three stories surmounted by a broken cross, and although six centuries old, is still beautiful, and in a fine state of preservation.

Waltham Cross, which, on account of its proximity to London, is best known to the inhabitants of the Metropolis, stands at the junction of the Great London Road with the road which leads to the Abbey. At this place the body of the queen was met by the monks and conveyed in solemn state to the Abbey. It is, perhaps, the finest of the Eleanor Crosses, but has been restored at various periods ranging from 1721 to 1892. In 1721 Sir G. Prescott suggested its removal to Theobald's Park, in the neighbourhood, where it was thought it would be better protected. The cross is hexagonal in shape, and there is some record of its cost. The three statues of the queen cost £3 6s. 8d. each, and the labour for masonry cost £95. The cost of the terminal is uncertain, but presuming it to have been similar to the one at Northampton, the cost would be about £30. The present terminal is not the original one. The cross is situated so near to London that it should be visited by all lovers of the beautiful in art, and the little trouble involved is quite repaid.

The cross erected at West Cheap, or Cheapside, as it is now called, stood in the middle of the street, and cost £300. It was rebuilt in 1441 by John Hetherley, Mayor of London, who obtained permission from Henry VI. In 1522 it was elaborately decorated in honour of the visit of the Emperor Charles V., and again at the coronation of Henry and Anne Boleyn in 1533, and later on, in honour of Edward VI. It was repaired in 1595 and 1600, but was finally demolished in 1643 by order of Parliament.

Of the remaining crosses but little is known. That at Charing appears to have been octagonal in form, and was removed in 1647. The cross which stands in front of the Charing Cross Hotel is, of course, only a reproduction of the original one. Grantham Cross stood on St. Peter's Hill, and that at Dunstable in front of the present Town Hall.

It may, perhaps, be mentioned that the High Cross at Tottenham is not in any way connected with the Eleanor Crosses, but is a wayside cross of modern construction, and cannot be compared to the beautiful structures erected to the memory of Edward's affectionate queen.

With regard to the designers of the crosses, a few



NORTHAMPTON CROSS.

words may be added in conclusion. Waltham Cross was constructed by Dymenge de Legeri, assisted by Englishmen; West Cheap by Michael de Cantaria; Charing, partly by Richard de Crandale, who received £360 for the labour alone, and on his death the work was completed by Roger de Crandale, who was paid £90 17s. 5d. Richard de Stow was responsible for the cross at Lincoln, while those at Northampton, Stony-Stratford, St. Albans and Dunstable, were the work of one architect.

ALBERT F. SMITH,



Number Two.

BY RAMSAY GUTHRIE, AUTHOR OF "ON GOD'S LINES."



WITHOUT doubt, Rosehill was fortunate in its care-taker. As a custodian his fidelity was an astonishment. He was oftener "on" the place than "off." By six o'clock on the week-evening he was there with his brush and duster, and the whole of the Saturday afternoon was spent within the precincts. When the members met for the class-meetings they found the vestries in

order, and the hymn-books arranged on the tables. Nothing had ever been known to be amiss on the Sabbath Day. Never a speck of dust was found. The hat-racks beneath the seats were scrupulously clean. In the pulpit the Bible was in the centre of the board, and the hymnal in its place above it. Fresh water was in the bottle, and the glass was free from stain. Even the clock, (miracle of miracles!) registered the correct time.

In reality, not merely in name, he was the care-taker of Rosehill. The whole property was in his charge. Fully he realised the responsibility, and faithfully he discharged the duty. He took care of the keys. It was useless applying for the loan of them. Admission to the chapel was out of the question, unless he was able to grant the privilege personally. There were many who thought he carried things with a high hand. Some even declared he assumed proprietary rights. A rash youth once hinted as much, but regretted the speech the moment after.

"Ye young jackanapes!" exclaimed the outraged official, "an' would ye dare to cricketise me? Ye'll understand that bein' a trustee, I'm part owner

o' Rosehill, an' bein' the chapel-keeper, I'm the boss o' the place."

Having once seen Thomas Hunt, his identity was known for ever. It was said he was like nobody else but himself. His face was red, and round, and clean-shaven. There was hair on the back of his head, but the front half, perfectly bald, gave his forehead the appearance of unusual length. An irregular mouth was his, with thin lips commonly protruding. His head so strongly inclined to the side, that to regain the perpendicular quite an exertion was needed. But it was the eyes which made his physiognomy distinctive. Small they were, but bright and flashing, the more so as they peered from beneath lowering brows. Usually there was the unpleasantest look on his face. There was something cunning about it, something quizzical, something cynical. His eyes seemed to steal round the corner, and his face seemed to say that he knew what you were after. And then he had a stiff knee, which gave him height when standing, but made his gait most awkward when he walked. He never forgot the accident which impaired the limb, and never forgave the knee for refusing to bend. Occasionally it drove him frantic, and he would shake his leg in a paroxysm of malice. It was galling to him that the stiff knee had reduced him in the ranks of the toilers. He had done well as a bricklayer, but was now employed as a Corporation labourer. The sight of buildings in course of erection was a grievous trial to Thomas Hunt.

Tommy was a "funniosity" in every sense. People said "there was something up in his inside," when his moods were under discussion. What Tommy would be like could never be safely predicted. Sometimes he was most astonishingly pleasant. More often he was utterly disagreeable. He could be as bright and gay and humorous and generous as could be wished. Then his face would lighten and people were led to wonder whether all

was right with Tommy. But how glum he could be and sullen and sarcastic and suspicious! This was his normal mood.

Strange to say, Thomas Hunt was a leader; stranger still, he had numerous names on his book, and the best weekly attendance of any class in the society. His sincerity was his sheet-anchor.

Bobby Turner was his apologist. "It's just this way, ye see, friends!" Bobby would say, "Tommy's father was a man with a queer make-up, an' his mother was the melancholyest woman as ever was. If either o' them had been kind o' natural, Tommy wouldn't hev been see bad, but they were both funny, an' Tommy's the mixture o' their funninesses. Sometimes I can see his father in him, but oftener his mother. . . . Consequently Tommy can no more alter his temper than he can bend his bad knee. It's no use gettin' vexed wi' Tommy. He didn't ask to enter the Hunt family. He just came, an' when he came, he found he was in their line, an' he has to put up with it. . . . It's a good job he has no idee what an awkward piece o' goods he is. He'd lay hands on hisself if he suspected it. . . . An' so, when ye take all these things into account, really, the wonder is that he's just what he is. I'll grant he might be better, but then he might be worse, an' it's lucky he isn't. . . . Now, take my advice! Take nee notice o' Tommy's peculiarities! Never let-on! When he's blithe, let him have his fling, an' keep it up as long as ye can; an' when he's down-in-the-mouth, an' nasty in the temper, it's best not to speak to him. . . . Do I think Thomas Hunt's a Christian? Where's the man that knows his bringin's-up that doubts it? He's sound in the heart, which is the main thing, an' as for qualifications, he has good knowledge an' a deal o' grace."

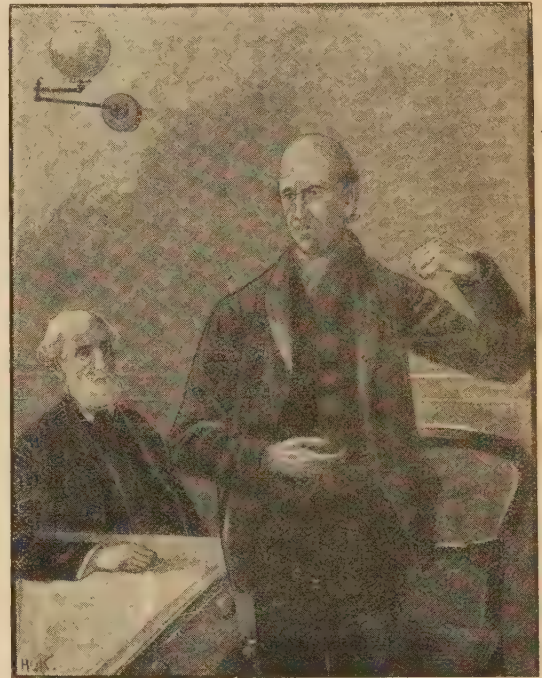
There were times when the care-taker needed a defender. It was in the business meetings where his contrariness came out. If affairs were proceeding pleasantly, Tommy would be cantankerous; if, on the other hand, as occasionally happened, members differed and mischief seemed imminent, Tommy would sharply call them to order, reminding them that unity was strength, and that peace was essential to prosperity. Grim smiles would cover the faces of the disputants when Tommy played this role.

But, however efficient Tommy might be as a chapel-keeper, and whatever allowance was made at Rosehill for the oddities of his disposition, he was unpopular with the general public. No surprise was expressed when Joe Hunt fought shy of the chapel on the mount. His mother's irregular attendance gave license to the youth. The father stormed and fumed. His son was defiant. Eventually the care-taker was forced to acknowledge that his son was "running with the giddy multitude." He had joined the cricket club and bought a bicycle. He had found companions after his own heart.

Games and sports to Thomas Hunt were machinations of the Evil One, and a bicycle was the latest and swiftest vehicle to the gates of Hell. Tommy's misery accentuated his eccentricities. His wretchedness was abject. In the meetings he uttered diatribes at the national sports, and prayed that God would save all sinners, especially those who sinned with bat and ball, and were chasing each other to the Devil on wheels.

The business of the December Quarterly Meeting was finished. The Reverend Caleb Kent was on his feet to pronounce the Benediction.

"I want to move a motion, Mister Super!"



"BUT THERE'S A LEAK IN THE SHIP."

Thomas Hunt interposed, "so settle ye down, an' listen to me."

The meeting was manifestly impatient. A jemiad from Tommy was an anti-climax thoroughly unacceptable. The stiff leg was at the stiffest, Tommy's head at the angle, his eyes alternately peeping slyly and glaring fixedly. He noted the signs of uneasiness with secret satisfaction.

"Isn't it a rule o' the Connexion, Mister Chairman, that the Quarterly Meeting should spend some time in considerin' the spiritual affairs o' the Circuit, an' to try to devise means to hurry the savin' work on?"

"Well, it is not exactly a rule, Brother Hunt, but a recommendation!" Mr. Kent replied.

"An' a very wise recommend it is, Mister Super, an' I'll just take the liberty of adoptin' the Conference's hint. Now, I'm not one of them that's always complainin'. Things is goin' on nicely, an' has done for a number o' years. Congregations keep up; we have money to meet demands; an' every year we report an increase o' members. We've been well served in the way o' ministers. You, Mister Super, are as good as any we've had, an' a long sight better than some."

Tommy spoke without interruption. Interest was already awakened. The brethren were eyeing one another wondering what object "the cantankerous one" could have behind this laudatory introduction.

"But there's a leak in the ship!" Tommy affirmed, his head bounding erect. Then changing the metaphor of failure, he went on: "We're losin', an' in some cases hev lost, the grip o' the reins o' the young 'uns. The lads hev got the bit between their teeth, an' away they are on velocipedes fairly fleein' in sin, an' leavin' the chapel for the cricket-field. Brethren, it's a serious state o' things, an' the worst on't is, they see nee harm in't, an' there's that long-legged curate as keen for the sports as they be, an' ticin' the lads to the church."

More woeful his face became as he described the affairs of the church; his head had fallen to the side; he was resting on the other leg.

Again his head was up and he was at his full stature.

"Now, I've been thinkin' o' this, as was likely, me havin' a lad o' me own. An' I'll tell ye what I propose. That curate's at the bottom o' the mischief. We could knock his wind out if we had a curate of our own, a young preacher, a bran'-new probationer, an' a college-bred 'un. The lads is always glad when the students come fra the college. Well, wouldn't it be a fine thing to call one out, an' keep him permanent? The Super has his hands full wi' the old 'uns. Number Two could manage the young 'uns. He could get them converted, an' start a class. For the matter o' that, he could conduct an Improvement Society, though religion's more necessary than book-larnin'. As for his keep, it wouldn't be much, an' the money would come. . . I've looked at this business every way up, an' when I've been dustin' the seats I've just looked at the pulpit an' thought what a fine thing it would be if we had a minister for the young folks. It's the only way out o' the difficulty, an' so I beg to make a motion that we write to Dr. Atkeson, an' tell him to send us the best lad he's got at the college. Explain the case to the Principal. Tell him that cricketin's stopped the prayin', an' velocipedin's put an end to the singin', an' that we want a student to mission the cricket-field an' the bicycle-track."

The meeting was taken by surprise. The notion was new. David Dale acknowledged that the idea of calling out an additional minister had never been

present to his mind. He was quite in favour, but thought that time should be given for exhaustive thought before committing themselves to the change. At his suggestion, Thomas Hunt gave formal notice to propose the resolution at the Quarter Day in March.

From the day when his motion carried, to the middle of July, the chapel-keeper was insufferable. The airs he assumed on the subject of Number Two incensed the people of Rosehill. He created the impression by his pride, that Number Two would be his man, and, when in June, the third draft of stations appeared, and Paul Prosser was put down next to Caleb Kent, he would talk of the said Paul Prosser, and of no one else.

"The Connexion 'll be jealous o' the men we've gotten. Think o' their names! Caleb and Paul! It's Providence, proper Providence! It's happened just as we wanted. Number One, Caleb, ye understand, havin' a name from the old economy, will deal wi' the folks o' that class; an' Number Two, christened after the great Saint Paul of the new dispensation, will look after the young an' risin' generation. He'll be a good 'un, will Number Two, not as good as the 'postle, but gettin' on that way. That long-legged curate 'll feel funny when he finds that Paul Prosser's in residence on the place. . . . It'll be my business to let him into the secrets of the business, an' ye can take my word for it that before very long there'll be signs and wonders among the wheelers an' the cricketers."

The praises of Number Two were sounded abroad. He had visited every member, preached nigh twenty sermons, and old and young were agreed that he would make his mark. He was good to look at, of medium height and shapely made, with a healthy face, well-cut features, brown hair and grey eyes. He was well attired, his linen, the women observed, being equal to the popular organist's. It was a pleasure to hear him speak. He had perfect command of voice, clear articulation, and a vocabulary uncommon to most. Some fear there had been that the College might have spoiled him. All doubts vanished in the freedom and friendliness of his manner. With unflinching instinct he addressed all classes of the Rosehill community. There was a chorus of approbation. General praise was accorded to the chapel-keeper for suggesting the engagement of Number Two.

The commendations were bitterness to Thomas Hunt. Number Two had disappointed him. Paul Prosser was absolutely unlike all that he had preconceived. It seemed to the caretaker that Dr. Atkinson must have taken leave of his senses to send such a student to Rosehill. Instead of making the best selection, he had made the worst. Tommy was wretched, and wished he had never mentioned Number Two.

For the first few weeks he kept silence, then his

chagrin forced vent, and Rosehill knew that Tommy was at daggers-drawn with the new minister. The situation was piquant and farcical, and the course of events was anticipated with mirthful curiosity.

"What's the matter wi' the lad, Brother Hunt?" Ralph Jackson pointedly queried, when the care-taker had raved at some length at the close of the class meeting. "It was you that wanted him; in fact, he wouldn't have been here but for you. I'm bound to say, Thomas, ye're inconsistent, so to speak!"

"Inconsistent!" Tommy repeated with sharp anger. "Ye charge me, *me*, a leader o' the church an' the chapel-keeper, a member o' many years' standin', wi' inconsistency! That's nice language to be flung at me. No! Brother Jackson!" and Tommy peeped fiercely from beneath the heavy eyebrows. "It's Number Two that's inconsistent. Here was me expectin' a minister, an' lo an' behold, he's a mountebank, a masher, a high-town swell, an' a reg'lar sportsman. When I went to meet him at the station, I missed him. An' no wonder! I should hev known him by his silk hat or his white tie! As sure as life, he came in knickerbockers, an' a cricketin'-shirt, an' a red tie, an' a cap, a holiday-cap, o' the colour to match his suit. Yes! I went up to his lodgin's to tell his 'landlady he hadn't come, an' Mistress Ainslie says, 'Come in, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Prosser's just goin' to hev his tea!' An' sure enough, there he was wi' a fine story o' havin' come straight fra' the Isle o' Man. That was bad, Brother Jackson! The great Apostle never went to the Isle o' Man. We never read that a holiday was necessary when he was setten' out on a mission. Fancy the 'postle Paul in knickerbockers an' sportin' a red tie! No, no! thinks I, this looks badly. If he'd been like his New Testament namesake, he would have spent his holidays on his knees. . . . But there he was makin' hisself at home at Mistress Ainslie's. When he finished his tea, I gave him an account as to how he happened to be there, but he didn't seem to be grateful to me for makin' the motion. Then I told him about the curate an' the velocipedes an' the cricket matches, an' what we expected him to do. Round he turns, an' says he, 'Don't alarm yourself, Mr. Hunt, I had got rusty at cricket, but I've used the vacation to get my hand in again, an' I'll raise a team to match the curate's. As for cyclin', says he, 'I had only an old machine, but I expect one o' the latest style in a day or two.' . . . Yes, Brother Jackson, if it's inconsistency ye want, ye'll find more than enough in Number Two."

The Rosehill folks were first amused, and then indignant at the care-taker. Paul Prosser was as great a favourite as Caleb Kent. There was something in his sermons quite new in their experience. They were unable to define the distinctive quality. He was true to the Evangelical truths, but he reached them on fresh lines, and applied them in

unexpected directions. Illustrations he found in Art and Science, in Poetry and Fiction. He interpreted familiar Scriptures in novel, yet convincing ways. People listened with such attention that the lapse of time was never noticed.

The care-taker was locking up one Sabbath night; Ralph Jackson was waiting for him.

"My! an' wasn't he fine the night, Brother Hunt?" Ralph began, as they proceeded up the street. "The Super was good this mornin', but I think I never *did* hear anythin' equal to the night's. Ye would just think he'd been havin' a confab wi' that young man, an' that he had found out exactly what the 'one thing' was he lacked. Looks tha', I could just see Jesus an' the young squire, an' when the Master told him to be off an' sell out, an' do the generous, I could see him scratchin' his hair an' shakin' his head. It's fine preachin', an' should do a power o' good to the young 'uns o' the congregation."

"Ye're no judge o' sarmons, Ralph Jackson!" the irate chapel-keeper maliciously retorted. "They're all grand to you, an' the last is always the best. An' as for the one to-night, it would be better if Number Two practised what he preached. He should sell out hisself. Let him part wi' his bicycle, an' give the money to the poor!"

"Well, it would be a pity," Ralph rejoined. "He's just gotten the club fairly started. It was a sight to see him yesterday, an' the Rosehill wheelers settin' off for Appledene. Hooray! I says, for the Primitive cyclers!"

"An' ye call yerself a loyal Primitive, Ralph Jackson!" Tommy sarcastically said. "Can ye find the mention o' a bicycle in the consolidated minutes?"

Jackson was no "argufyer," as he often confessed, and felt that speech was useless with Brother Hunt. He contented himself by saying that he was proud of the way Mr. Prosser was interesting himself in the youths and maidens of Rosehill.

There it was in print, in the local newspaper, in the very issue that contained a report of his last Sabbath's sermon—the announcement that the Reverend Paul Prosser had become an honorary member of the District Cricket Club. The care-taker was considering his relation to the Church. He was minded to reduce his class-money as a protest against the action of Number Two. Joe Hunt added fuel to the fire. With great gusto he told of Mr. Prosser's skill at the wickets, how that he had bowled the curate, and exhausted the fielders with his splendid batting.

"If the President o' the Conference only knew," Tommy bitterly murmured, "he would soon send Paul Prosser about his business!"

It was no satisfaction to the chapel-keeper that the gallery was filled with cyclists and cricketers. He was in the lobby when his son entered Rosehill, and the latter saw the sneer on his father's face.

"Mister Dale!" said Tommy, "this is serious,

The cricket club's in the gallery in a body, an' the wheelers took eleven o' the hymn-books for the use o' visitors!"

"Thank God!" the engineer replied.

Tommy was confounded.

"Did ye hear what I said, Mister Dale?"

"Every word, and I know why you said it, and I know what you think, and I say, Thank God! With all my heart I say it!"

At the March Quarterly Meeting, when the "Historical Account of the Travelling Preachers" was being filled in, Tommy complained of the "official conduct" of Number Two. In his opinion, Mr. Prosser should have been a professional sportsman. He was "grieved to the heart" that he had been the blind advocate of his engagement. When the complaint was silently ignored, Tommy declared that if the Conference knew all the facts, the Circuit would be reckoned as insubordinate.

The crisis came in the month of August. Thomas Hunt officially and specifically charged Number Two with conduct unworthy of a minister. Number One had the charge in writing. Paul Prosser had played in a test-match, had been seen in flannels, and had thrown his cap in the air when the side he was on had won. His conduct was unbecoming of his profession, had destroyed his Christian influence, and brought religion into contempt. The Circuit Committee was summoned to meet at three o'clock on a Saturday afternoon.

The day of the trial was the day of the triumph. Never in the history of the Connexion was an official meeting so singularly disturbed. Caleb Kent was in the chair, and had opened the meeting with the usual religious exercises. There was a full attendance of officials. The prospect of the farce was an inducement irresistible. The President had explained why the Committee had been called, and had read the formal charge presented by Brother Thomas Hunt. With difficulty the members restrained their mirth when the complainant rose to prove his accusation. He was standing on the stiff leg, his head was struggling to get upright.

"Ye'll remember," he began, "that it was me that moved for a Number Two. If I'd ever thought that a man like Paul Prosser would have been that Num-

ber Two, I would have moved an amendment. My notion was that a religious young minister would have been able to have cleared the bicycle-track, an' emptied the cricket-field; but instead o' that, he's induced more nor ever to buy machines, an' since he came, cricketin's all the go. . . . On the fifth o' this month, he captained a team against the curate. Of course, he licked the curate, as was likely, but that doesn't alter the fact. He was there, standin' in the way o' sinners, walkin' in the counsel o' the ungodly, sittin' in the seats o' the scornful. An' he calls hisself a Primitive Methodist minister, an' there's his name in the almanack. What'll the public think o' Methodism when they see him dressed in flannel? D'ye think that's the way to spread Scriptural holiness throughout the land? Did anybody ever hear o' Hugh Bourne playin' at cricket, or William Clowes runnin' on wheels? Then, think o' the effect on the young men o' the neighbourhood! He's just givin' them license for worldliness. It's Mister Prosser says this, an' Mister Prosser does that, an' it's therefore law and gospel. . . . If he'd only listened to me he might have succeeded, but he's that high-minded he won't take a word, an' he's just leadin' the young dear knows where."

At that moment the beat of a drum was heard in the chapel-yard. One, two, three, and the brass band began to play the inspiring march, "See the Conquering Hero Comes!"

The officials were on their feet. The door was opened, and there, stretching beyond the yard, right to the further side of the street, was an excited crowd of wheelmen and cricketers keeping time to the music of the band. In response to David Dale, who inquired the reason of their visit, they explained that they were there "to back the parson." When Number Two appeared in sight, he was greeted with rounds of cheering.

No record of this Committee Meeting is to be found in the Circuit Minute Book, for no resolution was submitted.

Tommy acknowledged that it was "no use speakin'," but asserted that if ever he was sent to Conference he would renew the charge against Number Two.





Browsings in My Library.

IX.



YOU would not suspect it, to see Delia quietly darn ing socks, that she takes a keen interest in politics. And why should she not?

Surely a woman suffers even more—when “something is rotten in the state of Denmark”—than a man, because she has to suffer passively, while the man, having a vote, and being, therefore,

the five-millionth part of King Demos, can be “up and doing” in securing the desired reform.

Every social evil falls heaviest on the woman and the children. If there is unjust taxation of the poor, in order that the pockets of the rich may be spared, the poor man's wife has less money thereby with which to go marketing. It is a never-ceasing marvel to me how some women, with almost as large families as that of the Little Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe, contrive to get out of a pound or twenty-five shillings a week, what it would puzzle me to get out of twice the amount. Their children are wholesomely fed, are neatly clothed and shod, and always look nice and respectable. What is their secret? God bless the cottage-homes of England, and may they always be queened over by these wonderful chancellors of the exchequer in petticoats, whose budget never shows a deficit!

It is the woman, of course, who is the chief sufferer from the overcrowding caused by the exorbitant rents in this unwieldy London. The man is away all the day, but the woman in her doll's-house-like three or four rooms, in which she can scarcely turn herself, must do all her cooking and cleaning and making and mending, and have everything bright and natty for the lord and master when he comes home.

And it is the woman, too, alas, who has to suffer

when the man is tempted into those gaudy and glittering public-houses, where his pockets are emptied, his brain is bemuddled, and his whole character is deteriorated.

Last of all, apart from the taxation, it is the woman who is the sufferer by war. It is a fine thing to read of some gallant charge up a mountain side in Tirah, of some steadfast stand against a swarming and savage enemy in the African desert, or of the calm advance of redcoats in the face of bullets pinging from the rifles of a hidden foe on the South African veldt, and it is fine to behold the victors' return, through shouting crowds in the London streets, everyone rushing forward to press the hands, the banners flying and the bands playing. That is fine, but what of those who do not return—those who have paid the price of victory, and who lie thousands of miles away in the sleep that knows no waking here on earth, while in some quiet village a mother's heart is leaden at the thought of the dead son, a widow's eyes are red and her cheeks are thin and wan at the thought of the dead husband, and the baby lips pierce her heart as they ask, “Mamma, when will dada come home? He is so long time away.” If governments and the people who clamour for war, thought of these poor victims, every resource of statesmanship would be exhausted before the signal was given to mow down human flesh, and the yells of the war-mongers would die upon their lips. If war is ever a necessity, it is the most hateful of necessities, and should never be entered upon without feelings of deep humiliation and a burdened heart. It is a reversion to primitive savagery, and the existence of war shows how near, in spite of all our vaunted progress, humanity still is to the brute.

Delia is one of those who do think of these things, and there is never a war but what her tender heart goes out to the women and children who are left weeping after the most glorious victory, and her lips never fail to utter a petition that Christ's own consolation shall be their's in their desolation.

Her ideal statesman is Mr. John Morley, partly because of his fearless honesty, but largely because he would give women an equal Parliamentary vote with men.

On this particular October evening, having finished darned the stockings, and rolled them up into balls, she had lain back in the easy-chair in front of the library fire, and read Mr. Morley's speech at Carnarvon in favour of the Government keeping wide open the door of peace with the Transvaal, in spite of all the aggravating tactics of the Boers.

"I believe," she said, "they ought to behave better to the Outlanders, and give them a share of power in their Parliament, but what will be the good of British and Boers shooting each other down over the matter? I don't see where the patriotism comes in of 'smashing the Boers,' and 'remembering Majuba Hill,' and all that sort of thing. Mr. Morley is quite right in calling that kind of talk 'Bedlamite.' I'm sure I'm as good a patriot as anybody, but it seems to me the patriotism is much more genuine that applies itself to furthering peace and prosperity than that which rants and raves for war, and takes a fiendish delight in counting the number of killed and wounded foes."

I stopped cutting open the pages of the new volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography," and noticed that militant glitter in Delia's eyes which you will always see in the eyes of enthusiastic missionaries of peace when they are fairly roused. She was now sitting upright, with the paper in her lap, evidently "spoiling for a fight," and looking as if she would dearly relish a battle-royal with a Jingo. Now, I am not a Jingo, so I did not g at fy her. I simply remarked:

"Why, what a treasure you would be on a Peace platform in Hyde Park or in Trafalgar Square!"

"Yes; and the Jingoës would forget that I was a woman, and pelt and hustle me in the sacred name of patriotism. Patriotism!" she ejaculated, with infinite disgust. "A nice patriotism that makes men act like a ribald rout of ruffians."

"Quietly, Delia. What has excited you so much all at once?"

"Why, this. Let me read it!" And she read from Mr. Morley's speech: "When we were insisting upon, urging upon, speaking upon, writing upon, and passing Resolutions such as the one which we passed the other day at Manchester, affirming and declaring the independency of the Transvaal Republic, they called us disloyal, and traitors, and I know not what else. Well, after all, nicknames and abusive names are pleasanter than the old political weapons of brickbats and rotten eggs. I, for one, repudiate entirely the notion of disloyalty, or treachery, or want of patriotism, or want of love of my country or sympathy for those who suffer wrongs in foreign lands."

"Let me," said Delia, "be disloyal with John

Morley, rather than loyal with the patriots. The patriots!"

Could those flashing eyes, and those lips so scornfully curved, belong to the Delia whom I had caught smiling to herself half-an-hour before over the darning of the stockings? I sought to soothe her.

"Take no notice of such taunts. True patriots are never popular at the time they resist false patriotism, but they can afford to wait for the swing of the pendulum, when the bill comes in, and the shouters make the wryest faces. The glories of England are not her famous slaughterings, but her fair humanities, her 'victories of peace,' her soldiers of the Cross, who go forth not to compel, but to enlist the heathen under the banner of Christ; her great poets and thinkers. Why, look round these shelves. There are a hundred books each of which outshines a victory on the battlefield. Shakespeare, Milton, Bunyan, Wordsworth, Defoe, Coleridge, De Quincey, Tennyson, Browning—who would exchange their laurels for the general's gold braid or the admiral's cocked hat? The general's and the admiral's work may be necessary at times, but it is a temporary and passing necessity, which will cease when the race ascends to a higher platform, and looks down with disgust at its scufflings in the bone-bestrewn valley. But the glory of the thinker and the soldier of Christ will shine with ever brighter effulgence, as the spirit gains the mastery of the body. Even now, is it not true that the false glamour of the tinselled glories of war are losing their power over the minds of intelligent men and women? What is the Peace Conference but a proof that the great military Powers themselves are getting heartily ashamed of war, though they have not the courage to begin disbanding their armies? Cheer up, Delia, there's a good time coming, and by the year 2000 we may hope that war will be but an ugly dream of the past."

"Indeed, I hope so, but I fear it will be long before. But what book is that you are cutting?"

"It is the new volume of the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' and I think it has a bearing on this question of patriotism. This is the sixtieth volume of a work that will contain notices of upwards of 25,000 men and women who, from the earliest dawn of English history till our own time, have been famous—or infamous—in various ways. We may leave the infamous ones out of the question, but considering the famous, what a bed-roll is here of men and women who have helped to make England—materially, socially, and spiritually!"

"But how has such a big work been produced?"

"It was projected, I believe, by Mr. Smith, of the firm of Smith, Elder and Co. Mr. Leslie Stephen was appointed the first editor, and when he found the work too heavy, Mr. Sidney Lee succeeded him. These two gentlemen have personally



NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

contributed many of the most interesting notices—those of poets, philosophers, etc., of the first rank—but about fifty literary men and women have been engaged—during the last fifteen years in hunting up material in the British Museum and other places, and boiling down the facts into the smallest compass. The 'Dictionary' will be one of the noblest contributions the nineteenth century has made to our national literature."

Delia was called downstairs by a friend who had come to discuss the absorbing topic of hats and frocks for the winter, but a few evenings later she was again in the book-room, and observing me engaged with the "Dictionary," said:

"I should like you to tell me something about that volume. The idea of the 'Dictionary' has interested me a good deal."

"Very well, then. I have scampered through it. The new volume includes nearly 500 names, from Watson (Anthony), a Bishop of Chichester, who died in 1605, to Whewell (William), the very able Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, who died in 1866. No fewer than fifty Watsons are noted as having been, in Browning's phrase, more or less 'Persons of Importance in their day.' But it is farther on in the volume that, to a Nonconformist and a Methodist, the most interesting names occur. There is, for instance, Isaac Watts."

Delia murmured, "How doth the little busy bee!"

"How few of those who have found in his hymns the most perfect expression of their religious feeling know anything about the great little author—for the large-souled Isaac, who wrote that 'The mind's the measure of the man,' was a Zachæus in stature? His grandfather was commander of a man-of-war under the Commonwealth, and was blown up by an explosion. His father was a Southampton clothier, but so far from being only the 'ninth part of a man,' he was a valorous Independent deacon, who, in the dark days of Charles II., went to gaol for his fidelity, and was actually in gaol when Isaac was born in 1674. The lad loved scribbling verses at school, and he was only twenty when he began composing hymns. Intense study weakened his constitution, and after a few years of London ministry, Isaac accepted the invitation of Sir Thomas and Lady Abney to reside in their house at Stoke Newington, and he remained with them for thirty-seven years. His Church, however, proud of its connection with him, insisted on keeping and paying him as nominal minister, though he preached only very occasionally. Abney Park Cemetery, the favourite burial-ground for Nonconformists in North London, is on part of what was the Abney estate, and one of the walks is called Dr. Watts' Walk.

"Who can estimate the impulse given by Watts to Evangelical hymnology! Canon Leigh Bennett, in this biography, says, 'At the beginning of the

eighteenth century the stern embargo which Calvinism had laid on the use in the music of sacred worship of everything except metrical psalms and canticles had been broken by the obscure hymns of Mason, Reach, Barton, and others; and hymns were freely used in the Baptist and Independent congregations. The poetry of Watts took the religious world of Dissent by storm. It gave an utterance, till then unheard in England, to the spiritual emotions, in their contemplation of God's glory in nature and His revelation in Christ, and made hymn-singing a fervid devotional force."

"That is very interesting," said Delia. "I am afraid I don't note who are the authors of the hymns we sing, but I shall look out for Watts's in future."

"There are about 600 of his hymns in various collections, but, of course, they are not all good. But what would any collection be that did not include 'When I survey the wondrous Cross,' 'Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,' 'Come, let us join our cheerful songs,' and 'O God, our help in ages past? The last is the favourite hymn of the Church of England at its great public demonstrations."

"But don't the Wesleys come in the volume?" Delia asked.

"Of course they do. How could it be a 'Dictionary of National Biography' without them? Samuel Wesley, the father of John and Charles, gets four tightly-packed pages. You know he was rector of Epworth, in Lincolnshire. He was always in financial difficulties, and no wonder, considering that his income was £200 a year, and his family numbered nineteen. It is fortunate there were so many, for Charles, the hymn-writer, was the eighteenth, and what would Methodism have been without Charles Wesley's hymns? Charles is also given four pages. He is credited with having written the almost inconceivable total of 6,500 hymns, of which about 500 are still in common use.

"Says Rev. Alexander Gordon, who contributes the notice: 'Dealing with every topic from the point of view of spiritual experience, they rarely subside into the meditative mood. Rich in melody, they invite to singing, and in the best of them there is a lyrical swing and an undertone of mystical fervour which both vitalise and mellow the substratum of doctrine.' As to John, Mr. Gordon gives him eleven pages, and it is none too much. Every Methodist should be fairly familiar with the life of the Abraham of Methodism, the 'father of the faithful.' This is a word-likeness of John Wesley: 'Like all the Wesleys, he was of short stature; his person was slim, and his countenance was fresh-coloured. His eye was, on the testimony of a friend, the brightest and most piercing that can be conceived. From early life he wore his (originally auburn) hair in long locks reaching to his shoulders. There is, unfortunately, no doubt that Wesley and

his wife did not get on well together, but Mr. Gordon considers there were faults on both sides. 'She was tart of temper, and Wesley's ways were trying.' Neither understood the other, and Wesley, unintentionally, often aroused her jealousy. It is pretty clear, from extracts given in this notice, that John Wesley was much less of a 'Wesleyan,' theo-

logically and ecclesiastically, than many who name themselves after him."

"Of course he wasn't a Wesleyan," said Delia. "He was a Primitive. If he was not a Primitive, we are not."

It was not for me to argue out this point with her in her present militant Peace mood.

LIBRARIUS.

Timely Topics for Primitive Methodists.

VIII.—THE UNION QUESTION YET AGAIN.



O see ourselves as others see us is interesting and sometimes helpful. We have several times been reminded that the eyes of the Christian world are upon us in regard to this question of union with the Bible Christians. Perhaps, if we could see ourselves from that point of view it might help us to act wisely. Not that the outside world necessarily knows our

business better than we know it ourselves; but lookers-on often see most of the game. Detachment gives a certain largeness of view which is often impossible to those who are in the thick of the business. We believe the general Christian public are deeply interested in the issue of this movement. It comes after years of talk among the Churches about union, and may be looked upon therefore as a kind of test case which will afford some indication as to how much the talk has meant. Has it been real or mere platform gush? If two Churches with much in common as to their origin and general character fail to find a satisfactory basis of union, it will be assumed that the latter supposition is correct. If it is a mystery to an outsider why the Methodist Churches cannot all unite, it will be more mysterious still when he discovers that the difficulties in the way of union between the Bible Christians and ourselves have proved insuperable.

But to many of us a more vital question is as to how this movement is regarded by the Bible Christians. It should be remembered that they are more thoroughly committed to the principle of union than we are. Their Conference, at any rate, is committed to the principle, and some of the lower courts as well, although the question has not, of course, been submitted to the Quarterly Meetings of the Circuits. So far as we can judge, the leading ministers and laymen are for the most part strongly in favour of union. The resolution adopted by their last Conference, by a very large majority, was as follows: "That the information asked for by the Primitive Methodists respecting the financial condition of our denomination, and such other general information, be completed as far as possible

and supplied to them with the least possible delay, on the single condition that similar information be supplied respecting the Primitive Methodist denomination for the use of our committee and people generally; that in the meantime, the proposed amended constitution be printed in the Minutes of the Conference, and further, as our friends have, so far as they have been consulted, already affirmed the principle of union, if it can be effected on terms mutually satisfactory to both communities, it shall be left to the Connexional Committee to determine when the information contemplated in the resolution shall be laid before the Quarterly Meetings, preparatory to their decision on the whole question being obtained."

The position taken up in that resolution is a perfectly reasonable one, and is in advance of anything we ourselves have done. It would seem, indeed, that their disposition in favour of union is more pronounced than our own. Whether that applies only to the Conference, or is shared by the circuits, has yet to be shown; but if the tone of the higher courts may be taken as indicative of that of the Stations, there can be no doubt that when the verdict of the people is taken it will be overwhelmingly on the side of union. The leaders of the denomination believe heartily that union would be of advantage to themselves, and advance the interests of the Church of Christ. They favour union from no narrow denominational standpoint, but because they are convinced it would make for the progress of the Kingdom of God. They are willing to make all reasonable concessions in order to effect this object, but since it is a question of union and not absorption, it cannot be expected that they will be willing to concede everything. This, so far as we can gather, is the attitude of the leaders of the denomination, and they may be expected to reflect, in the main, the feelings of the members and officials.

Coming now to the point of view from which this question has been regarded by our own Church, and the general feeling which obtains in regard to it, one is struck with the fact that attention has been largely fixed on matters of minor consideration. The question as to why these two Churches with so much in common should remain apart has been too much ignored. And the desirability of union on

account of its bearing on the advancement of the Kingdom of God has been very little heard of. That should surely be the supreme consideration with men who profess loyalty to the will of Jesus Christ. It need not be assumed that that Will seeks the organic union of all the Churches; but there can be no question that it seeks the advancement of His Kingdom, and that should be the point of view from which the whole question should be regarded.

Unfortunately, attention has been directed to mere questions of Church government, which, though undoubtedly of great importance, are only a means to an end. The wonderful thing is that some people are so attached to their own Shibboleth in these matters, that they would rather leave the Church of their choice than submit to union on any terms but their own. This, of course, is an extreme position, and taken up, so far as we know, by very few. Still, in its milder forms, the same spirit has been a good deal more manifested in the course of the discussions on this question than is at all desirable. That the leading ministers and laymen are in favour of union, with some notable exceptions, is evident. They have stood manfully by the principle all through, and having set their hands to the plough nothing will induce them to look back. Within the next few months the whole question will come before our Church courts. How should they approach its consideration? To say they ought to do so unbiassed, were a counsel of perfection. It is so difficult to divest the mind of prejudice in such matters. And yet this is one of those questions that call, above all things, for a calm unbiassed judgment. It will vitally affect the future of our Church, and will in all likelihood have an important bearing on the progress of the Kingdom of God. Then, the fact that for the most part the two communities are remote from each other should prevent the influence of any ancient jealousies creeping in. The question which we have first of all to consider is this: Will this union tend to the growth of Christian unity in the Church of Christ? Secondly, will it enable the two Churches concerned to carry on their work more effectively? Then the question of a Constitution may come in for consideration, if, that is, these queries have already been answered in the affirmative. Negative replies will practically dispose of the whole subject. The question of the proposed Constitution of the united Church will with many be the main point unfortunately. It is important, but not of primary importance. If the Bible Christians and Primitive Methodists have got along comfortably under their respective systems of Church government, surely neither can be very vicious in principle, and it ought not to be difficult to devise one that shall serve as a *via media* for both. There must, however, be a spirit of compromise, or failure is bound to be the result. Our own Constitution, with all its excel-

lences, is by no means perfect, and the occasion of union would furnish a favourable opportunity for removing some of its anomalies, and bringing it more thoroughly into harmony with the Democratic ideal.

Whatever the result of this movement may be, one cannot help wondering how it will be regarded in 1950. The point of view from which ecclesiastical questions are regarded has been modified enormously during the last half century. That was the period of the great Wesleyan disruption. It goes without saying that if the attitude of the Wesleyan Conference had at all resembled that of the Conference of to-day, there would have been no disruption at all. Vastly less than what has been conceded to the Wesleyan laity to-day would have been accepted by the secessionists of fifty years ago as a complete redress of all their grievances. But apart from that altogether, the tone of the Churches is now far less ecclesiastical than it was at the middle of the century. This is partly due to the fact that so much has been conceded in some quarters to the laymen, but still more to the growing spirit of unity among all the Free Churches. One could wish sometimes that people cared more for forms of government; but it is undeniable that they are more influenced by the life of Churches than their ecclesiastical arrangements. We hear sometimes, that the influence of the pulpit is waning; but never did so much depend upon the character of the man in the pulpit. Where people have no strong Denominational attachments they settle down where they can hear preaching that suits their tastes and meets their needs. They rarely ask any questions as to Church polity, or as to what share they will have in the government of the Church. This is especially the case in large towns, and even in the villages people are far less concerned about matters of Church government than they were fifty or even twenty years ago. How will it be fifty years hence? It may be that the struggle over Sacerdotalism which threatens us in the near future may revive interest in these questions; but it will concern the Anglican Church rather than the Free Churches. It may be inferred, therefore, that the minor considerations which agitate us in connection with this question of union will have been relegated still further into the background by the year 1950; while the larger questions affecting directly the unity of the Church and the advancement of the Kingdom of God, will have come still more to the front. If, then, we allow ourselves to be influenced by minor considerations in deciding the issue placed before us, our children will marvel at the narrowness of our view, and congratulate themselves on living in an age of greater enlightenment and broader views. Let us hope that our decision will be one that will excite their gratitude and admiration, and foreshadow the approach of a nobler and a better time.

JOSEPH RITSON.



Prison Life in the Soudan.

WHAT MAHDISM MEANT FOR CHRISTIAN CAPTIVES.



HERE are three men living to-day to whom the bare mention of the name of the Soudan will conjure up memories of the most agonising experiences human beings ever endured. They are Slatin Pasha, Father Ohrwalder, and Charles Neufeld. These three men

were made prisoners by the dervishes soon after the rising of the false Mahdi, and spent many years in close and bitter captivity. Slatin and Ohrwalder managed to escape—the former after something like fifteen years' captivity, and Ohrwalder after ten. Neufeld was not so lucky. He spent twelve years in chains, and the joys of freedom only came to him when the Sirdar's forces reached Omdurman last year and shelled the place to pieces. Then his shackles were knocked off, and for the first time for twelve years the poor man felt the unfettered use of his limbs. In one respect, the three captives are alike—they have each published a book dealing with their experiences in those dread years of confinement. Slatin and Ohrwalder got theirs out soon after their escape; Neufeld's has only just appeared. The three together will live and have historical value. They make up a trilogy on prison life in the Soudan of absorbing interest, and no right appreciation of the rise and growth of Mahdism, and its devastating effects upon the Soudan,

is possible unless the experiences of these eye-witnesses are read.

The three books are very much unlike. This is because the men themselves are also unlike. Slatin Pasha is a military man. He was an officer in the Egyptian army under General Gordon. He was governor of an interior province to the south of Khartoum, Darfur by name, and his last parting with Gordon was when he left that Christian hero to take up his duties just when Mahdism was bursting into flame. They never met again. Gordon remained at Khartoum to fall at his post. Slatin went to his head-quarters to be confronted by the Mahdist revolt, and to spend weary months in trying to quell it. That portion of the story does not now concern us. Suffice it to say, that Slatin had bad luck. His forces met with reverses. Many of his men—even his officers—were in open sympathy with the dervishes, and desertions and conspiracies were common. In the end he decided to capitulate. He yielded to the Dervishes and was taken, before the Mahdi, to remain a prisoner for fifteen years. In comparing the book describing those experiences with the two other books, one or two essential facts must be borne in mind. In the first place Slatin was not treated as a Christian. He had nominally embraced Mohammedanism some time before his surrender. His officers were Egyptians and followers of Islam; so also were his men; and he felt that as a member of another faith he had not that influence over them which he ought to

possess, and which he might possess, if he followed their own faith. For that reason he nominally became a Mohammedan. This, of course, was known to his captors, and it made a great difference in their treatment of him. Moreover, he was their first important prisoner. He was an officer and administrator of high rank, and so long as he was not allowed to escape, it added much to the prestige of the Mahdist forces to have him in their custody. Consequently, Slatin was not at all badly treated when compared with the experiences of Ohrwalder and Neufeld. He had his liberty much of the time. The Mahdi, and the Khalifa after him, treated him with a certain amount of distinction. He had a house given him, servants, and a wife, a mount, and so on. He was frequently in the



MR. CHARLES NEUFELD, RESCUED FROM CAPTIVITY
AT OMDURMAN.

Mahdi's presence, and in later years the Khalifa used to treat him in quite a friendly manner, calling him in to assist him in his correspondence, and gravely describing to him the blessings awaiting the faithful in paradise! The cruellest blow Slatin must have had during his captivity was the terrible incident which followed the fall of Khartoum. It was an anxious time. Slatin was just then in chains. The Dervishes were intoxicated with religious delirium and the wild joy of victory. Khartoum had fallen, and the brave heart which had defied them so long was still in death. In their savage glee the Mahdists hastened to Slatin bearing a package wrapped in cloth. They opened it, and Slatin's gaze fell upon the severed head of his old chief. The reader may try and fancy what his feelings would be. He did not know how soon the clemency extended towards him would be withdrawn, and his own head be similarly dealt with.

These facts account for much in Slatin's book which is not found in the other two. At the same

time, he agrees with them on many points. His picture of the Mahdi and the Khalifa is the same. The Mahdi was a voluptuary, who may have been sincere at first, but degenerated into tyrannous excesses after his early victories. The Khalifa was even worse. His heart was black. He had no vestige of mercy and kindness in his nature. He was cruel and blood-thirsty, relentless to a degree, thirsting only for power and dominion, and willing to crush whatever stood in the way of his attainment of them. He literally carried fire and sword over the Soudan. It became a waste. Whole tribes were exterminated. Villages and towns disappeared in smoking ruins. Commerce and agriculture were abandoned. Law and religion were virtually dead, for Mahdism could hardly be called a religion, since it meant nothing more than relentless war upon all who came in its way, and the building up of a new empire with the Khalifa as its Sultan. Slatin Pasha paints these phases of Mahdism in blackest colours. One statement of his alone will serve as an illustration of how he regarded it—namely, that it had involved the deaths of a third of the entire population of the Soudan, and that the country would not recover from its terrible wounds for more than one generation.

Let us now look at the second figure in our trio of authors. Father Ohrwalder was an Austrian and a priest in a Roman Catholic mission. The Roman Catholics, by the way, have ever been industrious in the Soudan. In most parts of Africa English Protestant missionaries are in the majority, but it is a fact that in the Soudan the Catholics were making strong their ground when the Mahdi rose and put an end to missionary work for the time. At the present moment the Sirdar has not withdrawn his prohibition, and the country is still closed to missionaries. When the veto is removed, it is to be hoped that Protestant effort will not lag behind that of the Catholics. Father Ohrwalder was stationed at Dar Nuba, in Darfur, with other missionaries, and four Catholic Sisters. They were taken prisoners soon after they arrived there, and when the mission was looking hopeful. This was in 1882. They had a foretaste of what was in store for them when they saw their little church demolished, and left a heap of ruins on the very day of their capture. They were robbed of all they possessed, and threatened by thousands of shrieking fanatics. Then they were taken to El Obeid, where the Mahdi was stationed, and before whom they were taken. He treated them kindly, and then passed them on to his Khalifa Abdullah, who was dealing with all the prisoners. Abdullah, as the whole world has learnt since, was a different kind of man. He at once impressed Ohrwalder as being cruel and ignorant. He invited them to become Moslems, and brusquely told them that if they refused they had only death to expect. That was their first taste of the power of their captors; they

were destined to have many more. Repeatedly they were taken before the Mahdi. He pressed them to embrace Mahdism. When they refused, he at first said, "May God lead you into the way of truth," but when they continued to refuse, he grew angry. They were asked if they preferred death. With Christian heroism they answered that they did. Then a council of war was held to consider what steps should be taken with them. The general verdict was in favour of death, and this fate—which all of the prisoners would have wel-

comed—was only averted by one of the council remembering an old statute of Mohammed's. According to Moslem law it is not lawful to kill priests who have not offered armed resistance. It was this which saved the life of Father Ohrwalder, and accounts for his presence in civilisation to-day.

We cannot follow the prisoners through their years of weary captivity. Death soon claimed some of their number. The indignities they were subjected to crushed the spirit out of them; and miserable food, abominably filthy surroundings, and



THE KALIFA AND HIS WARRIORS

disease did the rest. For a long time they were confined in a prison—infested with vermin and lacking all sanitary conveniences. Before a month, three of them had passed away—the mission-carpenter and two of the sisters. The survivors were three men and three women. They themselves had to sew the corpses of their comrades in mats and drag them to the door. Then they had to pay, or bribe, slaves to carry them away. But they never had the satisfaction of knowing that the remains of their friends were decently interred. Father Ohrwalder always suspected that they were merely dragged away to rot upon the surface of the ground. It is difficult for the reader to realise in his mind even a faint picture of those terrible days. He must remember that the Mahdists had lost all trace of the better tenets of Islamism. They were de-

veloping into mere savages, dreaming of a day when they would drive Turk and Christian into the sea and overrun the world under the banner of the Mahdi. Their conceit and ignorance knew no bounds. They called themselves the elect of God. They sent letters to the British at Cairo to accept Mahdism or prepare to perish. They even went so far as to talk of the probable "conversion" of the Sovereigns of Europe. Frenzy ran wild. They shouted and shrieked every day, and invoked curses upon the British, calling them "dogs" and "infidels." They made no distinction between Austrians and British. The Austrian captives were white, they were Christians, and that was enough. As a consequence they were subjected to every form of violence and insult. One extract out of scores in Ohrwalder's book, will give an idea of their bitter



CHARLES NEUFELD IN CHAINS.

lot. Two or three of the party were at this moment lying sick. The Dervishes broke in upon them. "The crosses which the sisters wore round their necks were wrenched off and broken to pieces with axes. Sister Consetti Consi, who was then one of the strongest, flew at these cruel intruders, and made them wonder at the boldness of a poor weak woman. Some of them entered with drawn swords, and, pointing their lances at her bosom, threatened her with instant death if she made the slightest resistance; but she answered, 'You are dogs, and not men!' whereupon one of those standing near her gave her a blow on the face, which broke several of her teeth and made her mouth pour with blood."

Instances of this brutal treatment could be multiplied. Yet through it all these noble souls remained Christians. They could have purchased a nominal kind of freedom by a simple acceptance of Mahdism. Here, again, it is necessary to point out that Mahdism was not necessarily Mohammedanism. The celebration of the Prophet's birthday was forbidden by the Mahdi. The pilgrimage to Mecca was abandoned. A Mahdist soldier was even put in prison for saying that "God was higher than the Mahdi." But whatever the creed they were asked to accept the captives declined it. They put their trust in One higher than Mahdi or Mohammed, and were willing to face even death rather than recant and give their enemies chance to gloat over the surrender of a Christian's faith in his God. What the sisters had to face was even worse than death. At last they were parted, and this is how Father Ohrwalder tells the touching story:—

"That evening (it was after they had definitely refused again to become followers of the Mahdi), some thirty men, mounted upon horses, broke into our humble abode, and said they had orders to remove the sisters, assuring us with mock modesty that no harm should happen to them. We, however, well knew what would happen, and absolutely refused to be separated, saying that if they wished they could kill us, and cut off our heads, but that it would be a cruel shame for the Mahdi to ill-treat these poor women after all his solemn promises and assurances. But of what avail could our protests be against brutal violence! They forced their way in, seized the sisters, and took them before the Khalifa Abdullah. He and Khalifa Sherif used every means of cruel barbarity to shake the faith of these poor sisters, and Sherif,* seizing a pair of scissors which one of the sisters was carrying, cut the partition between her nostrils. The Khalifa's wives also howled and insulted them in every base way, and then they were distributed amongst the Emirs."

That was the terrible break-up of their little party. Henceforth, they went their own way, each man and each woman a slave or servant in some powerful man's household. It is best to draw a veil over what happened during those weary years, until death came and claimed all but two. They accompanied the Dervishes as they removed from town to town, and were finally taken to Omdurman, which from a collection of huts grew into the biggest city in the Soudan, and, perhaps, the vilest and most iniquitous spot upon earth. When Khartoum fell, and Gordon was killed, it was to Omdurman the captives were taken. Many of them were women from the harems of the Egyptian officers, and for days and days afterwards the city was sunk in the most abominable profligacy which the sun was ever doomed to gaze upon.

* Sherif is from a word meaning "noble," "aristocratic," "respected"!

However, all things come to an end. The captives longed for death, and not unnaturally. Ohrwalder says: "How fortunate we thought those who had been killed in battle, or had died of starvation or disease! We even envied the lot of those who had been massacred in Khartoum. The anguish of death had been but momentary, and now all suffering and pain were over, while we seemed to have passed through a hundred deaths. We had witnessed the destruction of cities, the annihilation of armies, the slaughter of thousands, and the ruthless massacre and bloodshed of innocent people; man's dignity trodden underfoot, and human life valued far below that of a goat. And after all this, we must live and die forgotten and unknown, our last resting-place a strange land, and our bodies, in all likelihood, food for hyenas. Thus we longed for death to remove us from these scenes of perpetual cruelty and oppression. Our nerves had become so strained that the slightest knock at the door would make us start, the sound of the great onbeia* made us positively tremble." After twelve years there was an end to it. All were dead but Ohrwalder and a sister. Through a friendly Arab they opened communication with Cairo. A huge reward was offered the Arab if he could provide them with camels and smuggle them out of the city. Slatin Pasha had already escaped by precisely the same method. The Arab consented, camels were procured, and late one night, when Omdurman was wrapped in slumber, Ohrwalder and the lady crept out beneath the shadows and took their flight. For days and days they hurried on. They avoided the trade route, and kept to the rocks. They rested and watched by day, and pushed on by night. They rode from Omdurman to Murat, five hundred miles, in seven days. At Murat they were at an Egyptian outpost and were safe. Then they were passed on, and eventually reached Cairo, three weeks after their midnight flight from the dread city of the Khalifa.

Charles Neufeld is the last of the prisoners we shall consider. He is a Prussian by birth, and a trader. He fought with the British in Egypt, and had the confidence of the Government. Finally, after the rise of the Mahdi, and when the far Soudan was rapidly falling into his hands, Neufeld left Egypt on a trading expedition. He had a caravan, and he was the only European with it. There is little doubt now that someone in his party was a traitor. The caravan was taken off the ordinary route, ostensibly to avoid the Dervishes. As a matter of fact, it ran right into the track of the Dervishes. The little party were surprised. There was a fight and they were captured. The man who led the caravan was killed. If he was a traitor he paid for it with his life. Neufeld was taken to Omdurman, and spent twelve years in captivity.

His experiences were simply awful. Reading them, one marvels that he lived through them. He must have had a frame of iron, and nerves of steel. Certainly, he was a brave man. He held the Dervishes in deepest contempt, and seemed to delight in showing it. The usual question was put to him, and he was offered the choice of Mahdism or death. He chose the latter, and gave the Mahdists a piece of his mind. He was carried out to be hanged. The populace assembled in thousands to gloat over his agony. He was lifted up to the gallows, and the rope was put round his neck. His arms were bound. All that was necessary now was to pull the stool from beneath his feet and he would be left hanging. For hours the Dervishes did not do this. They kept him there, standing with the rope round his neck, cursing and jeering at him. For his part he defied them. A fluent Arabic speaker, he answered all their insults, and lashed them into a frenzy of hate and passion. His bravery must have struck his captors. Any way, he was granted a reprieve, and was then taken before learned men to be instructed in Mahdism. He refused time after time. As a consequence he led a terrible life. He was heavily chained, both hands and ankles. He was thrown upon the ground and flogged to within an ace of death. He was struck upon the head, spat upon, pushed and shoved about, persecuted as few mortals in this world were ever before persecuted. But nothing broke his spirit. The chains broke into his flesh, and then the wounds swelled over, with the iron beneath. Not even prison-life crushed him—and the prison at Omdurman was worse than the famous Black Hole at Calcutta. It was crowded to suffocation with masses of fighting brutes. There was no ventilation, no sanitary arrangements, and little air. If a man fell down he was trampled to death. If the noise became too great the gaolers appeared, and with great whips beat the crowd into silence. When morning came, and the door was opened, everybody rushed out panting for a breath of air. Neufeld suffered years of this terrible agony. Then he was permitted to have a small hut for himself. But his chains were never removed. For twelve long years he wore them, and when at last they were taken off he had grown so accustomed to them that he hardly knew how to walk without them.

Slatin Pasha and the Austrian missionaries were, of course, captives about this time. For Slatin, Neufeld seems to have no love. He contrasts their respective lots bitterly, and says he might also have had his sufferings mitigated if he had become a follower of the new religion. Slatin, doubtless, did all he could for his less fortunate companions in exile, but it must be remembered that he had no power of his own. He was himself a prisoner, and though he was not bound, and had a certain amount of liberty, the Khalifa was very suspicious of him, and on several occasions threw him in chains. On

* War-drum.

the other hand, Ohrwalder was on pretty much the same level as Neufeld, and had many opportunities of seeing him. He did what he could for him, and Neufeld remembers it to-day with gratitude. He used to go to the prison and take him food, and if he obtained any money he always had a kindly

thought for the prisoner against whom every Dervish hand seemed to be raised. This was the one gleam of brightness in poor Neufeld's dark days of suffering.

The story of his rescue is deeply romantic. He had not the luck to escape as the others had. He



SLATIN BEY, WHO ESCAPED FROM DARFUR, IN THE SOUDAN.

was too heavily chained, and too keenly watched. He had to abide to the end. It was an anxious time when it was known in Omdurman that the Sirdar, with a powerful force, was marching upon the city. The old-time fanaticism of the Mahdists was leaving them. At Firket, at the Atbara, and

at other places, they had seen that their star was no longer in the ascendant. They talked a great deal of driving the British into the Nile, but in their hearts they were conscious that the day of retribution was at hand. Poor Neufeld must have prayed for the Dervishes to be defeated. At times, too, he must

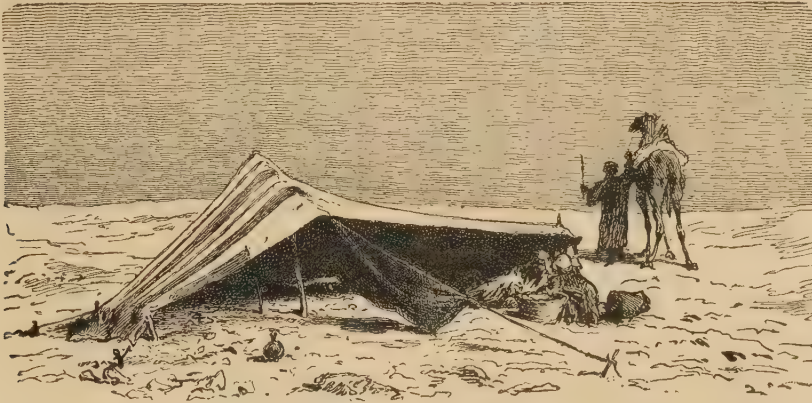
have been haunted by the fear that they would kill all their prisoners first, as a final act of revenge, and on the principle that "dead men tell no tales." Even yet, it is a source of wonder to those acquainted with them that this was not done. It is only explained on the ground that in the confusion the captives were overlooked.

At last the Sirdar was opposite Omdurman. The Dervishes were defeated. Ten thousand of their dead were left upon the brown sand. Then the victors marched into the city. A rush was made for the "saier," or prison. Neufeld was found alive, heavily shackled, too full of emotion to speak, too weak and faint to stand. The officers crowded round him. The Sirdar gripped him by the hand. Then he was carried to a gunboat, and the irons he had worn for twelve years were knocked off by a blacksmith. At first he could hardly realise that he was free, but kind hands and sympathetic hearts, in the place of callous brutality, speedily made him realise that it was no dream, but a blessed reality.

Thus did he turn his back upon the Soudan. To him, at any rate, as well as to Slatin and the Austrian missionaries, it is a land of bitter and dread memories. The Soudan will always live in history as the scene of one of the greatest religious impositions of all time. To those who wasted years of precious life in it as captives, its very name will be synonymous with all that is brutal, savage, and degrading.

It is surely some consolation to them, as well as to us, to reflect that those awful days have passed for ever. Omdurman has fallen. The Khalifa is a refugee, fighting no longer for power and dominion, but flying to escape the penalty of his rebellion against the Government. Mahdism is dead. Khartoum is rising from its ashes. Trade and commerce are reviving, and when the Soudan is once again opened up to missionary enterprise the glad tidings of the Gospel will fall upon the wounded country like balm upon open sores. May the day soon come!

E. P.



The Nile.

It flows through old hushed Egypt and its sands,
Like some grave, mighty thought threading a
dream,

And times and things, as in that vision, seem
Keeping along it their eternal stands,—
Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands
That roamed through the young world, the glory
extreme

Of high Sesostris, and that southern beam,

The laughing queen that caught the world's great
hands.

Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,
As of a world left empty of its throng,

And the void weighs on us; and then we wake,
And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
'Twixt villages, and think how we shall take
Our own calm journey on for human sake.

LEIGH HUNT.



Short Sermons from the Sage of Grasmere.

XI.—NATURE AND IMMORTALITY.



WE are, perhaps, too apt to think of Wordsworth's life as too calm, retired and equable to leave much room for the influence of the ministries of sorrow, but it would be a great mistake to suppose that he had no real share in that inevitable heritage of human experience. On February 6th, 1805, his noble and beloved brother John perished by shipwreck on the Shambles of Portland Head, and Wordsworth learned, with a deep personal pang, that Nature has a message for the heart of man of sternness and rigour, as well as of love and joy. "I feel," he writes, "that there is something cut out of my life which cannot be restored."

His *Elegiac Stanzas*, suggested by a picture of Peele Castle in a time of storm, are but the poet's setting of the same thought. After speaking of the picture as *he* would have painted it, when he had seen the castle, many years before, the centre of a smiling and peaceful scene, he continues:

"So once it would have been—'tis so no more,
I have submitted to a new control,
A power is gone which nothing can restore,
A deep distress hath humanised my soul.
Not for a moment could I now behold
A smiling sea, and be what I have been;
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old:
This which I know, I speak with mind serene."

The poem, however, does not end on this pessimistic note.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne!
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here—
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn."

Or, as the same thought of "cheer" is put in the

prose of one of the letters: "A thousand times have I asked myself, 'Why was he taken away?' . . . Why have we sympathies that make the best of us so afraid of inflicting pain and sorrow, which yet we see dealt about so lavishly by the Supreme Governor? Why should our notions of right towards each other, and to all sentient beings within our influence, differ so widely from what appears to be His notion and rule, *if everything were to end here?* Would it not be blasphemy to say that, upon the supposition of the thinking principle being *destroyed by death*, however inferior we may be to the great Cause and Ruler of things, we have *more of love* in our nature than He has? The thought is monstrous; and yet how to get rid of it, except upon the supposition of *another* and a *better world*, I do not see."

I propose in this paper to leap away, however, from Wordsworth for a space, though I will return to him before closing. Since his day much has happened to give a new complexion to the problem of death and immortality. Science has been busy; the thought and the fact of evolution have taken possession of the human mind never to relax their hold, and it is forced upon us to inquire how far the new science warrants the old faith of the poet. Does its "tuition" support his intuition? Wordsworth owed no little to Butler, but undoubtedly the question of the survival of the soul has passed into a new phase since Butler wrote and laid down his argument for immortality from what he calls the soul's indiscerptibility—that is, a man's incapability of being destroyed by the dissolution or separation of parts. "We see by experience," he says, "that men may lose their limbs, their organs of sense, and even the greatest part of their bodies, and yet remain the same living agents." True, so far, but touch the brain, or take out the heart, and what then? The close correspondence traced since Butler's day between body and soul, between mind-movements and molecular processes, has largely made that argument obsolete. Any apologetic for

immortality to-day must abandon such a style of proof, and go deeper.

What, then, has our very latest science—our most serious exploration of Nature—to say about Death? It seems clearly to tell us that—

1. *Death has not always been.* There was once, for an indefinite period in this world, life without death. It is well known that the evolution of living forms begins with the one-celled organism, called indifferently, Protozoon, or Amœba. These are not structureless as was once supposed. The microscope, with its continually growing powers, has discovered traces of a most subtle, delicate, intricate, and infinitesimal structure within the smallest and simplest living cells. Within the nucleus, or nucleolus—the innermost portion, (answering to the yolk of the egg as distinguished from the white)—organisation, albeit of the faintest sort, has been detected. Now, as long as they continue one-celled these organisms do not die. As Newman Smyth writes, in a suggestive little book on, “The Place of Death in Evolution,” from which I mainly borrow these considerations: “The first one-celled organism, does not exist for a season, produce another, like itself, and then decay and die and totally disappear. It lives on. It divides itself into two cells, each like itself, living thus a double life. This process of simple division and multiplication is carried on for a number of successive generations without the appearance of any dead ancestor, or anything like a dead body. The simplest forms do not die, they bud and divide, increase and multiply.” Weismann ridicules the idea that there is any natural necessity for death. He regards “the power of living on indefinitely, when the vital processes have once begun, as the fundamental peculiarity of living matter.”

2. *When Death comes in Nature, it is as the invariable concomitant, or condition of some larger and fuller life.* Death appears first in the interest of complexity—that is when one-celled organisms became multi-cellular, or many-celled. Then you have what are called *germinal*, or soul-cells, as distinguished from *somatic*, or body cells. Death is therefore the price paid by the organism for a body. The somatic, or body cells, lost the power of indefinite multiplication, and so acquired mortality for the benefit of the other cells. They died that the others might live on. So was mortality acquired as an advantageous adaptation to the great ends of life. But death appears, secondly, in the interests of the fuller life of sexuality. It occurs naturally, so science shows, in the course of a change from a non-sexual method of cell-division to the method which involves sex. “With the rudiments of sex appear also the beginnings of death; or to put it in another way—with the entrance of this new method for the enrichment and diversification of life through sex, enters also the law of decay and death for that remainder of life which is not

caught up into this higher potency of Nature’s fertilisation. By its timely coming, death completes Nature’s first work of keeping in the field the forms capable of the better life, and its further development.” *Death is thus associated with service.* It comes not as enemy to life, but as friend and helper.

3. *If Death has had a beginning, Death may have an end.* It is not an eternal necessity or expedient. And if it has come in for service, it may go out when, and if, that service is done. As Smyth well suggests: Nature does not keep too long in her economy any useless servant—so that

“Dying, I may escape from death,
And life eternal gain.”

There seems to be a distinct tendency towards perfection in organic evolution—“a dramatic tendency” as Fiske calls it. Does not Evolution seem to have done with the body and to have fairly begun with the soul? There seems little or no reason to expect the appearance on earth of any *physical* organisation superior to man. The evolutionary energy must therefore branch off in another direction. It has always sought the higher, so why should it stop now?—and the elimination of death in the region of spirit appears to be one of the directions in which the great Impulse moves. “The moment biology lifts up its eye from its experiments and begins to philosophise, it perceives that life has a larger spiritual background,” and even Weismann, while stoutly maintaining the necessity of a purely mechanical conception of the processes of Nature as alone justifiable, writes: “I, nevertheless, believe that there is no occasion for this reason to renounce the existence of a directive power, or to disown it; only we must not imagine this to interfere directly in the mechanism of the universe, but to be rather behind the latter as the final cause of the mechanism.” Or to quote Fiske—(my purpose is to mass the evidence of leading scientific thinkers)—“According to Mr. Spencer, the divine energy which is manifested throughout the knowable universe is the same energy that wells up in consciousness. Speaking for myself, I can see no insuperable difficulty in the notion that at some period in the evolution of Humanity this divine spark may have acquired sufficient concentration and steadiness to survive the wreck of material forms and endure for ever. Such a crowning wonder seems to me no more than the fit climax to a creative work that has been ineffably beautiful and marvellous in all its myriad stages.”

I am aware that all this is but dim, conjectural, at best, probable. I am aware, also, that the true *cruz* of the problem is the survival of the *individual* life. May there not be more in the fundamental principle of what we call conditionalism, or “Life in Christ,” than we have allowed or imagined? Is Immortality the right of all, or only of those who have “survival value?” I but throw

out the question—I dare not dogmatise in any measure. Does the spiritual worth and content of life determine its chances of future continuance? Is the life endless because it is worthy of being perpetuated? In this connection I come back to Wordsworth. Most pathetically he wrote, towards the close of life here: “It is indeed a deep satisfaction to hope and believe that my poetry will be, while it lasts, a help to the cause of virtue and truth, especially among the young. As for myself, it seems now of little moment how long I may be remembered. When a man pushes off in his little boat into the great seas of Infinity and Eternity, it surely signifies little how long he is kept in sight by watchers from the shore.” But had not Wordsworth that energy of spiritual personality which should secure for him not merely posthumous, but also personal immortality? The concluding words of Mr. Myers’ fine monograph are to the point: “Surely of him, if of any one, we may think as of a man who was so in accord with Nature, so at one with the very soul of things, that there can be no Mansion of the Universe which shall not be to him

a home, no Governor who will not accept him among His servants, and satisfy him with love and peace.” His own words, in the same strain, are the best with which to close this twilight meditation. They are from a poem composed at Grasmere during an evening walk after a stormy day, and when the poet had just read in a newspaper that the death of Mr. Fox (Pitt’s great rival) was hourly expected.

“A Power is passing from the earth
To breathless Nature’s dark abyss;
But when the great and good depart,
What is it more than this—

That man, who is from God sent forth,
Doth yet again to God return?—
Such ebb and flow must ever be,
Then wherefore should we mourn?”

There can be no demonstration of the life to come. The sum of science and of poetry on this insistent question is not more—but not less—than this, that it is ours simply to trust the great Purpose, and to leave ourselves in the hands of the all-wise Purposer whether for life or for death.

J. D. T.

Literature that is Helpful to the Cultivation of the Devout Life.



THE title at the head of this article opens into a very wide, various, and fascinating field of inquiry. What is that subject? Let us look at it more clearly. “Literature that is helpful to the cultivation of the devout life.” Now, though the title does not lay down any very clear and distinct proposition, it does imply a good deal; and to my mind the most significant and practical part of the subject

consists in what it implies or presupposes, and it will be well to linger a little on these implications. It would seem that by the very title of our subject we are committed, first of all, to the position that

I. *We are called to live The Devout Life*; it is something to live for. Saintliness is the goal, and growth in saintliness the daily requirement. Saintliness, both word and thing, may, in certain quarters, perhaps, be somewhat at a discount, and want rehabilitating. To grow saints should be the chief pre-occupation and solicitude of the Church. Saintliness is the most real part of the man who possesses it—more real and vital to him than his muscular strength or mental grasp, his stores of knowledge or

social distinction. Though unconscious of itself, as “Moses wist not that his face did shine,” it will stand confessed and make its presence felt. If there is one thing we should be jealous of, it is, that other Churches should produce more saints, and saints of a higher type than our own. Here there may well be a holy rivalry. We are thankful for our succession of legislators, administrators, scholars, able preachers; let us be even more thankful and solicitous for the uninterrupted succession of our saints. A Church which yields them in abundance is neither dead nor dying. To it belongs the future.

“The healing of the world
Is in its nameless saints. Each separate star
Seems nothing, but a myriad scattered stars
Break up the night and make it beautiful.”

BAYARD TAYLOR.

We Nonconformists do not make half enough of our saints. After Dr. Reynolds’ death one wrote, “If Congregationalism had its saints he would be one of them.” One is ready to ask, and why should not Congregationalism have its roll of saints, and the name of Dr. Reynolds be inscribed thereon? Let us have our Hagiography—our Connexional saint-roll. We do not want saints canonised by Conferential authority or universal church-suffrage, but if our judgment and heart tell us that such a

one really walked with God, and lived the Christly life, let us cherish the memory of the departed; and even, if to ourselves and for ourselves, we commemorate the day of his translation by studying his character and praying for grace to follow him even as he followed Christ, what harm can come of it—or, rather, what but good can come of it?

II. *The Devout Life needs to be cultivated.* The Christian life must not be left to grow of itself like a plant by the hedge-side, or make its own way like a foundling. Something more is required than to leave the religious side of our nature to take the impress of the chances and contingencies of daily life, or than even passively to receive the shape and stamp of our Church ordinances. Shall a man intelligently busy himself with the secular business of his life, and leave what is, after all, the *chief* business, to get itself done as best it can by mere rule-of-thumb procedure? Here, surely, if anywhere, there should be some reasonable correspondence between means and ends. In striving to become men and women patterned after Christ, there is room—yea, urgent need for—plan and purpose; for thought, strenuous endeavour and perseverance. *In perseverance, said Christ, shall ye win your souls. Exercise thyself unto godliness,* says Paul, *i.e.,* Do the work of a gymnast in order to acquire a practical, operative, cultive piety. Longfellow's youth carried a banner with the strange device, "*Excelsior*." So all Christians should be excelsiorists. Or, to change the figures, there must be a daily putting off—even if the putting off be infirmities and ignorances—and a daily putting on—a daily climbing the ladder Jacob saw. And here let me say that no theory of Christian perfection is either Scripturally or psychologically defensible which checks the desire to mount higher, much less which leaves a man to congratulate himself that he is at the top.

Nowhere have I found these first-truths of the practical Christian life more clearly and finely expressed than in this sonnet of George Macdonald:

"Go thou into thy closet; shut thy door
And pray to Him in secret; He will hear,
But think not thou, by one wild bound to clear
The numberless ascensions, more and more,
Of starry stairs that must be climbed, before
Thou comest to the Father's likeness near,
And bendest down to kiss the feet so dear
That, step by step, their mounting flights passed o'er.
Be thou content if on thy weary need
There falls a sense of showers and of the spring;
A hope that makes it possible to fling
Sickness aside, and go and do the deed;
For highest aspiration will not lead
Unto the calm beyond all questioning."

Yes, "Enter thou thy closet," and take with you your Bible and some other good helpful book—for

III. *Books may help you in the Cultivation of the Devout Life*,—will help you to climb the ladder Jacob saw. Due provision, and at stated times,

should be made for the deepening of the spiritual life. What you read then and there will not be for the sake of information, much less for amusement, but for casting light on the upward path, and gaining mounting power. The "closet"—whether it be a place, or the act of retirement within the farthest sacred recesses—the penetralia—of a man's own spirit, is above all, the place and means for generating force and gaining motive-power. Nor would we interpret the word "closet" too literally. While elbowing his way through the crowd on London Bridge, a man may commune with the unseen. Still, a Christian man should have a place where "prayer is wont to be made," and as far as possible have his stated seasons for retirement. But here again, we allow a good deal of liberty to the individual as to time and method. We would not post ourselves at the closet-door, watch in hand, to see how long a time is spent within. What shall go on at the other and inner side of the closed door I know not. What particular methods of soul-cultivation you may practise, it is not for me to conjecture, much less to enjoin. The retirement is too sacred for a stranger to penetrate, and by penetrating violate. If you should take with you a Book of Devotion, and use it to set the key to your own prayers and meditations, who—if you find help therefrom—shall condemn you? Certainly not I. In reading the life of Dale of Birmingham, I find him at one time comparing notes with Rev. P. T. Forsyth, the writer of that intensely spiritual and helpful little book, "The Holy Father and the Living Christ,"—comparing notes, I say, about some prized volume of ancient devotions. To me this passage was significant of much. I have a volume recently published, of much merit on various grounds, entitled, "Great Souls at Prayer; Fourteen Centuries of Prayer, Praise and Aspiration. From St. Augustine to Christina Rossetti and Robert Louis Stevenson." If for the 24th of the month you were to use the prayer of Thomas Becon, 1511-1567, or this short one composed as early as 700, "Help us, O Lord, to flourish like pure lilies in the courts of Thine house, and to show forth to the faithful the fragrance of good works, and the example of a godly life, through Thy mercy and grace, Amen," you might not be disadvantaged thereby, or your own prayers hindered. I have seen a Phillips Brooks' Calendar for the present year, designed to be helpful to the Christian by profitably leading his meditations. No writer of modern times has said wiser, truer, or more helpful things than Phillips Brooks. This is what is culled from him under date of 24th Jan.: "It is while you are patiently toiling at the little tasks of life that the meaning and shape of the great whole of life dawns upon you. It is while you are resisting little temptations that you are growing strong." This seems to me eminently a word in season, and one thinks the Phillips Brooks' Calendar would not be

out of place if it were hung up in the place where prayer is wont to be made.

Surely there are few who will at this time of day maintain that we must be "men of one book," in the sense that all other books are superfluous. If there are any still left who shall say that our fathers did their work with the Bible and the Hymn Book, and why should not we? we would remark that by including the Hymn Book they give themselves away, for the Hymn Book, at any rate, the one we have now, embodies a considerable body of the best Hymnal literature selected on the most catholic principles. Let us not be narrower than the Bible itself. Paul wrote to Timothy, "Quench not the Spirit; despise not prophesyings; prove all things, hold fast that which is good." These are not the disconnected aphorisms they are sometimes taken to be. They may be liberally rendered: "Do not extinguish the spiritual nature within you, by suffering that part of your powers to be atrophied. Despise not the men who live in the invisible world, and bear testimony to the things which they have seen and known. Yet take not all utterances of all prophets as of equal authority; test them; and such as prove in the trial beneficent by animating human life, and making it nobler and better, to these hold fast; that is the test—by their fruits ye shall know them." Perhaps we may not have seen quite as much as this in these precepts of Paul, as often as we have read them, but minted afresh for us by Lyman Abbott (for I have been quoting from his recent little book, "The Soul's Quest") and through his hand, the practical truths they teach stand out fresh and sharply-cut. This particular instance may suffice to show the kind of service good books are continually doing for us—the seers make us see,—they remind and retranslate the old truths for us. "The Lord hath yet more light and truth to break forth from His written word," said John Robinson, in his address to the Pilgrim Fathers, and even if we were to believe that God's Spirit has no absolutely fresh light to give, (which were an almost inconceivable supposition) yet good books can help to liberate the light from the letter which so often enshrines and enshrouds it.

And here I am going to quote from a precious letter of John Pulsford, which was published for the first time in the March Number of this Magazine. But first let me say, that Pulsford was a true prophet and seer if ever there was one. A ministerial friend of mine was once present when Pulsford was in the pulpit, and Dr. Guinness Rogers was one of the congregation. My friend said to himself, as he looked from one to the other: Ah, Rogers, you are a man of war! You can give a rousing fighting speech, but you can't make us see as yon Mystic in the pulpit can do. Pulsford's "Quiet Hours" has become, and deservedly so, a classic among those books which are true aids to the Devout life. When this man of deep spiritual insight awaited, in physi-

cal feebleness, the Master's call, a relative asked him whether he ever preached now, and his answer was, "Oh no; I wish I could. There was a time when I was unfit to preach—too carnal; but now there is absolutely nothing between me and Christ; but I cannot preach now." It is almost incredible that a man like Pulsford, so gentle, so spiritual, such a teacher of the deep things of God, should, nevertheless, have met with the usual prophet's reward. As the article before referred to tells us, when he was minister in Hull, a sort of Association of ministers waited upon him in a season of deep trial, and the chief of the group solemnly read a document signed by all, cutting him off from their communion.

Similar was the experience of Thomas T. Lynch, another man who, taught of God, saw into the heart of things. When we sing his "Dismiss me not Thy service, Lord," or read his volume of sacred verse, called the "Rivulet," or his "Sermons for my Curates," or his "Letters to the Scattered," who would think that for writing that "Rivulet" he had, so to speak, to pass through deep waters. But it was so. Dr. Campbell, the arch-heresy hunter, was on his track, and James Grant, author of the now forgotten "Heaven My Home," said of it: "There is not, from beginning to end, one particle of vital religion or evangelical piety in it." But the "Rivulet" will flow on when the works of both Grant and Campbell are dried up and forgotten. How time sifts the gold from the dross, and how it makes the wheel of man's reputation go round full circle!

But after this digression let us give the quotation from John Pulsford's unpublished letter we promised.

"I feel sure that there are for every age special centres of revelation and channels of inspiration. . . . In my judgment of books my rule is not to inquire about the writer, but what is written? Does it quicken and enlarge my soul? Does it elevate my mind, kindle my sympathies, and heighten my aspirations?"

Yes, these are the questions. Does, in short, the writer help us to climb, not merely to luxuriate in sentiment and merely dream about climbing? Or, to put it in another way: In the landscape of every Christian life, as in the life of Elijah, there should be the Mount Carmel of achievement—the Mount Horeb of revelation and, too inevitably, there will be the Wilderness of Depression, with its gloomy fateful Juniper tree. Are the books we read such as help us in each experience? Do they urge us to look to the only source of permanent success? To wait for, and secure, the consecration and crown of all our work in the descending fire? Do they help us to be attent to catch the accents of the "still small voice," and see "the land of far distances," (Is. xxxiii.). And, when the blood creeps, and the nerves prick and tingle; and the heart is sick and "all the wheels of Being slow," are they our good angels to revive and hearten us? If

so, then God, who fulfils Himself in many ways, is helping us by means of good books.

And now I am reminded by the only other unnoticed word in the title of our subject—the word “literature”—that the field historically widens. Literature is the best that has been thought and written, says Matthew Arnold. But all books designed for edification are not literature. Book after book of a religious kind, as I know full well, issues from the press—well-intentioned, no doubt—but utterly commonplace in thought, and entirely without style and any salt of life. What other fate awaits them than speedily to sink like lead in the waters of oblivion? Other books of the same class that promised and achieved better things, “have had their day, and ceased to be.” We can remember the time when “Heaven our Home,” before mentioned, was all the rage. The books of John Angell James, Dr. Jas. Hamilton, Dr. Vaughan, to mention two or three out of scores that might be instanced, were circulated by thousands. They did much good, too—they served their generation and—fell on sleep. They did not succeed in winning their way into the ranks of the immortals, like Thomas a’Kempis’ “Imitation of Christ,” or they were not admitted into the literature of devotion composed of those select works that, as if by common consent, men recognise as belonging to all time, and as having a message for each generation. The writers of these books may have belonged to divergent schools of thought, but they dealt with the primal needs of man, and the essentials of Christianity, and so, while the fickle and the frail have dropped from the memory of the writers, their books, because they dealt with the things that cannot be shaken, have their reward in being amongst the books that abide.

And now we ought, at this point, to survey the field, and notice one or two of these outstanding, perennially interesting and helpful books. But this pleasant survey must be left to a second paper.

Permit, however, a closing word or two on some recent books which will be found helpful to the devout life. I will make no mention of Dr. Miller, who writes so much that it is impossible to keep up with his output, or of Dr. Gordon, or Andrew Murray. Dr. Denny’s “Gospel Questions and Answers;” Mr. Forsyth’s “Holy Father and the Living Christ,” (before mentioned), and Mr. Jowett’s “From Strength to Strength,” all three belonging to the series named, “Little Books on Religion,” may be unreservedly and strongly recommended. So may a little book by a cultured Congregational minister called, “Christ Come and Coming,” which Rev. R. G. Graham noticed at full length in the *Aldersgate Magazine* for March. Dr. Walsham How, late Bishop of Wakefield, has left behind him a book called, “The Closed Door,” which the *Spectator* rightly praises as “above criticism.” Of

Bishop How, the Editor of the *British Weekly*, in a leader, asked the strange question, whether Bishop Walsham How was not a perfect man? and proceeded to canvass his life and character so full of labour, and yet so calm, his humility, his utter unselfishness. The conclusion arrived at was that he must be enrolled amongst the saints of God. He was an Anglican Bishop, but, thank God! saintliness knows no limitations. It is Christ’s, and we are Christ’s, and therefore Christ’s saints belong to us. There is one passage from the “Closed Door” which I will venture to give, because my brethren, like myself, will feel that, with our hands and minds constantly so full of business and care, there is great danger lest we should be ecclesiastically busy and spiritually slothful.

“*Scantiness of Devotion.*” Prayer (in the wider sense of all acts of devotion) is the great spiritual act of our lives. It is spirit communing with spirit. It is entering behind the veil and being face to face with God. It is the voice of the spiritual life, “the spirit’s vital breath,” the very life of the life. Spiritual life can no more grow without devotion than the bodily life without breathing. But how much time do we give to devotion? One who had no sins to confess, no weakness to deplore, no perplexities to lay before God for solution, spent whole nights in prayers. We cannot. I have known one woman who for many years spent two hours in the morning and three at night daily in devotion. Mr. Congreve, at the Plymouth Church Congress, told of a Wesleyan whose life grew into wonderful sanctity, and who was able to spend six hours a day, and sometimes a whole night, in devotion. Which of us *could* do that even for once? But is it not sadly often true, when the spiritual life is not thriving, that our cause is to be sought here? There is little prayer. Of course, there are *forms* of prayer, but of real, earnest supplication, how scant a measure! Oh! we sigh over our deadness and coldness, and lack of life in religion, when all the time it is easy enough to point to the cause. A short, hurried prayer in the morning—a longer, perhaps, but dull and weary, or even sleepy, prayer at night—is not this cause enough? Such may not be the actual habit, but how often sloth steps in and drags the soul down to this meagre measure. Prayer is a poor thing unless there is at least *time* enough to realise calmly God’s presence, and to wait upon Him. Public prayer is very blessed; but public prayer can never make amends for scantiness of private prayer. Oh! how humbling it is to find we can read a light book for hours without weariness—talk with an earthly friend for hours without weariness—yet half an hour with God! oh! how long it seems! Can we really love One we care so little to be with?”

EDITOR.



The Duty of Living Joyously.

By REV. J. PEARCE.



N one of his little books, Dr. Miller writes, "They are in the habit of saying in the East, that in India the flowers yield no fragrance, the birds do not sing, and the women never smile. In a sense it is almost literally true. Flowers, even of the richest hues, give out but little perfume, birds of brightest plumage utter only piercing notes instead of sweet songs; and the faces of the women are sad as they go about enduring their sorrowful lot." All this is more than sad. Scentless flowers, songless birds, smileless women are phenomena with which we prefer to be unfamiliar; and yet, when we come to look out on life, we find too many of our fellows with drooped heads, sorrowful faces, songless lips. No sunshine seems to fall athwart their path, no flowers spring up in their life-garden, no angels issue from the Eternal World to give them cheer. It is all too plain that they have misread life's significance, misapprehended God's will concerning them, yielded to the tyranny of circumstances, and come to believe that a sorrowful lot is their portion here. It is a pity that so many Christian lives should thus be robbed of their brightness, for the flowers of God ought never to be scentless, the birds of God ought never to be without songs, the children of God ought always to have a shining face. Christianity inculcates joy as a duty, sets it before us as a something for which we ought earnestly to strive. In His valedictory address, Jesus bequeathed joy to His followers as a priceless heirloom that ought never to pass out of the family, and as He spoke thus of joy when only a stone's throw from Calvary, He has taught us that our joy is altogether independent of circumstances. That joy is not worth having which is blown away by the winds of adversity. "It is like the summer birds that visit our clime while the flowers bloom

and the skies are warm and the earth wears her robes of green. They pour out their songs amid universal gladness, singing while all voices sing. But when the first chill autumn days come, they are gone, and when all is bare and bleak and the storms beat, they are no here to be seen. Anyone can rejoice when all things go well. We want the birds that will stay and sing in our bosom in the depth of winter. We want a joy that will live under the heaviest snows of trial, like those flowers which do not perish even under the heaviest drifts, and which appear in sweet bloom when the snow melts away in the spring." This is the joy Jesus has bequeathed to us—a light that shines resplendently in the blackest night, a peace the world's worst hubbub need not disturb, a gladness no man can take from us, except by our own consent, a secret heaven which may still be ours when all hell's myrmidons have fought their best against us. When the crown of thorns is on our head we can be wearing underneath it a crown of purest bliss. When the sackcloth covers our body, our heart can wear the garment of praise. No excuse can be framed for our failure to win joy. Gloom is not a necessity of our nature, nor a sanction of our religion. We are nowhere commanded to live sorrowfully. *Our temperament does not exempt us from the duty of living joyously.* There are some who are of a melancholy build. Thomas-like they never see the bright side of things. Tell them it is summer, and they will croak about the coming of winter. They have dwelt so long in the shadows that they have missed the sunshine. Unfortunately, these people imagine that they can never be other than down in the dumps, and they envy the sunny, the hopeful, the buoyant. Now, no one is doomed to a lugubrious life. Our temperament can be corrected, disciplined, and out of the most unpromising soil we can get a precious harvest. Many who have been naturally morbid have triumphed over their nature, and yielding themselves to God's grace, have entered upon a

bright and blessed life. There are crowds of angels pressing about every heart-door who only want an invitation to enter, who, admitted, awake a minstrelsy, which is fatal to all phases of melancholy. *Past failure* does not exempt us from the duty of living joyously. To many, past follies and failures are like ghosts, which ever and anon step out of the darkness and hiss at them to their discomfort and disquietude. And, certainly, the memory of mis-spent days, and of missed chances, is not unlikely to be a kill-joy.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—'It might have been.'"

In this matter of misapplying life, we are all more or less guilty. What visions we might have sighted. What dishes we might have tasted. What music we might have heard. What prizes we might have gained. But is there any wisdom in thus dwelling on our failures? Is it not to sin against the present to be always uselessly lamenting the past? Is it not our plain duty to give oblivion to whatever evils we have seriously abjured? Ought we not to look at our old sins in the light of the grace of God? In any case, is it not to add sin to sin, folly to folly, loss to loss, to allow our past failures to deprive us of present blessing? The Apostle never forgave himself for the errors of his life as a Pharisee, but he did not suffer them to keep him back from an

abounding life, an abounding love, an abounding joy. He reached forth unto the things which were before. So ought we, if we claim to know the love of God, to resolutely give interment to whatever would keep us from climbing the serene and sunny heights to which our Saviour summons us. It is our duty to live blithely and beautifully, *in spite of our sorrows past or present*. Archbishop Whately used to say to his friends: "Don't shiver over last year's snow." Some are never more in their element than when exposing old wounds, raking up the sorrows of long ago, calling dead experiences, like ghastly skeletons, back to life. Nothing good can come of these perpetual recitals, these painful shiverings. They are only evidence too obvious that sorrow has not disciplined its subject as it ought, while they also perpetuate misery and keep the soul from the paths of peace. Sorrow, past and present, has not had legitimate treatment from us if it hinders instead of accentuating our joy. Sorrow ought evermore to be a Pisgah summit whence God's Canaan can best be sighted, a golden key opening a door into a fresh apartment of our Father's dwelling, a gracious instructress leading our footsteps out of earth's mazes into Heaven's splendour. Happy they who have learnt the secret of perpetual joy in the school of Christ. Uninterrupted communion with Him means uninterrupted gladness.

Connexional Biography.

REV. WILLIAM EVANS, (1).

THE county of Salop has the honour of a magnificent roll of men given to the history of our beloved Connexion. At one period it was discovered that sixty preachers were in the full ministry who came from among the "proud Salopians." The fine honour of their county gave a first basis of local patriotism which the Christ of Nazareth sanctified by the humble service of His love throughout both rural and urban England.

William Evans, of blessed memory, was among the early names of this roll. He was born at Muckleton, in the parish of Shawbury, July 24, 1828. At the early age of three he was left motherless; his grandparents taking charge of him, while the limited education possible to him was supplied by a godly aunt at the "Dame School." His father was among the first members of the Buttler's Bank Society, in Prees Green Circuit. In his fifteenth year, when attending a week-night prayer meeting, William made the great decision, and led by the Holy Spirit, ultimately entered into the enjoyment of forgiveness of sins and fellowship with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. A life thus commenced in the atmo-

sphere of prayer, simple wrestling, and communings with God, continued its course in the same spirit.

"How he prayed!" was the note of esteem and admiration all through his lengthened ministry. Because he could pray he was quickly sent to preach; he was a supply for both preachers and class-leaders. Before he was raised to full plan he was called into the ministry by his own circuit, and from Dec. 1851, to July 1854, he was the "prophet of honour" to his own country people. The simple qualification that swept the path and secured him hosts of friends, many converts, and marvellous victories, was his power in prayer: "How he prayed!" In this spirit of prayer he realised all other needs, and became a hard student, an industrious preacher, and a brave painstaking superintendent. In succession he was stationed at Lichfield, Bishops Castle, Church Stretton, Leominster, and Weobley, West Bromwich, Brierley Hill, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Stafford, at Macclesfield (twice), Sandbach, Hanley, Tunstall, Lichfield, Ludlow, Darlaston, Tipton, and Crewe. Thus for more than forty-five years as a minister of the Lord Jesus he served his nation

and humanity by the will of God. The mere table of his successes as scheduled for Connexional reference appears marvellous in view of all the disadvantages and difficulties he knew, and the distances he must have covered to reach his work, or realise his purpose, but then—"How he prayed!"

I find the following among the quiet notes of his few brief days of rest before his final triumph:—Number of new chapels built, 22; improved, enlarged and altered, 21; new schoolrooms, 12; ministers' houses, 2. Towards these several objects raised £16,200, exclusive of all smaller efforts in cleaning, painting, etc., of properties; 28 fresh places were missioned, and in most instances permanent positions secured for our Connexion. While there were clear additions to our membership after filling up all vacancies, and recovering all losses—decreases by removals, etc., of over 1,100 members. The secret is told in another of his quiet notes, a review of his blessed life: "Revivals were then not the exception, but the rule." He was in that holy triumph of faith that brought increases to God and His people everywhere; always revivals; in some instances, as in the Lye Waste Society, Brierley Hill Circuit, and Lichfield Circuit, there were truly "wonderful works of God." In the latter circuit, as fruit of glorious revival and gracious ingathering, were twenty-two young men, intelligent, earnest and adapted, all placed on the preachers' plan.

In the ranks of our ministry our friend was a progressive preacher, always faithful to the Word of Truth, and preaching plain truth for practical results. He was never stagnant or dull; the influential circuits to which he ministered in his later years testify to both freshness and fruitfulness. He rejoiced in all the advances that were truly Connexional; it was a delight with him to support our institutions, and to sustain and strengthen every position of progress realised; in this all his family participated; his dear wife, now left to mourn her loss, and to whom he was lovingly joined in matrimony in 1859, also his children, entered into all the phases of our Connexional life, and heartily shared in the Sabbath School, Endeavour movement, and all that related to Christ and His Church. While his eldest surviving son is now entering the approved list of our ministers; his youngest son is just on the threshold of his life-work, and is prayerfully and industriously preparing for our ministry. God greatly blessed William Evans. His fine erect form, and agreeable presence, his consecrated spirit overflowing with love to God and men, his lengthened comradeship and holy service gave to him a charm and helpfulness truly apostolic. He did not rest long. Coming to "Our Evangelists' Home Missionary Centre" two years ago, ultimately taking up his residence in the New Manse, Yardley Road, Small Heath, which is the residence of his family, he gradually and peacefully anticipated the rest of God in glory. It was inspiring to hear him whis-

per that old word of triumph, "Glory! Glory! Glory!" He told us again and again what we all felt and knew, "My confidence is unshaken in my God." In this high tone his life went out to God, May 26, 1899, while spirits sang around him, "Rest, warrior, rest," and on their wings conveyed him to the bowers of bliss and the bosom of his God.

Good and eminent ministers came to his interment. Our Birmingham city ministers carried his remains to the grave. Deputations attended from the District Committee, Crewe, Lichfield, Conference Hall, and other circuits and churches. Many loving and eulogistic letters came from old comrades and brother ministers; wreaths of love and flowers of hope profusely adorned his casket and his tomb. "He rests from his labour, but his works do follow him."

JOSEPH ODELL.

MR. BENJAMIN CREIGH.

BENJAMIN CREIGH, who died at Heaton in the Newcastle-on-Tyne Third Circuit, and whose loss was deeply felt throughout the station and by a wide circle of friends in the district, was born at Whitley, Northumberland, on July 20th, 1827, and finished his course on Sunday, October 25th, 1896, after a long and useful connection with our Church.

It was early in life that our brother first became the subject of religious impressions. Going to hear Benjamin Newton preach, while still a boy, he was convinced of sin and at once began to take an active part in Christian service. From this youthful discipleship he seems, however, to have declined. This may have been in consequence of the removal of his family to Seaton Delaval and the consequent change of associations. Be that as it may, he was at this period for some time outside the Church.

But in the year 1849 came a solemn and awful time to the colliery villages of Northumberland. The cholera broke out and scores of people were suddenly called into eternity. A deep spiritual concern in the neighbourhood was one result of this visitation. On one Sunday evening while Mr. William Bell, a good man, was preaching with exceptional power from the words:—"All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come," Brother Creigh, with twenty-one others, sought and found the Lord. This service is remembered still by old Primitives in the Seaton Delaval Circuit. Some few of the converts are yet with us, but the majority have fallen on sleep.

From this time to his death Benjamin Creigh maintained an unbroken and consistent membership with the Connexion, and for upwards of forty-one years was an able, honoured and successful local preacher. In North Shields, Seaton Delaval and Newcastle Circuits he rendered yeoman

service. Three years he spent in Australia and there he sought out our people. The writer has conversed with one who, entering a remote gold digging settlement in that distant land, heard to his surprise as he drew near the sound of a familiar voice. Coming within view of the speaker he found to his delight that it was his old friend Benjamin Creigh preaching the gospel in the open air.

Respecting this open-air preaching, it may be said that Mr. Creigh excelled in this Primitive form of ministry. He was exceedingly useful too in evangelistic services and was successful in winning many to Christ.

An unfinished manuscript, possibly the last he wrote, was found after his death and has about it a pathetic interest. It may be given as illustrating, to some small extent, his pulpit method. The text is Acts xxi. 16, "An Old Disciple."

"I. He is one who has entered upon a Religious course of life.

II. He is one of long standing in Religion.

III. He is one of deep experience in the things of God.

IV. He is one of firm standing in the Church of God.

V. He is one who reflects a distinguished honour upon Christianity.

VI. He is in a state of actual preparation for Heaven."

He was a workman needing not to be ashamed.

As to his private character Brother Creigh was unostentatious, kindly, upright and straightforward in his dealings. The Rev. J. Tweddle, who has known him for many years, in a letter to the writer says:—"There was a deep sincerity manifested in all he did and a rich spiritual tone pervaded all his exercises. He was in close contact with the Divine and breathed the atmosphere of Heaven." Again, "I frequently came into contact with him in his home and was always impressed with his kindly disposition, genial conduct, hearty greeting. To know Brother Creigh in his home was to have a high estimate of him."

The end came suddenly. On one Sabbath he prayed with great unction in the evening prayer meeting. The next Sabbath he praised God before the throne.

The funeral was conducted by the Rev. J. Dodd Jackson, assisted by the Revs. Ralph Fenwick and J. Tweddle, the first named delivering a short address on the life and character of the deceased. A large number of friends assembled and all returned home feeling the poorer that Benjamin Creigh had joined the Church Invisible.

J. D. J.

MRS. LINGARD.

SARAH LINGARD, the subject of this memoir, was the daughter of Charles and Mary Ann Rowson, of

Panton. She had a thoroughly religious training. Her parents being members of the Free Methodist Church, sought to bring up their children in the right way. When sixteen years of age she was brought into the happy possession of a Saviour's love, and at once went to class, and ever when bodily health and circumstances would allow, she found one of her chief pleasures in attending the house of the Lord.

In 1864 she became the wife of William Lingard, of Tetney, and for thirty-one years was a truly devoted and worthy helpmeet. Mrs. Lingard was a woman of high quality and of sterling worth. So far as strength would allow she manifested fine business capacities. Very often she suffered severely from affliction; but under it all there was a cheerful spirit, and her lot was borne with patience, bowing submissively to the will of God.

It was always a pleasure to be in her company. Though deprived of getting to the sanctuary, and joining in fellowship with the people of God, yet she ever rejoiced to hear of the good meetings that were being held, and of the success of God's cause. Her earnest inquiries about various matters in relation to our own Church was an evidence of the deep interest she took in the Connexion's welfare. Any appeal made in behalf of any religious or philanthropic movement always met with a generous response. The home of Mr. and Mrs. Lingard has been for years a favourite place of the ministers, who at all times have been welcome to share their hospitality and kindness; and a large number of these ministers who have travelled in the circuit, and others, have borne testimony to her noble Christian character and womanly virtues. As the time of her departure drew near she became richer in experience, and her prospects for the land that lies beyond became brighter. There was the clearest conception of her being received into the immediate presence of her Saviour. On October 28, 1895, at the age of fifty-eight, she peacefully passed away to the land where there shall be no more pain.

A husband, an aged mother, and several brothers and sisters are left to mourn her loss. May the prospect of a re-union ever be to them a source of comfort.

W. HAYTON.

MR. THOMAS HORNLEY.

THE Pocklington Circuit has suffered great loss through the death of Mr. T. Hornley, of Melbourne. For many years he has been one of the leading officials and truest friends of the circuit. He was converted in 1857, and at once joined our Society at Melbourne, where he has spent the whole of his life, and from the first his aim was to sustain a good reputation and build up a high Christian character, which he succeeded in doing. A short time before he died he said: "I have tried to live a pure life." Although one of the most loyal Primi-

tive Methodists, his sympathies were broad, and he could at any time give the right hand of fellowship to any Church and rejoice at its success. His geniality and upright conduct won for him the respect and high opinion of all classes.

As a local preacher for over thirty-eight years, his services have been highly appreciated, and made a blessing to those who have listened to him. For more than thirty years he was a class-leader, and tended and watched over his flock with great care, and his wise and timely counsel has helped to strengthen and guide the life of those who have been beneath his charge. He was sober, thoughtful, and retiring, never seeking office, and yet he has been honoured in holding the highest offices of the circuit, and on several occasions has been sent to the District Meeting, and once to the Conference. Not only did the Society and the circuit of which he formed a part share his sympathies and support, but the whole Connexion. The ministry had no truer friend, and one of the joys of his life was to be in the presence of a minister of Jesus Christ. For many years both he and his devoted wife have found their highest pleasure in entertaining both itinerant and local preachers, and numbers of letters have been received from ministers who have travelled in the circuit, and others who have known him, also from officials, bearing testimony to his Christian character and real worth. His life was one of evenness and steady perseverance, and his death calm and trustful. The end came unexpectedly. Having caught a chill, other symptoms followed, and after nine days' illness on May 23 he fell asleep. The funeral was largely attended, and the services were conducted by Revs. S. Stubbings and T. Tanfield. The vicar of the parish showed very great kindness in allowing them to go into the church; thus the solemn rites were conducted in the church and at the grave-side without any restriction whatever. Having sat with him as a member of the School Board, and known him as a respectable member of society, the vicar showed his respect further by preaching a memorial sermon, and making reference to his useful life.

On Sunday, May 30, a large audience met to take part in a memorial service, conducted by Rev. S. Stubbings, which was of an impressive and beneficial character.

Since his death, an aged mother of ninety-three years has passed away. A widow, a son, a sister, and several friends are left to sorrow, but also to rejoice in hope of meeting again.

W. HAYTON.

MR. ALEXANDER BARLOW, J.P.

MR. A. BARLOW entered into rest on Thursday, July 8th, 1897. He had spent an enjoyable day with the Ramsbottom District Council at Llanudno on their annual excursion, and had just taken

his seat on the boat for the return journey, when he was taken ill, and had to be carried on to the pier. Death took place immediately. His remains were interred in the Congregational Burial Grounds, Stubbins, on the following Monday, in the presence of a large concourse of people. A Memorial Service was held in the Edenfield Chapel on Sunday evening, July 18th. The chapel was filled to its utmost capacity, and the service was deeply solemn and impressive throughout. Mr. Barlow was born near to Edenfield in 1824, and was a resident in the locality all his life. He was born in humble circumstances and obtained the beginnings of his education chiefly in Sunday and evening schools. In the face of many difficulties and disadvantages, Mr. Barlow was enabled, by dint of hard work and severe economy, to commence the manufacture of cotton in 1860, at Twine Mill, Shuttleworth. In 1879 he purchased Bridge End Mills, Edenfield, which he greatly extended and improved. In the year 1893 he made a further extension, and introduced the electric light. In February, 1897, he acquired the Church Bank Mills, Church, near Accrington, which contain over 1,000 looms. At this time he took his four sons into partnership.

When only eight years of age he attended the services of the Primitive Methodists, conducted at that time in a smithy. A gracious revival was in progress, and he gave himself to Christ. His conversion was the turning-point of all his life: in that act he laid the foundation of the noble character which, through all the subsequent years he built up. He was soon actively engaged in the work of the little Church. At the age of seventeen his name was put on the plan as a local preacher, where it continued for fifty-five years. For this work he was eminently fitted. He had a fine presence; a clear, flexible, forcible voice, and a depth of conviction and earnestness of manner which always made his message impressive and powerful. For fifty years he was the leader of one of the most prosperous classes in all the locality; and by his rare and ripe experience, his deep sympathy and his faithful counsel, he was a constant source of edification and encouragement to his members. His ministry at the bedside of the sick and dying, and in the homes of the sorrowing and poor, was fraught with blessed results. And he was as liberal in giving as he was tireless in working. He always took a deep interest in Sunday School and Temperance work, and laboured diligently to promote it. His presence at the week-evening service was always a source of inspiration to the preachers. For eight years he was circuit steward, and during that time had the entire confidence and hearty co-operation of all his brethren. And in other spheres he has rendered valuable service to the community. As a member of the School Board, of the Local Board, recently the District Council, and as a Magistrate of the County, he discharged the duties

of citizenship with the greatest credit to himself and the entire satisfaction of his neighbours. He was a good master. It was a pleasure to see with what fatherly pride he moved among his work-people. His relations with them were most cordial, and his counsel and care for them invaluable. During the later years of his life he received many tokens of the esteem in which he was held by the Bury Circuit, by his neighbours in the village, and by those in authority in the State. But these expressions of confidence never robbed him of that sweet simplicity of character which distinguished him all through life. With more means and leisure at his disposal, the later years of his long life were devoted to Christ and His Church. The beautiful chapel and school at Edenfield are a monument of his faith and enterprise and devotion. And he had the pleasure before he died of seeing them out of debt. Mr. Barlow was a man of sterling integrity. He was governed and determined in all his activities and conduct by the great law of righteousness as revealed in Christ. He was marked, too, by decision and perseverance. Once he made up his mind a thing ought to be done he went steadfastly forward, heedless of consequences. He had in his blood the iron of the Puritan. He gave constant and careful attention to the culture of his spiritual life. He acquainted himself with Methodist theology, Christian biography, and other books of a similar kind likely to aid him in his pulpit ministrations and other religious and public work. With increased leisure he went further afield, and read on a more extensive scale. He sought the companionship of those whom he deemed better and wiser than himself. While a young man in lodgings, he insisted on entertaining the preachers in his turn, that he might have their fellowship, and profit by their counsel. He formed habits of devotion which he maintained to the end of his life. He was essentially a man of prayer; he held constant communion with God. He read his Bible systematically and devoutly. From first to last religion was the chief business of his life, and leavened every other. He was never absent from his class unless compelled by distance or sickness. He was sensible of humour, and could enjoy fun with all the zest of youth, but he was no trifler. Life was too sacred and hours too precious to be wasted in idle, foolish jesting. He was careful to establish the family altar, and thereby brought into his home elements of incalculable blessing and peace. His home life was specially helpful. For forty-five years he was blessed with the companionship and counsel of a sensible, godly, and devoted wife. She sympathised with his aims, and by her wise forethought he was able to see many of them realised. Without a doubt, we owe much of what Mr. Barlow was and did to his dear wife. Brother Barlow was essentially a God-made man. His conversion exercised a powerful formative influence over all his

after life. The love of Christ constrained him. With Paul he could say, "I live, and yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me; and that life which I now live in the flesh, I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself up for me." The indwelling of Christ was a perpetual fountain of joy in his heart, and kept him young and fresh and pure as a little child. He was greatly beloved by all who knew him, and his memory will long be enshrined in many a heart in his own village and beyond. As we contemplate the life that has passed beyond our ken, we are reminded that the sovereign power in man, that which links him to God, that which gives him influence over his fellow-men, is holy character, and the secret of holy character is communion with Christ.

R. J.

MR. JOHN DRIFFIELD.

MR. JOHN DRIFFIELD, of Bury, was suddenly called to the higher service on Tuesday evening, May 11, 1897. He was at business in the early part of the day, but as it was half-holiday he went home for dinner. During the afternoon he attended a tea meeting in the Walmersley Road School, and afterwards visited an old friend. Apparently he was then in his usual health, and conversed quite freely and pleasantly with his friends on various topics of interest. On reaching home he spoke quite cheerfully to Mrs. and Miss Driffield, but soon after he remarked that his head was bad. The words had scarcely escaped his lips when he sank back in his chair and died. His decease was instantaneous. He was interred in the Bury Cemetery on Friday, May 14. On the Sunday morning following, a memorial service was held in the Walmersley Road Chapel, and a large number of his fellow-townsmen were present as a token of their respect for the character and memory of the deceased.

Mr. Driffield was the son of the Rev. W. Driffield, a Primitive Methodist minister who travelled chiefly in what was known as the Brinkworth District. He was born at St. Ives, in Cornwall, and at the time of his decease was sixty-four years of age. Thirty-eight years ago he came to Bury, and in partnership with his brother, the late Mr. W. Driffield, commenced business in Bolton Street. Fourteen years later the Brothers Driffield built the handsome suite of premises which have since been occupied by the firm, and which cover what is regarded as the best site in the town. A few years later, Mr. W. Driffield died, and since that time his brother has had the entire charge of the business, which, from the first, has been exceptionally prosperous.

On coming to Bury, Mr. Driffield at once identified himself with our feeble cause in William Street, and soon was actively engaged as a local preacher and Sunday School worker. When, in 1865, it was proposed to build the present chapel in Walmersley Road, he gave the scheme his hearty support, and

in many ways helped to bring it to a successful issue. He was appointed treasurer of the Trust Fund, and retained the office until the time of his death. He was a liberal supporter of all our work and institutions, not only at Walmersley Road, but throughout the circuit. At different times Mr. Driffield was superintendent of the Sunday School, class-leader, and circuit steward. He also represented the Walmersley Road Church on the Nonconformist Council.

In politics he was a staunch Liberal, and never hesitated, in clear and uncompromising terms, to state his convictions. He was a true Nonconformist, and while he revered the names of many of the great preachers and leaders in the Episcopal Church, and fully appreciated the spiritual service it renders to the nation, he regarded her connection with the State as her greatest bane, and an injustice to those without her fold. He delighted to read of the Puritans and the early history of Nonconformity, and found in them a constant source of inspiration. He was a zealous temperance reformer. His creed was clear, and he never wearied in proclaiming it. He advocated total abstinence for the individual and prohibition for the State, and had scant sympathy with recent proposals of compromise. Through all his life Mr. Driffield cultivated the most abstemious habits. He was as temperate in eating as in drinking, and was an ardent but not offensive anti-tobacconist. His generosity to the poor and his readiness to help in Christian work of many kinds beyond the claims of his own Church, though always bestowed quietly and unostentatiously, are known to many. He was a true son of the manse. Through all the years of his married life his house has been a welcome home, not only for the ministers of the circuit, but also for those who have visited it for special services, and frequently for those of other Churches; and the pleasure of this hospitality has been shared by every member of his family. Being of a retiring disposition, Mr. Driffield had little liking for strangers, and did

not make many friends, but those he made he "grappled to his soul as with hooks of steel." He was essentially a religious man; he had a deeply religious nature. Religion touched and tempered his whole life. He cultivated assiduously the devotional spirit, yet he was not a recluse. On the contrary, his faith was eminently fruitful, and his life full of practical proofs of his love and loyalty to Christ. He has rendered many services to the cause of Christianity, and in particular to his own Church. But the highest service of all was the attainment of a lofty Christian character. For nearly forty years he went in and out among the people of his adopted town and circuit, and to-day his integrity is unimpeached and unimpeachable. Though manly in his bearing, and always dignified, he had the heart of a little child. He would sit and converse in the humblest home, with the poorest people, of the old times and preachers, with manifest delight and interest. Such a life cannot be in vain. He is dead, but for long years to come he will speak, and his lofty character, his pure life, and his quiet, unassuming spirit will supply impulse and inspiration to those who knew him.

Taking into account what he did, and what he was, the loss of the Walmersley Road Church and of the Bury Circuit is incalculable. But there are loved ones to whom the decease of our dear friend brings even a deeper loss and a darker shadow. He has left behind him the wife of his youth, the companion of his life, the joy of his home, who shared his struggles and rejoiced in his successes, and with her he has also left two sons and a daughter, who are thus suddenly called to pass through a deep, deep sorrow. But it is only for a "little while." His loved ones are comforted and cheered in this dark hour by the blessed assurance of a happy reunion in that land where sorrow and death never enter.

R. J.



Literary Notices.

A Preacher's Life. An Autobiography and an Album. By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D. (6s.) Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C. HE was a knowing and far-seeing Editor who pressed upon Dr. Parker the advisability of giving his autobiographical recollections to the world. It is well that Dr. Parker has yielded to the gentle pressure of the "experienced editor," (whose identity we think it would not be difficult to establish) for there is a large public who are keenly interested in all that relates to the minister of the City Temple who will welcome this charming volume with avidity. The general outlines of Dr. Parker's life are tolerably familiar to most Free Churchmen. They know that ancient Hexham-on-Tyne claims him as one of her sons, and they know that, like another famous Northumbrian—Thomas Binney, the stone-mason's son, without any collegiate training became assistant to the redoubtable Dr. Campbell of Whitefield's Tabernacle; how he subsequently became the pastor of the Congregational Church at Banbury, then of Cavendish Street, Manchester, afterwards of the Poultry, London, which was superseded by the noble building on Holborn Viaduct, in which for so many years Dr. Parker has carried on his most effective ministry. All this is told in the frankest and freshest style, and with many added details, which will be new to many readers and add piquancy to the narrative. Some stories of Dr. Parker, which have gained a certain currency, are not found in this book; and from a hint given by the doctor himself, it is evident that some of these stories are apocryphal. A mythical element soon begins to attach itself to conspicuous and striking personalities. In that part of the book which tells of the early life of the Hexham youth, there are descriptions and sketches of character drawn with much humour and graphic skill. Take the following scene, quite in the manner of Barry or Ian Maclaren, which describes a symposium at his father's house:—

"A significant circumstance occurred at this time which will further show the atmosphere in which I was reared. A very self-contained and mysterious old man died, and on his florid tombstone, at the close of the usual facts, were engraved the cabalistic letters,

R. I. P.

What did they mean? This was the question nightly raised at my father's supper-parliament. What *could* they mean? Dixon (to assume a few names) suggested that they meant that the deceased was esoterically known by his friends to be an old Rip. Thomson scouted this idea, and suggested, "Rest in Paradise;" whereupon Robson wanted to know if Thomson regarded the deceased as the

penitent thief. Williams had no doubt in his "own mind," (a favourite, but really uncalled-for, expression of his) that R.I.P. meant "Resurrection is Possible," a suggestion which met with no favour. Richard Watson had not spoken, but his gloomy aspect was significant. Richard's was a morose piety, due rather to a sulky liver than to any hostile view of Providence. At length, and in a tone which such a liver in its sulkiest moods alone could either explain or justify, he said, "Blank atheism." "What do you mean?" was the instantaneous inquiry. He said, "The unholy meaning of the unholy letters is only too clear." "What is it, Richard?" "It is '*Resurrection Im Possible*.'" We were silent, but unconvinced. When from my corner of the sofa I said, on the authority of a schoolboy, that R.I.P. meant *Requiescat in pace*, it was decided unanimously that this was veiled, or clandestine Popery, and that the "little horn in Daniel" might now fairly take its place amongst the fulfilled prophecies. The remainder of that night's coffee was drunk in the silence of angry sorrow, but it *was* drunk.

When we read the fine chapter headed, "Inner Life," we seem to be let into the secret of Dr. Parker's successful ministry. Every now and again in that chapter, like a refrain, the words recur:—"The Evangelical conception answers more questions, satisfies more aspirations, responds to more necessities, and supplies better motives for service than any other faith that aspires to rule the human mind." Is it not indeed significant that the preachers who at the present day have the firmest grip of their hearers, and are listened to with the greatest eagerness, are just the preachers who would most heartily subscribe to Dr. Parker's statement?

Our space is exhausted, or we would have liked to quote from the chapter on "Heresies and Heretics," in which is a deeply interesting reference to T. T. Lynch and the "Rivulet Controversy," which is alluded to in another part of this Magazine. Passed over too must be the chapter in which the character and accomplishments of Mrs. Parker are so tenderly and feelingly described. Not the least interesting part of this Autobiography is the latter part, in which the author gives his recollections of Mr. Gladstone, Henry Ward Beecher, Thomas Binney, and the many other eminent men he has known.

Life and its Phenomena. A Demonstration of the Existence of God. By JOHN MAYNARD. (1s.) S. W. Partridge and Co., 8 and 9, Paternoster Row, E.C.

THOSE who are interested in the question of the origin of life and language, and especially those who

are disposed to rest in materialistic explanations of the phenomena of life, should read Mr. Maynard's clear and vigorous argument for Creationism. He shows, we think, in a cogent manner, that life is not a property of matter, and that the Darwinian theory of the origin of language is untenable, inasmuch as children learn to speak by hearing others speak. So true is this that all persons who are born deaf are also dumb.

The Gospel in Baptism. By REV. F. AUGUSTUS JONES. Thos. H. Hopkins, 16, Gray's Inn Road, Holborn, W.C.

THE author quotes Dr. Dale as calling baptism "a glorious gospel expressed in an expressive rite." For ourselves, we confess to no liking for the title of this book, "The Gospel in Baptism." Mr. Jones writes as a convinced and earnest believer in adult baptism, and he writes temperately and ably, making his appeal to the Scriptures. Whether he convinces others or not, his book may be taken as a fair statement of the views he regards as so important.

Affinity: An Inquiry into a Great Question. By WILLIAM PILLING. James Bowden, 10, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

The Ways of God with Man as Revealed in the Scriptures, from Creation to the End of Time. By W. M. SIBTHORPE. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C.

WE have placed these two books together because of the remarkable similarity between them in purpose and plan. In each an attempt is made to give a Theodicy; to survey God and the world in their ideal, and also in their historical relations, from the beginning to the end of time.

Prayer and Faith: Addresses by READER HARRIS, Q.C. S. W. Partridge and Co., 8 and 9, Paternoster Row, E.C.

WE have here some seven Addresses delivered by Mr. Reader Harris to Exeter Hall audiences at the close of busy days. The last address deals with the aims and methods of the Pentecostal League; the rest, as the title shows, with the ever-important subjects of Prayer and Faith.

A Popular Exposition of Methodist Theology. By REV. CHARLES OVERY ELDRIDGE, B.A. (2s.) C. H. Kelly, 2, Castle Street, City Road.

IF any one knows the requirements of Methodist Local Preachers in order to fit them for their important work, it is the author of this book, whose previous works, "The Lay Preachers' Handbook," and "Local Preachers and Village Methodism," we have had the pleasure of favourably noticing and recommending to our readers. Mr. Eldridge's latest production must be regarded as his most important contribution for the benefit of the class he is so deeply interested in. The plan pursued is

good, and by its freedom from technicalities and the clearness of its style, the work makes good its claim to be a "Popular Exposition of Methodist Theology."

Ministering Children. By MARIA LOUISA CHARLES-WORTH. (1s.) Ward, Lock and Co., Warwick House, Salisbury Square, E.C.

THIS book is dedicated to childhood, and has been written to show—as in a picture—how children can minister. Its exquisite English, the purity of its tone, and its high literary merits, render it almost more suitable for older people, though again, its simplicity is such that it is within the range of any child's intellect. The author lays so much more stress on the motives that prompt a deed than on the deed itself—"the end of the commandment is charity, out of a pure heart and a good conscience." Take as a specimen one of the many pictures. Little Lady Gertrude pays a visit to her old nurse; in the same house lives a poor motherless, friendless child. When Lady Gertrude entered the room, "one glance round the apartment was sufficient to show that no mother's care, no mother's presence was known there; and a rush of almost sisterly feeling passed through the heart of the motherless child of rank and fortune as she looked on the motherless child of want and sorrow. Patience was standing with her usual expression of dull and hopeless wretchedness. The young Lady Gertrude went up to her and said, in a low tone of tenderness, 'Dear little girl, I am sure you are not happy.' . . . Then despairing to comfort her, and feeling only at that moment the sorrow she could not bear away, the child of rank put her arm around the child of poverty, pressed a kiss of tenderness upon her forehead. 'Oh, do be kind to her!' said the Lady Gertrude, as she took leave of her nurse. . . . Poor little Patience, when left alone, had ceased her tears for a minute in bewildered surprise; then raised her hand to feel where the kiss had been—to see if her forehead still felt the same; it felt the same, but she did not—she no longer felt alone in the world. She had met the first gleam of human tenderness, and to that her shrinking spirit turned."

In contrast to this we have the ministrations of Nurse Brame, who, from a material standpoint, did a great deal more than Lady Gertrude for little Patience, but—"Nurse Brame had never learned the pure and simple joy of doing good; she had shown many a little kindness to poor Patience, but it was, as she herself expressed it, because she could not bear to see so miserable a thing—not because she could not bear that silent suffering should be, if unseen. She thought that such things must be, and that it was only her call to relieve them when forced upon her notice; therefore a gift from her was nothing more to the receiver than the same gift picked up on the highway-side—it came as no living witness, it left no living glow. She knew not

charity's indwelling influence, which, far from consisting in this or that act, is the very atmosphere in which the spirit that possesses it, lives and moves, and has its being!" We have series of such pictures, chiefly of children, "who are happy traffickers in the blessed merchandise of purest charity." This book has also been published in a paper cover for Sixpence.

Natural and Artificial Methods of Ventilation.

Robert Boyle and Son, 64, Holborn Viaduct, London.

A LOVER of books on glancing at the above title will naturally pass over it as having no special interest for him; but if not a particularly interesting subject to the general reader, it is one of vital importance to all human beings, for "air is the prime supporter of life; health, even life itself is dependent upon its purity." Ventilation is a science; and we have in this book the opinions and methods of practical men who have devoted their whole lives to the study of this science. A copy of this book might be invaluable to any one who has charge of chapels, schoolrooms, or, in fact, any public buildings.

Kenooshao. A Red Indian Tragedy. By GEORGE BARNLEY. (1s. 6d.) Charles H. Kelly, 2, Castle Street, City Road, E.C.

A WELL-WRITTEN story, dealing with the outbreak and suppression of a tribe of Indians near the Moose River, in the Hudson Bay Territory, about the year 1820. The early settlers there had much to contend with, not from the climate alone, but also from the treachery and jealousy of these Indians. This narrative is true in its leading incidents, and has been written out of the fulness of knowledge by the Rev. G. Barnley, who was the first missionary to the Cree Indians of the Southern Department of the Hudson Bay Territory.

BOOKS FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

WE are reminded by the parcel of beautifully got-up children's books, which we have received, that the Christmas season is drawing near. Few firms cater so well for the children as Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co. All tastes are consulted; there is everything, from the stirring book of adventures for the boys to the picture-book for the little tots. The prices also will fit anyone's pocket. The books marked One Shilling are remarkably cheap, well-told stories, prettily bound in cloth and well illustrated.

Roy's Sister; or, "His Ways and Hers." By M. B. MANWELL. Illustrated by J. Ley Pethybridge. (1s.)

A PRETTY story, relating how a selfish little girl was transformed into an unselfish one. Elsie was a source of great anxiety to her grandfather, the rector

of the village of Hedingham, and to her gentle Aunt Alice. Great was their joy when her own good sense showed Elsie the errors of her ways. There are many clever touches in the book, revealing the life of the village, and some of the prominent characters therein.

Bessie Drew. By AMY MANIFOLD. Illustrated by H. K. Robinson. (1s.)

THE story of an odd little girl. Bessie Drew, a quiet, dreamy child, one of a family of six children, whose father is a struggling doctor, proves, by her quiet self-devotion, that it is sometimes well to be odd. This book would be a very suitable present for a little girl, for Bessie is no saint, but a very human little girl, who tried hard to do her duty and succeeded.

Lost in the Back Woods. By E. C. KENYON. Illustrated by W. Rainey, R.I. (1s.)

A BOOK for the boys, full of thrilling adventures, —brigands, train-robbers, kidnapping, bear-hunting, prairie fires; in fact, more adventures than we have ever before heard or read of one small boy crowding into his short life, and coming through without a scratch as well.

Cripple George. By J. W. KNEESHAW. (9d.) A PATHETIC story of a little cripple lad. A good temperance tale.

Four Young Musicians. By KATE THOMPSON SIZER. (6d.)

AN interesting story dealing with the fortunes of a musician's four children. Their parents' death and financial losses obliged them to separate. This book deals with their individual adventures until they met again.

Two Little Girls. By T. S. ARTHUR. (6d.)
Left in Charge. By JEANIE CHAPPELL. (6d.)
Two pretty little books of short stories.

A Threefold Promise. By M. I. HURRELL. (6d.) THE threefold promise given by Gerald Weston to his mother was, "Never to forget your prayers; to speak the truth always, and to remember that whatever may happen, God loves you, and is watching over you.

Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co. have also issued six pretty little books, bound in bright-coloured cloth, and with a coloured frontispiece, for the small sum of Fourpence each. Their names are:—

From Shadow to Sunshine. By M. B. MANWELL.
A Bright Idea. By JEANIE CHAPPELL.

Ronald's Reason. By MRS. S. C. HALL.

Little Dan, the Orange Boy.

Jacko, and Tales from Bird and Beast Land, and
The Little Woodman and his Dog Cæsar.

The Connexional Outlook.

By PROXY.

THE GENERAL CHAPEL FUND AND THE CHAPEL LOAN FUND.

—At the last meeting of the General Chapel and the Chapel Loan Fund Committee, a large amount of business was transacted. Some of the cases submitted to the Committee for consideration were of an interesting character, and the proceedings as a whole afforded ground for reflection. Grants were made to several village chapels. These were all small amounts in themselves, although in the aggregate they constituted a considerable sum. What was clear to every member of the Committee was that all were needy and deserving cases, and if a larger amount had been available, the grants would have been on a more liberal scale. Probably the very best use was made of the money to be disposed of that was possible. North Cave might be taken as a typical instance of this somewhat numerous class. Ten pounds was granted, an additional ninety pounds had to be raised locally to claim this small grant, thus securing a reduction of the debt by one hundred pounds. This was the principle on which all the grants were made. It is clear that even a little help of this kind does an incalculable amount of good, both by getting a considerable reduction of the liabilities, and by putting fresh heart and hope into the trustees and the societies. Another class of cases were large chapels in towns which had cost a large sum of money, but, by reason of unforeseen circumstances, had been burdened with a much larger debt than was anticipated at the commencement of the scheme. Possibly, in some of these cases a little more prudence, or a little more energy at the time, might have prevented difficulties later. When all is said, there is no time for raising money comparable to the period during which the building is being erected, and it is a pity when the most is not made of the opportunity. Still events occur sometimes which mortals cannot anticipate, the removal of friends from whom substantial help was expected, or some trade dispute or depression. Such events have in some instances seriously hampered the trustees of town chapels for years, and when it is possible, it is certainly most desirable to relieve them of at least a part of their burden. Well Street Chapel, Rotherham, is a case of this class, and the Committee promised help to the extent of twelve-and-a-half per cent. on any sum that may be paid off up to £400. It may be hoped that these cases of actual distress will become fewer. Greater care is now exercised in chapel building, and the churches are stronger, and our people on the whole wealthier. If less of the money were disposed of to help these causes, more could be given to new ventures, and in this way really aggres-

sive work could be done. Schemes like the Haringay Chapel, London, where a few people are building excellent premises, would then have larger grants than £50 made to them. The Committee have acted wisely in ceasing to make grants merely for the payment of current expenses. Where this has been done in the past the effect has been the opposite of healthy, indeed, it has paralysed rather than stimulated local effort. The Committee have discovered this and have resolved to do nothing further in this direction. It should be stated that a large proportion of the money from which these grants are made is placed at the disposal of the Committee by the Connexional Insurance Company.

SELF-HELP ON THE MISSION STATIONS.

—A month ago attention was called to the gift of seventy guineas sent by the hands of the Rev. R. Fairley to some of the Home Funds by the native Christians of Fernando Po. Other evidences of the independence and liberality of these coloured people are coming before the attention of the Home Churches. There are less than 200 members on the island, but at their missionary anniversaries alone last year they raised £252, and for all purposes during the year, £1,456. We know of no Church in England whose liberality will bear comparison with these figures. A fine illustration of their independence is to be found in the fact that since the erection of the church at Santa Isabel, in which the Society there worships, they have been constantly making efforts to repay the Missionary Committee the grant made to them at the time, and they have now accomplished this object. This is gratifying in many ways, the help thereby afforded to the funds of the Society being by no means the chief cause of pleasure. When people have made sacrifices for such a purpose, the place is of far greater value to them than if it had cost them nothing. Cheering reports are coming to hand from other parts of the foreign mission field. In many respects the Rev. Nathaniel Boocock is one of the best agents our Missionary Society ever had. Strong in his physical constitution, and blessed with a quiet dogged determination and a fine optimistic spirit, with a strain of humour in his make up that leads him to make little or nothing of difficulties that would overwhelm a man less courageous, he is labouring with zeal and some success, amidst serious difficulties, at Archibongville. His communications are models of what missionary letters should be, a plain, simple statement of facts, without any attempt at rhetorical colouring. Slowly, but surely, he is civilising and Christianising the

people among whom he lives, and is specially glad to record that a larger number of children are attending his day school. His chief difficulty arises from slavery. The owners of the slaves are not willing for the children to be educated, fearing that with education will come independence. And yet the evil thing is permitted there, in a land that is an English Protectorate. And at the same time, with light hearts we go to war with the Boers to secure an extension of the franchise!

THE WINTER CAMPAIGN.

—The winter campaign has been started in many circuits, and it is satisfactory to note that in some respects the work is to be prosecuted on lines rather different from those which were wont to be adopted in the past. The Liverpool District Committee have addressed a circular to all the circuits in the District, offering the services of a deputation wherever it is intended to hold a circuit convention on the work of God. This programme will do good in many ways. It may be expected that a keener and more wide-spread interest will be manifested in these gatherings than would be shown were the circuits left altogether to their own resources in providing speakers. And it is reasonable to suppose that many circuits may be induced to hold conventions, and as the result, make some special efforts to obtain greater success in the religious work of their churches, who, but for the wise offer of the District Committee, would have been content to perform the ordinary round of duties in what too often is the ordinary half-hearted manner. The meetings themselves, by the introduction of speakers from other spheres of work, will be more fruitful of suggestion as well as of stimulus. But the idea is an excellent one for another reason. Anything that helps to keep alive and strengthen the District feeling is a decided advantage, and the more our churches can be made to feel that there is more than a nominal connection between them and the rest of the District the better. The circuits in the town of Hull have arranged for a great united mission in the early part of November. Each circuit will have a centre for its own mission, and the preachers will be the ministers of the Hull Circuits. As these missions will all be held at the same time, there should be created a very considerable religious atmosphere among the members. There are sixteen ministers in active work in the great Yorkshire seaport, and over 4,000 members. Large and beautiful chapels are standing in some of the most commanding positions in the town, and all the conditions are favourable for their causing the people of Hull to realise that there is a religious community among them that is actually alive. These, and other plans adopted in other circuits, are all commendable in themselves, but of themselves they cannot ensure success. Not long ago a minister of some experience, who has been singularly success-

ful in getting on the work of God, stated boldly in a meeting that, whether or not it was given to mortals to command success in their secular callings, he had never known hard, earnest toil fail in connection with religious work, and on the other hand, he had never known real success in religious work apart from hard toil, whatever other quality the worker might have. If the members of the churches are whole-hearted in this matter; have a single eye; be persistent; cherish a simple faith, believing the promise of God is true—true in the plain, ordinary meaning of the word; then they may be as sure that conversions will take place as that the seasons will come in their order.

LIVERPOOL PRIMITIVE METHODISM.

—Considering that there is such a large population in Liverpool, Primitive Methodism there has never been quite so vigorous and aggressive as might have been expected. Probably, in this respect, it is neither better nor worse than other Nonconformist Churches. For some reason, not easy to explain, Nonconformity has never found Liverpool to be a fruitful soil. Here and there, in all parts of the city, there are fairly strong churches, carrying on the work with zeal and success, but such centres of religious activity are sadly too few. Our own Prince's Avenue Church is one of the best. Many of the other places, however, are only feeble. For this reason, therefore, we hail with all the greater satisfaction any sign of progress that appears. A month ago the opening ceremony of a new church in the Walton District of the city was performed, Miss Hartley taking the leading part. Mr. Hartley has taken a great practical interest in the scheme, and has promised to give fifty per cent. on all that is raised up to April next. We should be glad if friends in all parts of the Connexion would note this and send a subscription to the Rev. S. Johnson, the superintendent minister. The membership is small, and even with the liberal help of Mr. Hartley, the undertaking, which has been carried out at a cost of £3,000, is a serious matter.

THE WHITECHAPEL MISSION.

—The work of the Rev. Thomas Jackson has always been characterised by boldness and enterprise. In slum-work he has been the pioneer among Primitive Methodists, and his missions have from the first commanded the attention of our people in all parts of the Connexion. In the Whitechapel Mission he has been brought into contact with other classes of character and life than those he knew in Clapton. Perhaps, on the whole, the field is as promising, as far as ultimate results are concerned, but in the meantime their opposition is more active and pronounced. Those who traffic in the drink, and those who have become its victims, are not likely to be pleased with the temperance propaganda of the mission workers. There appears also, to be

in Whitechapel a large socialistic element of a distinctly low and degraded type. It is a socialism that is anti-religious and anti-Christian, and is active and aggressive. Mr. Jackson describes it as a disreputable and unclean thing, to be shunned by all who desire to retain their self-respect. Its leaders lately held a meeting on a Sunday evening on the space near the Working Lads' Institute, usually occupied by Mr. Jackson and his people for an open-air meeting. As the hour was the same as that in which the religious service had generally been held, the proceeding looked rather like a deliberate attempt to prevent the work of the mission. But Mr. Jackson did not meekly yield to the enemy. Boldly taking his stand close to the crowd that had gathered around the socialistic orators, he began his service, and had the satisfaction of seeing the organisers of the other meeting beat a retreat, leaving behind them the greater part of their congregation to hear Mr. Jackson's sermon.

A WOMEN'S MISSIONARY TRAINING HOME.

—The London Primitive Methodists are sufficiently energetic, and not the least active of their institutions is their Women's Foreign Missionary Society. Before this issue of the Magazine is in the hands of its readers, it will have discussed a subject of considerable importance. The meeting, held on October 23, in Surrey Chapel, occurred too late to allow the discussion of the subject as it was presented by Mrs. E. C. Rawlings, in this chronicle. The object is in all respects worthy and desirable, and but for one circumstance, we should have been inclined to do nothing but bless the movement. But prudent Primitive Methodists do not forget that recently quite a large number of new departures have been made, all of which will cost money for their maintenance. No one need suppose that the resources of the Connexion are about to be exhausted. At the same time it is well to remember that we are at present on the crest of a great wave of commercial prosperity which will not last for ever, and it would be wise to wait another ten years before starting such a scheme as is contemplated by the writer of the paper. Very large responsibilities have been undertaken which will need all we can do to discharge them for some time to come, and

before anything further is done in this direction, the new institutions that have been started should have the chance of becoming consolidated and established. Should other counsels prevail, however, and a scheme be actually launched, no one will doubt that it will serve a useful purpose. The foreign mission field of our Church by this time has become extensive, and will need a considerable number of men and women to keep up the supply of workers. Some provision is already made for training men, especially those destined for Central Africa. But not less, perhaps, even more, is a training needed for women. They have an important part to play on the mission field, and a college for their special education would enable them to do their work with greater ease and effectiveness.

PRIMITIVE METHODISM AND THE NATIONAL FREE CHURCH COUNCIL.

It was inevitable that a new organisation of the huge proportions of the National Council of Free Churches should make mistakes, and, in some instances, receive criticism where, perhaps, it was not much to blame. Of one thing we are certain, if it is to be really representative of the Free Churches of England, it will not have to act on the assumption that the minor Methodist bodies are sufficiently recognised and honoured if a Wesleyan is occasionally appointed to the Presidency. A word to the wise is sufficient, and perhaps nothing further need be said on this point. In other respects Primitive Methodism will be well represented at the meetings which will be held in Sheffield in March next. The President of the Conference will take part in the meetings. A Paper on "Interdenominational Possibilities in relation to Ministerial Theological Training" will be read by Professor Peake. The Rev. A. T. Guttery will address one of the great public meetings, and the Rev. J. Tolefree Parr will read a Paper on the "Proposed Simultaneous Mission in 1901." The appointments are eminently suitable to the men, and we shall await with especial interest Professor Peake's deliverance on the important subject that has been allotted to him.

The Wider Outlook.

METHODIST UNION IN AUSTRALIA.

—The union of two or more Churches, even where opinion in its favour is practically unanimous, is not the work of a day. The Australian Methodists have been discussing and arranging for union for several years. At the present time the consummation of the work is close at hand. The last

covenant of union that was signed and sealed was that of South Australia, and the union will take effect on January 1, 1900. Judging from the reports of the meeting that have reached this country, the ceremony seems to have been exceedingly interesting. The utmost harmony and good-will prevailed, and yet all present appear to have been

impressed with the gravity of the work that was being done. The meeting was held on August 14, in the Pirie Street Wesleyan Church, Adelaide. The Rev. J. D. Langsford, President of the Wesleyan Conference, occupied the chair, and on his right and left respectively were the Rev. H. J. Pope, President of the Primitive Methodist Conference, and the Rev. J. Thorne, President of the Bible Christian Conference. The gathering was large and influential, each of the three denominations being well represented, both by ministers and laity. The speeches were those of men with a profound sense of responsibility, and an appreciation of the momentous character of the movement in which they were taking part. Sir Samuel Way, a Bible Christian, and one of the most accomplished orators in Australia, who will be long remembered by those who heard his fine address at the Manchester Conference in 1897, was one of the speakers. And the Rev. J. G. Wright, a Primitive Methodist veteran, also spoke. What will impress careful readers of the report is that the chief representative of the Primitive Methodists, the Rev. H. J. Pope, revealed in his speech, as no other speaker did, that he had been no enthusiastic advocate of union. He was careful to state that he had the unanimous vote of his Conference in favour of the union, and that the English Conference had given its consent. Still, running through the speech was the idea that he had been converted to the movement, and that he had not yielded easily. But he had from the first kept an open mind, and had desired to do what would be right and best for the kingdom of God, whether it was in accordance with his own wishes or not. And the result was that at that meeting, with a clear conscience and a firm conviction that it was right, he signed the document securing union. Perhaps this spirit of "aloofness" is characteristic of many Primitive Methodists in England. If they were as anxious to subordinate personal wishes to the interests of the Kingdom of God, one might have greater confidence in the result of the movement for union here.

THE WORLD'S CONVENTION OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOURERS.

—The Committee who have the arrangements to make for the Great World's Convention of Christian Endeavourers in July, 1900, with a courage that at least deserves success, have resolved, on the suggestion of the American Committee, to make a new departure. For a week there will be an Encampment in some open space just outside London, where the Endeavourers can have fellowship in the open-air and under tents. The park has already been selected. It is within twenty minutes by train of the city, and a regular service of trains, at almost nominal charges, will be run between the city and the encampment. For meeting places there are two buildings in the park already, capable

of seating between them some 6,000 persons. In addition, two large tents, capable of accommodating audiences respectively of 10,000 and 8,000, will be put up, and several smaller tents, providing accommodation for from 1,000 to 2,000 persons. Then there will be a thousand small tents erected for what may be called residential purposes. Granting favourable weather, this arrangement should prove a source of great enjoyment, and doubtless will be eagerly taken advantage of by the people attending the Convention. Indeed, it will make the great gathering ideal as a means of free fellowship. For it must promote the feeling of equality, and cherish an intimacy in the intercourse that could not be obtained by any other arrangement.

AMERICAN METHODISM.

—The Rev. Thomas Champness has just returned from a tour which has embraced the United States of America, Japan, and part of China. In some accounts he has given of his travels, he reveals that he is a keen observer of men and things, and that he is able to penetrate beneath appearances to root causes. He tells many interesting stories about the Japanese and the Chinese, and whilst recognising the energy and enterprise of the people of Japan, indicates that in his view the Chinese are a decidedly more likeable people. But his account of American Methodism, perhaps, more than anything else he has to tell, will afford most food for thought, to Methodists at least. Evidently he is afraid for the Methodist Church in America, and doubts greatly if it will retain its old power, unless, indeed, one radical change be made. As this change is not likely to occur, the outlook, both for America and for Methodism, if his view be correct, is not too hopeful. The weakness of American Methodism, according to Mr. Champness, lies in its bishops. They are autocratic to a degree, and are possessed by reason of their office, with far too much power. Mr. Champness fears that their influence will not help to promote the simple religion of Jesus Christ, that they will cripple the life of the churches, and that they will damage Methodism because their position and influence are opposed to the democratic spirit of the American nation. Regarding the last of these conclusions, it may be said that the correctness of one of the premises on which it is based is somewhat doubtful. It does not follow that because America has a republican form of government that the people are democratic. Indeed, in many respects they are much more conservative and aristocratic in temper than the people of the old country. Their bearing towards the negroes, the amount of caste feeling exhibited by the descendants of the first settlers, the amount of power they place in the hands of their President—vastly greater than that exercised by the British Sovereign,—the vast influence of wealth, and, it may be added, the existence of Methodist bishops,

to name only a few out of many things that could be cited, all show that whilst their institutions in form are democratic, in actual life the American people have a large strain of aristocratic feeling in them. Still, if not chiefly for this reason, it is probable that the conclusion at which Mr. Champness has arrived is substantially correct. It is a mistake to invest any office with the powers that belong to the American bishop. It breeds the autocratic temper in the man who holds the office. And the autocratic temper is out of place, and exercises an unhealthy influence in any department of civilised life. It may do, and, granted the autocrat is wise and benevolent, confer benefits, where the people are either uncivilised or semi-civilised. But among an advanced people it hinders progress. Especially will it prove detrimental to the welfare of the people if the autocrat is in the Church. In England the ecclesiastical autocrat, especially in country parishes, has wrought incalculable mischief to the cause of religion and to the national life as a whole. These are considerations that should be taken into account by those who are seeking to make the chairman of the District in the Wesleyan denomination into a bishop. A need for a man set apart to exercise oversight over a District may be desirable, but care should be taken that he cannot exercise too much lordship over God's heritage. It is a large question, no doubt, involving the whole problem of the doctrine of the Christian pastorate. But it seems safest to go upon the principle that power should not attach to any office, but exist only in so far as it has been acquired by personal worth.

THE WESLEYAN MISSION IN MANCHESTER.

—The eleventh report of the Wesleyan Mission in Manchester has just been issued. It is an interesting and inspiring document, and deserves careful study on the part of Christian workers of all denominations. Only one or two items can be named here, and they are given in the hope that they may lead some to study the report as a whole and be led thereby to increased wise and earnest effort in the cause of God and humanity. The report of the membership, if it stood alone, would be a justification, and more than a justification, of the large expenditure of money and labour necessary for the prosecution of the work. It has the largest membership of any circuit in Methodism:—2,861 full members and 856 on trial, making a total of adults in membership of 3,717, besides 606 in junior classes. And the rate of progress has not been lessened recently. During the last four years it has reported the largest increase of any circuit, and for three years the increase has been more than 200 per year. The class contributions alone during the year amounted to £694. These are remarkable figures, and we record them the more gladly because we are convinced that whatever good an organisation may do in other respects, if it does not add to

its own strength, the good will not be of a permanent kind. In connection with the mission there are the usual organisations found associated with such movements: temperance guilds, relief committees, district visitors, Bible and theological classes, entertainments, and the like. But the chief agency is the preaching of the Gospel, the old plan, which, when well done, never fails of success. It is said that a movement is on foot to start a mission on similar lines in Liverpool.

A GREAT AMERICAN INFIDEL.

—There are two sides to most questions, and in things evil, when fairly examined, it is discovered that there is often not a little good. In any case it is well to know as much of the truth about everything and everybody as can be learned. The larger knowledge sobers one's admirations, and modifies one's aversions. To those who have only a slight knowledge of Colonel Ingersoll, an article which appeared in a recent number of the "North American Review" may be commended. It is written by the Rev. Henry M. Field, D.D., who, although a Christian minister, was for many years a personal friend of Ingersoll's, and writes, therefore, from intimate knowledge of the man. He tells many interesting stories illustrative of the man's gifts, but what impresses one the most is, his freedom from worldliness and greed of gold, one of the great curses of his nation, and his magnificent spirit of benevolence. He was a leading barrister, and his practice with what he made at his lectures frequently brought him an income of £20,000. But he could not keep it. The poverty and sorrow of the world touched his heart, and the thought that so many received less of the good things of life than they merited caused him to lavish his gifts on the unfortunate. No amount of reasoning by his friends, who urged discrimination, and pointed out how he was imposed upon, could prevent him from indulging himself with the joy of charity. He would rather he said, be cheated a dozen times than leave one poor girl to suffer, and, perhaps, to die. Nor will this be forgotten by Him who said, Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me.

A BRITISH ASSOCIATION PREACHER.

—Archdeacon Wilson preached two fine sermons at the British Association, in which he called the attention of the savants to the changed attitude of philosophy and science to religion, and of religion to philosophy and science. The new theology, he claimed, because it recognised the evolution of religious thought, is scientific, both in its content and its method. The old theologies are to-day not very convincing, any more than is Plato's argument for the immortality of the soul. But theology has not been disposed of. It has been compelled to change its methods, but the truths it teaches remain. And

by the teaching of Caird, Green and Martineau, it has vanquished the atheism that sought to give natural law the place of a personal God. And he hailed with pleasure the service rendered to theology by the science which was once atheistical. It had enlarged the bounds of knowledge, and "all knowledge," he said, "is revelation. I know of no distinction between what man discovers and what God reveals."

THE BAPTIST UNION AND PUBLIC QUESTIONS.

—The meetings of the Baptist Union were this year held in Leeds. Almost every question of public interest was discussed, and the assembled delegates showed that they were in no hesitating mood regarding these matters. Dr. Clifford was the President, and in his address reached a very high stand of eloquence and moral tone. His subject was, "The Christ of the Coming Century." In it were many passages that will bear lifting from their context, and which tempt the reviewer to indulge largely in quotation. "The religion of the Son of Man will not have reached its goal till it has turned the family into a Church, and the home into a temple, trade into a sacrament, and art into worship, science into an interpreter of the workings of the Infinite, and journalism into a prophecy for God to men, sport into true culture, and pleasure itself into a holy sacrifice; governments, societies, and nations into organs of the kingdom of heaven, and the whole earth into a paradise of the Father and His redeemed sons. I came, said Christ, not to judge the world, but to save it; and He will! Yes; He will save the whole of it!" Very strongly did he speak against war with the Transvaal Republic. At the time we write, the war has actually begun, and whatever may have been their views before, all will now join in condemning the ultimatum of President Kruger. Still, there will remain a large section of thoughtful people in these realms who will remain convinced that if the affair had been differently managed by the British Government, President Kruger would never have adopted a course so wicked and unwise. There is a strange mockery in the fact that the statesman who once said that a war with the Boers would be "a long war, a bitter war, a costly war, and a war, the memory of which generations would hardly be able to blot out," should be the man who is chiefly responsible, at least in the eyes of a considerable section of Englishmen, for bringing about the conflict. And so it has come to pass, to use the words of Dr. Clifford, that we have walked straight out of the Peace Conference at the Hague into the battlefield in South Africa. Is it surprising that we are regarded by some of the Continental peoples as a nation of hypocrites?

THE OUTCRY AGAINST POPERY.

—No one can read the report of the proceedings

of the Baptist Union without being impressed with the fact that a new and stronger aversion against Romanism has taken possession of Nonconformists. This is partly, no doubt, the result of the agitation against ritualism, but it is clear that the feeling has been greatly intensified by the *Dreyfus affaire*. Cardinal Vaughan has sought to clear his Church of complicity with the crimes of the French General Staff, and it is as well to remember how impossible it is to pronounce a judgment on a large class of people without doing injustice here and there to individuals, however true the judgment may be in the main. But it remains true that in France and Italy, not a single Catholic newspaper, with, perhaps, the doubtful exception of *The Soleil*, espoused the cause of the martyr, nor did the priesthood make any attempt to enlighten the people, and lead them to think justly upon the question. Dr. Clifford has this in mind when he appealed to the members of the Baptist Union:—"Humanity is cutting its wisdom-teeth. Men are becoming free, independent, self-directing, and as they will not need, so they will not submit to the priestly caste. But you tell me, they are submitting in England, and that Cardinal Vaughan says, 'We must go back to the Romanist fold in order to improve our social condition.' Go back! No, never! The gulf between Romanism and the modern world is dug too deep. We cannot get across. The Council of Trent went far; the Vatican Council went deeper still; and the assertion of the infallibility of the Pope deepest of all. The cleavage is sheer down to the bed-rock; and on that side is priesthood, with its subtle falsehoods and its intrusive tyrannies; on this, brotherhood, with its truth and freedom. There you have the 'Church,'—the 'Church' put before truth and justice and life; here you have all institutions made subordinate to truth and justice. There you have darkness, decay, and death; here light, progress, and life. Yonder, usurped authority, unscrupulousness, and the Dreyfus affair; here the proving of all things; straightforwardness, and the uprising of conscience against injustice! Oh, Englishmen, you will not, you cannot, forget the cost of your heritage! . . . Heirs of Wycliffe and Latimer, of Cromwell and Milton, you will not submit your necks to the priests. I will not believe it! The stars are fighting for you in their courses. Hitch your waggon to the stars of liberty and truth and fraternity, and you will drive over the whole company of priests safe into the land of truth and goodness, manhood and brotherhood." Of similar importance was the indictment of the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes in his speech at the great Missionary Meeting, when he charged the Jesuits as having no conscience, and finding his illustration of the fact in the trial at Rennes.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH UNION.

—However reluctantly it may have been done, it

is clear that the responsible and influential members of the English Church Union, which is the Ritualistic organisation of the English Church, have thrown over Lord Halifax, and resolved to obey the Archbishopal "opinion." Some of the humbler members of the Union, it may be concluded from the interruptions to which Canon Body was subjected whilst he was speaking in favour of obedience, would have gladly followed Lord Halifax to any lengths of rebellion and lawlessness to which he might lead them, but these are, if a numerous section of the party, not blessed with much influence. The total result is that the ritualists are not prepared to be martyred for their principles, and hence incense-burning has ceased, save for "fumigatory" purposes, and candles are not to be carried in procession. No one who knows them, however, will suppose that the ritualists have given up their case. They will simply bide their time, and unless the nation continues to sit on the watch-tower, will, in a short time, introduce the old practices, while the bishops wilfully refuse to see what they are doing.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS AND NONCONFORMITY.

—The Church Congress has been holding its meetings in London, and in some respects the deliverances made by the leading speakers will prove pleasant reading to Nonconformists. To these the proceedings of October 12th will be the most interesting. The whole of the morning session was spent in considering the question of Nonconformity, its relation to the Established Church and to the religious life of the nation. Many of the speakers expressed themselves manfully. Prebendary Wace gave some statistics that must have startled those of his hearers who had been thinking that Nonconformity was a negligible quantity, and, strange as it may seem at this time of day, there are churchmen of this class; and pleaded for a better understanding with the Nonconformist Churches. Canon Overton spoke in a similar strain, pointing out that at the beginning of the eighteenth century Dissenters were to Churchmen in the proportion of one

to twenty, whilst now they constituted a moiety of the religious people of the country, and urged that Churchmen should manifest toward them a brotherly and kindly spirit. Dr. Farrar spoke as we have always been accustomed to expect that broad Christian-minded man, and altogether, it seemed as though the air was charged with a spirit of charity and Christian brotherhood. We could wish, but we hardly expect it, that this spirit could be breathed into the average parish clergyman, especially the clergymen who live in the rural districts.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH AND SELF-GOVERNMENT.

—At one of the Sessions of the Church Congress there was a great outcry for the powers of self-government in the Episcopal Church. In reading the debate, however, one is impressed with the thought that there existed among the speakers some confusion of thought. Lord Halifax complained bitterly that the Archbishops' tribunal should have the power to prevent a parish priest from exercising whatever forms of worship he chose, but it never occurred to his mind that the rule of one man in a parish in relation to these things, whilst the laity are exhorted to obey him, is not what ordinary people understand by self-government. Canon Gore and Mr. Russell evidently held different ideas on the subject, and it is pleasing to note that some of the speakers were prepared to pay the price for self-government, that is disestablishment.

RECREATIVE EVENING SCHOOLS.

—The Rev. J. B. Paton, D.D., of Nottingham, Hon. Sec. of the Recreative Evening Schools' Association, has sent us papers describing the methods of his Association for the instruction of young people in Biblical truths. The method has been adopted by many of the Churches federated with the Birmingham Free Church Council, and has proved eminently successful. Particulars can be obtained from Dr. Paton, and we commend the method to all interested in evening class work for the young.







REV. WILLIAM EVANS.

Rev. William Evans.

OUR brother, William Evans, was born May 19, 1840, in the historic town of Shrewsbury—a town where the scientific mind of Darwin was quickened and furnished, and where his monument stands as an evidence of public appreciation and of his

personal industry. Mr. Evans was blessed with Primitive Methodist parents, and early felt the power of their earnest and pure lives. It was in Knighton, a little town on the Welsh border to which his parents had removed, that he consciously felt the power of the grace of God at the age of nineteen, and in a short time, showing intelligence and aptitude, was called out as a local preacher. In those days the Hay Circuit formed part of Knighton, and so involved long journeys and much labour; no lamps to light the path, no bicycle to shorten the journey, but often many miles of tramp through the dense darkness and the beating storm. The office of local preacher in this wide circuit was the "proof house" of our brother. He stood the test well, and soon grave brothers were wishful to open the door of a wider sphere for the exercise of his powers. Brother Evans not only had an advantage in being born into a godly home and to consequent Christian fellowship, but for eight years previous to his entrance into the public ministry he was engaged as a lawyer's clerk—for him the office was a school of mental training and legal acquisition. His knowledge of common law has been useful to himself as a superintendent and economically helpful to his circuits in giving advice and in preparing deeds for trustees.

In entering the ministry he did not run before he was called, neither did he hurry when called, as he was wishful not merely to hear the voice of the Church, but to be sure that he heard the voice of God. For six weeks or so he prayed earnestly that God would by some means make it clear to him that He had called him to this great work. His sense of the responsibility of the ministry was so great that it oppressed him, and he shrank from it, and if left to himself might have yielded to remain in the lawyer's office, where there was a prospect of promotion. But the Holy Spirit settled this painful controversy, and made him deeply feel that no sacrifice was too great for him to make to meet the call of Him who gave His life a ransom for many. It was in the month of October, 1863, he began his ministry, and God gave him one soul as "a sign" of present blessing and

as a prophecy of a fuller harvest. His circuits are his record. God has saved many through his ministry. It was our joy to have him as a colleague, and to gratefully rejoice together for the sheaves he gathered for the Lord. On one memorable Sunday night at a country church in the old Prees Green Circuit, twenty souls came out for Christ, and the voice of triumph was heard on earth and the angels rejoiced in the presence of God: this was a time never to be forgotten. The other evidences of our brother's success may be called financial. Peaton Strand, a branch of the Ludlow Circuit, during his first superintendency, was constituted an independent station, the quarterly income having gone up from £12 10s. to £26. Here he built two churches and a minister's house and left one of the churches free of debt. His next circuit was Leintwardine, where, by his life and labour, he made friends for all the coming years. Here he built a new church at Lingen and left it free of debt, and missioned Aymestry, where a church now stands as a beacon for the people around. We cannot speak of his four years' work in the Shrewsbury Circuit, nor the three years in that of Oakengates and Wellington. In the Lymm Circuit for four years he did the work of the ministry. By the aid of a legacy of £500 he cleared from the debt of Altrincham Church £800. He next went to Talke Circuit for four years, and laid up some £400 to be used in helping to build the Andley Church. His next call was to the Central Church in Derby—a post of difficulty and strain. There he paid £600 off debt and obtained £800 more in promises on condition the whole £1,700 was raised, and left £300 towards that amount for his successor. This is a record calling for devout thanksgiving.

In 1869, Brother Evans was joined in wedlock to the daughter of Mr. James Brown, a farmer of Burlton Grove, near Wem, in the county of Salop. In this important life-matter he committed his way unto the Lord, and He guided him to a helpmeet indeed. She was no peace-disturber, but a peace-maker. No trouble ever came to him in consequence of anything said or left unsaid. She is a wise woman and her husband safely trusts her. She is a *worker* in her Lord's vineyard. Domestically her children are her abiding memorial. Brother Evans is devoutly pious, strictly conscientious. He lives as seeing Him who is invisible. He preaches not what some people like but what they need. His sermons are Methodistically orthodox. No sinner can come to his church without hearing what he must do to be saved. His reading and study directly point to

the great end of turning men from darkness into light, and from the power of Satan unto God. The Higher Criticism has never injuriously touched his faith in the Divinity of the Gospel committed to his trust. He is a good pastor. He knows the way to the homes of his people and is not ignorant of their struggles and needs, and therefore his addresses do not lack the sympathy that comes out of knowledge. The cry of the poor he hears not

in vain, and the sick see in him a servant of Jesus who went about doing good. His heart is young and tender. He is not a dry tree, but full of sap. The young love him. In the day of adjustment, if faithful, he will hear the "Well done!" of Him whose he is and whom he serves. We trust he will still have years for work and for the joy of harvesting.

J. F.

The Purple Robe.

A STORY FOR THE TIMES.*

By JOSEPH HOCKING,

AUTHOR OF "THE BIRTHRIGHT," "MISTRESS NANCY MOLESWORTH," "ALL MEN ARE LIARS,"
"THE STORY OF ANDREW FAIRFAX," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

RUTLAND'S HOME-COMING.



"HAT we need, Lady Neville, is time."

Her ladyship looked doubtful as Ritzoom spoke. She had come to see, in spite of the Jesuit's assurances, that he had not truly estimated her daughter's character, had not realised that her whole life had been completely changed.

"You may be right; but what then?"

"With time I believe everything will come right, only——" he hesitated a second.

"Only what?"

"Well, we must understand the case, and face it boldly. Your daughter has doubtless become unsettled."

"Yes," admitted her ladyship with a sigh.

"And she is in love with this—Rutland?"

Lady Neville was silent.

"What we must do at all hazards is to restore your daughter to the faith."

"Oh, if we can!"

"And, of course, we must destroy all possibility of a marriage between the two."

"Yes; but do you realise the difficulties? I am afraid you do not understand Alizon. She is very

affectionate, but she cannot be driven. She will do what she believes right, even if it means her death. A few months ago, I believe she would have died for our faith; and now—well, I believe she would rather die than give up what she now believes. She laughs at the threats of our Church, or rather she treats them with quiet contempt. She seems to regard them much as an educated person regards the threats of a witch or a wizard. I cannot understand it. Concerning Rutland, she is inexorable; all my pleadings about the differences in their position do not move her one jot."

"All that may be true, and yet can we not fulfil our purposes through Rutland?"

"But how?"

"Well, it is a matter of time."

"Time! but how will time help? Alizon will soon be of age, and she will do whatever she believes to be right."

"And she loves this man? I mean, do you think it will last?"

"I am afraid it will. She is no giddy child, and she has never shown the slightest preference for any man before. And—why, think of it! If Alizon were to marry this Protestant minister here in Lynford, I—I think I should go mad! The papers would be full of it, the town would reek with gossip. Besides, think of it—my only child, a dissenting minister's wife!"

"It would be terrible, terrible!" said Ritzoom, like one musing. "Still I have hopes."

"But do not buoy me up with false hopes," cried her ladyship. "You see," she went on excitedly, "you thought her change of faith was only a passing whim, and that you could soon bring her to reason. But you were mistaken."

"I do not admit that," said Ritzoom, "and——"

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he hesitated for a second. "What is your real opinion of Rutland?" he added.

"I have nothing against him personally. He is well conducted, and gentlemanly. But for one episode, which, I suppose, he could defend, he has acted honourably."

"You know nothing of his antecedents?"

"Nothing except what he has told me," and Lady Neville related the purport of what Duncan had said about himself months before.

"He has had no love affairs before he came to Lynford, I suppose?"

"I don't know, but don't think about that. I could not bear any Adephi drama plots to be associated with Alizon."

"And I desire none, Lady Neville; still it seems to me our battle must be fought through him."

"How?"

"He struck me as having a high sense of duty."

"I should say he would try to do what he believed to be right."

"Do you not think he would do a great deal to win your consent for Alizon to be his wife?"

"Yes; but I could never give it."

"Not if he were a Catholic?"

"Perhaps; I don't know. But what is the use of speaking of that? It is impossible."

"Nothing is impossible. I do not give up easily."

"Yes, but surely if his contact with Rome and its teachers could not change him, he will not yield now. Remember he had given up all hope of winning Alizon. Had she not spoken—all would have been different."

"Was not that a ruse?"

"No, he is truthful and sincere, whatever else he may be. But, oh, Father Ritzoom, do think of some way out of this terrible affair."

"Lady Neville, will you give me *carte blanche* in this matter?"

"I do not understand?"

"Will you allow me to manage everything? To say what I think wise, to make promises in your name?"

"What promises?"

"I do not know, but only such promises as may be for your happiness, for Alizon's eternal salvation, and for the glory of our Church. Will you trust me fully?"

Lady Neville was silent.

"Without that I can do nothing. You see, I may have to take quick decided action, action which you may not understand. The situation is desperate, and if not managed wisely will become deplorable,—fatal. Believe me, I will not dream of sully the honour of your name, rather, I will try and save it, I believe I can. But no one can act without perfect trust. Have you sufficient confidence in me, to give me an entirely free hand to deal with Rutland?"

"But he is not in England."

"He soon will be. I see that the Tudor congregation have arranged to give him a welcome home the day after to-morrow. Unless we are careful they will soon be arranging to give a welcome to Alizon as the minister's wife."

"Oh, do something, Father Ritzoom!"

"You trust me, then, trust me fully. You give me authority to act in your name?"

"Yes, yes, but remember that Alizon is my only child, that she is as dear as my life to me."

"I will remember that."

A little later, Ritzoom and Father Sheen walked back to the latter's house. As they passed Tudor chapel Ritzoom read the bill announcing Rutland's home-coming very carefully, but he spoke no word to his companion.

"Have you done anything,—settled anything?" asked the simple old parish priest again and again, as they walked homeward, but Ritzoom made no reply; he was thinking deeply of the task which lay before him.

"If I failed with Alizon, I succeeded with Lady Neville," thought the Jesuit as he went to bed. "I led up the conversation in such a way that she was unable to refuse me."

Throughout the whole of the next day he did not leave the house, neither did he exchange confidences with his brother priest. He had work to do that was both delicate and difficult, and he determined to take no false steps.

"The initial difficulties will be the greatest," he concluded, after formulating his plans. "If I can once overcome them, I can begin to weave my web around him, and then——"

"It must be done too," he continued thinking, after pacing the room for some time. "The child must be saved from such a fatal step, and the Church must be defended. Yes, that's it. I feel like Cardinal Wiseman in that respect; I never cared for anything but the Church, and for it I would gladly give my life. But I wonder how it is that Alizon, a child of many generations of faithful Catholics, should, should—but there! I must heal the breach, I must heal the breach!"

On the Saturday evening, Ritzoom wended his way towards Tudor Chapel. What his purpose was in doing this no one knew. Indeed, Father Sheen, simple-minded, kind-hearted old man that he was, felt very much hurt at the Jesuit's behaviour. Having great faith in his power, however, the good old priest uttered no word of expostulation. Ritzoom was dressed as an ordinary layman, so he passed into the chapel without notice. Besides, no one knew him in Lynford. During his visits in the town he had always acted in a private capacity, and had taken care not to draw any attention towards himself.

The huge building was filled with people, even although it wanted ten minutes before the time

announced for the meeting to commence. On nearly every face was a look of pleasant expectation, and all eyes were turned towards the vestry door.

All around the priest men and women were talking in subdued tones, but loud enough for him to understand their conversation. He found that Rutland was their sole topic.

"Hast a seen 'im?" said one.

"Noa, but oo's coom. Aar George William were spaikin' to th' station-maaster, and oo said as aa oo coom laast neight."

"Yi, and how did aa look?"

"Aw doan know. It wur dark. Eh, but I shall be reight glad to hear the sound on 'is voice agean. Oo's a gradely lad."

"Yi, oo is 'n all. Ther's niver been 'is like at Tudor afore. Hast aa contributed?"

"Yi, a bit. Ther's fifty volumes, I suppose?"

"More nor that. Then theer's a watch, and a writin'-desk. Ay, but it wur a pleasure to give brass to buy things for him. Aw spoase th' committee 'ardly knowed what to git. I hear as aa ther's no likelihood on his gettin' wed, and soa they couldn't buy things for a house."

"I've 'eard ther' was no trouble-i' gittin' brass."

"Noa. They got more nor they wanted. Ay, God bless 'im, but oo's a rare un. Ay, time's up, ther's clock strikin', look, and oo's comin'!"

Ritzoom looked at the vestry door and saw Rutland come into the chapel and walk up the rostrum stairs, accompanied by some of the officers of the church. When the young minister appeared, the whole audience, numbering nearly two thousand people, *rose en masse*, to cheer him. As it was afterwards remarked, never was such a sight seen in Lynford before. A great wave of emotion passed over the great congregation; old men with weather-beaten faces wiped away the tears which they could not suppress, old motherly women shouted out their welcome, young men and maidens cheered lustily, while all over the great church were heard expressions of gladness and thankfulness.

The meeting was an utter surprise to the young man. He knew nothing about it until a few hours before it commenced, and even then he had no idea that it would assume such dimensions. In the space before the communion-rails he saw a large piece of cloth, which was evidently placed there to cover some things beneath, but he had no idea what it was. Everything was surprising, overwhelming. As the crowd welcomed him, he felt so touched, so overcome by the manifestation of their love, that the tears welled up into his eyes, and a sob rose in his throat which could not be suppressed.

The senior church officer gave out a hymn, in which the great congregation joined. How the sound rose and swelled! Perhaps there are few parts of the country which are more noted for singing than Lancashire, and as nearly two thousand voices joined in the grand old hymn, "All Hail the

power of Jesu's name," it was difficult to describe the impression made.

To Ritzoom it came as a revelation. He did not understand the mental and spiritual outlook of the people, he did not realise the religious convictions of the sturdy sons of the north. Here were people who had cast aside all priestly claims, and who yielded to no religious authority, save that of Christ Himself, and yet they were loyal to His ambassador. Here were men and women who confessed their sins to none but God, who trusted only in Him for the consciousness of forgiveness, and yet they rejoiced in their faith, and had no doubts about its reality. They claimed perfect liberty, mental and religious, and yet they were sober, law-abiding, God-fearing people. It was such as they who had made the nation great, and it was such as they who made it impossible for the priest to gain any footing in the country.

The whole gathering presented a problem to the subtle-minded Jesuit; he was ignorant of the forces which it suggested, aye, and ignorant of the sturdy independence which formed the basis of the people's character.

He took in everything at a glance, and tried to understand the significance of what he saw. It made his task more difficult, but it made his victory more glorious if he should accomplish it. Oh, if he could only convert Rutland, and if he could only bring this people into submission to the Church! Well, and if he did, would they be happier, stronger, more God-fearing than they were?

The singing was followed by prayer; simple, earnest, sincere. Again the Jesuit was impressed. For a simple layman to lead the prayers of the people in their own language, without appeals to saints, or apostles, or the Virgin! It was all strange, very strange.

Throughout the meeting he sat listening and taking note of everything. He heard the old grey-headed leaders of the church, as well as the young men just beginning to bear the burdens of life, testify to their affection for Rutland; he witnessed how they welcomed him back with heart-felt warmth. He heard them praise him for upholding the faith, and defending the liberties of the people. He listened to their prayers as they pleaded for his welfare, bodily, mentally, spiritually.

"The Church has an impossible task," he thought sadly. "These Nonconformists form more than half of the religious life of the country, and they will never yield."

Ere long a presentation was made. A writing-desk, a large parcel of valuable books, a gold watch and chain, and other articles were given with the church's love, and the people's prayers.

"I have said that these things are given by Tudor Church," said the chairman, who happened to be Mayor of the town, "but I am not quite correct. People from almost every church asked to

contribute: Even Catholics, or those who used to be Catholics, are among the contributors. I am glad of this. It shows that the Church is broader than we think, and it shows how strongly our friend and minister has laid hold of our town."

When Rutland got up to reply, there was the wildest enthusiasm. For several minutes he was unable to speak, and eventually, when the audience settled down to listen, his emotion almost overcame him. That great sea of kindly faces, those tear-dimmed eyes, those honest cries, "God bless tha', lad," made speech almost impossible. He mastered himself presently, however, and was able to speak freely. He thanked them for their kindness, their generosity, their sympathy, their prayers, their love, and expressed the hope that he should in the coming days be able to prove himself worthy of it. He would not describe his experiences in Rome; perhaps, sometime soon, he would be able to give them a lecture, when he would be able to speak about them at length. And yet there was one thing he would like to mention in connection with Rome, which was in some degree associated with the controversy in which he took part some months before.

"And it is suggested by the chairman's speech about 'the Church,'" he said. "We Free Churchmen are often sneered at because of our divisions, and at one time it was a painful problem to me. But the real meaning of the Church has become more and more impressed upon me. As you know, the Romanists claim that theirs is the only Church, and they rest their claim upon certain so-called facts in history, and a supposed long line of Apostolical succession. It is a very sad fact that a great mass of the young and educated life of Italy is drifting from religion altogether, and that Romanism fails, even at its head-quarters, to meet the intellectual and spiritual life to young free Italy. At the same time, great hosts of the people belong to the Church, the real Church; because they love Christ, and are trying to be true to Him. On my way home I stopped at Berlin, where there is a strong Protestant spirit; here, again, in spite of ignorance, unbelief, sin, there is a great multitude belonging to the true Church, the Church of love and obedience to Christ. And the same is true here in Lynford. We have our different denominations, but we belong to the same Church, in so far as we love and serve our Lord.

"I know this seems like a platitude, but it has been made real to me during these last three months. Moreover, the great fact that the true Church of Christ is ONE has been made real. Of course, all those pagan trappings of priestcraft are foolishness, all that talk about the Church being confined to one organisation is worse than foolishness, but the *oneness* remains, it is a spirit of love and obedience, and that, thank God, in spite of ignorance, bigotry, and error, belongs to all the Churches. And this makes the Church so much greater than

we imagine; it oversteps all the barriers of men, it embraces all pure, loving hearts, it makes the Church UNITED, and it makes it UNIVERSAL. I shall continue to fight what I believe to be error, I shall still try to destroy all cramping, narrowing influences; but I shall more than ever recognise the fact that the Spirit of Christ is everywhere, and wherever He is, the Church is. Indeed, I like to think of the words of that grand old father in the early Church, I mean St. Ignatius. He, when writing to the Smyrnaans, said, '*Wherever Jesus Christ may be, there is the Catholic Church.*'"

His words struck a new note in the meeting, and Ritzoom felt its power. It made the work he had set to accomplish more difficult still, but he did not deviate from his purpose.

It was very late before the meeting broke up, for Rutland had to shake hands with hundreds of people, but Ritzoom stayed to the end. When the building was nearly empty, he made his way to Rutland's side.

"Let me also welcome you back," he said with a smile. "I have been much struck with the gathering, and with your address, and I should like an hour's chat with you about it, and about other things."

"You are very kind," said Rutland; "but I am afraid I could not see you until to-morrow night, after my work is over."

"That will do splendidly. Shall I call at your lodgings about nine o'clock?"

"Yes," replied Rutland quietly. "I will arrange to meet you."

"Thank you very much. To-morrow night then."

The priest walked through the town thinking deeply. "It is a difficult task," he said; "but I think I shall accomplish it."

CHAPTER XXXV.

DUNCAN RUTLAND'S TEMPTATION.

"WELL, and you enjoyed your visit to the Eternal City?" said Ritzoom with a pleasant smile.

"Enjoyed is scarcely the word," replied the young man, and he sat back in his arm-chair, while opposite him sat the Jesuit smoking a large cigar.

They were in Rutland's study on the Sunday evening as had been arranged. The young minister was rather excited. This was scarcely to be wondered at, for his work through the day had been very trying. Great eager crowds had filled the spacious building, and the young man's whole strength had been given to the services. Moreover, he guessed the object of the priest's visit, and felt sure he would have some message from Lady Neville.

"Isn't it? Well, perhaps not. One enjoys a

cigar, but scarcely a visit to Rome, that is if one possesses the historical spirit; one is awed, bewildered, overwhelmed, but one does not 'enjoy' in the ordinary sense of the word."

Rutland waited for him to proceed.

"Of course, you will have guessed that I had some definite purpose in this visit?" said Ritzoom after a short silence.

"Yes, I guessed that."

"Of course you did. Well, there are two traits



"THEN YOU WILL CONSIDER MY PROPOSAL?"

of my character which are strongly marked. One is an utter frankness, and the other is a disposition to get at a point quickly."

Rutland nodded.

"Well, to be true to my character, I will be frank, and I will get to the point at once. I am sure this will be most pleasing to you as a straightforward Englishman."

The young man again nodded, but remained silent.

"I will therefore be brutally blunt. You have, I am given to understand, become the suitor for the hand of our mutual friend, Miss Alizon Neville, and that she has been disposed to listen kindly to you?"

The young man flushed rather angrily. He did

not relish the priest's interposition in the matter, but he spoke no word.

"Of course," went on Ritzoom, "I have personally no right to interfere with your privacy; but as you may know, I am honoured with Lady Neville's confidence, and—well, it has always been a pleasure for me to meet you."

"Thank you," replied Rutland quietly.

"I will be brutally frank," laughed Ritzoom almost nervously, "and I will confess that I hoped your visit to Rome would have led you to embrace our faith; but my hopes have not been realised."

"No, if you hoped that, they have not been realised; they never will."

"That is a pity. Lady Neville's objections might be overruled then."

Rutland looked up inquiringly.

"Yes, I repeat it. Personally, mind you, I should rejoice in such a union. I am not influenced by English prejudices. I believe in the aristocracy of intellect, the aristocracy of worth, but, of course, we don't all see alike, do we?"

"No, we don't all see alike."

"And so I have come to see whether we cannot arrange this matter. We are men, and we are both broad-minded enough to see the value of compromises. One of your sceptical philosophers seems to think that compromise is the basis of civilisation."

"What compromise are you thinking of?"

"I am interested in Miss Neville too," went on Ritzoom, without noticing Rutland's question. "Of course, her ladyship is very bitter, and will hardly listen to reason. It would be a terrible sorrow to me to know that the poor child was disinherited, and sent away from home. Of course, under no circumstance would Alizon do what her ladyship forbade her; but even a negative disobedience will, unless matters can be arranged, end in the poor girl's life being utterly wrecked. As you know, she has been tenderly reared, she has been surrounded by refinement and luxury, and so to be deprived of everything that must be dear to the heart of such a one would be terrible, and I would like to avoid such a calamity if possible."

"Am I to understand then," said Rutland, roused to speak by Ritzoom's words, "that Lady Neville—"

"Will certainly disinherit her if she persists in disobedience. And, well, even if you were to—well, carry out the plans which have suddenly formed themselves in your mind, it would be terribly cruel to drag her from the Priory in order that she might share with you the pleasures of a cottage."

"How do you know what is in my mind?" said Rutland, suddenly thrown off his guard.

"I have an unfortunate habit of arriving at conclusions very quickly," was the reply; "still, they are seldom wrong. Of course," he went on, after

hesitating a second, "although I am an avowed celibate, I have great sympathy with lovers. At the same time I am sure you will agree with me when I say that it would be taking a mean advantage of a young girl's weakness to alienate her from her mother, to cause her to be disinherited, and to drag her into poverty. For myself I know nothing more contemptible than the doing of such a thing, and I am sure you would scorn to be a party to such a proceeding."

"I presume you have something to suggest," remarked Rutland presently.

"Yes," replied Ritzoom, "I have, and I feel sure you will see the reasonableness of my proposals. You see I wish to do two or three things. I wish, first of all, to save Alizon from being driven from her home, and I wish to make both of you happy. This, you will understand, cannot be done unless we adopt a course agreeable to Lady Neville."

"Well, tell me what you wish to say?"

"Of course, I need not remind you that you are a Protestant, and that Lady Neville is a Catholic. Now, while, in time, her ladyship may become reconciled to the thought of her daughter marrying a Protestant, she would never consent to her marrying a Protestant minister."

"I see."

"Of course, such an arrangement would be absurd; indeed, her ladyship, with her antecedents and her devoted loyalty to the Church, would rather see her daughter dead than that such a thing should happen."

"Well?" Rutland's face was set and stern, his eyes shone with an angry light.

"You see that. Well, the proposal I am authorised to make is this: You resign Tudor Church, and study for another profession, say the bar. With your previous education and training, you would be able to pass the necessary examinations very quickly. Then when you are entitled to plead at the bar, her ladyship will be willing to listen to your proposal for her daughter's hand."

"And meanwhile?" Rutland asked the question as though it meant much to him.

"Meanwhile," answered Ritzoom, "her ladyship will not seek to prejudice her against you."

"But should I be allowed to see her?"

"That, of course, would not be wise. You see, her ladyship is naturally anxious about the future of her only child; she is also desirous of being true to the commands of her Church. She regards the arrangement as a necessary probation for you both. You are both young, and your experiences have been, let us say, a little out of the ordinary. Therefore, it should not be hard for you to wait a year or two. The strength of your affection would be tested, and her ladyship would be assured that you were willing to make sacrifices in order to gain an inestimable treasure. There, Mr. Rutland, you have the case in a nutshell, and I think you must

admit that Lady Neville has been exceedingly lenient."

"But if I remain a Protestant minister?"

"Then, of course, the case is hopeless. Even you can see that it would not be possible for her to consent to her daughter receiving the attentions of a Protestant minister."

"But if I persist, and—and if she persists?"

"In that case I think you would, to use an English colloquialism, 'cut your own throat.' Of this I am practically certain: she will not positively disobey her mother. That is to say, she will not do what her mother commands her not to do. But supposing she does. Supposing you pressed your suit, and she married you, what would follow? You would cause the woman you love to be disinherited, for her ladyship would no longer own her as her daughter. More than that, you would blight the lives of both mother and child. Her ladyship possesses the spirit of the old Roman matrons. She will do what she believes is right, but the evening of her life would be darkened, her home would be practically destroyed. You can, of course, see this. But not only would you curse her ladyship's life, you would curse her daughter's as well. How could she be happy while the memory of her disobedience haunted her? Why, think of it! She would be taken away from all her refined associations; she who never knew want, would be haunted by poverty, she would constantly realise that she was alienated from home, and that she had blighted the life of the mother who bore her. I put it to you frankly, as man to man, would it not be a despicable action?"

"Have you Lady Neville's authority for saying this?"

"Yes, I have; that is, I have her authority for making the proposal which I submitted to you. Have I made everything plain?"

"Yes, I think so."

"You can, of course, see what a great concession it is on her ladyship's part. Indeed, I never thought she would have yielded so much."

"There is nothing more to say, I suppose?"

"No, nothing. The issues are very simple, and I hope I may be able to congratulate you on deciding wisely."

"I hope so."

"Well, what do you say? What answer shall I take to her ladyship?"

"None at all—at present."

"Oh, well, of course there is no hurry; all the same, I thought you would have had no difficulty in deciding. You are not asked to change a single article of your faith, you are simply required to change one profession for another, and a far more desirable one. Why, think! The successful barrister may rise to the highest position in the land. He may be a great advocate, or even a judge. He may go into parliament and rise to be Chancellor of

the Exchequer, or even First Lord of the Treasury. And with Lady Neville's influence, a baronetcy, or even a peerage, is not impossible. On the other hand, what has the Nonconformist ministry to offer a man of your ability and ambition? You can rise no higher than you have already risen. You are the minister of the principal dissenting church in the town, and if you stay here for thirty years,—well, you can be no more. I think I speak as your friend, and I do not see how a sane man could reject the proposal I have made, and to which her ladyship has consented. You see this, don't you?"

"Yes, I see it."

"If you refuse—well, I see nothing but misery as the result. Whatever course events take, they must be calamitous; but I need not go over that ground again."

"No, you need not go over that ground again."

"Then you will consider my proposal?"

"Yes, I will consider it."

"When may your answer be expected?"

"I don't know;—soon."

"Then I will go; good night."

"Good night."

"I've got him," thought Ritzoom, as he walked away from the house. "I've got him. He takes the bait. When that first great step is taken, I shall be master of the situation, and I will guide matters in such a way that all my desires shall still be accomplished."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MAN PROPOSES, GOD DISPOSES.

DUNCAN RUTLAND did not sleep throughout the whole night after Ritzoom had left him. He could not. He was again in the toils of a great temptation. He had thought when he had determined to leave Rome a few weeks before that he had fought his battle and won it, now, however, he realised that it was harder than ever. Then he did not know that Alizon loved him, his hopes of winning her were very dim, now all was different, and that difference made the struggle more painful. The cup of happiness had been lifted to his lips, he had tasted of its joys, and to have it dashed from him for ever seemed more than he could bear. What would life be to him without her? How could he bear to spend perhaps fifty years without having her by his side, knowing all the time that she longed to be there?

He considered the whole situation again and again. He reviewed every possibility, and it seemed as though there were no alternatives save those which Ritzoom had set before him.

Hour after hour passed, and still he was under the Jesuit's influence, the cruel logic of his words constantly appeared before him, undermining his

will and his power of resistance. For inclination, pleasure, aye, the happiness of a lifetime, lay in obedience to the priest's words.

Oh, it seemed so easy, so pleasant to yield, to swim with the tide, to live for love! It was so hard, so terribly hard to follow that path which in spite of all his reasonings, duty marked out for him!

For supposing he followed in the path of duty, would he not blight Alizon's life? supposing he determined to be true to the commands of his conscience, and continued in the work in which he was engaged, what then? Well, one of two things would happen. First, he would have to give up Alizon, and try to wipe out her memory from the pages of his life. And what would that mean? To him it would mean disappointed hopes, broken ideals, aye, it would mean a lifetime of weariness, of loneliness, of sorrow. He could not bear the thought of living his life without the presence of one who had become all the world to him! Then the other alternative appeared. Supposing he pressed his suit, supposing he succeeded in taking her away from the home of the Nevilles, that she might become the wife of a Nonconformist minister? Ritzoom was right, such an act would be cruelty, madness. How could Alizon, with her tastes, her education, her associations, be happy? Besides, she would bring discord in her own home; more, she would be disinherited, driven from home. She would be the subject of gossip for the whole town. His action would be misunderstood, and, possibly, his influence lessened. No, it would not be fair, it would not be manly to ask her to share his lot; she would be happier away from him, she would have less to repent of if she remained amidst the associations of her old life, and in the sunshine of her mother's smile.

Then he thought of Ritzoom's suggestion. It offered such glowing possibilities. Yes, he could become a barrister, and a successful one too. He felt sure of it. And the profession offered such a glorious sphere for an ambitious man! He could make for himself a name that would make him welcome in any home in England. As the Jesuit had said, there was but little probability of his rising any higher than he was at present while he remained a Protestant minister, but at the English bar—well, the horizon seemed boundless! He thought of all the great names which had become household words in the land. And he could rise as they did. But that was only the least part of the prospect. He would be able to have Alizon as his wife, aye, and with her mother's sanction. And why not? He could do good in his new life, as much as he was doing now. He could still preach the Gospel, could still help the poor, aye, his position would give him new influence, and greater opportunities for doing good. With Alizon by his side he could bring sunshine into thousands of lives, and at the

same time he could fulfil the dream of his own life.

Yes, that was it, that was it. He would go to Lady Neville, he would tell her that for Alizon's sake he would resign his Church, and adopt the course she had suggested.

But—but—and then all the other side appeared. Conscience spoke loudly, loyalty to duty became a greater, grander thing than the happiness of a life-time.

When morning came the question was still unsettled. He rose as soon as it was light, and walked across the great wild moors which stretched away behind the house in which he lived.* Again he prayed for strength as he had prayed before; again he poured out his soul in wild cries to his Creator.

But the questions of his heart were not answered.

In the afternoon he went through the town. How glad the people seemed to see him, to shake him by the hand, to speak a kindly word. Many of them were rough in speech, some a trifle coarse, but they were kind at heart, kind and simple. He remembered the words which were spoken on the previous evening, and at the meeting on the Saturday. He thought of the expressions of their loyalty and their love. He saw again the great throngs of people who had crowded the building. Ah, he might become a greater man by being a barrister, he might occupy a more enviable position from the worldling's standpoint, but would he be a better man *in himself*? Did not Ritzoom's suggestion mean sacrificing his manhood?

At half-past five the machinery of the mills ceased, and thousands of weavers thronged the streets. Scores of them, aye, hundreds, gave him a cheerful nod and a kind smile; some stopped him and told him how glad they were to see him back again in their midst.

Presently he saw old Matthy Bray and Jonas Dixon coming towards him.

"Ay, Maaster Rutland," they said, "aw'm reight glad to see tha abaat agean. Yo're lookin' rare and brown, too. Tha mun tak' care o' thysen naa. We can noan afford for thee to laive us and go off to Rome. Tha mun stick to us naa."

"Do you really wish that I should?" asked the young man with a wan smile.

"Wish," said old Jonas, "wish, lad? We needn't tell thee that. Saturday neight tould tha that, yi, and yesterday too. Us Lancashire folk are rough and ready; we say straight things, but we know when we like onybody. Ay, 't would be a blow for Tudor, ay, and for Lynford, too, if thaa wert obliged to laive us. But yo' wil'n't, mester, yo're better naa, aren't you?" and the old weaver looked into the young man's eyes with a look of affection.

"Oh, yes, I'm much better; but not over strong yet!"

"No," said Matthy Bray, "tha wants some good

Lancashire food to ait. Yo've 'ad a lot o' Italian rubbish, an' it's noan good for a civilised man. Yo' mun geet plenty of good Lancashire beef, and craim, and that sort o' thing. Things wi' a bitt o' strengthenin' stuff in 'em.

"An' yo' mun noan work too 'ard. Tak' it aisy for a bit, lad, tak' it aisy. What we want is that tha sud geet wed. A nice Lancashire lass, wi' a bit o' brass. Ther's plenty i' Tudor, Mester Rutland, nice lasses an' oal. Geet wed and then thou'lt geet settled. Ay, but tha mun settle daan for life, lad. Tha mun noan laive Tudor, we're suited, and tha 'rt suited. Good neight, mester."

The two weavers walked on, and presently he met more. It was the same everywhere. Rich and poor met him with smiles, and all gave him a word of welcome.

He felt himself to be mean and ungrateful. These people had showered kindness upon him, and all the while he was contemplating leaving them. And yet—well, what should he do?

Days passed away, and still he came no nearer a decision. He had not seen Alizon, neither had he heard from her. He hungered for a message, and yet he dared not go near the Priory. He dared not go to places where he might possibly see her.

On the Thursday night, Ritzoom paid another visit to his lodgings. He evidently came in the expectation of receiving Rutland's answer, but in this he was disappointed. The young man was still fighting his battle, a battle between love and duty, between pleasure and pain, and try as he might, he could not make up his mind.

The Jesuit did not press him to state his intentions; he was too wise for that; but he strengthened the impression he had made on his previous visit; by many subtle suggestions, he drew Rutland along that course which he intended he should take. For the priest had made his plans carefully, and he knew that when the young minister had taken the first step he would be able to obtain a positive hold upon him, a hold which he did not intend to relax until his utmost wishes were fulfilled. He believed he had estimated Rutland's character correctly, and he knew the forces by which he would be governed.

But, as he had said to himself when on his way thither, he must first of all get the young man to cross the Rubicon, and burn his bridges, after that all would be well.

He did not get him to do this, however, for Rutland was not to be moulded like clay in the hands of the potter. He had an individuality of his own, he had a will, and he had a conscience. Thus, while he influenced him in the desired direction, he could make him take no step.

Nevertheless, he went to the Priory, after the interview, with a smiling face, for he believed that the battle was won. Whenever it was possible, Ritzoom made it a point to say some words to those

whom he desired to influence, which he knew would have effect after his departure.

"Of course, you—you have seen no one from the Priory since your return to Lynford?" he said casually, as he rose to take his leave.

"No."

"I thought not," and then he looked at Rutland as a skilled mesmerist looks at his victim.

"There is nothing wrong at the Priory, I hope?" said the young man, thrown off his guard for a moment.

"There are wet eyes there."

"Wet eyes! What do you mean?"

"Surely you can guess," said the Jesuit, as he left the house. "Good night."

All through the night he thought of Alizon, and the memory of the priest's words haunted him. He interpreted them in a hundred ways, and every one of his interpretations made him long to yield to his heart's desire.

What should he do? What should he do? The question haunted him throughout the next day, and all the while he felt himself becoming weaker and weaker.

At nine o'clock that night he found himself alone fighting the same battle. He had just returned from a meeting, and was now sitting in his lonely rooms. Oh, it was very, very wearisome, this continuous doubt, this continuous struggle! He could not bear it much longer. He felt sometimes as though he must yield to the conditions which Lady Neville had authorised the priest to make.

Presently he drew a chair to his study-desk, the desk which had been presented to him the previous Saturday evening. Yes, he would write that night and decide the question for ever. He took up a pen and wrote the date, then followed the words: "Dear Lady Neville"—

So far he got, and then he stopped. Could he resign Tudor Church, for that was what it meant, on the very desk the people had given him a few days before? On the other hand, could he give up Alizon for ever?

He took out his watch and looked at the time. It was the watch the Church had given him. He looked around the room, and saw a number of books which told him of his duty. Oh, but he could not give up Alizon, and yet—

He heard a knock at the door. No one answered it. Evidently his landlady had gone for a few minutes' chat with a neighbour. It was repeated.

He went to the door, and on opening it, saw a veiled figure, which he could not recognise in the darkness.

"Mrs. Nutter has gone out, I think," he said, "but I daresay she will be back in a few minutes."

"May I come in?"

Without a word he closed the door behind her and drew her into the room.

"Alizon!" he cried.

She took off her hat and veil and placed them on a chair, and then looked at him like one wondering.

"I have heard everything," she said.

"Your mother's conditions?"

"Yes."

He was silent. He did not ask her how she came, or why. She was there before him, and he felt that the great moment of his life had come.

"What are we going to do?" she asked.

He continued silent. Her presence made him long more than ever to yield to the conditions which had been made, and yet she quickened his sense of duty, and of loyalty to what was right.

"Has he—Ritzoom told you of our meetings?" he asked presently.

"Yes, he has told me everything, told it as only he can tell."

He nodded.



"IT WOULD BE WORSE THAN DEATH TO GIVE YOU UP."

"What are we going to do?" she asked again presently.

He caught her hand. "Oh, Alison!" he cried, "it would be worse than death to—to give you up."

"Would it?" and a bright light shone in the girl's eyes.

"Yes," he said, and she knew that he meant what he said.

They were both silent for a few seconds, for they knew not what to say.

"You must not give up your Church," she said presently.

"Must I not?" His voice was hoarse, for the

girl's words sounded like a death-knell in his heart.

"No, it would be wrong, it would be disloyal, you must not lower your standard by adopting a poorer profession."

"No." He felt she was right, knew that her voice was as the voice of God.

"All those fine sayings about place, position, and power are as nothing," she said, "they cannot be entertained by those who believe as we do. We know the truth, and the truth has made us free."

He felt ashamed of himself. She was a convert of only a few weeks, and yet she taught him his duty.

"Then you have come to bid me good-bye," he said presently.

"What?" There was a sob in her voice as she uttered the word.

"You have come to bid me good-bye," he repeated. "Oh, I know what you say is right. I feel it more than ever now. But, oh, Alizon, it will be like death to part with you."

The girl looked at him with questioning, yearning eyes.

"Yes, like death," he repeated. "The thought that I must spend my life without you, month after month, year after year, and yet not to have you near me. O God, I cannot bear it!"

"Must you bear it?" and her voice trembled as she spoke.

"The man said there was no other way, and I feel that he is right. It would be mean of me to ask you to disobey your mother; it would be wrong in me to try to alienate you from home, and cause you to be disinherited. Oh, I feel the meanness, the unmanliness of doing such a thing. And even if I thought you would consent I would not ask you. I have fought it all out, I know the bitterness, the remorse that would follow in the train of such an action, and yet—oh, Alizon, may God give us strength to bear it."

"Is there no other way?" said the girl.

"No, I know no other. You have made me feel

that I cannot cease being a minister, and I cannot ask you to do the other."

"Then I must ask you, Duncan."

He turned towards her with a startled, wondering look in his eyes.

"If you will not ask me, I must ask you," she repeated. "God did not lead us to love each other to mock us. He did not open our eyes that we should live in darkness. I have been thinking too. I—I cannot believe that mother will remain for ever angry with me, she loves me too much for that. And even if she does, well, do you think I care so much for house and position and society and all that sort of thing—as to, oh, don't you understand?"

The young man sat like one dazed. He knew not what to say, or what to think.

"I should blight your happiness for ever if—if—" he stopped suddenly.

"And if you don't?"

"If—if I don't!" he stammered.

"Yes, if you don't, what would my life be then?"

He did not speak a word.

"Can you refuse me, Duncan?" she said, looking into his eyes.

"No, I cannot. God forgive me, but I cannot," he cried, as he saw the light of her great love shining through her tear-dimmed eyes.

THE END.

Present-Day Prophets and their Messages.

By JAMES P. LANGHAM.

I.—JOHN PULSFORD, THE MYSTIC.

IV.

THE MYSTERY OF PAIN AND THE COMFORT OF LOVE.



OR some minds the mystery of pain has a weird and ceaseless fascination. If the subject could be dismissed they would be devoutly thankful; for its repeated investigation only shows how vast is the prison-house of pain in which both men and animals are immured. Much of the suffering they contemplate seems needless and purposeless,

and as this conception gains depth and strength, they feel themselves falling over the ragged edges of the precipice of insanity. Misery which contributes to edification, pain which is a necessary step towards a higher good can be patiently borne; but

woes which appear both needless and purposeless render faith in a Divine providence difficult, and the maintenance of tranquillity of spirit impossible. The investigation of human woes and animal miseries has been to some men as agonising as the horrible experiences of the torture-chambers of the Inquisition. Paul said, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus;" and they might have said, "We bear in mind and body the marks of the mental anguish we have endured." The furrowed brow, the eyes which look like wells of tears ever ready to run over, say, "We have looked on sorrow, and can never be mirthful again." People said of Dante, as they saw his majestic face overcast with unutterable grief, "*There goes the man who has been in hell.*" Men who have lifted the veil which hides the unpleasant sights of Nature tell us that they have found hell on earth, and the sight of its unceasing miseries makes them sad-hearted pil-

grims in a world of seeming festivity and gladness. The discoveries of Bacteriology show the diseased bodies of men as ante-chambers of hell, wherein malignant cruelty riots under material forms.

"Instead of God the swarmed bacteria come,
Nature seven-fold has multiplied the curse
Man casts into her : now it makes an home
In him and generates, so to asperse
The burdened organs, where he holds his breath,
With fetid rains of generative death."

The contemplation of these sad, these tear-provoking facts, makes men feel as if they had passed through the torture-chambers of the Inquisition.

Edgar Allan Poe describes a veritable creation of the deepest hell of cruelty—a torture-chamber of the Spanish Inquisition. A victim of the inquisitors awoke from stupor, induced by torture and drugs, to find himself bound firmly upon a wooden couch over which oscillated what seemed at first the huge pendulum of an enormous clock. With apathetic vision he watched its regular movement from side to side until, with horrified alarm, he discovered that the weight of the pendulum was a semi-circular knife, which with every oscillation came nearer to his own person. Bound with unbreakable bonds he lay in speechless agony, wondering how long the torture of contemplation would last, and when the sharp knife would end his misery. He followed with his eyes the movements of the knife until unconsciousness mercifully supervened. When he awoke the knife was already fraying his clothing at each unhasting sweep. Happily he was able to force the rope that bound him into the path of the murderous knife, and thus obtain his liberation. But his escape from terror was only very brief. The walls of his cell begun to glow with heat, which made visible fiendish figures and mocking faces, filling him with horror. Presently he noticed that the cell in which he lay was getting smaller, for the walls were gradually contracting and compelling him to move towards the centre in which was now clearly revealed a yawning pit. He peered over the edge of the pit to discover if in that direction he might find a way of escape; but he started back amazed, for the pit revealed worse horrors than the cell of torture in which he lay. His plight was pitiable and hopeless. His tormentors were determined to drive him to insanity or death. How he escaped from their relentless grip we need not now narrate. Some who have sought to explore the Inferno of the world's miseries have, like this helpless man who escaped the death-dealing pendulum only to be forced towards the pit of deepest horror, found themselves helpless and hopeless between sorrows they could not relieve and evils they could not resist. Some men who have gazed upon the Medusa-like face of the MYSTERY OF PAIN have returned with the shadow of unrelieved woe upon their faces, and the gleam of hopeless insanity in their eyes. Others have declared that no satisfac-

tory solution of the problem of suffering is possible. Very conscientious and laborious efforts have been made by many persons to cast light upon the mystery of pain, and find for sorrow-burdened men at least some relief from torturing thought. The literature thus produced is enormous. Dr. A. B. Grosart, who for a quarter of a century studied this subject, told me that he had in the course of his researches read, in various languages, over three thousand distinct works, and calculated that nearly two thousand more awaited his perusal. I regret that the work he contemplated writing, as the result of his studies, has not appeared in print. The existence of this immense literature is convincing evidence of the perennial interest felt by men in that mystery which casts a shadow across every man's path. Multitudes never think seriously about this subject, but it has for others a resistless fascination. It can only be regarded with indifference by the callous and the thoughtless. As life becomes rich and full, men are disposed to investigate sympathetically the sorrows of men, and even the wrongs and pains of animals. *Whether under present conditions a solution of this problem, the enigma of the ages, can be arrived at may be questioned.* But "when the day breaks, and the shadows flee away," it will be found that in God's scheme of things there is nothing meaningless and useless; and that *pain and sorrow wrought for good ends, and subserved Divine purposes.*

"Evil is only the slave of good ;
Sorrow the servant of joy ;
And the soul is mad that refuses food
Of the meanest in God's employ."

Like all great and tender souls, John Pulsford had often busied himself with the problem of suffering. I do not know that he claimed to have solved it; but that he cast light upon it I am sure. His book on "Our Deathless Hope" is my witness.

The following passages are worthy of the consideration of all who wish to find a way out of the conditions of evil, shame and sorrow which now prevail.

"The Great Father regards the very darkness and sin of His creatures as inarticulate prayers; *because they are wants.* Parents who understand the wants of their children, are equally concerned to supply them, whether they are put into words of prayer or not. God is seeking in His own way the men and women who are not seeking Him. 'I am found, and will be found, of those who ask nothing from Me.' His love and patience pass all human belief. Where He is not so much as named, where His very existence is denied, where self-will and ungodliness are dominant, *there He is with His unchanged purpose of good.*"

Further on he says:—

"I am fond of the following legend, because it throbs with right God-like humanity.

"Some centuries after Abraham and Isaac had

gone into Paradise, they are represented as watching the course of their people. They saw their sufferings in Egypt, they saw them led out of Egypt by Moses, they saw them crossing the desert on the way to Canaan. And one day Isaac saw Abraham in deep thought, with tears in his eyes. He asked him why he was weeping. He replied, I see what the Canaanites will suffer from our people. They will enter into their land, and will put thousands and tens of thousands of them to death, and will burn up their cities. Isaac replied, But have not the Canaanites filled up the measure of their iniquities? Do not their sins cry aloud for judgment? And is it not in mercy to the whole world that such a people should be swept away? Abraham knew that this was all true, and yet he could not refrain from tears. He said not a word to Isaac, but took him by the hand, and led him down to the earth, and entered a sorrowful human home, where the father and mother were watching their dying son. In an insane fit of rage this son had set fire to his own clothes, and was dying in great agony. Abraham said to the parents: Why do you weep? Has not this youth been a great deal of trouble to you? Has he not brought this end upon himself by his own act? When he is gone will not you and your other children be relieved of a great burden? The father looked up in Abraham's face with anger, and silently turned away from him. The mother simply said: *'Hast thou never loved? This was our son.'* Abraham and Isaac left the house. Isaac bowed his head before Abraham and said: *"Father, I am instructed."*

Pulsford taught that evil, the result of perverse action, will some day terminate; and when evil terminates there will no longer be a problem of suffering. He lays down and seeks to establish the following propositions:

"(1.) God's purposes are sure, and in the end, His will will prevail, and His Eternal Love will be all in all; yet there is an open field for perverse action.

"(2.) Herein is the Cross of God; and the Cross of God becomes as a matter of course, the Cross of heaven and earth.

"(3.) But the whole mystery of evil, and all its cross-working purposes being completely under the overrule of Infinite God and the Heavens, there is no ground for despair; and no such thing as the finality of evil.

"(4.) Under the reign of Eternal Law, as it is in God and in His Heavens, right humanity, with its right reason, its progress and happiness without end, are to come out of the lawlessness of self-will."

With Whittier his hope for mankind centred in the perfect goodness of God. He could say with the Quaker-poet:

"For midst the maddening maze of things,
Though tossed by storm and flood,

To one fixed faith my spirit clings,
I know that God is good."

A familiar acquaintance with Pulsford's teaching will relieve the mind from the burden of anxious questioning placed upon it by the contemplation of seemingly useless suffering and purposeless pain. As we learn to live in and breathe the atmosphere of perfect trust in the Infinite Goodness, we shall find comfort in the thought that, *"God is His own interpreter, and He will make it plain."* THE COMFORT OF LOVE is the only thing that can support men in a world where sorrow reigns.

To show how Pulsford could impart to sorrowing minds this blessed consolation, we will give some passages from letters written to friends and inquirers.

The first is from a letter to one who informed him of the death of her mother. His words of loving sympathy and wise counsel must have come like healing balm to those who mourned beside the dead.

"Kewick Hotel,

"Kewick,

"Aug. 31, 1886.

"MY DEAR FRIENDS,

"The announcement in the paper to-day shocks me very much, (having seen you and your mother together so recently;) and brings me into tender, fatherly sympathy with you. *The terrible thing to our poor hearts is, the total rupture of all communication which follows the departure of our dear ones from this lower floor, to the higher floors of our Great Father's house.* My own soul is never reconciled to this cruel fact. But I suppose from the awful darkness and silence, keener and deeper aspirations may be stirred in the breast. *Perhaps our unutterable yearnings are the conditions and signs of internal births.* Jesus, at any rate, said: The soul, when in travail, is like a woman in sorrow; but the sorrow shall be, *is*, turned into joy. Wherefore, if we can neither see, nor hear, all we would, let our hearts go on craving and craving, until our immense capacities and longings shall find their satisfaction.

"O God, our anguish in many ways is very great, cause that our Hope may be even greater, for Thine own Name, as 'Our Father,' and for Thy children's relief."

Four years later this friend who received the above comforting letter, was prostrated by disease. When recovering she received from her trusted guide and counsellor the following helpful words:

"March 23, 1890.

"You have been one of an exceeding great multitude who have been smitten and prostrate this winter. *We must take our illnesses and pains to be signs of the Beautiful and Blessed Spirit that*

is pressing down into us and into the earth. For the right pure and truly good substance is at war with all the corrupt and vain conditions of our flesh, which is said to be our humiliation. All our bitter experiences work together under God to prepare us for a greater measure and weight of glory. We are not yet made. 'Let us make man in our own image;' and there is much unmaking, before we can be finally made incorruptible and lovely immortals.

"Tell your dear sister, with my affectionate regards, that it is quite right to be depressed by the evils and sorrows of the world. They are God's cross, and they must be ours. We must ascribe them to the operation of the self-will—Hell's self-will, and mankind's self-will. The fruits of our Father's will are truth, joy, peace, goodness, sweetness, innocence.

"Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven;" otherwise it would not be Heaven.

'O joy that seeketh me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee,
I trace Thy rainbow through the rain,
And feel Thy promise is not vain,
That Morn shall tearless be.'

But some, while recognising the sweet reasonableness of the above comforting letters, may bid us look on Nature's disorder and consequent woes, and first explain and then endeavour to mitigate the pains of those creatures which have not, like man, wilfully perverted the laws of Divine order. From this demand Pulsford does not ignobly shrink, but gives at least a helpful answer to it. He holds with Paul, that nature suffers with man; that nature waits the appearance of a redeemed race, (a race in which redemption is perfected;) and that when these sons of God appear, nature's sufferings will be over.

Man is regarded as *central* in God's scheme of things; and nature as so vitally related to man that she rises and falls with him; suffers and rejoices with him; and in his final triumph will receive the crown of her everlasting rejoicing.

If this teaching is true, each man must find in the present sorrows of nature an added reason why he should strive to enter into the fulness of Christ's redemption. If nature must wait for her deliverance and glorification until "*the manifestation of the sons of God*," how imperative is the duty of man to seek for the triumph of the Spirit of God, even in his very flesh. When men so love their kind, and the races dependent upon man, that they will cease to sin and live in constant obedience to the law of life as it operates in God, the humiliation and degradation of nature will end; and the dream of the poet will become sober fact.

"And earth's fields, with herbs and flowers,
Shall put on their choice array;
And in all their leafy bowers
Shall the woods keep holy day.

When the Judge, to earth descending,
Righteous judgment shall ordain,
Fraud and wrong shall then have ending,
Truth, immortal truth, shall reign."

I can conceive of no thought more stimulating to holiness of life than the thought that *holiness realised in spirit, soul, and body* makes man a *distributive centre for the redemptive forces of Christ*; which working through him will not only save him, but save nature with him.

I will content myself with transcribing some remarkable sentences from "Our Deathless Hope."

"Wherefore every wise man, every right-minded man, every far-seeing man, will desire to have no body of which God is not the Life and the Main-spring. Any other body will be a curse to him; and its last work will be to send a warped, fleshly, vitiated soul into the eternal world. One awakes from death, before the angels, with a cadaverous aspect, which the earthly self-life imparts to the countenance of the soul. The book of his soul's life is opened in his face. Another awakes from death, flushed with the rosy-tinted health of the immortals. He sees before him illustrations in human faces of the blessed Law, that the Health of the countenance is from God's indwelling in the soul. The influx of God's Spirit through the Health of the Divine Man, will create in you a new and incorruptible soul-body, and will cause your after-death face to glow with everlasting youth and health."

"This law of human renewal and health, which we are commending to you, is the very law by which all evil will ultimately be expelled from our planet. The energies which flow from God through His renewed sons and daughters, as their numbers increase, will purge and renew the soil, the atmosphere, and both vegetable and animal races."

"God taught, by Moses and the prophets, that neither blight nor mildew, nor pestilence in the air, nor pestiferous insects, would occur in nature, so long as His presence filled men and women, and ruled nature through them. And prophets from the beginning of history to this hour, have declared that the perfection, harmony, and joyousness of nature cannot be, until the human family becomes the dwelling-place of God. The causes which are in operation through mankind are *primary* causes, while those of nature are secondary; and no man would suppose otherwise if he had not lost the life of his ascendancy in God, and fallen under the powers of nature."

"As the whole case is one of Divine science, it may be put thus: *God's unimpeded breathing into nature, through Divinely constituted mankind, is the law of nature's purity, perfectness, and fertility.* God breathing *obstructedly* into nature, through the degenerate and inversive race, makes for nature's cloudiness in one place, for her dis-

tempered heat in another, and for her every unbalanced and disordered condition."

"Therefore, whoever seeks to interest man and woman in the law of their personal, immortal health and joy, is at the same time pleading for new channels through which Heaven's pure vigours may flow into the world's atmosphere. *The transfiguration of the natural human race into true sons and daughters of God, is precisely the hope, the grand expectation for which the whole creation groans and waits.*"

"O Christ, Thou art our Eternal Health, Thou hast made our humanity divine and eternal. By refraining Thy human tongue from evil, and Thy human lips from speaking guile; by turning Thyself constantly from every tempting form of evil, and suffering it not to enter Thy soul; by doing good in the Spirit of God, and by opening Thy humanity utterly to His goodness; by seeking Peace, namely, the reconciliation of all things in Thyself, and pursuing it, until all that is Divine and all that is human were one harmony:—*thus hast Thou perfected our nature, and won our everlasting thanksgivings. We see ourselves glorified in Thee; and the Law of the Spirit of Thy Life in us, will glorify us with Thee.*"

Truly the COMFORT OF LOVE, THE COMFORT OF DIVINE LOVE, casts light, helpful and guiding light, on the Mystery of Pain.

It is clear that in this direction—the road to oneness of thought and life with God, the solution of the Problem of Suffering must be sought, and will be found.

For Pulsford, the solution of the problem of suffering was found *in Christ*; and a glorious solution it is.

"In the Lord Jesus, the Divine-human distress reached its height; and in Him we see that the distress is a condition of the Divine-human victory. If we regard not Christ as the solution of the problem of our earthly existence, then there is no solution. Put Him out of your reckoning, and you will fail to see that human life on earth has any end that is worthy of God, or any issue that can comfort you. *If Christ be not representative of God's way and will with the race, then we must come to the horrible conclusion, that heartless forces have the victory, and tread out the hopes of our souls.* But if with your whole heart and reason you can regard Christ as the representative Man,—*as God's revelation concerning the race*,—then you can glorify God, and put on courage in the face of suffering and death. *If all our woe is summed up in Him, and all our hopes crowned in Him, then we can set all our sorrows to music, and go down into our deepest, darkest valley, with the 'everlasting' joy upon our heads.*"

"So Near, and Yet so Far."

FROM THE WELSH OF REV. D. ROBERTS, BY "CEMLYN."

OFFTIME, like weary pilgrim, I
My lonely path pursue;
The loved wayfarers of my youth
Infrequent are, and few.

So nigh are we! 'Tis but a step
Into your presence bright.
And yet so far! Ye dwell beyond
The ken of mortal sight.

So nigh! The obscuring veil betwixt
Is but as insect's wing.
So far! Ne'er penetrates my ear
The loudest note ye sing.

So near! The "twinkling of an eye"
May waft my soul to bliss.
So far! The way from you to me—
Vast space!—impassable is.

Yet though to you the path is closed
By which ye might descend,
There lies for me an "open way"
Whereby I may ascend.

I tarry till He comes to whom
Naught "far" or "near" is;
In Him, bright host, I, too, shall rest
With you in endless bliss.

Nonconformist, 1888.





How the Minister and His Wife Kept Christmas.

BY REV. W. M. KELLEY.

"Oh verily, verily this is not God's way.
Not thus the Maker toils upon His clay;
Be it He breaks us here, yet shall He not,
Think you, make us anew some other day!"

"All is not buried in the great abyss,
Brains that stored truth, and Love that found its
bliss
In death of self. Oh, God Himself is not
So rich to bear such shameful waste as this."



HE blinds were drawn in the home of the Rev. Edward Moore. Inside the house there was a silence that could be felt. That indescribable hush that only one presence can produce—the dark angel Death—filled each room. The few inmates moved about with quiet tread and few words. In the front room upstairs, the windows of which looked towards the west, there lay, stretched upon the bed, the

form of the eldest son, the only child.

Arthur Moore had died upon his eighteenth birthday. He had been born on the 24th of June, and as his father sat with bowed head by the corpse of his son, he felt that in very truth, these two days, the day of birth and the day of death, had been the longest of his life. The rays of the setting sun came streaming into the chamber, creeping slowly from one part of the room to another, until they fell across the face of the dead son, bathing the brow with a halo of glory. As the father watched, the sunbeams began to lose their strength and beauty. The broad bands of golden dust grew narrower until the western hills cut them off, and the grey shadows clothed the dead.

Instinctively the father's thoughts followed the analogy. His mind went back across the bridge of eighteen years. He lived again the day of birth. All through the hours of that 24th of June he had paced his study. From early morn until late at night he had not broken his fast. The whole of the day passed in anxious thought and earnest

petition. But just as the parting sun had shot forth its last rays, the cry, for which he had been listening hour after hour, rang through the house, and Edward Moore thanked God that his son was born and his wife safe.

Arthur Moore had brought nothing but gladness and peace into the home. His nature was sunny and obedient. As a child his good temper was remarked by strangers. At school he never quarrelled, because it takes two to fall out. Without being weak, he possessed the grace of self-control, and the words of Holy Writ were eminently true of him, he "increased in wisdom and stature and in favour with God and man."

He was a born student. He took to his books as naturally as ducks take to water, or as most boys take to mischief. Before he could walk he could talk. By quiet unconscious stages he learnt his alphabet and began to read his childish books.

His father recalled that afternoon, (he had not been more than eight years of age), when he came in from school, and with a proud look upon his face, had put a two-shilling-piece down upon the tea-table.

"Well!" said his mother, "some poor body is weeping for the loss of that coin."

"Nay," replied Arthur, "I have won it."

"Won it!" echoed his mother, "how?"

"The master has given it to me before all the school because I was the only boy who recited Gray's 'Elegy' all through without a mistake."

And so a hole had been drilled through the coin, and a silken cord passed through it, and Arthur had worn it ever since. It had been his fancy never to part with the first money he had won. His father moved the sheet aside with his hand; the piece of money lay upon a breast as cold as itself.

There had never been but one profession for Arthur Moore. As a child he had gathered other children together to play at "chapel." It mattered not who formed the audience, or who took the part of organist, Arthur was always the preacher. Sometimes his father had suggested other ideals. He should learn to be an artist! he should become a business man! he should go for a soldier! And though the red coat and the band of music ap-

pealed with power to his imagination, he never faltered. "When I'm a man I shall go to college and learn to preach."

He had never swerved from that position. And it did appear, from all human standpoints, that he was one set apart by nature and grace to fill that high office. In view of his college career, his parents had practised a strict self-denial. It had been his mother's suggestion. A sum of £5 5s. a year for eighteen years was allotted to Arthur by connexional rule. When Mrs. Moore received the first quarterly instalment she had opened a banking account, and had put this money away with but one purpose—it was to pay for Arthur's education. With unfailing consistency the bank-book showed how four times a year an entry had been made. There had been many temptations to use it. Once when Mr. Moore had had a long spell of illness and it was needful that he should have luxuries that were outside the ability of their limited income to purchase, the wife had taken down the book with the intention of withdrawing £5. But as she put on her bonnet to go to the bank her conscience smote her. The last sermon she had heard her husband preach came with force to her mind. It had been upon the "Sin of Achan." She turned to the Bible in hope of some word that should be a guide. Of its own accord the Book fell open at the story of Achan's trespass. This decided her. From that day there was never one moment in which she desired to touch that money. It was sacred. It belonged to the Lord. It was put away for the purpose of qualifying her son to serve his Master more efficiently. The book showed an absolute blank on the withdrawal side. A sum of more than £100 was awaiting its sacred mission.

And now this money would never be needed. The one for whom all this sacrifice had been made during these eighteen years would never benefit by it. He had been called to the higher service of heaven.

To say that the light of the home was quenched, that the music of life had ceased for these parents, is to put the facts in their mildest form. Next door to the minister's home dwelt a large family, eight boys and girls with both parents, all full of vigorous health. Death had never stepped across their threshold. His bony arm had never been thrust into their family circle; it remained unbroken. Surely one might have been taken from their fireside with less pain, with less loss. But Arthur had been their one "ewe lamb." Both mother and father had allowed the deep stream of their love to flow out towards him until he was the central object of their life. His very goodness and ability had invited this. When they saw other parents bowed down beneath the load of family anxiety, they had unconsciously straightened their backs and said with pride, "Our Arthur has

never caused a tear to flow or a grey hair to appear." And now they were broken, humbled to the dust. As they walked side by side behind that coffin they feared to look into each other's eyes.

Six months had passed since the death of Arthur Moore. The long days had given place to the long nights. The hot sunshine of June was replaced by the cold winds of December.

The minister carried about with him the signs of his visitation. There were patches of white in his hair that rivalled the snow in purity. Deep lines were furrowed across his brow, and his eyes had the look of a man who has seen the worst that life can show.

The discipline of sorrow had not been without its compensations. It had added a new note to his ministry; that note without which the most able ministry is unfruitful—the note of sympathy. Men who were in trouble turned to Edward Moore as naturally as the flower turns towards the sun. Women who were bereaved of their loved ones were strangely comforted by the words he spoke and the prayers he offered over their dead. One man, at least, had been saved from blank atheism by the minister's steady faith and unfailing sympathy.

It was John Howard whose life had been redeemed from this destruction. John had been married one year. It had been a twelvemonths of deep, pure joy. Their home-life had realised all the ideals exalted during the enthusiasm of court-ing-days. But one year from the day of his wedding two coffins—a large one and a small one—had been carried out of John Howard's home, and he hardened his heart against God. When all the visitors had left and had gone their ways, the minister tarried. By that empty fireside he and the husband sat side by side. Far into the night he talked and prayed with the stricken man. He opened to him the secret place of his own life, and showed him the *mark of the nails*. He picked up the golden threads of submission and trust until they were woven again into the fabric of John Howard's life.

But the great change that Arthur Moore's death had made in his father's life came out in the pulpit. His sermons appeared to be upon a higher level than formerly. They were bathed with a pathos that was new to his ministry. It was no uncommon thing to see large numbers of his congregation in tears while he preached. And though tears are not always the sign of permanent impressions, they served, in many cases, to melt the hard crust that had formed about the life, and to leave it more open to the highest influences.

A series of sermons that Mr. Moore preached upon "Paul's thorn in the flesh," was talked about for years within the circle of his congregation. As

old Henry Cooper had put it to a number of the leaders:

"No man could have preached them who had *snatched* out the thorn with impatience. They were the sermons of a man who had learnt to walk about with the thorn sticking in."

All through these months the £100 had remained untouched in the bank. By mutual agreement the topic had never been named by the minister and his wife. The book had never been lifted from its resting-place in the drawer.

It was three days before Christmas, which fell this year upon Sunday. A hard frost had laid its iron grip upon the earth. "Real Christmas weather!" said the well-fed and well-clothed as the warm blood went circulating through their veins. Others, less fortunate, shivered and sighed for the south wind.

Mr. Moore had gone to his study that Friday morning, and had just settled down to his Christmas sermon, when his wife knocked at the door and came in. Her face was calm, but her hand trembled as she stood by her husband, and leaning upon his shoulder said, "Forgive my interruption, but it has been upon my mind for long that we ought to do something with Arthur's money. This is our first Christmas without him, and I should feel he was nearer to us if we unlocked his money."

"And I too have wanted to mention it but have feared to do so," replied Mr. Moore.

"We must spend it as I think he would like it spent," said the mother. "You know how fond he was of children," she continued. "Now that we have no child my mind goes out towards those children who have no parents. I should like us to send part to our own Orphanage with a request that all the children are provided with additional warm comforters and gloves. And what is left over shall be spent on a special treat for Christmas Day. I fancy that my boy will feel warmer in his grave when he knows that his money is bringing gladness and comfort to these orphan children."

"Yes," said the minister, "we must give £25 to this object. I will make out a cheque, and you shall write the note."

"Then," he went on, "you remember how deep was his interest in our African Missions, and how he was stirred by the speeches of our returned missionaries. One day he said to me, 'Father, when I am in the ministry I shall go out to Fernando Po.' I have always thought," added the minister, "that the influence of those missionary meetings at M—— Lane had most to do with his decision for Christ. Let us give £25 to our African Missions, and gladden the hearts both of our Secretary and our boy. For I feel sure he will know what we are doing this morning."

"There is still £50 left," said the mother, "and

I should like it all put into circulation this Christmas. It may be fancy, but I have felt that this gold was a dead-weight upon our boy's happiness in that other world. I want it spent so that it may add to his peace."

There were many schemes discussed in that study between the minister and his wife. They competed with each other in charitable thoughts and generous purposes. The Spirit of the Season presided over their deliberations, and lent its gracious influence to their plans. In the end the minister drew out a list of twenty-five of the most needy families he knew. And while he wrote out cheques which would entitle each to a couple of sovereigns, his wife addressed a little note that was beyond the value of gold.

That afternoon's work will stand out for ever in the memory of the minister and his wife. At an early hour they started with their Christmas gifts, and made twenty-five visits. In the great majority of cases the call was most providential. It was simply wonderful how they had been led in making the selection. In many homes their visit was regarded as a direct interposition from heaven. Men who had been thrown out of work by the frost, widows who had been looking to the festive season with dread, children who had been told, "NOT to hang up their stocking this year." All these, and many others, were cheered and helped by Arthur's money.

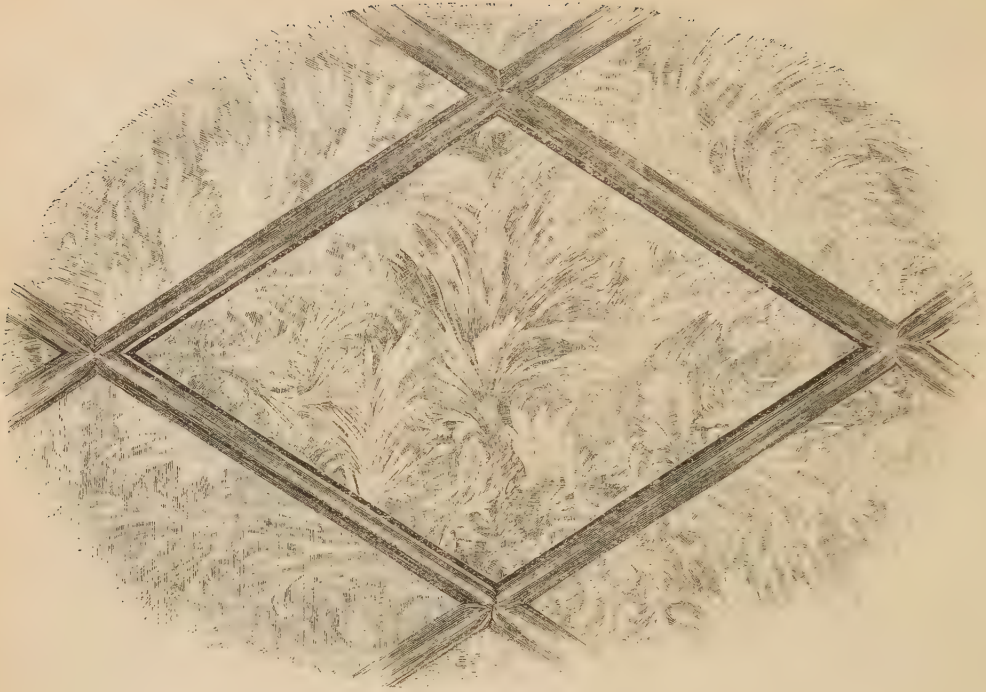
As the two sat round the fire that night, talking over the events of the day, though they were £100 poorer than they had been in the morning, never before had they felt so rich. The words of an old proverb came instinctively to the minister's mind, "What I spend I exchange; what I save I lose; what I give I have."

Many new channels had been opened in their lives that day, and along these avenues there came sweeping that true wealth that outrivals all material possessions.

The minister's sermon on the following Sunday was considered by all who listened to it to be the most powerful Christmas sermon they had heard. And yet some of the older officials had trembled when they heard the text. They feared that Mr. Moore had overlooked the season, for he went past the narrative of the Incarnation, and selected for his text the words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

But just as all roads lead from the circumference to the centre, so in the most apt and convincing manner this text was used to illustrate God's great gift.

And so Arthur's money was put into circulation in more ways than one. The inspiration of that service caused the Christmas spirit to enter many cold natures, opening new avenues of warmth, and turning many feet into the broad pathway of charity and love.



"EVERY PANE OF THE LATTICE WINDOW A QUAIN'T PICTURE."

Bible Emblems.

IV.—THE WINTER SNOW.

"He giveth snow like wool."—PSALM cxlvii. 16.



WE get our finest description of winter in a book coming from an Eastern land. We associate the East with light and heat only, but the Bible descriptions of snow and hail could not be surpassed by travellers from "Greenland's icy mountains."

Palestine is wonderful in this—its summers are almost tropical in their heat, but its winters are nearly western in their cold. This strange combination of the tropical

and temperate climates fitted Palestine to be the scene of a revelation for the world at large.

Had the land been entirely tropic, its pictures would have been unfamiliar to the dwellers in the West. Had it been entirely temperate in its climate, its words would have made less appeal to the dwellers in the Orient. In its climate and scenery

it is linked both to the East and the West; and so its words are fitted to run in both directions. When it tells of the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land," it has a familiar sound to the dwellers on the tropic plains of India; when it tells of a "righteousness like the great mountains," its words are welcome to those whose homes are under the shadow of the mighty Alps; when it pictures "those who go down to the sea in ships" it comes as a familiar guest to lands girt with the silver sea; when it tells of ice, snow, hail, it seems no stranger even to those in the long winter night of Lapland.

The Bible message is intended for all lands, and therefore the land of its birth has something in its scenery and climate familiar to the North and South, the East and West. Here *we* may find words suitable for every season of our changing year,—for the freshness of spring, the warmth of summer, the mellow richness of autumn, the bitter cold of winter. To the Jew, the winter snow had a spiritual significance; it was an emblem, a witness to the power of God. The Jew was full of Nature-worship—full of the sense of God's being present in all the varied moods of Nature's life; he filled psalm and prophecy with descriptions of God's works. Some

narrow souls would severely criticise those old Jews for describing what they think only fit for natural history books, but the Jew thought them fit for his Temple songs. He might not look at Nature scientifically, but he did religiously.

When he sang about the sky, the clouds, the mountains, and the snow, he worshipped. Turn to that fine winter piece in Job xxxvii. 6-10. God is in it all, "sealing up the hand of every man," putting an arrest upon man's toil, hushing by His snow industry, traffic, business—sealing up the hand of every man. And in all this there is a religious purpose, "that all men may know His work." The only time some men have for consideration, meditation, is when they are blocked up—snowed up. The enforced leisure of winter, when toil is suspended, the singing of birds hushed, the streams silenced, this is the only time when some men are brought face to face with God. The thunder does not speak more powerfully to some men than the silent snow. Ships are blinded by it, and the sailors know it. The traveller hides from it; it covers our roads, hides bridges, fills valleys, makes silence in our harbours under its plushy embargo—"that *all* men may know His work." The awe of God's presence is felt as He seals up the hand of industry by the soft white hand of the snowflake. Thus winter becomes a religious teacher, the weather takes on a moral use and value, it becomes rich in spiritual suggestion. "There is no bad weather in Nature," says the Ettrick Shepherd. Winter is not dislocation, chaos, death; it is but a new form of power and wonder and beauty. What majesty and strength there are in the deposit of this quiet, fragile agency, fluttering in the air, hesitating, indeterminate, as if not knowing where to alight, melting by a breath, yet putting out the eyes of ships, and paralysing human industry. And its *beauty* is as wonderful as its *power*. It is but the old earth, yet how novel and grand she looks in her white robes! Hamlets, fields, streets, forests,—how royally covered! Every twig is crystallised

in glittering whiteness, every pane of the lattice-window a quaint picture, every grass-blade an embossed teacher, every forest



"So like a temple does it seem, that there
A pious heart's first impulse would be prayer."

Powerful, beautiful, and useful, too, are the winter storms. They purify the atmosphere, dis-

perse the noxious vapours. Motion is the soul of universal Nature. A winter without a storm would mean a winter of stagnation and universal death. A winter storm is cleansing and protective. We should miss many of the finer traits of spiritual character if we were left without the modifying, cleansing, protective, and mellowing influences of the winter storms of adversity and trouble.

The very frost of winter is of value, it pulverises the clods, it consolidates into firm wood what the summer has produced, and the consolidations of winter are as necessary to the tree as the growths of summer. We, too, need the touch of winter to consolidate our character. The summer of prosperity is apt to relax, to enervate; the winter of adversity has tonic power. It is out of privation, difficulty, and disadvantage that the good of our race grows; our progress is gained by the stimulus of want, the compulsion of necessity.

We sometimes speak of winter as the grave of the year, but it is not so in reality. Winter is only a pause in the music of the year. It is the *Selah* of the Psalms, and has the same significance. During the *pause* the musicians are tuning their strings so that they may be prepared for the coming outburst of richer, grander music. Underground, beneath the snow, next spring and summer are secretly getting ready. In Nature there is no such thing as paralysis. All the blossoms of the coming summer are packed away beneath the blanket of the snow.

Winter is not the death-time of the year; it is only the resting-time after the exhausting labours of the summer-time. Spring will come again with all its unfolding wonders, the annual resurrection will reappear by-and-by. The winter of the human world, men say, is old age; but the old may die with a song of spring on their lips: "This corruptible shall put on incorruption." We shall rise to the summer-life of God that knows no winter-death; for

"There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers."

For all Christian hearts, the winter night of earth will end in the June morning of heaven. The river of life from under the Throne never freezes over. The foliage of life's fair tree is never frost-bitten. The festivities of earthly winter days will give way to larger re-union and brighter lights and fuller joy in the great holiday of heaven.

"Ye good distressed!
Ye noble few who here unbending stood
Beneath life's pressure! Yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deemed evil is no more.
The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all."

ALFRED J. CAMPBELL.





The Tenderness of Christ.

BY THE EDITOR.

"A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench."—ISAIAH xlii. 3.



REEDS AND RUSHES OF
PALESTINE.

THE fathers of the Church called Isaiah the "Evangelical Prophet," because many of his prophecies are so clear and full of comfort; especially is this the case with those which seem to relate to the character and work of Christ. Many of these read more like history than prophecy; as though they had

been written after the events referred to, rather than centuries before.

I take it as a remarkable fact that, when we wish to consider some aspects of the character of Christ, we can turn to Isaiah for material, as though his prophecies were a fifth Gospel, and he himself a fifth evangelist. Nor is the wonder of this much lessened by discussions as to the occasion and immediate applicability of his predictions, or as to whether there were more Isaiahs than one. The wonder still remains that Isaiah's words should fit Christ so well that they might, as we have intimated, have been prompted by the knowledge of Christ and the course of the evangelic history.

We have a concrete and typical instance of the marvellous manner in which Isaiah's words con-

cerning the Servant of Jehovah fit Gospel facts in the declaration, "A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench." Where else between the covers of the Bible can we find an apter text for our meditations on the tenderness of Christ? Perhaps you say: "Well, you might have found quite as good a text in Matt. xii. 17-21." True; but I would remind you that in that passage Matthew is simply quoting this identical one. He felt that he could not improve on what Isaiah had written; he could not find a truer and more condensed characterisation of the Lord Jesus than was supplied by the Evangelical prophet, so he puts in his quotation-marks, and says: "That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Behold My Servant," etc. The fact is, the Evangelists do not indulge very much in generalisations and characterisations. They, the Synoptists especially, confine themselves largely to narrative and reports. They give us instances in which Christ shunned tumultuous popularity, displayed perseverance, exercised forbearance and manifested tenderness. They give the examples, and we draw the inferences, and sure am I that no more fitting or poetic expression of those inferences can be found than the words of the prophet: "He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause His voice to be heard in the street. A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench; He shall bring forth judgment in truth. He shall not fail nor be discouraged till He have set judgment in the earth, and the isles shall wait for His law."

Here and now, however, we limit ourselves to a consideration of the Tenderness of Christ. Now there are certain traits of the Divine character which, though closely related, can yet be distinguished from each other. A person without reflection might say that the Divine goodness, patience, mercy and tenderness are but different words

designating one and the same quality, but further consideration will show that different aspects of the Divine character in relation to human conduct and need are signified by these words. Goodness, benevolence, is a general quality shown, not only to man, but to all creatures. "The Lord is good to all." The Divine Being is patient with those that abuse His goodness, who break His commandments. The Lord is merciful to those who are miserable and guilty; and He is tender to those who are weak and feeble, though desiring to be good and do good. As soon as we came into the world, we, in common with all other creatures, became partakers of the Divine goodness. He made "His goodness pass before us." During the course of our thoughtlessness and impiety, God's patience was exercised towards us, even as the Master of the vineyard was patient towards the barren tree. When we were made conscious of our vileness and danger, and, like the sinking disciples, cried: "Lord, save: we perish," then His mercy was extended towards us. And now, in our renewed state, our manifold imperfections and weaknesses need and receive much tenderness at the hands of our Heavenly Father. Patience is a branch of mercy; tenderness a twig of patience. Or, if you will, patience is mercy displaying itself to those who do not ask for it; while tenderness is mercy showing itself to those who have obtained the great salvation but are yet deeply conscious of their need of an every-day salvation.

Christ, then, is the tenderness of God. Who are they that are signified by the bruised reed and smoking flax, or "dimly burning wick" as the margin of the R.V. has it? We all know that there is what is called the language of flowers; so in the typology of Scripture, various trees or shrubs are the recognised symbols of different classes of men. The oaks of Bashan are the mighty wicked who impiously disregard and condemn God. The green bay tree represents the sleek and prosperous wicked. The hyssop on the wall is the type of lowliness; and the reed, bruised or shaken with the wind, or swayed to and fro by the water, is an apt symbol of those who are weak or bowed down with suffering. "What went ye out for to see?" said Christ, referring to John Baptist. "A reed shaken with the wind?" that is—a feeble, vacillating creature who had no will of his own? In 1 Kings xiv. 15, we read, "The Lord shall smite Israel as a reed is shaken in the water;" and twice over, Pharaoh is likened to a bruised reed, which, if a man lean upon it, it will go into his hand and pierce it.

The smoking flax and the bruised reed stand for the same qualities and persons. In ancient times flax was used for the wicks of lamps, just as now we use cotton. So then, just as now, when the oil was about exhausted the light would grow dim; the wick would begin to smudge and smoulder, and

give forth a fetid odour enough to tempt the householder to blow it out altogether.

See, then, the wind or water-tossed reed and the dimly-burning lamp hardly emitting light enough to see it by, and then transfer your thoughts to the things signified by these objects. Are there not many of God's people who, spiritually, are bruised reeds or dimly-burning lamps. That they are so may be their fault, or it may be their misfortune. It may be their fault as it was the fault of the Corinthians that they were babes when they should have been men, and who had to be fed with milk instead of strong meat. Blind Nancy, of old West Street, Hull, who was but a dwarf in stature, used to say with great regularity: "Had I but been faithful to the grace given, I might have been a tall cedar in Lebanon instead of being a dwarf in the valley." There are many who might adopt blind Nancy's lament, and this is their fault.

But I do not know that a man can always help being a bruised reed. It is some persons' misfortune that they are such. If they had a coat of arms the bent, swaying reed might very fittingly serve as their crest. Some are constitutionally sturdy, courageous, self-reliant and enterprising; but others are in their very make the opposites of all these. They have naturally weak wills; in fact, this defect or disability almost amounts to a disease. Others are prone to doubt and misgiving all their lives, as their opposites are sanguine and buoyant. Some carry the burthen of a constant nervousness and trepidation upon them, and this burthen they carry into their religious relations, and you cannot laugh or scold it out of them either. They know their weakness as well as you do, and it may be, strive against it; but all to no purpose. "The spirit, indeed, is willing, but the flesh is weak." Do we not remember how Bunyan, in his broad-minded, large-hearted way, recognised that there were these naturally fragile reeds and dimly-burning lamps, when he placed amongst his company of pilgrims whom Greatheart led to the river—Mr. Feeblemind, Mr. Ready-to-halt, Despondency, and Much-afraid. These were all feeble as their names show, but they were good for all that and sincere, and they all crossed the river at last, victorious over doubts and fears. What Feeblemind said to Greatheart is well worth reading.

"Alas, I want a suitable companion. You are all lusty and strong, but I, as you see, am weak; I choose, therefore, rather to come behind, lest, by reason of my many infirmities, I should be both a burden to myself and to you. I am, as I said, a man of a weak and feeble mind, and shall be offended and made weak at that which others can bear. I shall like no laughing; I shall like no gay attire; I shall like no unprofitable questions. Nay, I am so weak a man as to be offended with that which others have a liberty to do. I do not

know all the truth; I am a very ignorant Christian man. Sometimes, if I hear any rejoice in the Lord, it troubles me, because I cannot do so too. It is with me as it is with a weak man among the strong, as with a sick man among the healthy, or as a lamp despised; so that I know not what to do. 'He that is ready to slip with his feet is as a lamp despised in the thought of him that is at ease,' (Job xii. 5.)"

But there are other weaklings in the Church whom Christ treats with unflinching tenderness, even those who are young in the Divine life. These pass through weakness as a stage in their Christian development. They will, in God's good time, grow out of it. The sturdiest oak that grows must once have been a tender sapling. The fire that burns so brightly may once have been a feeble spark that had to be nursed and fended. Samson himself was once a toddling child that a puff of wind might have upset; and so the strongest Christian must have had his day of small and feeble things. Infantile helplessness demands and receives careful and tender handling; so Christ treats the lambs of His flock with utmost tenderness. "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd, He shall gather the lambs in His arm, and carry them in His bosom, and shall gently lead those that give suck." (Is. xl. 11.)

There are some strong souls that cannot understand or sympathise with the weakness of others. Bruised reeds and dimly-burning lamps get little toleration from them. How sarcastic they become over the "weaker brethren!" Other coarse and cruel natures look down upon weakness and deformity with a feeling akin to contempt. Others, still worse, strive to trample the man who is already down, like the senseless herd that gore the diseased or stricken deer. Not so Christ. When it is written, "A bruised reed shall He not break," etc., it is implied that He will do the exact contrary. By His tender grace He will strengthen the reed until it shall become an instrument on which to discourse sweet music. Instead of blowing out the lamp that burns so dimly, He will pour fresh oil into the vessel. Like one who seeks to kindle a fire, He will take pains and bear with it, and not be too rough, lest the feeble flicker expire altogether. Those who are at all acquainted with the Gospel narratives will not need to be told that Christ did not break bruised reeds, or quench the smoking flax, when He went about amongst the inhabitants of Judea, Galilee and Samaria. See His tenderness to children; His constant readiness to mingle with publicans and sinners—the very

outcasts of society. Look with what delicacy He treated that frail reed—the woman taken in adultery. Did He not ever resist the proud, and give grace to the humble; increase strength to them that had no might; bind up the broken-hearted? Oaks of Bashan and green bay trees He said hard things of, but bruised reeds He always spoke softly to, and handled tenderly.

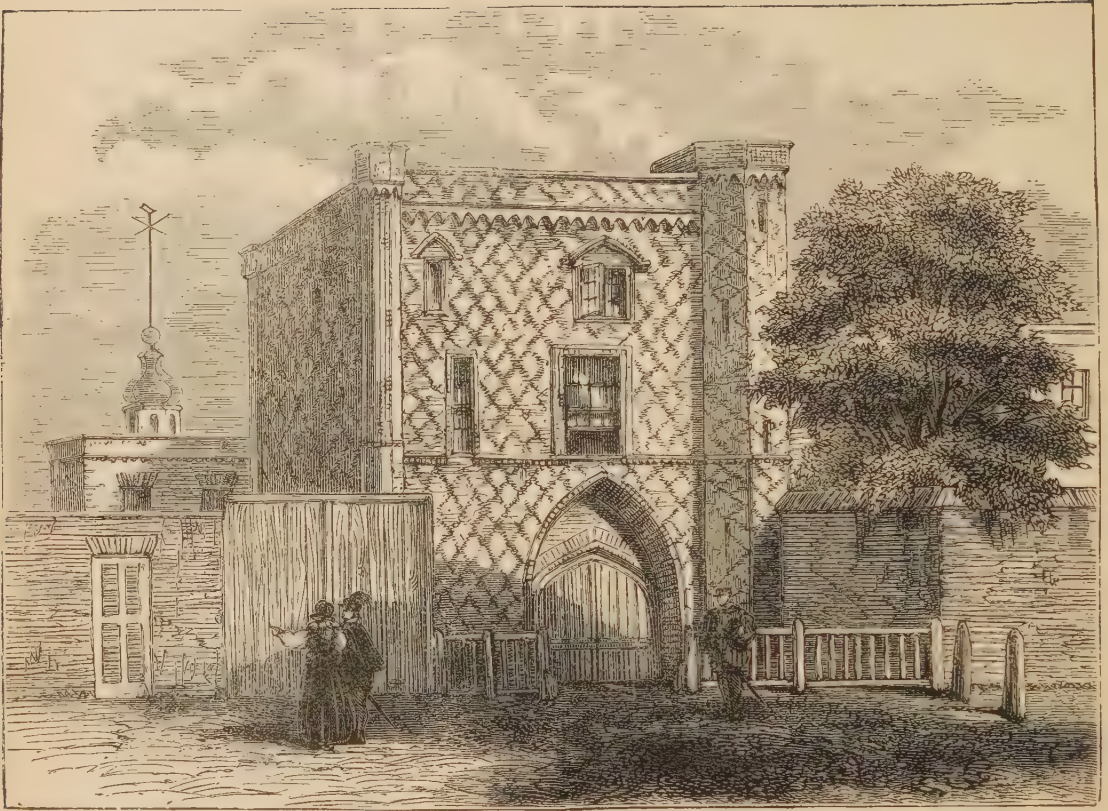
I ask attention to the fact that the *most discerning mind is also the most tender*. Sometimes, God forgive us, we, in our ignorance and presumption, look upon this or that man, and we reckon him up and take his measure. "There is nothing in him," we say. We explore the recesses of his being; we sound the gamut of his nature; we take stock of the possibilities that lie wrapped up in him, and the conclusion, forsooth, we arrive at is: "There is nothing in him!" We do this because we know no better. It is the outcome of pure ignorance, and pride and presumption, the daughters of ignorance. But Christ, who knows what is in man, is also the most hopeful of man and the most tender to man. He sees not only what man is, but what he may become. He sees the oak in the acorn.

It is the Almighty, too, who is the all-tender. Strength is too often dissociated from tenderness. They are qualities difficult to combine, and so are seldom found together. They are not incompatible, however; for together they form the ideal after which we should unceasingly strive. We have to be "perfect, even as our Father which is in heaven is perfect," and in Him, as made known by His Son, we see strength and tenderness perfectly orbled. Jehovah-Shepherd. What a striking contrast, and yet what a blessed collocation of terms!

What Christ was in the days of His flesh, the self-same is He now; for He "whose we are, and whom we serve," is not the historical Jesus of Nazareth only, but the living Christ—"the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." He still displays the same qualities of tenderness and forbearance while discharging His high-priestly functions, (Heb. iv. 15, 16; v. 2.).

Let Christ's tenderness be to us a perpetual rebuke, and spur and incentive to right-doing. Was it not enough for Him to die on Calvary to save us, but must He also from day to day bear with our slowness, our dullness, our feebleness? Let us strive to become strong in Him, and in the power of His might. His gentleness is ours to make us great.





THE OLD GATEWAY AT STEPNEY, THE BIRTHPLACE OF DR. MEAD.

The Older Chapels of Metropolitan Nonconformity.

X.—THE INDEPENDENT MEETING-HOUSE, STEPNEY.

By REV. ALBERT A. BIRCHENOUGH.



NONCONFORMITY in England is older than the disruption of the Anglican Church, which took place on the morning of Black Bartholomew, 1662, when over two thousand conscientious clergymen left their flocks because they could not, from principle, teach the obnoxious Papal doctrines of the Prayer Book. Robert Browne is regarded as the founder of the Congregationalists, who established a separate Church in England as far back as the year 1583. Sir Walter Raleigh, writing in 1592, estimated the number of Brownists at twenty thousand. During the Commonwealth period they assumed the dis-

tinctive name of Independents, because their churches were distinct from the Established Church, and also, because they were independent of all outside interference and control. The Assembly of Divines which met at Westminster in 1642, included five leading Independent ministers. Some of the brightest names in theological literature have occupied its pulpits; and from its colleges have come forth a large number of men, who, for scholarship, piety, and zeal, would confer honour upon any Church.

Some two miles east of St. Paul's Cathedral, and bordering the Thames, is the low-lying parish of Stepney. In past centuries, it was an isolated, out-of-the-way nook, situated between the marshes and the royal river; and was then known as Stebunheth. In the early Puritan times Sir Thomas Lake, Secre-

tary of State, and Isabel, Countess of Rutland, had their country mansions in the village. According to an ancient traditional law, all children born at sea of English parentage, belonged to Stepney Parish. This old-established custom originated the following rhyme:

"He who sails on the wide sea
Is a parishioner of Stepney."

The Independent Church at Stepney dates from the year 1644, and is one of the oldest of the Metropolitan Nonconformist congregations. Happily, the earliest memoranda respecting the formation of the Stepney Church have been preserved, and give interesting information concerning the origin of this particular communion of Christian believers. The first resolution of this early Church-book relates, "That the Church being constituted by the mutual consent and agreement of Henry Burton and his wife, William Parker, John Adingsell, William Greenhill, and John Pococke, in the presence of Mr. Henry Burton, Pastor of a church in London, to walk in all the ways of Christ held out to them in the Gospel, and having the right hand of fellowship given them by the aforementioned, and owned for a true Church of Christ—there were added to them from time to time as followeth." After this preamble there follow the names of twenty-four persons who were added to this same early Independent Church during the year 1644. The Rev. Henry Burton, whose name stands first on the roll of membership, organised the Stepney Church, and in the name of Jesus Christ, gave the right-hand of fellowship to the little band of Christian disciples, who became the nucleus of this historic Church. Burton was a divine and controversialist of some note. He spent his active life in the defence of Puritan ideas, as well as in the preaching of the Gospel. The literary and saintly Richard Baxter highly complimented him when he frankly declared that he had never rightly understood the principles of Independency until he had read Burton's valuable book, entitled, "The Protestation Protested." Because Burton would not "forbear to preach in his own congregational way," he had to suffer the severance of long-established friendships with many of the leading families and divines of his day, including Prynne and Bastwick. For defending his Puritan principles, and being faithful to his religious convictions, his body was mutilated in the Star-chamber. He calmly endured many painful tortures and cruel wrongs for his sturdy Nonconformity.

The Rev. William Greenhill was the first recognised pastor of the old Stepney Meeting-house Congregation. Palmier, in his "Nonconformists' Memorial," speaks of him as a member of the Assembly of Divines, and the founder of a Society of Dissenters at Stepney. His name stands fifth in the original roll of private members, who formed the



Matthew Mead

nucleus of the Stepney Nonconformist Church. It was the common custom of those days that the pastor-elect of a Nonconformist congregation should first join the membership of the Church, and then be called therefrom to fulfil the higher duties of its pastorate. In common with the celebrated preachers of the Stuart period, he availed himself of the larger structures of the Anglican Church, in which he addressed the over-flowing congregations which flocked to his ministry. On Sabbath afternoons he regularly preached in Stepney Parish Church, and was known as "The Evening Star." He was the author of an elaborate work on "The Prophecies of Ezekiel." During the dispersion of the Royal family, he was entrusted with the care of the young princes and princesses. After living a useful and devoted life he died in September, 1671.

Matthew Mead was the honoured successor of William Greenhill. In the year 1656, and while lecturer at Stepney Parish Church, he became a member of the Stepney Nonconformist congregation. For twelve years before he became the assistant of Greenhill he enjoyed the "sweet counsel" and Christian privileges of those who rejoiced in the fulness of Gospel blessing. Cromwell appointed Mead to the curacy of Shadwell, from which he was ejected at Black Bartholomew, in the memorable year of 1662. His pulpit outspokenness stirred up the enemies of the Gospel, and he endured perse-

cution as "seeing Him who is invisible." Several times he had to find a home on the Continent until the storm of oppression had passed away. Upon the accession of William, Prince of Orange, to the English throne, Matthew Mead preached a thanksgiving sermon, in which he, like the greatest of the Apostles, dwelt upon his own "deliverance from perils," during "his nine years' incessant vexations, by suits, by fines, by illegal house-breaking, by plundering and spoil, by imprisonments, by prosecution for life, and by wandering in a strange land." Mead was the author of a number of valuable theological works, including "A Sermon on Ezekiel's Wheels;" "The Young Man's Remembrancer;" "The Good of Early Obedience;" and several others bearing the somewhat fantastical titles of the Puritan period. His best-known and most widely-read book is entitled, "The Almost Christian, or, The False Professor Tried, and Cast." Some of his valuable manuscripts, which for long years had been lost to the Christian public, have been recently found and printed.

It was during the ministry of Mead, and in the year 1674, that the large meeting-house at Stepney was erected, in what was then a sequestered suburb of the growing city of London. The building was bald in its appearance, and lacked all ornamental pretension. In design it was "four-square," and

was fitted with heavy galleries. The four massive internal pillars of pitch-pine which supported the four corners of the roof were presented to Mead and his congregation by the States of Holland as a tribute of their respect for the services he rendered during his exile in the Lowlands of the Continent. The Rev. Richard Winter Hamilton, in his bi-centenary sermon commemorative of the founding of the Stepney Church, and which was preached in this venerable meeting-house, referred to the honoured associations of these substantial pillars. He said: "They rise as memorable columns on which imagination may hang shield and write inscription. They are your doubled Jachin and Boaz. They have for a century and a half been the objects of something like a legendary curiosity. The thought of the immortals, who, during that period, have gazed upon them, and congregated around them, impress an interest upon them which may be excused in us, who confess that antiquities of temple, and donatives of senate, are not our proper boast." The roof of the meeting-house was constructed of secret chambers which were reached by ladders, and made accessible by trap-doors. These mysterious recesses were the hiding-places of the faithful, and where the persecuted members of the Church met for secluded devotion, when their footsteps were shadowed by the treacherous informer. Without



OLD STEPNEY MEETING-HOUSE,



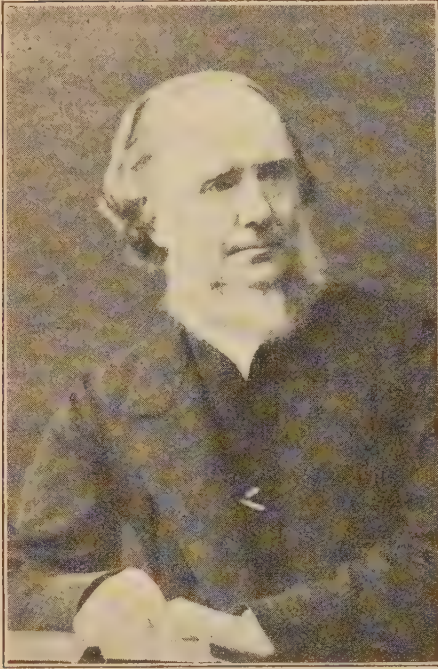
NEW STEPNEY MEETING-HOUSE.

the privileges of a Bill of Rights, the Stepney Independent Church continued its course amid many opposing forces. It was most fortunate in its pastorate, and it was served with several learned and devoted ministers of Christ. In the year 1674 Mead established the Stepney May-day Lecture to young men, which was intended to counteract the pernicious pastimes and profligacy associated with the May-pole festivities. For over two centuries this annual lectureship has been continued, and in its earlier history it was productive of lasting good.

After a prolonged and painful illness, Matthew Mead died in October, 1699, while seated in his chair. One of his latest utterances was, "I am going home as every honest man ought to do, when his work is done." His funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. John Howe, at Stepney Meeting-house; in this he says: "He was long in preparing and forming to be what he was when you lost him. His station among you in this neighbourhood when first he undertook the pastoral charge of this Church, over which the Holy Ghost made him overseer, required a man of as much wisdom and grace as any such station could well be supposed to do, considering how numerous, how intelligent, and well-instructed a people he was to take the care of. His excellent good natural parts, his ingenuous education, his industry, his early labours in preaching the Gospel of Christ in his native county, in the city,

and in this place; above all, the gracious assistances he had from heaven; gave him great advantages to be a minister of Christ; approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

Matthew Mead lived in the apartments above the ancient brick gateway at Stepney, which formerly belonged to the mansion of the first Marquis of Worcester. In this singular and humble homestead, his son Richard, who became the eminent physician and antiquary, was born on August 11th, 1673. Richard Mead commenced his medical studies at Utrecht, under the guidance of Graevius, after which he removed to Leyden. From that celebrated school of physic he removed to Italy, and took his doctor's degree at Padua. In the year 1696, he returned to London, and commenced the practice of physic in the house in which he was born. For nearly half-a-century, Mead was at the head of his profession. His home was a miniature museum; for he acquired one of the most valuable collections of books, manuscripts, antiques, curios, and paintings, that ever belonged to a private individual. Dr. Mead became physician to George II., and he was privileged to attend Pope, Sir Isaac Newton, and Bishop Burnet in their last sicknesses. His professional duties produced about £6,000 per year. He was generous and charitable in his gifts. When the celebrated Dr. Friend, who was an acquaintance



DR. KENNEDY.

of Bishop Atterbury, the noted divine, was imprisoned in the Tower in the year 1723, Dr. Mead kindly undertook the responsibility of his practice, and upon his release by Sir Robert Walpole, Mead magnanimously presented the released Jacobite with the professional fees, which amounted to the handsome sum of five thousand guineas. It is said that Mead was the first physician to encourage inoculation as a preventive of that terrible scourge—small-pox. Having gained the consent of George I., he practised the Oriental system on six condemned criminals. He was elected a member of the Royal and other learned societies, and wrote several valuable medical treatises. Unfortunately, Dr. Mead was provoked to fight a duel with Dr. Woodward. Mead obtained the advantage over his adversary, and demanded Woodward to beg for his life. Woodward accordingly gave up the contest by handing his sword to his opponent. In the year 1691, Dr. Richard Mead was admitted a member of his father's Church at Stepney. This unhappy quarrel caused his severance therefrom, and opposite his name in the roll of membership is written the significant word—"Deserted." Dr. Mead died in the year 1754, and was buried in the Temple Church.

In January, 1700, the Rev. Mr. Galpine, son of John Galpine, the ejected minister of Ashpriors, Somersetshire, and the author of the Biography of Flavel, succeeded Mead in the pastorate. Three years later, the Rev. Thomas Bradbury, better known as "Bold Tom Bradbury," was appointed

Galpine's assistant, and for four years he ministered to the Stepney Meeting-house congregation. His pulpit utterances were characterised by their wealth of wit and genial humour. His eleven volumes on "The Great Mystery of Godliness," and his "Christus in Cælo," show that his sermons "were not consecrated to flatter a corrupt court and triumphant cause, and did not at all mar the ample knowledge and sound and lofty views of evangelical truth, and copious acquaintance with Scripture, by which he delighted his hearers. Even his celebrated sermon on "The Ass and the Serpent," contains little that the fastidious of our day could condemn. He hated the Stuarts, and in his sermons he maintained with equal indignation and humour, *the right* of a people to resist tyrants.

Numerous are the stories that are told of Bradbury's eccentric ministry. During the prolonged controversy on Arianism, Bradbury had been contending at a largely attended meeting of the London ministers held at Salter's Hall, that those divines who really believed the orthodox doctrine of the divinity of Christ should openly acknowledge it. He concluded his contention by giving them the following practical test: "Those who are not ashamed to own the Deity of Christ follow me into the gallery." He had scarcely ascended two or three steps before the opposite party commenced hissing him and his followers. He suddenly turned round, and in forceful language, said: "I have been pleading for Him who bruised the serpent's head; no wonder then that the seed of the serpent should hiss!"

Bradbury was one of the forbears of the Rev. Richard Winter Hamilton, LL.D., D.D., the distinguished minister of Belgrave Chapel, Leeds, who has been described by Paxton Hood as "a great man, a great scholar, a great essayist, a great preacher, and a great wit and humorist." Ada Ellen Bayly, who is more widely known by her familiar pen-name, "Edna Lyall," and who is one of the popular women writers of to-day, is descended on her mother's side from Thomas Bradbury.

For seven years the Rev. Thomas Mitchell, who was a worthy divine, held the pastorate until his death in 1720. He was followed by the Rev. John Hubbard, who is best remembered by his Friday morning Divinity Lectures. He was elected Theological Tutor to the Academy which was located in Plasterer's Hall. The Rev. Samuel Brewer, who was greatly beloved by his people, had the charge of the Church for the protracted term of half-a-century. He entered upon his important duties when the congregation was waning, and the Church decreasing in numbers. By his earnest pulpit manner, his unctuous style of delivery, and the pointed appeals of his gospel addresses, he was successful in restoring the Church to its former spiritual vigour. As a preacher he was a connecting link between the old, stilted, scholastic style of the eighteenth cen-

tury type of divine, and the impassioned oratory of the Whitefield style of preacher. He belonged to the new order of city divines, and was gladly welcomed to the leading Nonconformist pulpits of the Metropolis. For fifty years he preached the annual sermon to the young. After living a blameless and useful life, he peacefully passed away in 1796. He was succeeded by his assistant, the Rev. George Ford, who held the pastorate for twenty-five years. He was educated at Lady Huntingdon's College at Trevecca. Although he was a man of slender abilities, yet by his close application to mental culture, and the concentration of his powers to the welfare of his Church, he gained the respect of his people, and was eminently useful to the end of his days.

Dr. Joseph Fletcher was the best-known minister associated with the old Stepney Meeting-house during the present century. He was a man of fine presence, had a melodious voice, and was highly cultured. He was regarded as one of the front-rank preachers of his generation. The late Dr. Reynolds, Principal of Cheshunt College, in describing the preaching abilities of Dr. Fletcher, says: "Uttered by his lips, the words of some familiar text or hymn throbbed with a strange potency; and that blending of calm self-possession with intense feeling commanded attention and grappled with conscience. There were no awkward mannerisms, no unique peculiarities, no bursts of rhetorical splendour to arrest attention; there were neither sensational effects nor dramatic personation; but his views of the Gospel were all matured by a long personal experience, and by diligent research, while his power of expression was almost perfect. He aimed at producing religious results, and gave the impression that he was an ambassador for Christ, commissioned to proclaim the amnesty of Heaven, charged with a message which it was perilous to trifle with and most blessed to accept."

About the middle of the present century, a very fine and modern ecclesiastical building took the place of the old meeting-house at Stepney. The

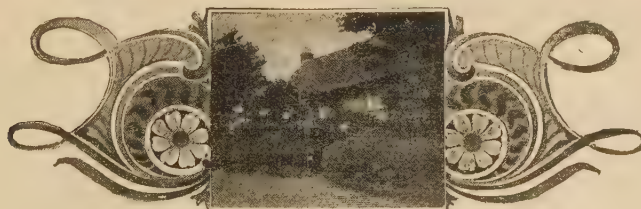


*He that once dead, unburied lay
Three dayes (count yeares) & halfe a day:
Reviv'd here shews his pilgrimage,
Now in the last scene of his age:
The short remainder, sharpe or sweet,
Expect till death shall make complete*

HENRY BURTON.

(Reproduced from an old volume in the British Museum.)

large and influential congregation had the advantage of enjoying for many years the enlightened and intensely spiritual ministry of Dr. John Kennedy, who, at the age of eighty-six years, still survives to enjoy the honourable distinction of being the "grand old man of Congregationalism."





The Star of Dawn.

"I will give him the morning star."—Rev. ii. 28.



PROMISE gleaming with poetic suggestiveness! "I will give him"—the flashing crystal of the dawn! mirror of God! I will crown the victor with the laurel, I will weave for him a diadem in light, I will stud his sky with glittering points

of flame, I will embosom him in glory fringed with fire. The desire to dandle a star is the pretty conceit of childhood. And in a thousand walks of life the impossible allures the fancy. Distance throws the glamour of romance over the object of desire, and induces an irrepressible longing, a longing which is creative of triumphant enthusiasm.

The star *is* in the gift of God. Then the seemingly impossible is probable. The ideal becomes, in suggestion and possibility, the actual.

The ideal is to be discovered, if at all, along the lines of the actual. The romantic and the real are not to be understood as separate entities. The glittering star and the dull earth-clod are one. The essential unity of all things is admitted. The universe is the fruitage of a single thought.

We are in error if we seek the romantic in the fantastic. God's commonplaces are full of sublimest idealism. And life is full of poetry. It is God's great concern to fill our brief day with beauty; to crowd it with panoramic visions of ethereal splendours e'en though seen only through the film of tears; to turn our experiences, as by alchemic subtleties, into the gold of spiritual emotion.

All the gifts of God are unique—rich in promise, glorious in possibility. God cannot be accused of conspiring to belittle man. He would ennoble him. His gifts assume man's dignity, and are worthy the

majesty of the Giver. The gift of God is—and the imagination can fill up the intervening spaces with every image it can command subtly suggestive of beauty, sweetness, tenderness, and power. Christ is the embodied smile of God, the genius of the dawn, herald of the day, surety of eternity. He is the Star which was foretold (Num. xxiv. 17) should arise out of Jacob; the day-star which is to arise in our hearts (2 Pet. i. 19); the bright and morning star (Rev. xxii. 16.)! The gift of God is light—love—life—eternal life;—always something sublime, extraordinary, pre-eminently essential.

"I will give him the morning star." Then the monotony of shadow is to be relieved. The morning star is beneficent—prophetic, heraldic! It delivers its light into every reflective heart—it pierces all clouds and shines through all the vapours which enshroud the soul.

The nadir demands the zenith. The morning star requires the dawn: it compels the day-break. Its merry twinkle laughs the darkness out of countenance—the shadows retire shamed by its aggressive luminosity. It announces the day; it heralds the sun; it betokens the dazzling splendours of the meridian. All unholy things creep and fly in the darkness; atheism is born in shameless gloom. Only transparency can live in the light.

The gift of dawn brings serenity, a quiet and holy joy.

THE LIGHT BLOTS OUT THE SHADOW: *the night dissolves in day.* But even the darkness is helpful. In the Divine intention it is purposeful. It whispers rest, it closes the protracted engagement, and suggests retirement. It rests the eye, it provides the opportunity for much-needed slumber. It is the Divine anæsthetic. And having accomplished her subtle ministry night is content to be dispossessed. So the light chases the shadows into deeper seclusion. And *we can never know how dark the darkness really is* until the light dawns.

* Sermon preached before the Mayor and Corporation of Burslem, Nov 12.

Education is illumination. Until the light of knowledge has shone upon the mind we can never really know how ignorant we have been, and how absurdly foolish we may have often appeared. Every advance in knowledge is an attempt to redeem the waste and darkened places of the mind, an acquisition of mental territory, an extension of the frontier of the soul.

Sin is deprivation, a conscious surrender of the soul's high places to the hurtful phantom of the night, a criminal loss of life's noblest possessions, the wilful obliteration of the clear shimmering lights which gem the soul. To think evil is to wrong your own soul, to commit an act of folly is to create an enveloping shadow. Sin is the fatal-absurdity, the maddest blunder, a hideous nightmare.

To know the truth and—do it, this is salvation, deliverance from the haunting spectres of the night, escape from the thralldom of wicked and alluring fancies, freedom from the imprisoning gloom of sin—entrance into the light!

Push back the creeping shadows! Let the day dawn in your soul!

Christ has vested interests in the dawn. He is solicitous for the returning day of eternal splendour. And in heaven there shall be no night! Were men wise it would be daybreak everywhere. The investing shadows—the creation of our own indescribable folly and sin, and from which arise the depressions and despairs which yield their awful tragedies—would die in dawn. If the multitudes were but as solicitous for their own welfare as God is to brighten and beautify their lives, the moral darkness of the world would pass away as a forgotten shadow.

Light is not illumination merely; it is beauty. It clothes the barrenness of life, peoples its emptiness, and fills the whole horizon with vernal splendours. The wastes are redeemed and clothed with verdure, and the solitudes are broken into eloquent song. The light paints the lily, it bedecks the sky with unimagined glories, it invests the earth with tender pulsing beauties. The darkness is averse to beauty; it blots it out.

The light is suggestive of consummate beauty: it points to the hour of full fruition. It is the incoming of a day which perpetuates itself in grandeur. Time is a term of curious meaning. It is a fragment—an accommodation to our ignorance. There are no *days*; there is but one day—it is always day with God. Our times, literally, our days, are in His hand—broken taibles. These broken fragments of transparency too often distort our view of things upon which we look. But we hug and cherish them, and would fain keep them—to work them up into one grand mosaic. They are, however, scarcely given than they are taken. They are poor symbols of the ever-present and abiding day of God. The Christ, the morning star, is the

herald of that day. That day may dawn in the midst of the days. Then should we know that our day was night—the shadow cast by God—a shadow blotted out in the greater luminance. May the day-star arise in your hearts! For the dawn involves the day, as the spring demands the summer. It is pledge and token of all that is tender, exquisite, holy. Permit the dawn, you have the day. Predicate the most elemental truth; astro-nomic, geologic, and you adopt of necessity the whole cosmic order. You believe that twice two make four—not because you can prove it, for that is impossible, but because it accords with your moral intuitions; granted, then, that twice two make four, what is the next proposition? God—by an inevitable sequence.

Given conscience—and individual life would rise in moral stateliness, and the hours blend in one peaceful song, social injustices would die and all economic relations would harmonise; commercial "honour" would be no travesty of morality, for men would cease to violate the most elementary laws of common life, and international disputes would be readily settled without even the remote possibility of resort to the arbitrament of the sword. Let the first principles of Faith be admitted, and, in dawn of prophetic splendour, you have the millennium. Light, therefore, stands for poetry, music, beauty, ideality. It is rich in its suggestiveness; it means the evolution of the true, the beautiful, and the good.

And Christianity encompasses and involves the whole in its radiant and tender ministry. It palpitates with light, it flashes into beauty, it breaks into iridescent splendours, it kindles rapture, it radiates peace. All shadows die in its broad-glancing light; no alien sympathy can live in the cycle of its divine emotion.

With the dawn of the higher consciousness comes heaven, God. To live in the full light of Christian revelation, beatific splendour, is the soul's high festival. To know God, in any sense which is adequate to the meaning of the terms, is to enter into life—the dateless age of bliss. Bliss has no time-accent. The festive day is a perpetual meridian. Beatitude knows no hour-syllable: it hears no melancholy click of time which suggests a terminable joy. It is the delight of heaven that joy can have no end; it is raised above all such fearful possibility. Night is marked by dreary syllables. Grief counts the hours—numbers the painful moments—sighs for the day of peace. To have Christ, the Star of dawn, is to have the whole heaven of beatitude; to receive the spirit of illumination is to enter into the peace of moral sanity, for every element in life will be seen to have assumed its right relation and true perspective; to hold the genius of the morning is to have the gift by which we may light the shadows, beautify the commonplace, turn vague hope into startling

prophecy, make the solitudes break forth into song, the desert bloom as the paradise of God.

THE PROMISE IS A CALL TO FAITH. "I will give him the morning star." The day will dawn in fullest splendour: it will unfold itself in light and beauty. It will dip its pencil in the sun and paint its glories on crested hill, in peaceful valley, on silver sea, and in azure sky. The day must dawn; for He that sitteth on the sapphire throne is Lord of light and shadow. But it is not yet. Mortality shall be swallowed up of life—but not yet. Meantime, I give you the token—the star in the sky, the bow in the cloud, the deathless angel seated in the silent and empty tomb. Be patient! Have faith in God!

He will pluck the brightest star from the heaven of His glory that it may flash its light into *your* darkness. *The star is the flashing jewel of the night.* It is only to be found in the abyss of gloom. It is not discernible in the light of day: it is there, but it has served its purpose and is swallowed up of light, or has grown into day. But for the darkness, then, we should have no visible star, the whole of its tender, light-quivering ministry would be unknown. And more, the day would lose its romance, life its poetry, were there no night with its kindling hope and awakening expectancy. If there were no night, there could be no faith. No night, no God. There is a sense in which the light is delirium, the night a return to sanity. While it is true that the darkness is the devil's opportunity, it is nevertheless true that the night is the best corrective of the baseless fancies and the vicious follies of the day. The nervous fears and the solemn grandeur of the night exercise a not unimportant influence if they make us pause and reflect amid the whirling frivolities of life. To awe us into sensibility, reverent wonder, is to have brought us at least to the borderland of Faith.

Into the sorrow-cloud of life is thrust a glittering star. In the night of disquietude and tumultuous grief, the something visible appears. It is ever something which radiates its brightness and dissolves the gloom—a palpitating smile from an angel face. It bids you dry those tears—for the dawn appears! Your life had been passing through its eclipse, all things bright and joyous were hidden, your very way in life obliterated—but God appeared, and instantly the darkness shamed, hid itself.

Illumination is identification. The light finds you out. It calls you forth from the obscurity of darkness. It restores your individuality. It rays you out in significance and splendour. It gives you centrality, influence, power, and affixes towards you the true relations of things. It provides for the evolution of the possibilities of every form of life. And this is exactly the higher mission of Jesus. He calls men into being, distinct-

tiveness. He surprises them into a new, because higher, consciousness. He rehabilitates their manhood. "He came to seek and to save the lost,"—the lost to name and place and circumstance and power. He illuminates their night, and rays out in splendour the finer elements of their nature. He ennobles all instincts, and unfolds the life in all its higher meanings. He completes the cycle of desire, aspiration and hope. That actual visibility becomes a radiant personality. The pulsing star becomes the central sun of our life-system—the illuminating and guiding presence. He calls the mind "above"—"up" to the higher illumination, "off" from all things low or earth-born, "away" from all things beneath our inherent dignity—up to the "above" of us, to that which completes and consummates. He charms our thought to higher levels, to wider ranges; from self-consciousness to God-consciousness, from that which circumscribes to that which liberates, and leads us forth into fields of research exhaustless in plenitude, majestic in grandeur. Of two propositions on any given subject the mind instinctively chooses that which is higher in its moral significance, and finds in that its inspiration and delight.

The dawn signifies opportunity. It is a call to wakefulness—activity. Awake, thou that sleepest, and Christ shall give thee light! Thou wilt sleep thyself into weakness—mental imbecility, moral inanity. It is time to bestir thyself. Awake! the night is past, the day dawns! Lift up thine eyes to the awakening heavens—and see! The eye of morn darts its silver beams athwart the darkness, and throws its glistening halo over the Eastern sky. All things are wakeful, busy, wilt thou alone, the divinely privileged, slumber? Hast turned night into day in thy revelry, and wilt turn day into night in thy delirium? Ignoble perversions of sacred purposes! "I will give him the morning star." He must rise early to receive the Divine bequest. It will not wait his coming. At noon it will be lost in greater glory, and, having missed the prophetic promise, he will be lost in gloom. The dawn calls you out of your own perverse hiddenness into moral significance and power. It calls you to a completer faith, to a more gracious acknowledgement of the Divine purpose in your life, and to a more implicit confidence in God. Faith is security and power. Hesitance is weakness. He pledges you a star; the star will be a sun, the dawn the zenith; dost thou not believe it? Rise to the height and sublimity of moral manhood. Follow out thy glorious destiny. Act to purpose. Make thy humanity divine.

Fear? Know no fear! In the strength of the dawn follow out thine exalted ministry. Thou art called to heroism—triumphant enthusiasm. The service of God is the service of Truth—the practice and advocacy of Truth. Truth, not equivocation! Truth, not expediency! "Expediency is the

anarchy of morals." Truth in the home, the nursery, the kitchen, the reception-room, the drawing-room. Truth in the street, the alleys, and the public squares. Truth in the city, the Legislature, the Councils, the Tribunals, the Committee-rooms. Drag up every sneaking falsehood into the common light of Truth. Expose every prejudice, all vain and self-seeking desires. Tolerate no injustice.

"Swoop

Down upon all things base, and dash them dead—
A knight of Arthur—working out his will,
To cleanse the world."

Draw your enthusiasm for all noble purposes from Christ. Cultivate the noblest ambitions. Do the holiest work. Attempt the impossible. "Hitch your wagon to a star"—the morning star. Link your purpose to His Omnipotence, and He will complete and consummate your most exalted hopes.

THE STAR IS THE SUBLIME ANSWER TO HUMAN NECESSITY. "I will give him the morning star." The world had waited in an agony of expectancy the coming of One long foretold, who should redeem His people. At last He came, a Babe. A new star glared in the Eastern sky: the Star of Bethlehem. "We have seen His star," was the startled cry of the Magians, and it led them on to God. Whose star? His, whose name shall be Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins. All human needs sum themselves up in that one great, awful, despairful word, *Sin*. And there is but one word that we can oppose to that term which is synonymous with all that the imagination can conceive of the mysteries of iniquity—and that word is *God*. Man can do nothing with sin. He cannot alchemise it, he cannot wash it out, he cannot burn it out. God only is competent to deal with sin. Can God effectually deal with sin? Yes; He can dissolve it in light. Hence, in response to the anguished cry of man's despair, God says: "I will give him the morning star," I will blot sin out in sunshine. "I will give,"—a Son, My Son, the Son, the only begotten Son. You will kill Him for His pains, you will endeavour to thwart His purpose, you will not tolerate that radiant gleam of purity amongst you. He shall be hounded to the death, but His blood—His whole vicarious offering of Himself—shall be to you the symbol and token of Life.

The star points to the Cross therefore. It grimly suggests tragedy. It means Redemption. There is liberation in light—freedom from the investing shadows. The star of the dawn signifies

hope. It tells of renewed lease of life, and points the way of escape from all enslaving passions. We can never quite know what evils and dangers the darkness conceals. A thousand lurking snares beset our feet; hideous phantoms flit about us; the very air seems charged with noisome pestilence; but with the dawn comes deliverance; the pearly gates of morn open upon our eager and agonised vision. We are bidden to enter the kingdom of light—the Kingdom of God. A sense of enlargement possesses us—all fetters broken, thralldom past. Light everywhere—pulsing light, animated brightness. The palpitating spaces seem filled with airy presences 'witched with beauty. Some new and ravishing wonder waits upon our every step. With every motion we stumble upon an unfamiliar seraph. Life is one long day of pure enjoyment—serenity, peace. In this new light all things and all experiences change their aspect; a new lustre lights the weird and sombre hours, the painful monotony is broken into silver sounds of sublimest song, a subtle grandeur rests upon the peaceful valley, a calm upon the up-reaching hills, the higher significance of all things outshines in mystic glory, hope moves steadily onward to fulfilment, sorrow radiates a chastened peace, and the grave itself is transfigured, made redolent of love and beauty. The difference between men is ever a difference of outlook—vision. Some see clearer than others can. In the kingdom of light the range of vision is extended, the horizon enlarged glows with changing tints, everywhere is space, openness, light kindled into beauty. In this light men see more—further, deeper, clearer; everything upon which the clarified vision rests is charged with divinest purpose, and gleams with new significance. All urgent necessities answered, all aspirations fulfilled, life breaks into colours fresh and fair.

Bethlehem is the prelude to Calvary. The morning star sheds its shivered light upon a Cross. The Cross grows in ruby splendour until its light fills the horizon of the world. It is the Divine dying into life. The way of life henceforth is the way of the Cross. Through Calvary to serenity. Through the darkness of personal sacrifice into the Light of Life. And the Kingdom of Eternal Light is the Kingdom of the Victorious. All shadows lighted, all griefs assuaged, all tears dried, all battles won, girdled in glory, jewelled with light. May we enter into the joy of such beatific consummation!

J. W. CHAPPELL.







Christmas Musings.



THE gladsome season is with us once more. It has come not a whit too soon. Its coming was earnestly desired and eagerly anticipated. It was never more welcome, for Christmas means the hushing of dissonances, the softening of sorrow, the

lightening of care, the ease of strain, the silencing of anguish, the hallowing of joy, the transfiguration of life. Its coming is fraught with blessing. It gives without stint, ungrudgingly and royally. It is not so ill-natured as to take note ofocracies, castes, classes, but distributes its benison on all alike—summons the world to its banquet, and spreads before mankind its feast of fat things. The Christmas atmosphere is unmistakable, it soon registers itself, it is easily detected. The days have a flavour peculiarly their own, and affect us in sundry subtle ways as do no others—whisking out of us our ill-humours, blotting the care-clouds from our faces, healing the sorrow of our hearts, giving an unwonted tenderness to our thoughts, a softness to our feelings and a gentleness to our carriage. What does it mean? We can only answer, It is Christmas—and the answer is sufficient.

Of all seasons this is the most distinctly associated with happiness. The sky may be grey, the air may be cold, the frost may nip, the snow may be falling—but no matter, the merry season has arrived. Childhood bounds at the thought of it. Youth hails it with delight. Mature years give it welcome with a chastened pleasure, and in its exhilarating atmosphere old age forgets its weakness and weariness, and becomes rejuvenated—aye, the whole world not only lights its biggest fires, and puts on its fairest apparel, but it laughs and sings and shouts with one accord. The Russians have a legend to account for the origin of song. They say that in the beginning of the world the god of song came from the sky and sat on the mountain-top, and all creation listened. A bit of music was

caught by all things and creatures. The woods learned their rustle and the waters their roar. The wind learned to whistle, the bee to hum, and the bird to carol. Every part of creation caught a bit of the mighty music. But only man grasped it in all its meaning and blessedness. In the morning of Christianity the angels of God stepped down to earth and discoursed such music as men had not hitherto heard. Its burden was, "On earth peace, good will towards men," and "Good tidings of great joy to all people." Slowly, all too slowly, fragment after fragment of the angel-minstrelsy has been caught, and so it comes to pass that year by year as the anniversary of our Saviour's birth comes round, men are lifted out of their sadness, carry music in their hearts, and find happiness in giving joy unto others.

There are those who spend their Christmas without any reference to Christ. Bethlehem is nothing to them, they kneel not at the cradle. This is of all blunders the greatest. A Christless Christmas is of all anomalies the strangest. We do not grudge these the indirect blessings of the Incarnation. We rejoice that they are in some measure influenced by the Redeemer whom they ignore, and that they pay to Him unwitting homage; but we lament their failure to observe this great festival in a truly Christian way. To leave out Christ is to denude the day of its deepest significance, is to rob it of its glory, is to fail to get the best out of it. Our Christmas should be celebrated by focussing our vision upon Him who loved us and gave Himself for us. During the day our thoughts should revert to Him again and again, until all our sin-clouds are dissipated, our life-shadows grow thin and pass away, and our whole being is irradiated. This is the secret of the purest blessedness. There is a picture of the Christ-child in the stable, which has its beautiful suggestions. The Child lies upon the straw, the mother bends over Him, the wondering shepherds are close at hand, and in the background are the cattle. It is night, and there is only one feeble

lantern in the place. But from the infant face a radiance streams which lights up the rude scene, and on the faces of the wondering shepherds are golden beams. In the vision of the Christ-face we can always get a glory and a gladness not otherwise attainable. We should celebrate our Christmas by availing ourselves of the unsearchable riches of Christ. What a golden time we might have were we only to appropriate our heritage in Christ! "Of His fulness have all we received, and grace for grace." Yes; but we have only received meagrely as yet—a scintillation or two of glory instead of a full-orbed revelation; a chord or two of heaven's music instead of the majestic symphonies; a crumb or two of heaven's bread instead

of the full loaf. One writes, "The infinite light, the grace, the energy, which are ours in our Lord are most imperfectly actualised in our experience. Our poor experiences are not the measure of the gift of Christ. We have the dust of gold, rather than the gold itself, a few rose-leaves rather than the garden, grape gleanings rather than the vintage." Let us enter upon the realisation of our precious possessions. The season is opportune. Christmas speaks eloquently of the unspeakable gift, which will free us from all our sin, save us from all our thralls, enlarge and enrich our life. Let us accept with gratitude the deep peace, rich joy, profound love, and the great salvation which Christ has brought to our world.

JOSEPH PEARCE.



"Wedded to London."

IT was a dreary afternoon in autumn, and Catheline Blondel, of the Villorie Farm, in Guernsey, was counting the money she had saved during the summer. When she had accumulated a certain amount, it was her custom to deposit it in the Old Bank at Saint Pierre Port: and she usually took £20 at a time, which she had saved

from current expenses. Living alone as she did, with an old servant, she spent comparatively little; but the farm was, of course, an expense, with its labourers to pay, and repairs and improvements to be kept up. She had been engaged for many years, and though she was now twenty-eight, there was no talk of marriage; both she and Roc Corbell, her farmer-lover, were of a "saving" disposition, and desired to amass a few more and still a few more francs before they ventured on matrimony.

This particular afternoon she was well pleased to find that her savings amounted to £20. She tied up the bank-notes and stowed them away in a drawer which she locked securely; then, going down-stairs to the kitchen, she found tea ready, and the servant waiting to have it with her mistress. They had just sat down when a hasty tap at the kitchen door was followed by the entrance of a pleasant-faced woman about Catheline's age.

"Ah! but you are at tea!" she cried, hesitating on the threshold.

"Bah! it's all right; come in and have a *cuppoie*, (cup of tea), Lucie. But, my good, isn't it dull weather?"

"Yes, indeed," answered the visitor, briskly tak-

ing off her "scoop," and helping herself to a *dôri*, (slice of bread and butter), "that's one thing that brings me here, it's for to ask you if you'll come with me this evening to Saint Pierre Port. There's a preacher from London going to tell about his work; in one of the Methodist chapels he will speak. They say, down to Jersey, that's he's very good, and I like to hear about poor people, me!"

Catheline shrugged her shoulders, "Well, I don't know; there's no really poor to Guernsey, and one doesn't think much about them."

"Ah, but, Catheline, there *is* poor to Guernsey! Only those that know, they say it's because of drink and other wickedness. But in London, I've been told, it isn't always their fault they're poor. There's so much against them! But, say, you'll come, won't you? We'll drive, of course, and I'll put up the *caravane* (carriage) to the stables in Le Bordage."

Catheline considered. After all, there would be no expense entailed, and she felt dull and heavy; it would brighten her up to go to "*la ville*." So she said, half reluctantly, "Well, I don't mind if I come."

"*Bon!* That's decided; then I'll be here to fetch you at six, the meeting begins at half-past seven, and don't forget, there'll be a collection, Catheline!"

Catheline nodded; she was a Methodist, and well used to collections, though she never, by any chance, put more than a penny in the bag. She couldn't afford more, she told herself.

When the two women entered the chapel, it was already well filled, but they found seats near the rostrum, and could command an excellent sight of the preacher from London. He was a tall man, with a strong face, a broad forehead, and thick,

dark hair turning grey. He began his lecture on his London work in even tones and without gesture of any kind; but when he had gained the entire attention of the people, he swayed them as he willed, as only a born orator could. With face uplifted, he translated the visions he saw in simple, telling words, instinct with pathos, strong and convincing. His blue eyes darkened as he pleaded for his poor brothers and sisters, and his heart agonised as he told of their awful sorrows and awful sins. Yet,

through it all, there breathed a spirit of hope, for he saw the Christ in the worst of sinners; he despaired of none; he had "the tender heart, the mother's touch, the tear-dimmed eye" needed for the uplifting of the lowest and most degraded of God's children.

Tears of sympathy poured down Lucie's face as she listened to these tales of the London poor; but Catheline Blondel sat motionless, seemingly as cold as a stone. In reality, she was deeply moved,



"THE KITCHEN WAS THE PICTURE OF COMFORT."

for she was living through an entirely new experience. She was thinking, for the first time in her life, of other people; she was even longing, in a vague way, to help them. Though she had been dutiful to her parents, she had not loved them; and her engagement to Roc Corbell was of a purely financial nature. But this evening she was as though new-born into another world: scales fell from her eyes; she grasped the meaning of lives apart from her own; she realised, for the first time, the existence of a world outside Guernsey, outside her little parish of Saint Sauveur. Her thoughts expanded, a paralysing influence lifted from her brain; she became, in a few hours, more intelligent than she had ever been; and she left the chapel with the germs of life in her soul, and despair at her heart. Alas! she had given but a penny to the

collection: that was all she had taken in her big purse, greasy and stained by market coppers.

She said but little to Lucie on their return journey, though that little was appreciative of the meeting. Reaching Villorie farm quite late, an unaccustomed event for her, she went at once to her bedroom, without touching any supper. She was ousted, entirely, from her usual grooves; and sitting down on her bed, she fell to musing, with her best bonnet on, regardless of everything but the stories, the true, wondrous stories she had heard from the London preacher. She was so excited that it was long before she got into bed; and then she passed a restless night, filled with dreams of weary little children and hollow-eyed women. Waking early, she started up in bed and wondered what had happened; then she remembered the

evening before, "And I gave only a penny," she murmured, "and there's £20 in the bureau!"

Jumping out of bed, she opened the drawer and took out the bank-notes. With trembling fingers she counted out £5 and put them aside; then she tied up the other notes and restored them to the drawer. But with cool, calm daylight, her years of scraping money together reasserted their power. She hesitated, flushed, clasped her hands, opened the drawer again, untied the notes and was about to slip in amongst them the five pounds put aside, when suddenly she stopped. A strong, pleading face rose before her, a hand pointed to starving children and broken-hearted women; a stern voice cried in her startled ears:

"Behold your sisters, your brothers, help them! or surely God will call you to account!"

She let the money drop on the floor; and falling upon her knees, she cried to God, in broken words and sighs. The struggle was bitter and the victory tarried: but at last she rose, took five pounds from the twenty, and locked up the fifteen in the drawer. And two days after, the London preacher received from Catheline Blondel a cheque for use in his "parish." It was an era in her life when she received his acknowledgment, and a parcel of booklets relating to his work. Ah! she had enough to think about then! She took Lucie into her confidence, and they studied the great question together, absorbed by the new interest in their monotonous lives. Catheline's nature softened, a womanliness crept into her hard face, a soft-eyed look of love. But she said not a word of all this to Roc Corbell; he was not a Methodist, and she began to regret this, for she felt a quickening of religious life in her soul, a desire to be nobler, purer, better; and she realised keenly now the lack of sympathy that must henceforth exist between them.

He noticed, on his part, that she did not speak as much as usual of money matters, and it did not disturb him; women's ideas were not much accounted of by this hard-headed money-lover. But she never thought of giving him up, for she did not realise that a true love, a broad, strong love was mastering, gradually, but surely, every fibre of her being.

And Christmas time drew on. There were to be various festivities got up in the London preacher's "parish," and as Catheline read of them her heart burned within her; she untied her bank-notes again, and taking out ten pounds she sent them to the good man who had opened her eyes, and saved her from the curse of avarice. Then she confided to Lucie that she had decided to go to London to spend Christmas, and see for herself the doings in this "parish" of her ideals. Lucie gasped at the audacity of the plan, but she was delighted, nevertheless; and it only remained for Catheline to break the news to Roc Corbell.

He listened with a queer smile as she told her tale, simply and earnestly; then he laughed in her face, and said she must be mad to throw away good money in the gutter, just to see a lot of dirty loafers living on charity. At his brutal words, she turned white and sick with disappointment; but she clung to the old arrangement and left Guernsey, still engaged to be married to Roc Corbell. He did not write to her; but he went to the Villorie farm very often, and "poked his nose in every corner," as the old servant told Lucie; and Catheline did not write to him.

Christmas passed; and on the last day of the Old Year, Roc Corbell went, as usual, to Villorie farm in the evening. A bright *vraic* (dried seaweed) fire blazed on the broad hearth in the kitchen; the crockery on the dresser, and the brass candlesticks on the chimney-piece glowed again, as the flickering light fell upon them. The kitchen was the picture of comfort; and Catheline sat in an old chintz-covered arm-chair before the fire, her busy hand sewing at little garments. As Roc entered, she rose in evident constraint.

"You've come back then, at last," he said coldly, "and I hope you've had enough of it. You might have let me know you were coming."

"Yes," she replied, meekly, "I've been in the wrong, Roc; but it's that, at first, I couldn't make up my mind."

"Make up your mind! What do you mean? I suppose, now, the truth is that you're sick of the affair to London! You have found out it's all rubbish and waste of money."

"No, no!" she cried, "it's not like that at all! It's that I love the work to London, Roc! I love it with all my heart—and you—I don't—love—and it's that I can't marry you."

"What!" he cried, "you don't mean to tell me you're going to give up the Villorie and work to London, and put all your money there? You're never such a fool, Catheline! That rubbish of work amongst drunkards and worse!"

"Hush," she said, "hush! Do not speak thus of God's work! Roc, let me speak just for once! Won't you try not to care for money so much?"

He laughed harshly. "Do you take me for a madman? To get money is the first thing in life, and money I have and mean to keep. I don't believe in that silly talk of marrying for love; bah! it's rubbish. It's as well I know you are going to throw your *doubles* away, because, then, of course, I needn't come here no more. You've decided, quite?"

"Yes," she replied quietly, "I'll sell Villorie, and go and work amongst the poor. I love them; ah! I can't tell *you* how much I love *them*!"

"Go, then!" he cried rudely, as he banged the door after him, "Go! since you're fool enough to give me the sack and be wedded to London!"

E. GALLIENNE ROBIN.



PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHAPEL AND SCHOOL, BOLSOVER.

Men Worth Remembering.

VIII.—JEREMIAH GILBERT.

BY THE REV. JESSE ASHWORTH.



HE subject of our sketch has already had the strange distinction of what may be termed one resurrection. In January, 1853, the mortal remains of this highly-honoured servant of God were deposited in a vault in front of our old Chesterfield, (Beetwell Street) Chapel, in the midst of a large concourse of mourning friends. When this time-

honoured sanctuary was superseded by the erection of our splendid new church in Holywell Cross, the old chapel was disposed of for business purposes. This rendered necessary the exhuming of the body of our departed friend. Some little difficulty was experienced in discovering the vault, as there was no stone over it; but there was a tablet to his memory in the old chapel, which has been transferred to the Holywell Cross Trust property. When the body, by permission of the Home Secretary,

was removed to Calow Churchyard, Mr. Mason, the sculptor, informed us that although it had reposed here for over thirty years, the oak coffin bore no marks of decay, and the lettering of the brass plate was perfectly legible. What a striking emblem of the faith of its occupant while living, and the enduring character of his work when dead!

Being in the neighbourhood of Chesterfield, we embraced the opportunity of visiting the hallowed spot and standing upon the once occupied grave of our departed friend. The inscription-stone is still over the door of what was the old chapel. Mr. Edwards, the evangelist, who accompanied us, stated that he himself had seen hundreds of conversions in that old sanctuary.

We had personally only once the pleasure of meeting Jeremiah Gilbert. When a youth of sixteen we called upon our esteemed superintendent minister of Stockport Circuit, the Rev. Samuel Smith, who introduced us to him. His quiet, pleasant smile, the kind but gentle pressure of the hand, and the words of blessing which he uttered, made a vivid and life-long impression upon our

youthful mind; and the knowledge of his successful labours caused his name to be familiar as household words all along the years.

In addition to this we have possessed for about sixty years, a little book published by Mr. Gilbert at North Shields, in the year 1824, with the following title page: "Extracts from the Journals, Camp Meetings, Revivals, etc., etc., of Jeremiah Gilbert, Primitive Methodist Preacher." The following quotations from Scripture are on the title page, "In prisons more frequent," "Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things; charity never faileth."

To this little book we are indebted for much of the following information. We are also greatly indebted to our esteemed friend, the Rev. Thomas Jackson, of Clapton Mission, for the loan of the magazine in which Mr. Gilbert's memoir appears from the pen of the late Rev. Robert Parks.

Jeremiah Gilbert was born at Caunton, near Newark, in the county of Nottingham. When only four years of age he was bereft by death of his earthly father, and was consequently left to the care of his widowed mother. Although strictly moral through his childhood and youth, he did not obtain the pearl of great price till the age of twenty-one, at which period he joined the Wesleyan Methodists, among whom he laboured as a local preacher for several years with great acceptance, and was made extensively useful. In this work he had the pleasure of seeing hundreds of sinners converted unto God. His labours were not confined to the Newark Circuit, nor circumscribed by the hours of the Sabbath; for he took appointments in the Retford and Worksop Circuits, and frequently preached two or three evenings in the week. He was occasionally employed as an assistant in supplying the appointments of the itinerant ministers.

While thus engaged, the Primitive Methodists came to his locality; but he first regarded them with a measure of suspicion, as unworthy of his confidence or attention. The excitement, however, became so great, and the popular feeling in many places ran so high in their favour, that Mr. Gilbert was induced to attend a Camp Meeting held in his own locality. As the result he was so fully convinced that his prejudices were unfounded, and that the work of Primitive Methodism was of God, that he came to an immediate and full decision to join our people, and give himself entirely to the work of the ministry.

Mr. Gilbert preached his first sermon among the Primitive Methodists on May 19, 1819. Thus we are carried back in our imagination to the distant period when the Connexion was but in its infancy, being only nine years old. Things moved on in those days with great rapidity. There were no anxious waitings for Candidates' Committees, no searching examinations—which are quite the

proper thing in our time. Mr. Gilbert went the same month to the Quarterly Meeting at Nottingham, was accepted, and at once appointed as a home missionary. Like the apostles of old, he went forth without purse or scrip, or guarantee from any Sustentation Fund; but committing himself to the guidance of Divine Providence, he was directed to the town and neighbourhood of Sheffield, where a great and effectual door was opened unto him. The metropolis of cutlery and the whole country around it were greatly moved, while hundreds of sinners were turned from "darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God."

It was during these gracious revivals that Chesterfield, Barnsley, Wakefield, Halifax, and their adjacent villages were missioned.

From Mr. Gilbert's journal we obtain a momentary glimpse of the first Annual Conference held at Hull, May, 1820. He tells us that preaching was appointed each morning at five o'clock, and at seven in the evening services were held both in the chapel and in several of the streets of Hull. Many thousands attended the Camp Meeting on the Sunday; the Love-feast, which commenced on the Tuesday evening, continued till one or two o'clock the following morning, and was crowned by the conversion of about forty persons.

Being filled with the Divine Spirit during the Conference services, he called on a Wesleyan in Hull, went to prayer, and saw two saved, then went to Kirton, preached, and witnessed more conversions. The Sunday after the Conference was spent at Sheffield. He preached at six o'clock in the morning in Young Street, and had a good time; at eight, preached in Water Lane, supposed to be the worst place in Sheffield, but many appeared to be greatly affected, and came to the chapel in the evening. At half-past ten, and six, preached in the chapel, and in the Park at eight; in the afternoon he administered the sacrament. Surely in this Jeremiah Gilbert was like the Apostle Paul, "in labours more abundant." Six services, two before breakfast, three in the open-air, and yet he cheerfully adds, it was a blessed day to his own soul and many others.

During the following week, while renewing tickets, one sinner was saved, and one believer sanctified. While calling to see a friend he witnessed two more conversions, and while visiting a sick woman who was happy, he had the joy of leading two to the Saviour. He had a refreshing time at Rotherham, and saw one set at liberty. So he appears to have gone on rejoicing day by day.

On Sunday, June 4th, he attended a Camp Meeting on Ravenfield Common. While the different praying companies were wrestling in mighty prayer, a boy of twelve, a girl of fifteen, and an old man with hair as white as snow, were among the weeping penitents and rejoicing believers. He states that he never saw more life, more of the power of

God, more tears shed at any Camp Meeting before.

Shortly after this Camp Meeting, he gives a graphic description of his strange encounter with a clergyman. "On Thursday, June 15th, I went to Balborough, sang up the village, mounted a heap of stones for my pulpit, no one daring to lend me a chair. After prayer and singing again, I took my text and spake a little; a clergyman and constable came along, and desired me to desist from preaching and come down. I told them it was my intention to come down when I had finished my discourse; but I added, 'You had better go to yond' men who are making a very great rabble and noise, and let the preacher proclaim the Word of Life.' I reminded him of his son, a clergyman, who had pulled me down a year ago. I also told him that a greater than any magistrate had given me a licence,—that the King of heaven had given me authority to preach the Gospel. I then opened my Testament, and read to him Luke xiv. 23; Mark xvi. 15; but he said, 'We have nothing to do with those things.' I replied, 'The Bible ought to be our standing rule;' but all I said to him about the Bible seemed to have no weight. So the constable seized me, and I began to sing:—

'Wicked men I need not fear.'

The clergyman desired me to be silent, and almost got his hand to my mouth, but I told him my tongue was not to be tethered, for, as the Almighty had imparted to me such a gift, it should be employed in His praise. When in custody, I asked the clergyman if he believed the Bible? He said he did. I then asked him, 'Do you know that God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven you your sins?' He said, 'No;' and then told me he had been a preacher of the Gospel for thirty years. I then read to him St. Luke i. 77, and told him that at the day of Judgment we should both have to give an account of our preaching to God. He thought God would keep no account of his preaching in the Church, nor of my preaching out of doors. 'Why,' I replied, 'you said a few minutes ago that you believed the Bible, and in that sacred Book it is written, "By thy words shalt thou be justified, and by thy words shalt thou be condemned."' He told me several times I looked very respectable, and that I had better go away; but I told him as the constable had seized and brought me, that I should stay for the present. After having sung and prayed till a very late hour, I had a good night's rest. Next morning the constable came and wished me to go quietly away; but as I refused, he brought a cart to convey me to Chesterfield. As soon as I was seated I commenced singing,

'The Gospel news is sounding.'

As it was a busy day, the magistrates had not much time to spare with me, so the clergyman and an-



REV. J. GILBERT.

(From the Magazine of 1830.)

other person took me aside to talk with me on the affair. I said, 'I wish you to proceed to the extent of the law.' 'Do you want to be sent to gaol?' they asked. 'Yes,' I said, 'if the law would send me there.' After a little more conversation, they told me that it could not be settled till the next Saturday; so I inquired if I were to return to Balborough till that time. They seemed to huff at that as if they had been at sufficient expense with me already; for the constable said, when I was taken up before, I cost them nine shillings, and it appeared I should cost them a deal more now. When they talked of fining me five shillings, I said they might as well fine me forty pounds, for my Father had much property, and if He saw it right, all the money would be paid, and although I have been taken before the magistrates six or seven times the last fifteen months for preaching the Gospel, I have always come out of prison with increased devotion to my vocation. When I was in Bolsover Round House—the name of the then lock-up—where there was neither bed nor straw, I felt God had full possession of my body, soul and spirit. After hearing these statements, the clergyman hastily made the best of his way out of the room, so I immediately followed him, and was at liberty."

It would seem that the parson and constable when they had taken him scarcely knew what to do with him. As with the Apostles when brought before rulers, the Holy Spirit furnished him with suitable answers. What a glimpse this gives us of the past; and how gratefully may we recognise the great and happy change which has come over society since that time! Bolsover Round House had neither bed nor straw. Now we have just

opened at Bolsover, under the superintendency of the Rev. R. Heppenstall, a beautiful new chapel, school, and class rooms, that have cost about two thousand pounds, designed by Mr. Morley, of Bradford, architect. We present our readers with a view of this fine block of trust property in which we have just had the pleasure of holding services. While staying at Bolsover we visited the market-place where Mr. Gilbert was, with trumpet tones, eighty years ago proclaiming salvation when the constable interfered and led him away to the Round House. We should like very much to have given our readers a picture of this notable Round House, but it has sometime since disappeared. The Round House has gone, but he who once occupied it "being dead yet speaketh."

Standing on this sacred spot, and looking back for four-score years, we cannot but rejoice in the progress which both civil and religious liberty has made in our country during that period, and also in the advancement of Primitive Methodism from a few thousands, to a Church membership of nearly two hundred thousand, besides all the myriads who are safely landed in the heavenly home, and who will be the crown of our rejoicing in the great day of the Lord.

It is worth while attempting to show the change which has come over the face of things. A few years ago, when our esteemed friend the Rev. George Windram was superintendent of Chesterfield Circuit, Dr. Booth, who is so well known throughout the Connexion, was elected mayor of the town and invited the Corporation to attend with him our Holywell Cross Church the first Sabbath after his election. What a marvellous change! Chesterfield, where Jeremiah Gilbert was so repeatedly brought before the magistrates and threatened with fines for preaching the Gospel, now chooses a distinguished Primitive Methodist for its chief magistrate, and the sermon to the Corporation is preached in a Primitive Methodist Church. Little did our fathers dream that such honours would result from their heroic endurance of persecution and self-sacrificing labours.

The Sabbath following his liberation from Chesterfield, Mr. Gilbert attended the Sheffield Camp Meeting, preaching at five o'clock in the morning in Young Street, and at seven in Water Lane, at which services the power of God descended, and many wept; thus he held two open-air services before the Camp Meeting commenced. At the love-feast in the evening about thirty found salvation.

During the following week, while calling to see a friend, he led three persons to the fountain of mercy, and one evening, when preaching at Mexborough in the open-air, one was saved and others were seeking salvation.

Mr. Gilbert next records another instance of persecution, suffering, and deliverance. "Wednesday, July 5th, at Eckington, in Derbyshire, I

mounted a chair, and after singing twice and prayer, I took my text, when the constable came, got hold of my coat and pulled me down. I then began to sing:—

'Christ He sits on Zion's hill.'

It caused the people to smile when they saw me take hold of the constable's arm and walk away with him. He took me to a place which seemed to be as complete a prison as I had ever seen; the window had strong bars, and the door seemed full of great nails. I had neither bed nor straw, but lay across some laths, and had a broom for my pillow. A large number of people gathered round the iron-barred window; I exhorted them 'to flee from the wrath to come.' After some time the gaoler came and conversed with me; I persuaded him to go down on his knees in the prison, and prayed with him. I had to block up the window as well as I could to keep out the cold, for it was a wet, damp, and doleful prison." Like another Jeremiah, he knew what it was to be in the dreary dungeon; "Yet at midnight," he says, "like Paul and Silas at Philippi, I prayed and sang praises to God;" proving the words of the poet true:

"Prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there."

"After being," he says, "in this loathsome prison two days and two nights, I was taken to Chesterfield in a gig. Going up the street I sang—

'Come, Oh come, thou vilest sinner.'

On the way to Chesterfield I talked to the constable till he wept very much. The magistrate, finding no fault in me worthy of bonds, set me at liberty. It is reported the magistrate said, 'What do you bring that man here for? He has no money to pay fines.' Undaunted, the moment he had his freedom he set off to Eckington again to finish his sermon.

It is difficult to make selections from his journals for want of space; but the following may be taken as samples of his marvellous labours and success.

"At Thorpe we had a prayer meeting in the afternoon. After the meeting was concluded, I said to a woman, 'Thou art not happy;' she replied, 'No.' We commenced again; she cried out for mercy, and soon entered into glorious liberty. At night, preached in a schoolroom, and in a prayer meeting which followed in a house, seven or eight found pardoning mercy. Oh, what a heaven my soul felt! and the house was filled with the glory of the Lord. The following morning we had a prayer meeting in the same house, and the Lord set one at liberty; in the dinner-hour I spoke again in the schoolroom, and the Lord saved two or three more. At night, spoke at Rotherham, when two backsliders were restored to the favour of God. At New Hill, went from house to house

most of the day, several cried for mercy, and one old man found salvation, shouting, 'Glory to God for what He has done for me.' Next day, spoke at Aughton, three or four found peace; it was a night of great joy. June 1st, 1821, I preached at Denby-Dyke side, out of doors, and we afterwards held a prayer meeting in a friend's house, which continued till five o'clock in the morning. The scene was very interesting—some crying for mercy, others getting into liberty, and praising God with all their might; twelve or fourteen found the Lord. Such a night of prayer as I have scarcely witnessed before."

Much more of similar records might be added if our space permitted; but we pass on to notice some testimonies which were furnished to his biographer after Mr. Gilbert's decease.

The Rev. G. W. Armitage writes: "When Mr. Gilbert came to Barnsley the circuit was in a rudimentary state, but he and his colleagues opened a number of places, at most of which societies were formed. He occasionally stayed at my father's house when labouring in the neighbourhood, and I can distinctly remember his stentorian voice, robust frame, undaunted courage, and his indefatigable efforts to bring the guilty to God. I was called to labour with him in Halifax, where he had an increase of 219 members in one quarter. Here I was an eye and ear-witness of his great zeal and untiring energy to win souls. Frequently after week-night services he would spend an hour or two in pleading for distressed penitents at their own homes."

Mr. Gilbert's next field of labour was Bradwell, in Derbyshire, to which mission he was appointed in 1822, and left it a rising circuit in 1823. "His labours here," writes the Rev. W. Inman, "were indefatigable. Strong and healthy, willing and fearless, holy and mighty, he proved himself one of our early sons of thunder; many hardened sinners were arrested in their downward course and led to seek the salvation of God." The writer of this sketch commenced his itinerant ministry at Bradwell thirteen years later. The name of Mr. Gilbert was then like ointment poured forth; it was said that he would work in the hayfield during the day, and preach at night; thus, like St. Paul, labouring with his own hands.

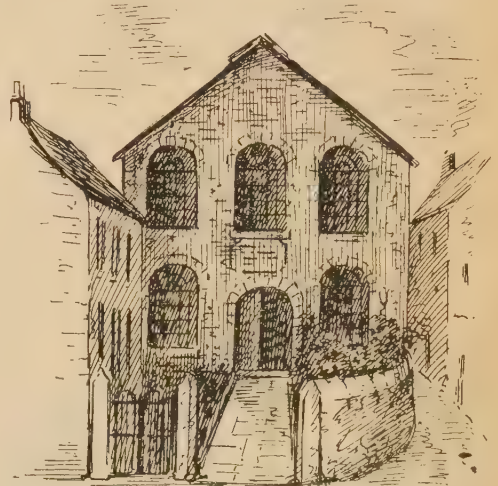
Mr. Gilbert's next sphere of labour was North Shields, respecting which the Rev. W. Lister wrote: "He had nearly three hundred increase of members the first half-year. At the December Quarterly Meeting, Newcastle was made a separate circuit from North Shields. He was very arduous in his missionary labours, and very successful in the converting work."

For lack of space we pass over his labours in Sunderland, Hexham, Whitby, Darlaston, Belper, Wrockwardine Wood, Chesterfield, Boston, Burton, Winster and Nottingham; but we judge that an

account of his early Camp Meetings from his own pen will prove full of both interest and inspiration to our readers.

"The first Camp Meeting I attended in 1821, was near Thong, in Yorkshire, at which ten thousand people were estimated to be present. Conversions were witnessed morning, afternoon, and evening; about two hundred and fifty were saved in this locality in about three months.

"On Sunday, June 3rd, we held a united Camp Meeting for Sheffield and Barnsley Circuits, on



The Old
Chapel & Preachers' House.
Beetwell St. Chesterfield.

Mexborough Common. The day was glorious throughout. The meeting commenced at six in the morning, and closed about six in the evening. At one time there were sixteen praying companies; the loud amens were like claps of thunder, and the bursting joy of Christian voices like the sound of many waters. It was fully believed there were hundreds converted that day; the newspapers reported that upwards of twenty thousand people were assembled on Mexborough Common on that occasion.

"On Sunday, June 10th, we held a Camp Meeting on Skircoat Moor, near Halifax. The rain came on very heavily in the forenoon, but we continued to sing, pray and exhort till dinner-time. The rain coming heavier still in the afternoon, we held a prayer meeting in a house at Halifax, where the woman of the house, her daughter and another found peace. After this we went again to the moor, and continued till near nightfall; we after-

wards spoke in the town; we believe this was a good day to many souls.

"Aug. 3rd, a Camp Meeting on Greetland Moor, at which it was estimated about ten thousand people were present. Five found salvation in the morning, six in the afternoon, and a good number in the evening. About nine we closed on the moor, after which we held a prayer meeting at Greetland. It was a shaking time, three backsliders got reclaimed, and one man who left the moor with a wounded spirit found salvation in his own house.

"Sunday, May 19th, 1822, a Camp Meeting at



HOLYWELL CROSS CHURCH, CHESTERFIELD.

Bradwell on a very high hill. It was a remarkable day for the Holy Spirit; numbers were broken down and set at perfect liberty on the Camp ground. In the lovefeast a number more were born of the Spirit of God, and witnessed a good confession before men.

"July 20th, 1823, we held a Camp Meeting for North Shields Circuit on Scaffold Hill, at which thousands attended. Although the day was unfavourable, with wind and sometimes rain, the work of the Lord went on well; several fell down before preaching began in the morning; when the three preaching-stands broke up for dinner, brother Nelson was wrestling hard in prayer with three in deep distress. Oh, how cheering to see them all rise and praise God for pardoning mercy! In the afternoon rain came on very heavy, but the Lord's work did not stand still. I thought there were

more souls set at liberty during the heavy rain than when it was fair; five souls were saved in one praying company. At the lovefeast, which was held in the open air, others sought the Lord with many tears, and found Him to the joy of their hearts.

"Aug. 3rd, a Camp Meeting at Colliery Dykes, at which the weather was unfavourable both morning and afternoon; the lovefeast at night was in a barn; Brothers Batty and Jersey laboured with all their might. I believe within two hours twenty-seven souls were set at liberty."

We could add more such records if necessary. But who can read unmoved of these great gatherings on Mexborough Common, Skircoat Moor, Bradwell Heights, Colliery Dykes, Scaffold Hill, Greetland Moor, and many other places? Who can read of the labours, enthusiasm, success, and power of the fathers and founders of our Connexion without wonder and admiration? Who can recall these great Camp Meetings without searchings of heart and earnest inquiries why we have not equal, or even increasing success? Have we the same preparation, the same anticipations even for our District Meeting or Conference Camp Meetings, as they had on ordinary occasions? Is not the old phraseology, "Set at liberty," "Found salvation," "Got converted," "Obtained peace," "Born of the Spirit," "Fully sanctified," too much lost sight of, or gone into disuse? What produced these mighty soul-saving results? Some may attribute a great deal to the charm of novelty; but while this may be to some extent admitted, have not we numbers, influence, prestige, chapel and school property, colleges, libraries, and many appliances which our fathers did not possess? Should not all these more than make up for the lack of novelty? Were all these great talents and advantages possessed by modern Primitives, fully baptised with the Holy Ghost, might not our success surpass that of our fathers? Is not the promise of the Holy Spirit made as fully to the closing hours of the nineteenth, as to the beginning of the first century? "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto Me, both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth."

During the last two years of his active ministry, Mr. Gilbert's health had broken down, and he was compelled, though very reluctantly, to accept superannuation. This took place at the Tunstall Conference of 1846. For nearly the following six years he resided at Bath Terrace, Chesterfield. While here he rendered considerable service in visiting his old fields of labour in neighbouring circuits; but even this latterly exhausted him so much that he had to lie in bed for several days after some of these return journeys.

At length the end of his remarkable earthly

course drew near. His biographer states: "I had several pleasing interviews with him in his chamber during the closing weeks of his earthly career. He seemed to live in daily communion with God, and in holy meditation on the heavenly world. Some of his latest words to his dear wife were, 'I am happy, happy, happy!' On the 30th of December, 1852, he fell asleep in Jesus without a sigh, a struggle, or a groan, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, leaving a mourning widow and several children." How beautiful such a death! Who does not say with the poet:—

"How blest the righteous when he dies."

For want of space we pass over the funeral solemnities, which were attended by numerous ministers and crowds of deeply sympathising friends.

In summing up the character of this father in our Israel, we may remark, in his Journals he gives a copy of one of his letters, which, if space permitted its insertion, would show his great affection for his dear mother and relatives.

From his journals, also, it is evident that he was as well acquainted with books as the opportunities of those earlier days permitted; but his supreme praise was reserved for the Bible. We quote the following: "The Bible is not only the oldest but the best book in the world. The matter, the manner, the end, the harmony, yea, and the success of the Bible, together with the character of its penmen and the accomplishment of its predictions, should impress us with its Divine Authority. We ought to be thankful that our salvation, our holiness, our happiness, does not depend upon the trivial errors of copyists or translators. Infidels may reject, sceptics may doubt, and the licentious may sneer; yet the Bible is the sure word of prophecy. There is no other book in the world so admirably adapted to the capacities of all men as the Bible; so sublime in its language, so noble in its doctrine, yet so plain in its precepts, so rich in its promises; and is, indeed, able to make men wise unto salvation through faith in Jesus Christ."

Mr. Gilbert would evidently have agreed heartily with Dr. Alexander Maclaren in one of his recent pronouncements: "If, in the eagerness of the chase after the literary facts of the origin of the Old Testament, we forget that the Bible is a unity, that it is a Divine unity, that it is a progressive revelation, and that the testimony of Jesus is the Spirit of prophecy, then I venture to say, that the most uncritical old-fashioned reader of the Old Testament that finds Jesus Christ in the Song of Solomon, and in the details of the Tabernacle, and in all the ministrations of worship and sacrifice, was nearer to the living heart of the thing than the most learned scholar that has been so absorbed in the inquiries as to how and when this bit and the other of the book was written, that he fails to see

the one august Figure that shines out, now more, and now less dimly, and gives unity to the whole."

Mr. Parks sums up the character of Mr. Gilbert in the three following very striking particulars. "First, he was a Christian of the highest order; second, he was a philanthropist of the noblest class. Loving God with all his heart, and consequently loving all mankind, led him to leave his home, to endure privations, to brave persecutions, to perform herculean labours, to devote the strength of his manhood, to sacrifice his health, his life, his all, in the cause of suffering humanity. For this Jeremiah Gilbert prayed, wept, agonised, endured hunger and thirst, bonds and imprisonments, and wore out a vigorous and healthful constitution. Thirdly, he was a minister of an apostolic character. When we consider the Divinity of his call to the work, the providential openings in his course, the purity of his doctrine, the power of his appeals, the strength of his faith, the fervency of his zeal, the abundance of his labours, the multitude of his converts, and the holiness of his life, we deem him such an one as St. Paul would have chosen for a companion; one whose example may prove a noble inspiration to all who make it their prayerful study."

Who can read this sketch without feeling that Jeremiah Gilbert was a man worth remembering; that he was a living Christian entirely devoted to a living Christ; his whole career evincing the intensity of his inward, spiritual vitality? He could say like St. Paul, "This one thing I do." Were we attempting to describe his whole life in a single word or sentence, it would be—Conversions; an unflinching, undying zeal for the conversion of sinners to God. When a local preacher, he led hundreds of souls to Christ. From the beginning to the close of his itinerant ministry, the conversion of sinners was his constant aim. He witnessed conversions when leading classes, renewing tickets, administering the sacrament, visiting the sick, calling upon a friend, when preaching in barns, houses, streets, on commons, wild moors, from prison cells, and in conveyances which were taking him before magistrates, on windy, wet Camp Meeting days, at week-night services, yea, he witnessed conversions under every possible circumstance, and in almost every variety of place. Nothing could for a moment divert his attention from the one great purpose of his life—the conversion of sinners to God.

Is it not possible, even in the Connexion's improved position—with large chapels, magnificent organs, musical services, splendid colleges, a trained ministry, educated young people, enhanced prestige—Is it not possible for the whole Connexion, even amid its multiplied activities, large bazaars and debt reduction schemes, to concentrate its attention simultaneously upon this one all-

absorbing object, the conversion of sinners to God? Might not such a concentration bring any year, an accession of twenty or thirty thousands to our Church membership? Is this too much to anticipate, when we remember the extensive area which the Connexion now covers, its possession of vast talent, wealth, and influence, with the infinite resources of Divine power and grace, available in answer to prayer? Let us catch the sentiment of the old hymn, often sung amid rolling revivals:—

"Haste again, ye days of grace,
When assembled in one place,

Signs and wonders marked the hour,
All were filled and spoke with power.

Oh, that each may now prevail,
Pray in faith that cannot fail,
Rise and pull the blessing down,
Seize the kingdom for our own.

Fire our hearts with holy zeal,
Glowing still for Zion's weal;
Heaven open, blessing pour;
Spirit, work, this present hour."

[We are indebted to the Rev. A. L. Humphries, M.A., for the illustrations of the old chapel at Chesterfield and Holywell Cross Church.]

Short Sermons from the Sage of Grasmere.

XII.—QUIETISM: ITS GAIN AND LOSS.



ALTHOUGH the word "Quietist" bears a technical acceptation, and is used, in the parlance of the schools, to signify that form of mysticism which consists in entire abnegation of all active exercise of the will in religion, and in meditation on God and Divine things as the essence of the true life, there is a very real, if free, sense in which it may be applied to Wordsworth.

Discharge the term of all special theological implication and we may say that he stands for the Quietist spirit in literature and in life. If we may not speak of him in the same breath with Miguel de Molinos, the Spanish Jesuit priest who started the school, or with Archbishop Fénelon, or with Madame Guyon, he has, assuredly, his affinities with George Macdonald, perhaps the most distinguished of modern Quietists. Chiefly by temperament, but partly also by circumstances, Wordsworth is the recluse of poets. Not that he did not travel, or take interest in practical affairs. Until within fourteen years of his death he made long tours abroad, besides visits to Wales, Scotland and Ireland. He was, at first, at all events, an energetic patriot, as we have seen, and watched the Revolution and its developments with an eager, though truly, as time went on, a lack-lustre eye. In a word, his deepest and most enduring sympathies were with a retired quietness. Emerson is right when he says that while Wordsworth's genius was the great exceptional fact of the literature of the period, he had no teachers or inspirers save nature and solitude. He "murmured by the running brooks, a music sweeter than their own," His

early conditions of birth and up-bringing were rustic and isolated. He lived out his own opinion that "a man of letters, and, indeed, all public men of every pursuit, should be severely frugal." His wants were ever modest, and two or three lucky little windfalls saved him from sordid anxieties. Carlyle softened his cynical disparagements of Wordsworth by admitting that he had a genuine admiration for "the antique greatness" of the poet's "devotion to Poverty and Peasantry." Sir Henry Taylor remarks that "a fine wholesome rusticity, fresh as his mountain breezes, sat well on the stalwart veteran [in the year 1840], and on all he said and did. You would have said he was a usually taciturn man, glad to unlock himself to audience sympathetic and intelligent, when such offered itself. His face bore marks of much, not always peaceful, meditation." With all this agrees, to a marvel, his own self-estimate, as given, for example, in the three fine sonnets entitled "Personal Talk." I can quote but snatches of them.

"I am not One who much or oft delight
To season my fireside with personal talk.—
Of friends, who live within an easy walk,
Or neighbours, daily, weekly, in my sight.

Better than such discourse doth silence long,
Long, barren silence, square with my desire;
To sit without emotion, hope or aim,
In the loved presence of my cottage-fire
And listen to the flapping of the flame,
Or kettle whispering its faint undersong.

Among your tribe,
Our daily world's true worldlings, rank not me!

Dreams, books are each a wor'd, and books, we know
Are a substantial world both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow,

Nor can I not believe but that hereby
Great gains are mine; for thus I live remote
From evil-speaking; rancour, never sought,
Comes to me not; malignant truth or lie.
Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I
Smooth passions, smooth discourse and joyous
thought;
And thus from day to day my little boat
Rocks in its harbour, lodging peaceably."

It is easy to say that boats were not made for this, but it is equally hard to deny the attraction of such an ideal for thousands. Without being lotoseaters, longing for the land where it is always afternoon, we may yet be forgiven for being not seldom tired of the mad race of modern life. Pascal once wrote that all the "evils of life arise from our not being able to sit still in a room;" and although the old text which tells us that our "strength is to sit still" is, as commonly quoted, a palpable misreading, it holds a deep and needed truth. The Wordsworthian calm has more real strength in it than the Byronian fury; after all,

"The Gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul."

The active and the contemplative ideals of life—the Martha and the Mary views—will always have their respective votaries, and it is ill for us to seek to rule out either. For each there are both gain and loss, and we can but try to steer clear of the falsehood of extremes. For while it is true that Wordsworth's message of stoical simplicity and content comes like balm to minds attuned to his own, it cannot be gainsaid that for thousands upon thousands it is either empty or irritating. Macaulay could not stand it, and he speaks for a big class, with no pretensions to his culture, but yet like to him in love of pomp and stir. Wordsworth knew quite well how he struck such souls. "Merely think," he once wrote, "of the pure, absolute honest ignorance in which all worldlings, of every rank and situation, must be enveloped with respect to the thoughts, feelings, and images on which the life of my poems depends. The things I have taken, whether from within or without, what have they to do with routs, dinners, morning calls, hurry from door to door, from street to street, on foot or in carriage? . . . It is an awful truth that there neither is, nor can be, any genuine enjoyment of poetry among nineteen out of twenty of those persons who live, or wish to live, in the broad light of the world—among those who either are, or are striving to make themselves, people of consideration in society."

Even people in whom there is no trace of vulgarity find Wordsworth lacking in force. A genial lady critic of these papers writes me: "I must say that, much as I admire the chosen thoughts you delve out of his poems, and much as one must appreciate your desire to deal fairly with both his faults and his merits, still, whenever you quote an-

other writer as expressing the same views, I can't help thinking how much more *life* there is in his lines than in Wordsworth's." That is a typical stricture, and one is bound to take notice of it. Wordsworth is not for all men, nor for all moods. His public and his appeal are limited, but those whom he does find he moves profoundly. As John Morley says: "He is probably too deficient in concentrated power to be classed among the great giants. We cannot be sure. But he has the skill to lead us, so long as we yield ourselves to his influence, into inner moods of settled peace, to give us quietness, strength, steadfastness, and purpose, whether to do or to endure." That verdict the present writer modestly begs to endorse out of his own experience.

Mr. Myers, in perhaps the finest passage in his fine monograph on the poet, definitely faces this allegation against Wordsworth that his life of almost "halcyon calm" was not the best either for the man or for his poetry. Had he enough of sorrow? "If we would still pronounce the true Beatitudes, not on the rejoicing, the satisfied, the highly-honoured, but after an ancient and sterner pattern, what account are we to give of Wordsworth's long years of blissful calm?" After pointing out, first of all, in reply, that no vulgar or transitory elements entered into the poet's happiness; that that happiness would by many have been found "austere and blank indeed," and therefore no happiness at all, he goes on: "And if it be answered that however truly philosophic, however sacredly pure, his happiness may have been, yet its wisdom and its holiness were without an effort, and that it is effort which makes the philosopher and the saint; then we must use in answer his own Platonic scheme of things, to express a thought which we can but dimly apprehend; and we must say that though progress be inevitably linked in our minds with struggle, yet neither do we conceive of struggle as without a pause; there must be prospect-places in the long ascent of souls; and the whole of this earthly life—this one existence, standing we know not where among the myriad that have been for us or shall be—may not be too much to occupy with one of those outlooks of vision and of prophecy when—

"In a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

That answer accepted, may commit us to re-incarnation, but what of that? Is it any more difficult to believe in pre-existence than in post-existence? Our current theologies leave much to be said and speculated about the origin of the soul.

To return, however, to our true subject, the quietistic Wordsworth must be content to pay for the pureness and intensity of his influence on certain minds with a certain real restriction of it in the general. Intension and extension are well known to be logical exclusives. Even Shakespeare, the million-minded, pays his tax. It is the fashion to "revere" him, but he is not read, except by the few. Silly operas displace his great masterpieces. The world has not yet come up with him by a long way. And similarly, Wordsworth has no doubt curtailed, not only his public, but his power too, by his lonely meditative life. He had his gains of happiness, but there must be set over against these his losses and limitations of appeal. As Myers says: "Many of life's most impressive phenomena were hid from his eyes. He neither achieved nor underwent any of those experiences which can make all high romance seem a part of memory, and bestow, as it were, a password and introduction into the very innermost of human fates."

The boat that rocks peacefully in the sheltered harbour never brings home rare and rich lading. It escapes the battering of the surges, but it misses also the fine spoil of strange seas. "Home-keeping youth hath ever homely wits." The dales of Cumberland and Westmoreland, for all their beauty and their rustic types of character, do not exhaust the universe. We need the energetic Marthas who serve, as well as the quiet Marys who sit. Eli's "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good," may be the classic expression of religious resignation, but it was accompanied with lamentable weaknesses. Now that I have struck upon that name it may serve to point both the good and the evil of Quietism in the religious sphere, at any rate. I commend the study to my brethren of the pulpit. The old man was in many ways very lovable. There was about him a beautiful absence of self-assertion, of priestly pride and pretension, and of selfish jealousies. His relations with young Samuel are pictured in a very attractive way. It speaks volumes for the simplicity of Eli's character that he could thus delight in the society of the guileless boy. His mind was subdued to child-likeness. They lived on terms of the most delightful frankness. Eli did not churlishly rebuke the boy for his "visions." He had also his close and kindly relations with the people, and took a fatherly, practical interest in them. And his resignation was not craven. There was a quiet strength about him. He was not a fighting judge, but he could dare to face the full truth about himself. He begged bravely to be told every whit. He seems, on the better side of him, the sentiment of St. Theresa incarnate: "Let nothing trouble thee: let nothing affright thee: all things pass away. God never changes; nothing is wanting

to him who possesses God: God alone suffices." But turn now to the other side of the account. Life's ledger shows two opposite pages, and we must balance them fairly to get a true estimate. Eli was *too much* of a Quietist. "His sons made themselves vile and he restrained them not." He tended too readily to torpid acquiescence in things as they were. He shows that the type of character to which Quietism comes as natural is passive and feminine (no offence meant), rather than independent, masculine and morally vigorous. Quietism is liable to lack moral fibre and stamina, and strength of moral purpose; to be indifferent to the stern demands of duty and righteousness; to be lax in interpreting, realising, and applying moral laws and principles. Eli did not speak rebuke till the evil was too deeply rooted and had caused a public scandal. His reproof when it came was negative and pointless, both in form and substance. "Nay, my sons, for it is no good report that I hear." As one says: "In the case where the rebuke should have descended like a bolt from heaven, we hear nothing but low and feeble murmurings coming, as it were, out of the dust." There seemed no sense of the intrinsic evil of the sin—and there was no practical discipline. The old man left his vile sons weakly to God. He connived at the evil for a quiet life. Eli would not have lived so long, nor become so obese and heavy, but for this over-Quietism. A long life may be a discredit to a man, as well as a merit. It depends on what he does, or does not, with it. It was said of a certain man that in feeding the lamp of charity he exhausted the lamp of life. The encomium could never apply to Eli. Quietism's danger (in any sort of life, whether literary or religious), is to be too intent on happiness as an end. It seeks only to have the soul enveloped in a mystic and ethereal calm. Wordsworth paid the penalty of his temperament and his career in losing all vital interest in progress. He did nothing for education practically: though he had written much in favour of it. He bitterly opposed both Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill. His later poetry is formal and hard; or thin and jejune. He lost touch with the general world of his kind. He shut himself up in his valleys, and for all practical purposes, became a spent force. For his best work, done in his young prime, we owe him much, and these papers, now concluding, have drawn only on that fresh fountain of his earlier days. Where he is strong he is magnificently strong, and his better poetry will always be a tonic and an inspiration, but his character and his personal life, as well as the history of his muse, illustrate all too well the partialisms of human experience and human attainment, and warn us against seeking in any one man, however great or good, the ideal of the soul.

J. D. T.



"There was no room for them in the inn."—Luke ii. 7.

THE fashionable church that night was full,
'Twas Christmas Eve; without, all drear and dull,
And bitter cold; within, all warm and bright
With decoration, as became the night.
The four walls blazed with texts; sweet hymns
were sung;

The organ pealed; a merry chime was rung.
And all in honour of that Heavenly Child,
Who brought down peace to earth, and "mercy
mild."

Here is He King, to Him the anthems roll,
And all the assembly "crown Him Lord of all."
Here is He Guest, the blazoned letters tell
That on the altar dwells "Immanuel."
How well the preacher chose his text that night!
His words how fit; with taste and judgment right!
"He came unto His own"—whom He had bought—
He came to them—"His own received Him not."
How he denounced, as he his theme pursued,
That Jewish blindness and ingratitude!

Showed Israel's many privileges up,
Her punishment a well-deserved cup,
And left his hearers, at the least, to infer,
How very different they were to her.
There was but one opinion at the close—
Above himself, they said, the preacher rose;
And in the praise the preacher gained that night,
The Christ he preached, alas, was lost to sight.
How brightly, smoothly everything had gone—
No, not quite everything—for there was one
Strange and unpleasant incident; midway
In the discourse. How entering none could say,

A stranger, clad in rags, with faltering feet,
Moved up the aisle, as looking for a seat;
He turned from side to side, but none gave place,
For all the pathos of his worn, sad face;
No furry coat or mantle of the throng,
To make him room, moved e'en an inch along;
Some smiled, some frowned, and others, much
too proud

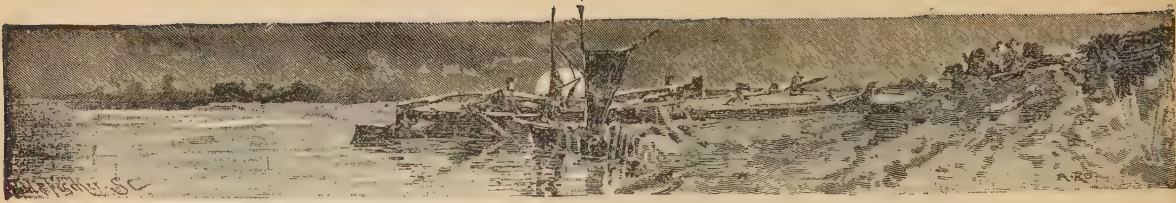
For either, not so much as just allowed
A look of wonder to o'erspread their faces,
But sat like stocks or statues in their places.
With lingering step, and sad, regretful look,
Out of the church at length his way he took.
"He was despised"—their parting anthem rang—
"He was rejected"—so the singer sang
"A man of sorrows, and with grief acquainted"—
So homeward went the people, well-contented.

"But inasmuch as"—so He gave the sign—
"Ye did it not to one the least of Mine,
"I take it ye had done it not to Me—
"Be banished from My face eternally!"

Once, long ago, in crowded Bethlehem,
The story says, there was no room for them.
Poor way-worn travellers! Reason excuse finds,
In their blank ignorance, and distracted minds:
But how, 'mid this lip honour, if to-day,
We shut Him out more utterly than they?
Will He not answer us as those of old,
Who gave Him words, but deeds of love withheld,
"Why call Me Lord?" He'll question in that Day,
"Why call Me Lord, but do not what I say?"

JOHN FORSTER.





Browsings in My Library.

X.



LONG before Christmas the children begin counting up the weeks, and at last the days, and wondering what Santa Claus will bring them—strange make-believe of child-life. The presents of Santa Claus consist largely of what they buy for each other. Everybody but the recipient knows, in strictest confidence, what Santa Claus is going to put in his or her

stocking. There are people, who have forgotten their own childhood, and have no sympathy with children, to whom Santa Claus is a mischievous folly, which fosters deceit. How little they know of the child-mind! All play is make-believe, yet nothing is more inborn than the love of play. The kitten runs after a reel, or chases its own tail, the lambs frisk about in the fields, dogs indulge in mimic battles, horses released from the shafts at the close of their day's work gambol with each other over the turf, and the boys and girls delight in "pretending," all their games and toys being pure mimicry. That man or woman is happiest who retains the longest the childish passion for play. I have read of a young wife who kept all her dolls in a secret drawer, and with locked doors would every day spend an hour in dressing and undressing and talking to them. Who would make a better mother? And within a day or two a young father has imparted to me, with huge glee, the information that he was going to buy a big humming-top. "I always liked humming-tops," he said, "and now I can have one again for Marjorie."

"Don't talk to me," said Delia, "about people who think Santa Claus should be done away with, and that all sorts of harm is done to children by games and toys! They must have been born old. They forget how Jesus delighted in children's games. Didn't He say, 'But whereunto shall I liken this generation? It is like unto children sitting in the markets, and calling unto their fellows, and saying, We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; we have mourned unto you, and

ye have not lamented.' Thank God for Christmas Day, and all the joy and merriment it brings. It is the children's day of all the days, for it reminds us of the pure and stainless childhood of the Bethlehem Babe, whose infancy has blessed and consecrated all infancy."

"Well done, Delia! Wordsworth says that, 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy,' and Jesus Himself said of the children, 'For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' The Wise Men brought their presents to the Child Jesus in the manger. Is it too far-fetched to regard Santa Claus as a symbol of the Magi bringing presents to Jesus in the persons of the children who are most like Him?"

"I never thought of that, but why shouldn't we think so? After all, there is a good deal of truth in our make-believe."

"There is more truth in our imagination often than in our realities. Leigh Hunt expresses this very well in one of his essays."

I take down the book, and read from that charming paper on "The Realities of the Imagination." The writer is speaking of the great creative poets, whose characters and whose scenes are so living to us. For my own part, I have a theory that it is the child-mind that makes the poet, or the story-teller, and the writer who has retained the most of the fresh ingenuousness of the child is the great poet and the great novelist. Leigh Hunt says nothing is more real than the inventions of these authors who, with their magical words, bring forth to our eyesight the abundant images and beauties of creation. If their creations touch us, he says, they exist to as much purpose as anything else which touches us. If a passage in "King Lear" brings the tears into our eyes, it is as real as the touch of a sorrowful hand. We hear not the sounds with ears, nor see the sights with eyes; but we hear and see both so truly that we are moved with pleasure, and the advantage, nay, even the test, of seeing and hearing at any time is not in the seeing and hearing, but in the ideas we realise, and the pleasures we derive. Intellectual objects, inasmuch as they come home to us, are as true a part of the population of nature as visible ones, and they are infinitely more abundant. Between the

tree of a country clown, and the tree of a Milton or Spenser, what a difference in point of productiveness! Between the plodding of a sexton through a churchyard, and the walk of a Gray, what a difference! What a difference between the Bermudas of a shipbuilder and the Bermoothes of Shakespeare; the isle—

"Full of noises, sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not; the isle of elves and fairies, that chased the tide to and fro on the sea-shore; of coral homes, and the knells of sea-nymphs; of spirits dancing on the sands, and singing amidst the hushes of the wind; of Caliban, whose brute nature enchantment had made poetical; of Ariel, who lay in cowslip-bells, and rode upon the bat; of Miranda, who wept when she saw Ferdinand work so hard, and begged him to let her help, telling him—

'I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid. To be your fellow,
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant
Whether you will or no.'

Such are the discoveries which the poets make for us; worlds, to which that of Columbus was but a handful of brute matter."

"Splendid," said Delia, with whom Miranda, the heroine of "The Tempest," is a great favourite. "I hate those dull prosaic people who see no good in poetry, and ask, like the Scotchman of 'Paradise Lost,' 'What does it all prove?' What would life be without its poetry? Poetry is the language of the ideal, and is the natural expression of our highest and purest feelings. How can we express those things that 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive,' in the language of the morning paper? Why, every child is a poem, and the Child Jesus is the loveliest poem of all! What would the Bible be without those first two chapters of Luke? I love to think of that Bethlehem inn under the clear violet star-lit Eastern sky, with the wonderful star all at once appearing over the roof, and the shepherds surprised in the fields by the angels' song, and the Magi bringing their gold and frankincense and myrrh. Why, Jesus seemed to set everybody singing and breaking into poetry when He came into the world—the angels, and Mary, and Zacharias and Simeon, and the followers of Jesus have been singing ever since. Christianity seems to float in a sea of music."

"Why, you are getting quite poetical yourself, Delia."

"And pray, sir, why should I not? I have been reading lately a volume of 'Sacred Poems of the Nineteenth Century,' and if your lordship pleases, I will read you a poem of Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, the Methodist poet, which has pleased me."

My lordship did please, and Delia, who reads

poetry with charming expressiveness, read a piece bearing the title, "Gold and Frankincense and Myrrh." It tells of a beggar who fell asleep and dreamt of the Wise Men offering their gifts to the Child Jesus. I quote four of the seven stanzas:

"The first—a stately man of noble mien,
With wise and thoughtful eye and brow serene—
Addressed the sleeper thus: 'Pure gold I bring
To sacrifice before the new-born King.'
Then spake the second—who was young and fair:
'A costly gift of frankincense I bear,
Distilled from all the sweetest things on earth,
And therefore meet to grace a Monarch's birth.'

The third—a weary traveller, worn and old—
Sighed: 'I have neither frankincense nor gold;
To me life brings the bitter, not the sweet,
And poor indeed I go my King to meet:
I ne'er have found pure gold without alloy:
Nor yet the frankincense of love and joy;
Still all I have I give Him, and believe
That e'en my bitter myrrh He will receive.'

An angel's voice made answer: 'Blest are they
Who dedicate their gold to God, and pray
That He thereof will fashion crowns of light
To wreath their brows, who well have fought the
fight.

Twice blest are they who bring the costly spice
Of life's most precious gifts as sacrifice;
For all such incense burnt before the Lord
One day a thousandfold shall be restored.

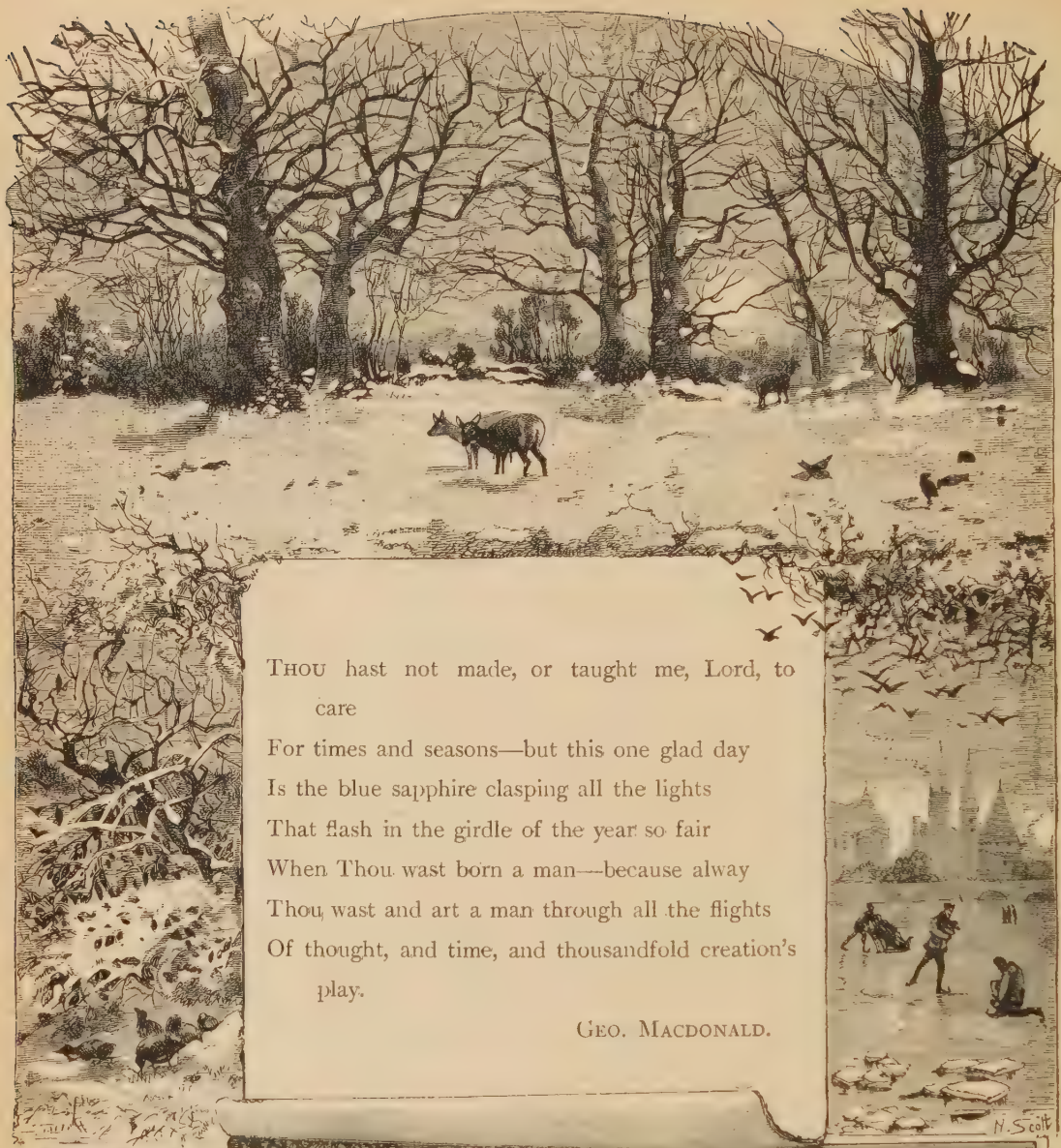
Thrice blest are they who—having nought at all
To offer save the wormwood and the gall—
Lay down their sorrows 'neath their Saviour's feet;
For He shall change their bitter into sweet,
His loving Hand shall wipe away their tears,
His gracious Smile dispel their doubts and fears,
Eternal joy shall turn their night to day,
Whilst grief and sighing quickly flee away."

"The beggar learnt the lesson that the most miserable can offer to Jesus an acceptable gift, even of their misery."

"The miserable," I said, "of all people, have reason to rejoice in the Saviour's birthday. At this season everybody's heart seems more tender, and their thoughts go out to their less fortunate brethren and sisters. We ought to be sympathetic and helpful to the poor and the suffering and the heart-stricken at all times, but alas, we are too often forgetful of them. At Christmas, however, it seems that unless we do something to make others joyful, our own joy is incomplete."

"I must press that idea," said Delia, "on the people I am going to call on for subscriptions to the poor children's dinner. Some of the people, who could best afford to give, appear to think they will be happy enough with their own turkey and plum pudding, and their own children's Christmas-tree, even if there are families starving on Christmas day, and children whom no Santa Claus will visit. The wretched old curmudgeons!"

I saw that Delia was getting wrathful, as she always does when her charitable feelings are rubbed



THOU hast not made, or taught me, Lord, to
care

For times and seasons—but this one glad day
Is the blue sapphire clasping all the lights
That flash in the girdle of the year so fair
When Thou wast born a man—because alway
Thou wast and art a man through all the flights
Of thought, and time, and thousandfold creation's
play.

GEO. MACDONALD.



the wrong way, so I created an immediate diversion by calling her attention to "The Lewis Carroll Picture-Book," just published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. The title is really a misnomer, for the pictures are limited to a few early drawings and some photographs taken by the author of "Alice in Wonderland," and "Through the Looking Glass," books which Delia has read to the children till they know them almost by heart. The author, whose literary name was a pseudonym, was, as most people know, Rev. C. L. Dodgson, a profound mathematician and logician of Oxford University, a confirmed old bachelor, but devotedly fond of children, and especially of little girls, to whom he told the most delightful stories, with whom he played the funniest practical jokes, and to whom he wrote charming letters. This new book, on which Delia seized at once, and promised herself to read it before another week was over her head, consists of unpublished writings and letters of "Lewis Carroll," some drily mathematical, others very learned jokes, not understandable of ordinary people, but still some—especially the letters to little girls—that could only have been written by the creator of Alice, the Mad Hatter, and all the other funny people Alice met in her adventures. Here is part of a letter to a girl friend:

"My dear Jessie,—I liked your letter better than anything I have had for some time. I may as well just tell you a few of the things I like, and then, whenever you want to give me a birthday present, (my birthday comes once every seven years, on the fifth Tuesday in April), you will know what to give me. Well, I like, very much indeed, a little mustard with a bit of beef spread thinly under it; and I like brown sugar—only it should have some apple pudding mixed with it to keep it from being too sweet; but perhaps what I like best of all is salt, with some soup poured over it. The use of the soup is to hinder the salt from being too dry; and it helps to melt it. Then there are other things I like; for instance, pins—only they should always have a cushion put round them to keep them warm. And I like two or three handfuls of hair—only they should always have a little girl's head beneath them to grow on, or else whenever you open the door they get blown all over the room, and then they get lost, you know. Tell Sally it's all very well to say she can do the two thieves and the five apples, but can she do the fox and the goose and the bag of corn that the man was bringing from market, and he had to get them over the river, and the boat was so tiny he could only take one across at a time; and he couldn't ever leave

the fox and the goose together, for then the fox would eat the goose; and if he left the goose and the corn together, the goose would eat the corn. So the only things he *could* leave safely together were the fox and the corn, for you never see a fox eating corn, and you hardly ever see corn eating a fox. Ask her if she can do *that* puzzle.

"I think I'll come and see you again—suppose we say once every two years; and in about ten years I really think we shall be good friends. Don't you think we shall? I shall be very glad to hear from you whenever you feel inclined to write, and from Sally too, if *she* likes to try her hand at writing. If she can't write with her hand, let her try with her foot. Neat foot-writing is a very good thing. Give my love to her and Kate and Harry, only mind you keep a little for yourself.

"Your affectionate friend,

"LEWIS CARROLL."

Delia laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks at the good old gentleman's queer fancies, but suddenly stopped and said:

"What a pity he remained an old bachelor! Why, he was a magnificent father spoilt. A man who could tell such stories and write such letters to have no children of his own—why, it's just tragic."

"But may it not be that if he had had children of his own, he would have kept his stories for them? The beautiful thing about Lewis Carroll seems to me that he found channels for his suppressed father-love in a succession of children who drew out the best that was in him, and were the better for his disinterested affection. There are hateful old bachelors and old maids who love nobody but themselves, but, thank God, many a bachelor uncle and maiden aunt is the good fairy of nephews and nieces, to whom they are second fathers and mothers. God does not allow the treasures of affection to be wasted because there are some who, for various reasons, do not enter into the marriage state."

"Well, that may be true," said Delia, "of some, but it's fortunate for you that you are not an old bachelor. A poor creature you would be, stranded among your books, as helpless as a child. Why, without someone to keep constant watch on you, you would forget to eat, and let your things wear out, as you let them get dusty enough now, goodness knows!"

With this truly feminine "strategic movement to the rear," Delia went off, carrying Lewis Carroll with her, to read after the children were put to bed.

LIBRARIUS.





£50,000.

By J. DODD JACKSON.



THAT morning *The Sentinel* was decidedly dull—a murder in Essex, a column about the machinery at the Battersby Exhibition, a speech by the county member to his constituents. I don't read murders. I hate machinery. The county member is Morpheus revived. The sun was shining brightly, the birds singing roundelays to the queen of May. I could hear the mystic music of the rippling river. I will confess to being a child of impulse, and, presto!—*The Sentinel* was blocking the waste-paper basket, and I was lifting the latch to step into the garden.

Mrs. Midgley! Yes, Mrs. Midgley just extending her hand to grasp the knocker. There on the threshold she stood erect as a pine-tree—black bonnet, grey shawl, fastened by the familiar brooch from which looked the smiling presentment of the departed Midgley, white apron, black merino skirt, clogs, with toes upturned and pointed—the *tout ensemble* of a dozen years of striving widowhood. Mrs. Midgley has a square lower jaw, a Wellington nose, thin firm lips, eyes that look straight at you, and can snap little sparks as well as any flint and steel your grandfather ever had. *You* don't know Mrs. Midgley; I do. But for once I parleyed.

"Hem! I—ah, was just going out, Mrs. Midgley. Will you see 'the missus'?"

"Quoth Mrs. M., 'Going out? Then I'll walk with you. It's you I want to see.'"

At once I surrendered, murmured a suggestion that my business might wait, and invited the lady to come in. She came in. I have a nephew in the Horse-guards; he comes in in much the same way.

Mrs. Midgley is never very ceremonious. That morning she was even less so than usual, and, without waiting for an invitation, sat down on the chair I use, smoothed out her apron, unfastened her shawl, and put her feet upon the fender. Now let me again confess. I am a creature of habit,

and it is my habit to sit on that chair. Out of that chair, when the place of council is my own house, I am nothing. I have ideas about chairs. I knew a man who could never preach without his fingers could touch, from time to time, a particular seal on his watch-chain. Some one stole it, and until a facsimile was provided, people talked of his approaching superannuation. As for me, I grasp the arms of my chair, and am "Sir Oracle." Mrs. Midgley had appropriated my citadel, and had me at a disadvantage. Perched on the edge of a small "hair-seated," I waited for her to begin.

Her first question showed the serious nature of her mission.

"Do you know anything, Mr. Brown, of breach o' promises?"

I confessed I did not know a great deal about the subject, and ventured to hope that it had not come to that with Mrs. Midgley. I even made a small joke.

But Mrs. Midgley was in no humour for joking. "Me, indeed!" she retorted, and I distinctly saw the sparks aforesaid. "Me start a breach o' promise! Do you think as I'd go round with this 'ere portrait o' Midgley on my busom? Do you think as I'd carry this 'ere lock o' hair (turning the brooch round) if I thought o' such a thing as taking another partner? Not but what I've had my chance as many a woman 'ud ha' jumped at. No, it ain't for myself as I'm asking. Did you ever hear of a breach o' promise being brought by a man?"

I had heard of one such case, and told her of it. It occurred in Ireland, and the result—verdict, one farthing—was not encouraging.

"Of course," I added, "it would depend on circumstances, and especially on the ability of the defendant to pay damages."

Mrs. Midgley was silent for a few moments, and then ejaculated, "It's Jacob!"

"Jacob!" I replied. "Impossible! Why, I am to perform the ceremony for him a week to-morrow." Jacob is Mrs. Midgley's son, "eldest o' nine," she always says, and Jacob is as decent a fellow as you'll find in the parish.

"Yes," she persisted, "it's Jacob!"

Then Mrs. Midgley drew out a copy of *The Sentinel*. It was a week old, and I, having been from home, had not seen this particular issue.

"Read this," said she, pointing with a strong and bony finger to a short paragraph. "Read this first, and then this 'ere letter."

The paragraph ran as follows:—

"WINDFALL FOR A COACHMAN."

"By the death of a relative in Australia, Mr. William Morris, of Riversley, falls unexpectedly into a fortune of £50,000. Mr. Morris, we need hardly say, is the respected coachman of Colonel Westover, of Riversley Hall, and is much and deservedly esteemed in Riversley. His wife is a daughter of the late Thomas Cordley, who was for many years in the service of the Westover family. Miss Morris, their only child, has carried on for some years a millinery business in Riversley. We presume that, having thus suddenly become a considerable heiress, Miss Morris will throw away needles and feathers, while, of course, her father will lay aside the ribbons. We congratulate Mr. Morris, and his wife and daughter, on their good fortune."

So ran the paragraph, and I was meditating upon it, and especially, perhaps, upon the information that Bill Morris, who half lived at "The Horse and Hounds," was much and deservedly esteemed in Riversley, when Mrs. Midgley thrust the letter into my hands. I read as follows:—

"The Lodge,
"Riversley Hall,
"Tewsdays."

"DEER MISTER MIDGLEY,

"I hope you are well, as this leeves me at present. I rite to say as father and mother thinks as we had better not get marrid. You see, I must look higher up now as I am a hairass. I send you back the fotttygraf and the lady's companion, also the dreem-book as you give me. You need not trouble about the neck-tie as I give you, I expect it is all wore out. Hopping you will be 'appy,

"Yours truly,
"MARY MORRIS."

To say that this letter was a surprise to me was to use language altogether too weak for the occasion. Again and again I went over the epistle, Mrs. Midgley watching as I did so, and growing redder in the face the while.

To gain time, I inquired, "Did Jacob send you here?"

"No, not he!" was the answer. "He don't know as I knows o' this. You see, I hears from Mrs. Martin—her as lives next door—about this 'ere money, and then I gets the paper—precious few papers as I sees!—and when Jacob comes

home, I says, 'Fine lad you are,' says I, 'not to tell your old mother the news!' Well, he has nothing to say, only looks solemn like, and eats no dinner—rabbit-pie, too, as he's so fond of. Next morning he only pingles on with his food, and same at dinner—an' him so hearty—never a word for anybody. Then I finds this 'ere letter in his Sunday-coat. No, he never sent me; but I means to advise him. He's my son, Mr. Brown, eldest o' nine, and all childer when William Midgley died, and I means to say, 'Bring a' action, Jacob,' and if it costs me my last penny, a' action he shall bring." And without waiting to say or hear another word, Mrs. Midgley, to my great relief, flounced out of the room, and banging the door in a fine frenzy of maternal feeling, disappeared.

Half an hour later, walking along Lark Lane, whom should I meet but Jacob himself! Young Midgley drove a cart for Turnbull, the Riversley miller, and was trudging along by the side of old Betty, who travelled as if one day were a thousand years. Jacob's hands were in his pockets, and Jacob's white billycock was hung over his eyes, and Jacob's eyes were bent upon the ground. He started at my salute, and admitted that it was a fine morning, as if he was not sure of anything on earth.

"Well, what about the wedding, Jacob?" said I.

"Hoff!" said he.

"Off!" I answered. It was better, I judged, to keep Mrs. Midgley's confidences in the background.

"Hoff!" said Jacob again. "Fact is, there ain't going to be no wedding. Fine talk there'll be in Riversley, and me a local preacher and s'ciety steward, too! Ain't you heerd, Mr. Brown, o' this 'ere fortun', and as Mary—Miss Morris—I means, has got to be a hairass? 'Course, with fifty thousand pound she can't look at a miller's man. Mister, if it's a fair question, was you ever crossed?"

"Crossed?" I said.

"Yes, crossed in love, Mr. Brown; disappointed in the object o' your affections, sir."

I owned to sundry passing tribulations in long past years, and said that after all there were as good fish in the sea as ever came out.

Jacob stood silent for a while. He was meditating, it seemed, on the wisdom of telling me the whole story, but rural caution prevailed, and his next word therefore was to his steed. "Gee whoa!" he shouted, and Betty's flank received a blow that made her start at express speed, and shake her harness until it jingled like a belfry in an earthquake.

But Jacob had not yet said his say, and a moment afterwards Betty's career was brought to a halt, and again the s'ciety steward was at my side.

"Mr. Brown," said he, "I want to say as it ain't goin' to make no difference."

"No difference?" I questioned, wondering at his meaning. "No difference," he explained, "at the chapel. I'm steward, and I ain't agoin' to resign for all the young women in Riversley, and I ain't

coming 'off' the plan neither! 'Cause why? 'Cause I've done what's right, Mr. Brown. I won't say, sir, as it ain't hardish to bear—you know that, sir, having gone through it—and I won't say as I won't change my subject next Sunday night. I was going to preach on 'Mary has chosen the better



"WHOM SHOULD I MEET BUT JACOB HIMSELF!"

part,' sir, and I'll give 'em 'Zaccheus' instead. But if she breaks my heart, Mr. Brown, she shan't ruin my immortal soul! Gee up, Betty!"

There were tears on his ruddy cheeks, and my heart went out to him for a brave man. I hardly know now what I said or did, but I *think* I took hold of his great rough hand, and told him he was a brick, and that God would pull him through. I

think I said too, that I was sorry for him, and would remember him in speaking silently to a great Friend of mine and his, who asked us to cast our care upon Him! I think that was just about what passed, but I've an idea that sometimes emotion plays tricks with memory.

Well, surely that was to be a day of coincidences, for Jacob Midgley's cart had hardly disappeared

round a distant corner when Bill Morris came along. At first I hardly knew him. He was dressed in broadcloth, wore collar and cuffs, and sported a huge watch-chain. But alas! there was the same redness of face, and the same unsteadiness of gait that were so familiar in the "esteemed coachman of Colonel Westover." Said I to myself, "That £50,000 will take ten years off Morris' life, and the last chance of heaven from Morris' soul." Said I to the man himself, "Good morning, William."

"Mr. Morris," he replied, "if you'll excuse me, Brown."

It is bad policy to quarrel with a drunken man, especially if he be bigger than you, and I good-humouredly begged his pardon, and inquired after the Colonel, who had been ill.

"The Kernel," he answered, "I hear is some better. But the truth is, I ain't his man any more. I ain't anybody's man. Look herē, sir, Riversley's looked down on Bill Morris, and Bill Morris' wife, and Bill Morris' daughter. But now, sir, I'm Mr. Morris, and the wife is Mrs. Morris, and the gal is Miss Morris, and Riversley's agoin' to look up, sir—up, I tell you!"

"Of course," I murmured in a conciliatory tone, and Mr. Morris continued, "Yes, Riversley's going to look up, sir. There ain't many fifty thousanders about here, I reckon! Why, blest if I couldn't buy up the Kernel. Fancy my daughter marrying Jake Midgley!"

"Coming off next week, isn't it?" I said gently.

"Coming off next week—no, *it* ain't," snarled the man. "'Mary,' says I and the old woman, 'Mary, you give him up or not a ha'p'ny.' Would you believe it, sir, the hussy, she cried and carried on like a babby. But she knew better nor stick up. She's gin him up. It's hoff, Mr. Brown."

Then, gentle reader, I said, "Good morning." I had heard what I wanted, and certain previous suspicions were more than confirmed. Over the dinner-table I told Mrs. Brown that Mary Morris should marry Jacob Midgley in spite of all the fathers and mothers and fortunes in the world.

Thus it came to pass that the wife and I conspired together, and the first result thereof was that half-an-hour later I dropped in upon Mrs. Midgley, and after talking like a Philadelphia lawyer for a full hour, managed to persuade her to hold her maternal tongue and wait a little. Mrs. Brown meanwhile waylaid Miss Morris, and inveigled her into promising to drink tea at the manse that very afternoon. And in all this and what followed, we claim justification. Here was Jacob, as honest, kindly, and simple-hearted a fellow as the county has bred. Here was Mary Morris, a bonny, good-hearted, pious village lass. Why, she was made for him and he for her. Criticise if you like, and

talk as you will about coming between father and daughter. Our consciences are quite comfortable on the matter. Mary Morris was over twenty-one, and coming between parent and child is justifiable when it is also coming between a young life and a long misfortune.

So Miss Morris came to tea, and on the shoulder of Mrs. Brown—estimable woman!—wept out the whole story. She loved Jacob, and could *never! never! never!* love anyone else, and it broke her heart to give him up, and she wished the money was at the bottom of the sea, or anywhere else. She hadn't been happy five minutes since they had heard the news. Her father had almost lived at "The Horse and Hounds," and her mother had done nothing but talk about the bonnets and dresses, the silks and satins and diamonds she was going to wear. She had told her she must leave the chapel, and go to St. Wilfred's, and curiously enough, the vicar and his two curates had just found them out and called, one or more of them, nearly every day, and her mother had promised she should go into the church choir and teach in the church Sunday school. She wished, almost, she was dead. As she talked she cried, and Mrs. B. cried too. We had a daughter of our own once. Ah me! she has been in heaven these twenty years!

Now Amelia Betsy Brown is a quiet woman, and could no more preach a sermon or "take a chair," or exhort a mothers' meeting than a baby. But, taking you into confidence, reader, when once Mrs. Brown makes up her mind to carry a point, I, who speak from experience, without hesitation assert that she will do it or perish. This being the character of Mrs. Brown, I left poor Mary in her hands, absolutely certain as to the result, and looking into the kitchen half an hour afterwards, found that the expected had come to pass. Miss Morris had been brought to the sticking point. There was a light in her erstwhile tearful eye, and on her face where fear had ruled, resolution, newly-enthroned, reigned supreme. Money or no money, she was going to "make it up" with Jacob.

Now there must be a Providence or else how came it to pass that Jacob Midgley should come sauntering by as I stood at the door a moment or two later, watching the shadows of the poplars draw longer to the east? "Jacob," I called, "I want to see you about a lovefeast." A minute and Jacob's big form passed through our humble door, another minute and Jacob was alone with Mary in the kitchen, while Mrs. Brown and I discussed possibilities in the garden. An hour elapsed, and then after a double knock at the kitchen-door, for you need to be careful in matters of this kind, we appeared upon the scene. Jacob was examining a geranium on the window-sill as though he had never seen a geranium before, and Mary was sitting looking into the fire. I could see that her cheeks

were red, and that her eyes were bright. She had a parcel on her knee. From its size and shape I judged that it contained a "dream-book" and a "lady's companion," also a photograph, and I concluded that for some inscrutable reason, Mr. Midgley had been carrying these articles concealed in one of the ample pockets of the velveteen jacket that swathed the upper part of his manly person.

Of course it had all come out right, and in the sanctum sanctorum to which I gently withdrew him, Jacob gave my hand a grip, and with a laugh that had a tear in it, remarked, "It ain't haff now, Mr. Brown, it's hon." Mrs. B. told me that Mary in the kitchen had another good cry with laughter intermingled, and called her "a dear, kind, good old thing" a dozen times.

Then in a council of all parties we arranged details. We felt that we could safely adhere to the date and place formerly fixed for the ceremony, as everybody by this time was fully believing that no wedding was to take place, and we would not undeceive them. Jacob was to go to work as usual that day, and drive his cart past Mr. Morris' dwelling two or three times in the course of the morning. Mary was, of course, to say nothing at home on the subject, and to try not to look too cheerful. In the afternoon Jacob was to drive up the chapel road and drop into the building quite accidentally, and Mary was somehow or other to turn in about the same time by the backway. I undertook to arrange with Dollums, the registrar, and Mrs. Brown and the chapel-keeper would be on the scene to act as witnesses. We apprehended no interference from Mr. Morris, who would certainly at that hour be in his glory at "The Horse and Hounds," and as the chapel stood well outside the village, we anticipated no trouble from prying villagers. After the ceremony, the bridegroom was to take home his horses, and in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Midgley were to meet at Enderby station, a couple of miles away, and go off for a week's honeymoon, which Jacob, having saved a little money, could attempt without fear. In the meantime, it was hoped things would work right at home. Such was the plan, and as we discussed it, poor Mary suffered from many a flutter. But flutter or no flutter, fortune or no fortune, she had made up her mind.

Well, as luck would have it, the day of the wedding was a day of teeming rain, for which I for one thanked old Pluvius, as the less would be the danger of prying eyes. Looking out of the window in the morning I saw Jacob pass, and noted how the water ran off the white billycock into a flour sack bound round his shoulders, and how the sides of old Betty steamed in the abundant shower. In the afternoon it positively poured, and hardly a soul was to be seen abroad in Riversley. Mackintoshed and legged, I made my way to Salem. Under my umbrella, and holding up her skirts—

for she would put on her black silk to grace the occasion—Mrs. Brown, by another route, also made her way. Mrs. Mills, the care-taker, was sorely puzzled over our successive appearances on such a day, more so by Mary's, more so still when Jacob stopped his cart in the road, and came in dripping like a Neptune by the vestry-door. Old Dollums was five minutes late, but explained that he had seen Mr. Morris standing in the doorway of his usual resort, and to avoid suspicion, had turned from the main path in a direction that involved a circuitous approach. Then I read the service, and Jacob put on the ring, and I'm bound to say that if the bride wore no orange blossoms, there were blushes enough to furnish out a fashionable ceremonial in St. George's, Hanover Square, and if the bridegroom was attired in a floury coat, he, nevertheless, looked every inch a man, and gave the bride such a kiss as, from honest lips, any duchess might have been proud to receive.

Then the register was signed and Mrs. Mills, delighted to write her name, pledged herself to secrecy for twenty-four hours. With another salute to Mrs. Midgley, who was now trembling at the thought of what she had done, Jacob disappeared through the doorway, and we heard him shouting, "Gee up, Betty!" on the road outside. Then Mary, Mrs. B. and I went out by the school-room door, and took to the path across the fields. As we passed the threshold the sun burst out, and a throstle in old Mills' garden broke forth into a grand burst of splendid song. "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on," I said, and Mrs. Midgley smiled again.

In the evening as we were leaving to escort Mrs. Midgley to the station, Mrs. Brown suggested that, as I was for a day or two unplanned, we might go over to see her sister at Ringwood. "It might save trouble with Morris," she suggested, and as I hate a scene, we left by the same train as Jacob and his bride, as, up to the Junction, our ways lay together. Four days later, with some fear and trembling, Mrs. B. and I again walked up Riversley Street. As we passed the cottage of Mrs. Midgley the elder, that lady came out by the rose-clad porch to greet us. She wore a black cap with white lace and jet beading thereon. She had on a smart gown of new cashmere and a black silk apron with a crewel-work sunflower in the centre. "They're coming home to-night," she said. "Have you heard the news?"

"What news?" we asked in a breath.

"Why, Morris ain't a-gettin' the fortun' after all. Seems as a nearer relation has stepped in, and I, for one, ain't sorry. Fancy Bill Morris with fifty thousand pound, and fancy our Jacob with fifty thousand pound! Why, he'd ha' been miserable, he would. Come an' look at their house over the way."

We went. It was a dainty cottage, with shining furniture and dimity curtains to the diamond-paned windows, and a clematis growing up to the very eaves. "This'll suit Jacob better 'n a mansion, and Mary too," observed Mrs. M. I agreed with her. I said she was a wise woman. I asked her if the action had been entered yet.

That night they came home, and we went down to supper. Mr. Morris was there, and Mrs. Morris, and both of them looked as if sense was coming on the heels of disappointment. "Here's to the young couple!" I exclaimed over a glass of lemonade.

"Hear, hear!" responded Morris.

"God bless 'em," said Mrs. Midgley senior.

"Amen!" said Jacob.

And this is not quite the end of the story. The loss of the money, or rather of the immediate prospect of it, for I could not find that he had handled

more than a small advance from the lawyers—the loss of the prospect, I say, was the best thing that ever happened to Bill Morris. It made a man of him, saved him from a drunkard's grave, and started him on a path of reform that did bring about a verification of the prophecy about Riversley's looking up to him and his. And the "nearer relation" turned out a good sort after all, and as some compensation for blighted hopes, settled a sum on Mr. Morris that brought him in a hundred a year for life. When at last he came to die, being predeceased by Mrs. Morris, it was found that a large portion of this annuity had been saved, and as this accumulation, and the continuation of the yearly hundred came to Mary, Jacob was able to start a mill of his own. Industry, temperance, and religion have flourished in their home, and they are well-to-do and happy people in Riversley to-day.

Religious Uniformity : A Broken-down Theory.



O commence this article by defining the word Uniformity might seem a needless task. But it may not be entirely so, simply as a reminder of its precise limits in our various applications of it. A division of the word into *Uni-formity* will show that its etymological meaning is oneness in form. Its application is to the out-

ward and visible, whether in the method of growth of the hidden life, or its final expression. The various Acts of Uniformity afford examples of what a section would enforce upon all without distinction. While they have been repealed, they nevertheless fairly express the mind of many even in the present day. In looking into those Acts, we discover that they deal with both dogma and ritual, and the logical position to which they were committed was, that the Establishment as it stood, and as expressed by its articles and formularies, was to be accepted in its entirety by all. These articles and dogmas being deductions, inferences, and interpretations of a revelation in itself transcendently profound, a very great demand upon human credence is here obvious. This seems to be recognised by some of the ablest thinkers in the Anglican Church, for in their endeavours to make good its claims in an age characterised by much independence of thought and criticism, they have seen the necessity of invoking a supernatural element. Any claim to inerrancy in the logical processes of inference and

deduction cannot fail to be regarded with suspicion. We have, therefore, the doctrine of the Catholic Church as the pillar and ground of the truth, and rendered such by a perpetual Incarnation within and limited by its own pale. Of course, the very existence of Nonconformity involves a denial of this modern theological idea, and we cannot notice it any further at present. But, dealing with Anglican assumptions in relation to the supposed obligatory nature of its dogma and ritual, they certainly imply a view of human nature which is very different from the reality. People must be strangely alike in mental and moral constitution and habit thus to assimilate what is provided for them. Even if it is contended that all such dogmas and articles are objectively true, it still remains a fact that the real acceptance of Gospel truth has a largely subjective basis. Even the Providential methods of inspiration and revelation do not ignore subjective conditions. Now, for everyone to accept in any real sense such a complexity of dogma and ritual implies sameness of mental and moral outfit on the one hand, and complete identity of experience on the other. The actual constitution of human nature, however, is contrary to the former, and renders the latter impossible. Thus, what becomes the possession of one is not invariably that of another. There is, virtually, no truth to the individual except what he has assimilated. This, and the fact that the personal acceptance of Christ and honest following where He leads, are marks of the true Christian, it results that the failure to apprehend this absolute truth may arise from causes which cannot possibly un-

Christianise a person, and can only un-Church him in the narrowest sectarian sense.

In the realms to which we should naturally turn for analogical suggestion and guidance we may find them in abundance, but they are radically opposed to the theory of Uniformity. If there be oneness anywhere in nature, it must be in the central element or elements of life itself, and not in external form, for we appear to approach simplicity the further we carry our investigations inward. There is an inner region, however, which still belongs to the things unknown, however rational certain presumptions may be. It is almost unnecessary, too, to point out how varied are the forms of life intermediate between the vegetable and the spiritual. Animal and intellectual life comprises the individual, the class, and the race. The underlying life, whatever it may be, evolves along these multitudinous lines. Now, the actual facts of the religious life agree with all this. To notice one or two of these facts only, it is to be observed that here, too, oneness appears to be approached as we carry our search inwards, but here, again, we arrive at a point where investigation is baffled. Before leaving this part of the subject, it may be needful to remark, in order to a fair application of the principles of analogy, that the spiritual is a distinct *realm*, equally wide, at least, with those from which these suggestions are drawn. Hence, to take an oak, or any other species of vegetation, as the basis of a complete analogy of it, would be a mistake. A more correct method would be to consider the individuals and classes in the one realm as representing the same in the other, while the whole realms with their endless varieties would also correspond. It will thus be seen that it is altogether a different thing for the deepest religious consciousness to be always the same, and for any human minds to construct a liturgy and forms quite adequate to its varied manifestations, or to give that life appropriate expression in every case.

Further, it is the *life itself* which is destructive of Uniformity. You may chip a lifeless block into what form you choose, and there will be nothing to offer resistance. Superstition, formalism, and the religiosity which is only concerned with externals, afford the ground upon which the theory is, in a measure, workable. But even in such systems as Romanism and Mohammedanism, the spiritual and intellectual vigour which sometimes lie dormant in them begin to produce divergences as soon as they assert themselves. It may be needful to correct a popular idea on this subject by stating that the heavenly unity which so many persons attribute to these persuasions does not exist in reality. To say nothing of Romanism, what is often regarded as the cast-iron and formal system of Mohammedanism numbers, according to Moslems themselves, no less than seventy-three sects, which

have arisen through the exercise of devout thought, and the endeavour to make the Prophet's utterances agree with certain moral convictions. Similarly, the existence of Nonconformity is a sign of life, rather than of death.

It is specially significant that attempts to enforce uniformity have not merely failed, but have established the variety they sought to crush. Only that variety has been rendered far less attractive than it might otherwise have been. The Acts of Uniformity gave impulse to tyranny and persecution, with the inevitable result of recrimination and hatred. Differences became exaggerated, narrowness and intolerance increased. The Russian Empire furnishes another and more modern illustration of the utter failure of force in such matters. The late Emperor said that if the generation then existing were compelled to conform, their children would do so from the love of it. There is not the slightest likelihood of his prophecy being fulfilled, for if he could rise from the dead, his soul would be afflicted at the numberless sects springing up, and the absolute impossibility of crushing them without utter extermination.

I suppose we must regard the existence of the Broad Church as an evidence of its recognition, in a measure, of the truth here contended for. But its very effort to broaden the provision of the Church, as long as the idea is to formulate a liturgy comprehensive enough to meet the wants of all, has little chance of success. Life will not bear cramping. The method also tends to laxity. Deep piety needs strong meat, but the catering method provides an insipid mixture which is of little use to anyone. The growth of a distinct type of life through absence of intermixture is not such an evil as many suppose. It grows, like the different kinds of vegetation, through the assimilation of its special nutriment, while it may foster the deeper unity of the Spirit. It may be contended that a communion could be established on the broad basis of the sacraments, but while these lend themselves to varying interpretations, and especially while they are made integral parts of an ecclesiastical system, schools of religious thought and sectional types of religious character will inevitably result, which would hardly be an improvement on the present state of things. For if oneness is essential anywhere, it is in the region which lies at the back of these forms, which are the most external of all things pertaining to religion.

Some anticipate that a chief characteristic of the Golden Age to come will be a synthesis of religious thought and observance on a world-wide scale. There can be no permanently successful arrangement, however, which does not allow for the free and unfettered growth of the individual life. Belief must be allowed to clothe itself in appropriate forms, instead of ready-made and often ill-fitting garments. There must be a total surrender of the

methods which have been so subversive of manly independence and honesty, and productive of Jesuitical equivocation. *Communion*, in its deepest sense, is our watchword for the future. Uni-

formity is contrary to any true religious philosophy, and stands condemned by its own utter failure in history.

SAMUEL HARRY.

Connexional Biography.

REV. GEORGE WARNER.

REV. GEORGE WARNER, long known throughout our Connexion as "a burning and shining light," was born November 8, 1829, at Holt Farm, Southam, Warwickshire. He was converted to God in a small Wesleyan Chapel near Worcester, in the year 1848, and for a short time was a member of that community. When he returned to his home in Warwickshire he united in church fellowship with our people at Napton in the Leamington Circuit. The superintendent minister soon had him on the plan as a local preacher, and in the year 1851 he was called into the ministry by the Banbury Circuit. Mr. Warner subsequently travelled on the following stations:—Banbury, Malmesbury Branch of the Brinkworth Circuit, Marlboro' Branch of the Newbury Circuit, Sturminster, Newton Branch of the Motcombe Circuit, Banbury (second time), Belfast, Exeter, Kingston-on-Thames; then for twelve years he was employed as Connexional Evangelist, at the end of which period he was stationed at Ryde and Ventnor. On this latter station he lost his wife, whom he had married in 1855, and he, being in failing health, took a voyage to Australia and New Zealand. Here he was married to the widow who now mourns his loss. On his return to England he was stationed at Teignmouth, but in the year 1891 he was compelled through illness to seek superannuation. But superannuation did not in his case spell retirement from work altogether. If he could not do full work, he must do some, and during the eight years which still remained to him he laboured with great acceptance as special agent at Nottingham, Bristol, Barnoldswick, and, lastly, at Settle, where, when the Master's call came, he was seeking not without a measure of success to resuscitate our cause, which for many years has languished in this ancient town. Of our brother's life-work we have not space to write at length. He himself was wont to speak of the term he served as Connexional Evangelist as the most useful period of his life ("for about fourteen years I held generally from twelve to twenty services a week, and I expect a glorious harvest from that sowing"), and such perhaps it was. At the same time, the years before and also after this were years of fruitful and never-grudging service.

The Rev. I. E. Page writes:—"He was a typical Primitive Methodist, a fervid, happy saint, with

glory in his soul. He had a passion for saving men, and for leading believers into Christ's full salvation, and God used him to save many—Gipsy Smith among others. God raise up in all the Methodist Churches men of Brother Warner's stamp, men of one all-consuming purpose, men who know the art of leading men into salvation."

Of Brother Warner's life-long advocacy of the primal doctrine of Methodism, "Entire Sanctification by Faith," many are aware, and in this connection it is pathetic to observe that the last manuscript he ever penned (it is left unfinished) was on that subject so dear to his heart, viz., "The Genesis of Holiness." Our departed brother was not only a religious man, but a man to whom religion was everything, and of him it may be truly said he felt in the full tide of life what the average Christian only feels on his knees or on his deathbed. He was pre-eminently a man of prayer, and we have heard him say how, when Sir Henry Thompson was about to administer chloroform for the operation he underwent years ago, he said, "Why, what is the matter with your knees? I never saw knees like yours." The answer was, "If you had read your Bible through and through, and spent nights in prayer as I have, your knees would show it." And now this man of God is numbered with the saints who see their Master "face to face." Contracting a cold in the early part of the year, he still clung to his work with characteristic zeal, but was at length laid prostrate by the malady from which he had suffered for some years. His last days were in keeping with the whole of his Christian life—bright, trustful, and wholly surrendered to the will of God. His faith remained unclouded to the last, and those who saw him through these latter days will not readily forget the radiance of his countenance as he joined in singing the hymns which had so often cheered his earthly pilgrimage, nor his fervid responses to our offered prayers. His sufferings were at times great, but no murmur escaped him. He waited for his Master's coming, and all was ready when at length, on April 14th he heard the call. His remains were laid to rest in the churchyard at Settle on the following Monday. A previous service held in our own chapel, which had been decorated with ivy and flowers, was conducted by the writer, and was bright and impressive throughout. The following ministers took part:—Revs. W. E. Quicke (Wesleyan), J. Goldthorpe

(representative of the Association for the Promotion of Scriptural Holiness), J. T. Barkby (Nelson Circuit), W. Sawyer, J. Swales, B. Senior (representative from Bradford and Halifax District Missionary Committee). Mr. R. Humphries (Bradford) also gave a brief address. At the grave-side we sang "All hail the power of Jesu's name." The writer again read the service, while the Revs. T. F. Brown (Congregationalist) and J. Goldthorpe offered prayer. So we laid to rest the remains of one whose memory will be always blessed, and not least so in the town where the last few months of his brave, heroic ministry were spent. We thank God for his holy, consecrated life. We had hoped to keep him with us a little longer, but God has taken him to the higher service of the upper sanctuary. We rest in hope of a re-union by-and-by, and meanwhile sing

"Servant of God, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Master's joy."

ERNEST WARBURTON.

MR. GRICE ETHELL.

THE subject of this sketch was born at West Sutton, near Malton, on Oct. 25, 1836, and died on August 13, 1897, in his sixty-first year.

While he was quite young he removed with his parents to Glass Houghton, near Castleford, and with this place are associated his earliest recollections. Our late Brother had the unspeakable advantage of a pious mother, and to her prayers, instructions, and example, were due much of his quiet and humble piety and unostentatious Christian character. When but a child he was sent to our Glass Houghton Sunday School, and happily, the seed already sown in his heart by his mother, quickly came to fruit, the result being seen in his conversion to God, at the age of fourteen years. Like many others, however, who early rise into the sunlight of the Divine presence, he soon lapsed into darkness and sin. The impressions, nevertheless, of home and Sunday School life still survived, and as in so many other cases, produced eventually, in later years, a more abiding decision for Christ. This latter event took place in 1856 in his twentieth year. He had never strayed into paths of open and wilful sin, but he knew that he was a sinner, and so at some special revival services held in the United Methodist Free Church in Powell Street, Castleford, he once more gave himself fully and immediately to Christ, and joined our Society in the town which now meets in Bradley Street. He very soon gave full proof of his Christian profession, and in Sunday School, in the choir, and in Church work generally, he found ample scope for zealous and active service. After several years spent in useful work at Bradley Street, he was requested by the Leaders' Meeting

to open his cottage in Beancroft Road for preaching services. The result was that he soon gathered a society and congregation, which grew and multiplied under his diligent and fostering care, and before long a larger place was needed. A temporary building was found in Temple Street, and to this place the Society migrated. In course of time the friends occupied a loft in connection with a joiner's shop in the same street. These were days of Pentecostal blessing, and the memory of the precious seasons which were enjoyed in what is yet called by old members the "Upper Room," is still green.

In 1878, the present chapel in Temple Street was erected, and Brother Ethell, besides becoming a leading trustee, was also made leader of the society class and superintendent of the Sunday School. In 1879 he removed to London, where he remained for nine years, but he maintained unbroken his membership at Temple Street. In 1888, returning to Castleford, he took up his old work in Temple Street again, and only relinquished it at his decease. In 1892 he had an accident while following his employment at the glass works, which deprived him of the sight of one of his eyes, and otherwise considerably impaired his health. Still, he diligently, though often with much weakness, continued to attend to his duties as leader and trustee.

Brother Ethell was a man of retiring habits, and whilst he never shrank from work, he preferred at all times to do it in the shade, rather than in the publicity which is seen of men. He was a true example of the "faithful servant" to whom the Master gives unstinted acknowledgment and a hearty "Well done!" His last illness, though brief, was extremely painful, but he passed through it without murmuring, and with exemplary Christian patience. We lingered near him, and held his hand during his last battle with death. He did not fear its victory, but looked beyond it with humble confidence and hope. His interment took place in the Castleford Cemetery on August 16, and some of the oldest inhabitants regard it as the largest funeral in the town during their time for a workman. The Aire and Calder, and two Primitive Methodist Brass Bands from Bradley Street and Temple Street, united and led the cortège to the strains of the "Dead March in Saul," and following these were the members of the Urban Council, with the town clerk, and immediately behind came the road labourers, employees of the Council, over whom the deceased held the position of foreman, accompanied by the surveyor. Thousands lined the streets through which the procession passed. As the mourners entered the chapel, Mr. S. Harrison played very effectively the Funeral March on the organ. The service was conducted by Rev. J. Jopling and Mr. H. Hide, assistant minister, the former giving a brief address. The scene at the cemetery, both for numbers and intensity of feeling,

will not soon be forgotten. The funeral sermon was preached at Temple Street on Sunday evening, August 29, by the Rev. J. Jopling. Our brother leaves a widow, for whose guidance and support we would most earnestly pray.

There is no death ! what seems so is transition ;
This life of mortal breath

Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

J. JOPLING.

Literary Notices.

Studies of the Portrait of Christ. By the REV. GEORGE MATHESON, D.D. (6s.) Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

As might have been expected from his previous works, Dr. Matheson has here given us a deeply devout and very suggestive book. "Studies of the Portrait of Christ" is more than a series of expositions or loosely-connected meditations on the Gospel narratives in their bearing on the character of Christ. It is a serious attempt to re-write the life of Christ; to trace His human development, and not less, to trace the development of His Kingdom by marking the steps He took in training the disciple-band—the "league of pity" as Dr. Matheson calls it—for its ultimately world-wide mission. It will be asked whether Dr. Matheson's attempt is a successful one. To a large extent it undoubtedly is. There is much that is original and true, and chastely beautiful in these "Studies," and, let us not forget to add, in the prayers, with one of which each study is gathered up and consecrated. The writer is, as we all know, a Mystic and poet, as well as theologian, and hence he makes us see what we never saw before. Were the several conclusions reached by Dr. Matheson to be stated in their tersest form, and to be prefixed to each study as a sort of thesis, we should in some cases be puzzled or doubtful. The thesis to be proved looks so much like a paradox. But Dr. Matheson's power is seen from the fact that, when we have reached the end of the study and its illuminative prayer, we feel, in a considerable number of these cases, that he has gone far in justifying his position—in making good his paradox. Not in all cases, however, are we convinced. Sometimes, as in what is said of the scene at the Samaritan well, and of the breaking of the bread to the multitude in the wilderness—which Dr. Matheson calls "The First Communion"—we have an uneasy feeling that more is read into the narrative than it will bear, and we remain unconvinced. Of course, in any attempt to trace the development of Christ's character and work much will depend upon the chronology of the events taken as marking the stages or transitions in such development. How far the order of events adopted by Dr. Matheson will stand the test of careful examination is a question that must be left

to scholars to determine. All we need add now, is that, despite all abatements and criticisms, Dr. Matheson has given us a book that must be read again and again, and that cannot fail on each re-perusal to awaken fresh admiration and reverence for the Incomparable Figure of all history. Dr. Matheson holds out the hope that, if he meets with due encouragement, he will continue these "Studies." There can be no doubt as to the success of this work: that is already assured. So we shall, with as much patience as we can muster, await the second volume of "Studies of the Portrait of Christ."

The Four Gospels. By R. H. FISHER, B.D. (Little Books on Religion.) (1s. 6d.) Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

THIS book is valuable out of all proportion to its size or price. Perhaps the best way to show this will be to give some idea of its scope and contents.

False individualism is rebuked by the fact that we owe our knowledge of the facts of Christ's life to the co-ordinated reports of four. In regard to Matthew, though, as Renan says, "he wrote the most important book that has ever been written," yet he is the one who has least awakened the reverence and affection of the Church. Amongst the characteristics of Matthew may be named—the place he gives to preaching; the revelation he makes of our Lord's human nature; the relation in which he sets the Gospel to all that had gone before—in other words, the stress he lays on evolution. Incidentally Mr. Fisher expresses the opinion "that more has been learned in the Church about our Lord's human nature during the past thirty years than in all the previous centuries of the faith."

The influence of Mark has been very pervasive. In Venice his symbol looks out on the sea from its huge monolith. Our author thinks the Venetians must have found something congenial in Mark. At first, we do not find in his gospel the signs of that boldness and vigour which his symbol of the lion and his influence suggest. But later on we do find these signs, and especially in what Paul says of him and his association with Peter. He was drawn to Peter rather than to Paul, because he

himself was energetic rather than thoughtful, daring and impulsive rather than deeply spiritual. He writes like an eye-witness. He shows us our Lord's career as an active rather than a contemplative life, and that miracle is a most precious part of revelation.

Luke was the "beloved physician," and evidences of this are not wanting in the Gospel that bears his name. We see in him the culture, the accurate observation, the interest taken in women and children and the poor, of the true physician. Above all the others, the Third Gospel may be called, "The Gospel of healing." An interesting *excursus* follows on the question, Why a doctor is so often a believer, and what there is in his professional life that helps to keep him near to faith.

St. John's is the intimate Gospel. The synop- tists may be guides in the struggles and business of life, bringing Christ before us as an example. In St. John, Christ is a *presence*. It is the Gospel of the communion-table. Of all the books in the Bible it is the one which most shows religion as Mysticism, and it is the most pervaded with the sacramental idea. His symbol, appropriately enough, is the eagle. Art depicts him as a youth. Love keeps the heart young. He was *επισκοπος* —the man who was close to the breast of Jesus.

O hearts of love, O souls that turn
Like sunflowers to the pure and best,
To you the truth is manifest,
For they the mind of Christ discern
Who lean, like John, upon His breast.

Said we not truly that this "little book on religion" is indeed worth having?

The Quiver for 1899. (7s. 6d.) Cassell and Co., Ludgate Hill, E.C.

To say that the present volume of the "Quiver" equals, if it does not even surpass, previous volumes is praise high enough for any magazine. There is nothing shoddy about the "Quiver." It is not only worth reading, but it is worth keeping for future reference. The illustrations are all that could be desired; the fiction is pure and bright, without sensationalism, while more serious articles bear such well-known names as those of the Bishop of Ripon, the Dean of Windsor, Dr. Hugh Macmillan, and many others too numerous to mention. The "Quiver" has always done much to further the cause of Christian philanthropy. The numerous interests which cluster round it, all go to prove what has often been said, that the "Quiver" is not only a magazine, but an institution. Each month a silver medal has been presented to the oldest Sunday School teacher in each county. While any deed of heroism which comes under the notice of the "Quiver" has also awarded a silver medal, and the doer enrolled among the list of "Quiver" heroes.

Who Will Win? A Story of the Crisis of To-day. By ZUINGLIUS, JUNIOR. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

THIS is a story which presents some unusual features. It is an octavo of some 379 pages, and though it runs to that length, and has a bewildering number of characters, there is no plot in it worth speaking of. The characters are chiefly occupied with talking, and their talking turns exclusively on the great "Church crisis" of to-day. In fact, the book represents very vividly the ferment which is going on within the pale of the Established Church, and might very appropriately have borne the title of "Yeast," which Kingsley gave to one of his novels. There is a little mild love-making, which is carried on quite on ecclesiastical lines, and ends properly, and a little colour is given by the villain of the piece, Father Montmorency, the Jesuit, "who plays many parts," and has the knack of turning up in most unlikely places. Now, he figures as a curate in charge, then as a supply in a Methodist pulpit(!); now he breaks stones on the road, and anon, we find him busy at an election, or acting as secretary to an Austrian statesman. There is also a female villain, who gives lectures to Girton girls, or takes situations in families that she may the more readily infect the minds of the young with her pernicious ideas. All the characters of the book have fine-sounding, aristocratic names. This villainess of the piece is no exception, for Miss Orbilliere is her name. We could have spared the episode of the Methodist local preacher and his sermon and verse on the Balm of Gilead: for it is lugged in *a propos* of nothing, and is rather vulgar withal. With this exception, we have enjoyed the volume, and can recommend it to others. Much can be learned from it, and it puts the arguments *pro* and *con* very fairly.

Unfamiliar Texts. By DINSDALE T. YOUNG. (3s. 6d.) Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

MR. YOUNG has given us one of the freshest volumes of sermons we have seen for many a day. It is quite worthy to stand side by side with Henry Melvill's "Sermons on Certain of the Less Prominent Facts and References in Sacred Story." It is quite right that we should continually be hearing and reading sermons on the great texts of Scripture; but none the less, it is refreshing to be guided occasionally to unexpected stores of truth and comfort that are laid up for us in unfamiliar texts. Some of the titles of Mr. Young's sermons are striking, and are seen at once to be involved in the text and suggested by it: *e.g.*, "The Duty of Praising People" is enforced from Paul's words to the Corinthians (1. xi. 2), "I praise you"; the theme of "Sceptical Questioning in Religion" rises out of another of Paul's sentences, "But some man

will say how." There is a fine sermon, preached before the Wesleyan Missionary Society at City Road a few years ago, on "The Missionary Allegiance of Youth," based on the words: "Thou hast the dew of thy youth," (Ps. cx. 3).

Sermon Outlines. By REV. H. WOODCOCK. (3s.) Thomas Mitchell, Primitive Methodist Book Depot, 48-50, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

THESE seventy sermon outlines are clear, concise, and suggestive. The topics chosen are mainly out of the beaten track, and show marked originality and clearness of thought and design. It should prove a boon to lay preachers, who, immersed in the cares of business all day, have little time to expend in thought on the discourse they are expected to deliver on Sunday with all the grace of a finished orator. Not only the local preacher, but the busy pastor will also find this book a boon. It may suggest many a new train of thought which he may follow up and develop according to the bent of his mind. There are also many capital illustrations to each outline.

The Tabernacle and Its Priests and Services. Described and Considered in Relation to the Church. By WILLIAM BROWN. With numerous illustrations. Sixth edition, revised and enlarged. Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.

THE fact that this book has reached its sixth edition is evidence conclusive that it possesses solid merits which time makes only more apparent. In fact, it is the standard work on all that relates to the Tabernacle, and the thoroughness and soberness with which the subject is treated make it a model of what such works should be. The present edition is not a mere reprint. The work has been almost entirely re-written, and much fresh matter has been added. The many excellent illustrations supplied add value to the book and throw light on the text. We cordially recommend this most painstaking and valuable monograph.

The Romance of Evangelism. By REV. J. FLANAGAN. (1s. 6d.) S. W. Partridge and Co., 8 and 9, Paternoster Row, E.C.

THE records of this evangelism read, indeed, like a romance—a romance coloured with the strong personality of the Evangelist who wrote it. Every evangelist, in his close contact with human nature, must necessarily come across many remarkable incidents and facts; but power is given to few to narrate the incidents in such a powerful manner that the reader feels that he also was an eye-witness of these things. Mr. Flanagan blends humour and pathos in that happy manner which is the special endowment of genius. Our only regret

when reading the book was that it had not been issued from our own publishing house.

The Heavenly Bridegroom. By ROBERT THOMPSON. Elliot Stock and Co., 62, Paternoster Row, E.C.

IN this long poem the relations which exist between Christ and His Church are described as those existing between a bride and bridegroom. It seems a pity that Mr. Thompson has not chosen another theme on which to expend his undoubted talents, for he has the true poetic gift. Of course, the author holds, as we think wrongly, that "In the heart of the Bible we find that exquisite nuptial ode (Solomon's Song) wherein the love betwixt Christ and His Church is expressed in terms borrowed from the language of conjugal affection." For ourselves, we confess we do not care for erotic religious poetry.

Strength and Beauty. By J. R. MILLER, D.D. (3s. 6d.) Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

WELCOME is always given to another of Dr. Miller's cheerful and inspiring volumes, in their dainty covers, this time in blue and white. There is much in this volume that is stimulative. It aims not at making life easy for its readers, but to make them brave and strong enough ever to strive for the highest.

For Love's Sake. By MRS. CHARLOTTE SKINNER. (1s.) S. W. Partridge and Co., 8 and 9, Paternoster Row, E.C.

A BRIGHT little book on the greatest of all subjects—love, containing ten love-studies from the Book which above all others is the Handbook of love. Mrs. Skinner's heart must have been full of love to her Saviour and to her fellow-men to have treated the subject in such a tenderly sympathetic manner.

BOOKS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

For these, Messrs. S. W. Partridge have well provided. Large books with bright-coloured pictorial backs, pictures on every page, with amusing little stories printed in large type, may be had for all prices.

Pussies and Puppies, with Louis Wain illustrations, (1s.) is especially comical and should afford amusement for a child for hours.

There is also—

Skipping Time. A strong book in prose and rhyme. (1s.)

Dapple and Dobbin's Picture-Book. (1s.)

Under the Oak Tree. Pictures and Stories for the Little Ones. (6d.) And

Tibby's Tales. A Picture-Book for Little People. (6d.)



The Connexional Outlook.

BY PROXY.

THE WAR AND OUR ALI WAL NORTH MISSION.

—The war in South Africa, which is causing anxiety and sorrow in so many homes in the United Kingdom, has naturally created grave fears in the minds of Primitive Methodists for the safety of our missionaries in Aliwal North. At the time we write no news of misadventure has reached the Missionary Committee, and although nothing certain can be predicted, the authorities hope and believe that no disaster will happen to our agents. There is one circumstance that makes for their safety. In Aliwal North is a very large Boer population, many of them men of wealth and influence, and the bombardment of the place would necessarily involve much loss of Dutch life and property. The Boers are well aware of this fact, and will hesitate before they make any attack upon the place. Meanwhile we bespeak the prayers of our people in behalf of our South African missionaries, and also that this unhappy war may be brought to a speedy termination. At the best it is to be feared it will leave a great harvest of troubles for the nation as a whole, and for the Aliwal North Mission, evils that will require many years to remedy. Primitive Methodists have reason to be proud of the magnificent success realised on that station. The rate of progress has been both rapid and remarkably steady, but it will be strange indeed if the war does not bring a check to the progress that will stretch over a very long period. We can but leave the cause of God in His own hands in such circumstances, and trust that He may overrule even evil things for the accomplishment of good ends. Meanwhile, the last quarter's reports were of the encouraging kind which we have been accustomed to receive from Aliwal North. There had been some deaths, a few lapses, and many removals, but when all vacancies were filled up there remained a nett gain to the membership of thirty-seven for the quarter—a most admirable result.

THE HOME MISSIONS.

—The numerical state of the Home Missions, as reported to the last General Missionary Quarterly Committee, is not so satisfactory. Three stations reported increases amounting in the aggregate to ten; thirteen had a decrease amounting in all to forty-eight; and twenty-six were stationary. Those who follow the reports of the mission work in the Connexion with interest and care will not overlook the fact that these figures set forth the state of the stations at the end of the second summer quarter, the period when it is the most difficult to avoid a decrease. Still, when this has been taken account

of, and allowance made for the special difficulties of the work in agricultural districts, perhaps a little more enthusiasm might produce different results. It is pleasing to note the activity in many stations where the conditions are not the most favourable for aggressive work. School building at Chelmsford, and chapel building at Aberavon, show that the churches are vigorous, if rather small. At Dover, where, of course, there is a town population, the Church is energetic, and it is expected, at no distant date, will have premises in which to carry on the work, of a useful and convenient character.

NEED OF AGGRESSIVE WORK.

—Quarter by quarter appeals are made to the Missionary Committee for financial help in connection with some needy work. Never in the history of the denomination were there so many open doors set before it, and, as a consequence, so much need for workmen and money in order to seize and make the best possible use of the occasions that are arising. The openings are mainly of two kinds. First of all there are the large centres of population, regarding which it is absolutely a certainty to say that the Connexion is not keeping pace with the extensions that are being made. The Missionary Secretary has published some remarkable figures. Among other matters, he calls attention to a letter Rev. R. S. Blair has sent to the newspapers, in which he states that the locality in which his church is situated in 1881 had a population of 10,000; in 1891, of 30,000; whilst to-day there are not fewer than 80,000 in that neighbourhood. A similar story could be told of most of the London suburbs, and to do our duty by that great world-city would require more money than the Missionary Committee has at its disposal for all purposes. Chapels are needed in ten or twelve places to-day in the London Circuits, all of which should receive substantial help from the Home Mission funds, but, with the present income it is not possible to do much, if anything whatever, for these interests. And a similar story could be told about the great cities of the provinces. There is a second class of cases that should appeal strongly to the imagination and heart of the Connexion. The nation to-day, as at no previous period, seeks once a year, at least, a little rest and relaxation. The whole coast-line is studded with summer resorts, and in addition, the people seek the air of the mountainous districts of inland districts where they may spend a few weeks in the summer time. Many of them want to attend a place of worship on the Sabbath, but are hardly in a mood to go to

a small badly built chapel situated in a back lane. Other Churches see the necessity of providing comfortable places of worship in these holiday resorts, and are doing something to meet the need. Perhaps they are wealthier than Primitive Methodists, but even our denomination should do something to meet the religious requirements of these localities.

A NEW MISSION VAN.

—Judging by the additions that are being made to their number, it is reasonable to conclude that the work done by the men in the mission vans is of a useful character. Probably they will prove most advantageous to the village societies. There will be plenty of scope of this kind for the new van that has been started for the Hull and Leeds Districts. In both these Districts are considerable areas that are purely agricultural, and the village societies of these Districts will doubtless reap substantial advantage by this new departure.

WHITECHAPEL.

—The trustees of the Working Lads' Institute, Whitechapel, have recently sold part of their back premises to the Whitechapel and Bow Railway Company. The loss of this section of their building will in no sense interfere with their work, because by the expenditure of a little money on the reconstruction of what still remains in the hands of the Connexion, all the essential features of Mr. Jackson's mission work will be provided for. The purchase-price paid by the railway company is £20,500, and this sum will enable the trustees to pay off their debt, to repay the Missionary Committee all it has advanced for the work there, and to make satisfactory arrangements for the future working of the mission. If an old adage may be quoted here, it may be said that "fortune favours the brave." No more heroic man than Thomas Jackson is in the ranks of the ministry. He has attempted many daring things, and carried them through successfully. And none of them have been more daring than the launching of the Whitechapel scheme. It is interesting at this time to recall its history. When the Working Lads' Institute was started on undenominational lines by its benevolent founder, it commanded royal and other distinguished patronage. But despite this, it did not succeed, and after being carried on in a feeble manner for a little time, it became necessary to close the doors. That was the position of affairs when Mr. Jackson took possession of the building. From the first he made it succeed, and it is because a successful missionary and philanthropic work was actually being carried on in it when the railway company bought the back part that the trustees were able to command such a high price, whilst the fact of its being closed at the time Mr. Jackson bought it on

behalf of the Connexion enabled him to secure it at a very moderate price indeed.

SOUTHWARK.

—Mr. Flanagan's new mission hall is now about complete, and a very splendid suite of premises, well situated, they are. But they have cost an enormous amount of money. Up to the present time the actual cost has been £12,072. The debt on the place at the present is £2,374. The Hall will be opened at the beginning of 1900, by which time Mr. Flanagan hopes to have the money needed to free the place from debt in hand. The Missionary Committee, freed from liability in connection with Whitechapel, was able to promise another £1,000 towards the fund, and W. P. Hartley, Esq., with his accustomed liberality, added another £250. The freehold still remains to be purchased, however, and that will cost not less than £3,500. Mr. Flanagan will, no doubt, be able to raise the whole amount in the course of a few years, but meanwhile it is most desirable to get the place opened for public worship and all the work of the mission at the earliest possible period. It would be a mistake to keep so magnificent a building closed. Both Mr. Flanagan, Mr. Gledhill, the indefatigable secretary to the trustees, and all who have had to do with the erection, are to be congratulated on the business-like manner in which they have carried the work through. To mention only one fact, it is certainly remarkable that there have been no "extras" to the contract price, save two, which have been caused by work specially required by the Corporation. By the time the freehold is secured we shall have the costliest chapel in the Connexion situated in one of the most poverty-stricken parishes in all England.

MASHUKULUMBWELAND.

—The news from the mission north of the Zambesi is not over plentiful, but all that has come to hand is of an encouraging character. The people are evidently beginning to acquire confidence in our agents. The lack of confidence, and any sense of loyalty and devotion to the missionaries on the part of the natives in Mashukulumbweland has been a most remarkable circumstance. The difficulty of getting carriers when Mr. Buckenham had to return will be recalled by many. This very undesirable quality, it may be supposed, will be accounted for by the fact that the people north of the Zambesi, having hitherto had no intercourse with Europeans, are naturally very suspicious. Gradually this habit of mind is being overcome. The natives are gathering around the mission-house to live instead of occupying huts at a considerable distance as heretofore. This may be counted as the first important step in the progress of the work. Another station is greatly needed on the banks of the Zambesi, if for no other purpose

than as a store for goods and provisions on transit to Mashukulumbweland. It is highly inconvenient, and might at times involve serious loss, that the goods delivered at the Zambesi have to wait till carriers can be sent down from Mashukulumbweland. Nothing has yet been decided, but the missionary authorities are considering whether it will be possible to establish a new mission in some suitable place on the banks of the river. If eventually it is resolved to take this step, a man singularly suitable for the post is available. The Quarterly Missionary Committee, at its last meeting, gave instructions for the engagement of Mr. Hogg, the devoted Scotsman who has rendered such valuable service at some of the outlying stations on the Aliwal North mission. His special experience fits him eminently for such a post as is contemplated. For he is a mechanic, and has been both a trader and a grower of coffee. It seems providential that he should be available just when the need of a mission close to the Zambesi River has become apparent.

THE PROPOSED TRAINING HOME FOR WOMEN.

—A month ago reference was made in this column to a proposal for a training home for women, and since then the question has been brought before the Missionary Committee. To what was stated in the last issue of this Magazine, it may now be added that according to careful calculation, it is supposed a site might be bought for £1,000, the building would cost not less than £3,000, and the furnishings an additional £1,000. From £5,000 to £6,000 therefore would be needed to complete the home, and we judge, not much less than £1,000 per annum would be required for maintenance. The project is an excellent one, but prudent people will think the time is not yet.

THE WORK OF GOD.

—From several circuits news has come to hand of revival effort and success. At Accrington, a week's mission has recently been held. Prayer meetings and street processions were followed by earnest preaching of the word, with the result that some twenty souls were converted. Naturally, with such results from a week's effort, the friends were not inclined to discontinue the services. At Hartlepool, a thirteen days' mission has been held, with the result that over eighty persons have been led into the Kingdom of God. At Victoria Road, in the Gateshead Second Circuit, during a fortnight's mission, thirty-three adults and 119 young people belonging to the Sunday School have entered into fellowship with Jesus Christ. The revival at Middlesbrough continues. No Sunday evening passes without converts. From other places the pleasing message of prosperity comes. Why not from all? The matter is in the hands of the churches themselves. If all the members are

religiously alive and active, and not simply the minister and one or two leading lights, nothing will prevent success. How serious, then, the responsibility under which the members are resting!

THE JUBILEE FUND.

—District Missionary Secretaries throughout the Connexion are busy gathering in what they are able for the Jubilee Fund. The Fund closes at the end of December, and it behoves those who have made promises to seize this, the last, opportunity of honouring their obligations. The Fund is already proving of immense value to various Connexional interests. Regarding the amount apportioned to the District Missionary Committees to be used for the establishment of new causes, it is not unlikely that the Districts which have resolved to make their portion the nucleus of a Chapel Loan Fund, will be found to have acted, on the whole, in the wisest way. Much has been said about erecting two or three great buildings in large towns with the money—buildings to which it would be possible to point in the future as one result of the first great Connexional Fund raised by Primitive Methodists. At least, a District Chapel Loan Fund will be an enduring monument, and will be immensely useful. At no distant date something should be done to increase the amount of money available by the Chapel Loan Fund.

SURREY CHAPEL.

—Not always have Primitive Methodists received full credit for the work they have done, and the success they have secured. Often it has been their lot to work in obscurity, and, truth to tell, they have been content generally to do their duty, glad if it was the means of blessing men, even though they might receive no recognition. It is well, however, to correct false statements made by those who are not friendly to Nonconformists. At the Church Congress it was confidently asserted that Nonconformity was making no progress in South London. Surrey Chapel is only one centre, and if it stood alone perhaps the Canon's remarks would be justified. But there are many such centres in that populous district—a district which, perhaps, needs evangelisation, and for that matter, civilisation, as much as any of the worst parts of the metropolis. Sixty-eight per cent. of the people are below the poverty line. The statistics of the work of the Church at Surrey Chapel in these circumstances are especially encouraging. Twenty years ago, Primitive Methodism was entirely unrepresented in the district. To-day it has a property worth £17,000, with a debt of only £300; it employs two ministers and a Sister of the people. There are church members numbering 300, and a regular congregation of 500; and, what is perhaps the most promising of all, there are 1,100 children in the Sunday School. Mr. Parr

has many friends, won by his ability and devotion. He has not only done well in building up a fairly strong church, but also in the reduction of the debt. At present he is working hard to raise £400, and will certainly succeed. Ministers usually have enough to do for their own churches, but one minister of another denomination has promised Mr. Parr £100 towards the amount required. It is a very beautiful act.

REV. H. PRICE HUGHES ON LONDON PRIMITIVE METHODISM.

—Whilst ready to resent the carping criticisms of biassed churchmen regarding the work and position of Primitive Methodism, loyal members of our Church will keep an open mind to the criticisms of friends who are in sympathy with our work, and anxious for the spread of the religion of Jesus by all possible agencies. This being so, it may be hoped that the wise words of Mr. Price Hughes at the London Primitive Methodist Council Meeting will not be forgotten, either by London Primitives or by friends in the provinces, who are in a position to render practical assistance in connection with this work. It does not follow, of course, that none of Mr. Price Hughes' words were a little beside the mark. Some of them were. Our Church might have made greater progress in these recent years, even with the means actually at its disposal, but probably not a great deal better. Mr. Hughes' argument was, that apart from the actual progress made, there is what he called strategic value in making a Church strong in the large

towns, and especially in London. For a long time the Wesleyan Methodists were oblivious of this fact, but in recent years, thanks mainly to the far-sightedness of William Arthur and the munificence of Sir Francis Lycett, they had risen to the occasion, and given the denomination a position in London worthy of its influence in the nation as a whole. And Primitive Methodism, which represented at least a million of the people of this country, had hardly acquired a position commensurate with its national status. Whilst appreciating the motives of the speaker, and recognising the value of his words, it will occur to many that he was in this case making too close a comparison between things that differ very widely. Sir Francis Lycett was a man in ten thousand, but there were, and still are, a large number of other wealthy Wesleyans, loyal to their Church, who have assisted in this work to an extent that Primitive Methodists could not do. On the whole, it may be questioned whether, with the means at their disposal, London Primitive Methodists could have done much more than has been done during the last fifteen or twenty years. It should do more in the future. It is something to have gained 'a footing. And the wealth in the Connexion is increasing. Mr. Flanagan's work, as well as Mr. Jackson's and Mr. Parr's, shows that when there is evidence of real need and hard toil, the people in the provinces are prepared to respond. And we trust that the words of Mr. Price Hughes will prove of value, both in guiding and stimulating the efforts of the workers.

The Wider Outlook.

A WEEK OF UNITED AND UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

—An exceedingly interesting document has been issued by the Evangelical Alliance, inviting Christians of all persuasions throughout the world to unite in a week of special prayer, January 7-14, 1900. This document can be obtained from the Secretary, Evangelical Alliance, 7, Adam Street, Strand. It is signed by influential ministers and laymen, including bishops, in all parts of the world—Africa, Argentina, England, Scotland, Ireland, Canada, Brazil, Egypt, Germany, Gibraltar, Greece, Hungary, India, Italy, Jamaica, Japan, Mexico, Netherlands, New Zealand, Norway, Persia, Russia, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey, and America. Subjects for prayer on each day are provided in the programme which are worthy of a careful study. And if, even in prayer only, there could be some exchange of thought on these matters between members of different denominations,

it could not fail to prove advantageous, whereas, if in addition to prayer there could be "meditations" given by wise Christians, the advantage would be greatly increased. We venture to transcribe two of them. "Tuesday, January 9.—The Church Universal. Prayer: For the subordination of human dogmas, practices, and judgments in the Churches, and the more full acceptance and confession of the truth of God: for the holiness of all authorities in the Churches: for the ministry and those who are preparing for it; and for loyal recognition in all Christian communities of the one Holy Catholic Church—the body of true believers, of which the Lord Jesus is the Head—the fulness of Him who filleth all in all. Matthew xv. 9; Colossians ii. 22; 2 Timothy iii. 10; Galatians iii. 16; 1 Corinthians xi. 29; Ephesians iv. 3-6. Wednesday, January 10.—Nations and their rulers. Prayer: That rulers may be a terror, not to the

good, but to the evil only; that they may confess themselves the ministers of God; bearing sway by His will, and serving Him—the Supreme King—with loyal diligence; that the wonderful extension of the power of nominal Christian nations in the non-Christian world may work for righteousness; that the desolating drink traffic may be crippled, slavery abolished, cannibalism suppressed, and cruelty condemned; that wherever Christian flags float there may be seen the Bible, the Lord's Day, liberty of worship, family purity, and individual holiness. Psalm ii; Romans xiii. 1-7; 1 Timothy ii. 1-6; Proverbs viii. 15.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

—At the Congress of the Free Church of Scotland recently held in Edinburgh, Professor Marcus Dods spoke some words that the leaders of religious thought and all active Christian workers would do well to ponder. For twenty years, at least, thoughtful Christian people have been congratulating themselves on the fact that the black night of Atheism and Agnosticism following the publication of the "Origin of Species," has passed away, and that it had been succeeded by a revival of faith. And the new faith is far more tolerant and broad-minded than that which existed before. No doubt this is true, and to a certain extent, satisfactory. But, it may be inferred from the address of Professor Dods, the tolerance and broad-mindedness so-called, may be neither more nor less than indefiniteness in the conception of religious truth, and a spirit of indifference to religious observance. He evidently fears that there is a lack of the strenuous virile religious life that was not a rare thing in other days. This is a world of compensations, and if our fathers were narrow, dogmatic, and bigoted, they at least knew their own minds, and held convictions which they valued sufficiently to defend with all their might. In this respect there was real advantage derived from their bitter wranglings and controversies, as well as some disadvantages. But to-day, when it is a decent thing to go to church, there is little eagerness to arrive at an accurate conception of the truth of God, and men are so tolerant that it is counted "bad form" to discuss theological questions at all. There are those who think that an occasional war is absolutely necessary to save a nation from feebleness and decay. We do not hold this view. At the same time, we are inclined to believe that a little intellectual conflict and religious controversy might make for definiteness of thought and strength of conviction.

THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION AND THE WAR.

—The Congregational Union has this year held its meetings in Bristol. The gathering has been full of interest; the sermons, speeches, and papers revealing great ability, and the discussions that

took place showing that the subjects submitted for consideration were of living interest. In addition to the matters pertaining purely to Congregationalism and the work of the Union, discussions took place on the war in South Africa; the Lord's Day; Sport; the Reports of the Licensing Commission; the Rating of Tithes; Authority in Religion; Priestism; Religious Indifference; Bible Reading; and many other questions immediately connected with the life of the Churches. On the various occasions in which reference was made to the war it became evident that there was considerable difference of opinion on the subject. Rev. William Dower, who had lived thirty-four years in South Africa, took occasion to express his views regarding the real cause of the war. And whilst it is evident he carried with him not all who heard him, but at least the majority of them, it may be questioned whether those who accepted his view at the time, will be prepared to do so in cold blood. In cold print his reasoning seems strangely inconsequent and unconvincing. Briefly stated, his view is that the war is being waged because the Boer is resolved never to admit coloured people to social and political equality. And, forsooth, the English political party who have opposed social, political, and religious equality amongst the people of the United Kingdom, and would deprive the majority of them to-day of the rights they enjoy, has entered into a great war to secure the negro equal rights with the European. Rev. J. Hirst Hollowell held a different conviction on the subject, and did not hesitate to express it. Still, the majority of the Union seems to have been under the influence of the jingo spirit. By this time, possibly, their eyes may have been opened.

THE DECLINE OF ROMAN CATHOLICISM.

—A body so strongly Protestant as the English Congregationalists were not likely to gather in council without giving some expression of opinion on a subject so much canvassed as Roman Catholicism and the Romanising tendencies of the clergy of the Church of England. Several of the speakers dealt with the subject in its various aspects, Mr. Jowett, at the young people's meeting, treating it in a very exhaustive manner. In the course of his speech he had occasion to refer to the problem put before the attention of the editor of the *Church Times*, to the effect that if a half-intoxicated man is baptised by a sceptical priest, is the Holy Spirit thereby conveyed? The editor has answered the question in the affirmative, as, indeed, he was bound to do if he would hold logically by the doctrine of "holy orders" and "apostolical succession" as held by the High Church party, and Protestants will feel as grateful to him as to Mr. Hay Aitken, who propounded the question, for an admission that will prove to people with any con-

ception of the nature of religion, and any claim to common sense, how untenable is the position the High Anglican party hold. It must be gratifying to earnest Protestants to note not only the failure of that party to Romanise the Established Church, but to find that in no country in the world, barring Spain, and possibly Austria, is the Roman Catholic religion holding its own. Even Austria is doubtful, for there are not wanting there evidences of a revolt against the tyranny of the priests. In the towns of Italy the revolt is very manifest, and the intelligent men of France for long have refused to bow their necks to the yoke. A few years ago, much was heard about the large number of converts to the "Old Faith" that were being made in England. It has transpired, however, that to-day, with all our increase of population, there are only a million and a half of Catholics in England, of whom one million are Irish immigrants. If no converts had been made, and the Catholic Church had simply retained the immigrants and those born into families already Catholic, there should have been a much larger number of members of that communion. Turning to America, by the same laws, there should have been at the present time 25,000,000 Catholics, whereas there are only 9,000,000, and the tendency is downwards rather than upwards, in spite of the growth of the population. In truth, our Catholic friends will have to open their eyes to the fact that we are approaching the twentieth century of the Christian era, and that with all the light that is coming to men, more especially in view of the failure of the Catholic nations to hold their own in the march of progress, it is not to be expected that priestism will survive. Quietly, without any blare of trumpets, the power of popery is being sapped in the places that were once its strongholds. As an illustration of how this work is being done, one or two facts may be cited regarding what was once called the Free Church of Italy, but is now known as the Evangelical Church in Italy. This is not in any sense a foreign missionary society like the Wesleyan and Presbyterian Churches in Italy. Its ministers and members have been obtained from the Catholic population of Italy. A Protestant Church drawing its members from a Catholic population, it is in the best sense of the word, evangelistic. As an organisation it has been in existence about thirty-five years, having held its first general assembly in Bologna in 1865. To-day it is a very powerful Protestant influence in the country, and has thirty-three congregations with ordained pastors, besides twelve more about to be similarly constituted. The pastors visit and hold meetings in 133 villages outside the place of their pastorates, and there are an additional forty-nine smaller groups of Protestants connected with the denomination. In all there are 2,231 communicants and 20,000 adherents. Making this agency in conjunction with other

Protestant missions, it may be concluded that there is hope for Italy.

WESTMINSTER COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

—Four years ago the Presbyterian Church of England determined to remove its theological college from London to Cambridge, and on October 19th, the new buildings were formally opened. The conception was bold, and it has been carried out in a manner worthy of the sons of a Church which for centuries has been distinguished by its loyalty to the faith and by the high value it places on an educated ministry. For it is safe to say that the Presbyterian ministers of the United Kingdom are the best educated ministers in the world. The College has cost £40,000, and has been opened free of debt. Two ladies resident in Cambridge, and both deeply interested in Biblical learning, Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson, gave the site, and contributed £5,000 to the building fund, and "Ian Maclaren" raised £10,000 within the last month of the opening. Of course, by the character of its foundation, the college cannot, any more than Mansfield at Oxford, be affiliated with the University. It is a theological hall, open to students who have taken their Arts' degree. The question arises why it should have been removed from London. That is a question not easily answered to those who hold the popular idea of education, which briefly stated, is that it consists in the acquirement of information. But to those whose ideas are larger and more accurate, the advantage of the change of location will be quite apparent. Residence at a seat of learning counts for much, and in addition to the lectures at their own college, the students will have many opportunities of attending University lectures treating of their special studies.

SECONDARY EDUCATION AND THE HIGHER GRADE BOARD SCHOOLS.

—The present Government is eminently reactionary—in its views of the land laws, the Church, finance, and indeed all questions of politics, but perhaps, despite the Duke of Devonshire's good intentions, and Sir John Gorst's well-known convictions, most of all on the subject of education. At the present time the country is being threatened with a step that may prove nothing short of disastrous, it is in danger to a large extent of losing its Higher Grade Schools. Indeed, it has become clear that these Higher Grade Schools exist mainly by the good will of the Department, and not through any Act of Parliament. Hitherto, the Department has encouraged them with the most satisfactory results, but it was not likely that a Government that has made itself so amenable to the wishes of the clergy would allow such a traditional policy to continue. Recently there has been a revolution in the aims of the Department. What

formerly it encouraged, it now discourages. An effort is being made to confine the School Boards to the mere elements of education, leaving the rest to take care of itself, unassisted by any State grants. The consequence is some Higher Grade Schools have been closed. In other places where there are Higher Grade Schools, they have been forbidden to open a school of science section. The Tottenham School Board has been warned that it is illegal to use the rates in supporting a school of science. The state of secondary education in the country is notoriously inefficient, and the provision for it shamefully inadequate. This inadequacy has only partly been met by the establishment of Higher Grade Schools, and if these are to be destroyed, or crippled, a large number of the boys and girls of England will be absolutely prevented from pursuing their educational course beyond the sixth standard of an elementary school. It is strange, indeed, to what lengths of reaction a priest-ridden Government will go.

THE WESLEYAN MILLION GUINEAS' FUND.

—When the Wesleyan Methodists a year ago resolved to raise a million guineas as a Centenary Fund, the other Christian Churches of England were filled with admiration. Bold as was the proposal, when their friends recalled their wealth and liberality, it was believed the task they had placed before them would be accomplished. We still believe this, although just for the moment the signs are not propitious. One half of the time has elapsed, but only a small proportion of the money is in hand. In less than six months two-thirds of the million was promised, but up to the present less than 700,000 guineas have been promised, and this only by about one-fourth of the Wesleyans in the country. The other three-fourths have been satisfied to look on from without. Perhaps the least satisfactory feature of the movement is that since last June only about twelve hundred guineas

have been added to the promises. The amount paid in is £130,000, rather a small proportion of what has been promised. But we shall confess our views of the loyalty and liberality of Wesleyan Methodists have been wholly mistaken if, notwithstanding all, the million is not contributed even yet. The other Connexional Funds have not been allowed to suffer, and we are especially pleased to note that for foreign missions alone, no less than £130,000 has been contributed.

THE GEORGE WHITEFIELD MEMORIAL CHURCH.

—Every London Methodist, and most of those who have visited London, have visited the Tabernacle in Tottenham Court Road, where George Whitefield in his day delivered his message to those who assembled there for worship. The church and the building have had a chequered history, and once, in the fifties, was actually in danger of passing into the hands of purchasers with little or no regard for religion. But for the timely intervention of that great Christian philanthropist, Mr. Samuel Morley, it would in all probability to-day have been a music hall! When the Rev. J. Jackson Wray became the pastor of the tabernacle it was discovered that it would be necessary to rebuild, and steps were taken to erect a structure to cost £25,000, but Mr. Jackson's illness and death prevented the carrying out of this scheme. The church was without a pastor seven years, but eventually the Rev. George A. Suttle accepted a call, and in October, 1898, the foundation-stone of the new tabernacle was laid. It has cost £14,000, and of this one half remains as debt, a burden much too heavy for the church to deal with successfully. The opening services began on November 14, and it may be hoped that Nonconformists of all denominations will make use of the opportunities afforded them of doing honour to the memory of a great man, and helping a people who have undertaken great things for the cause of God.







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